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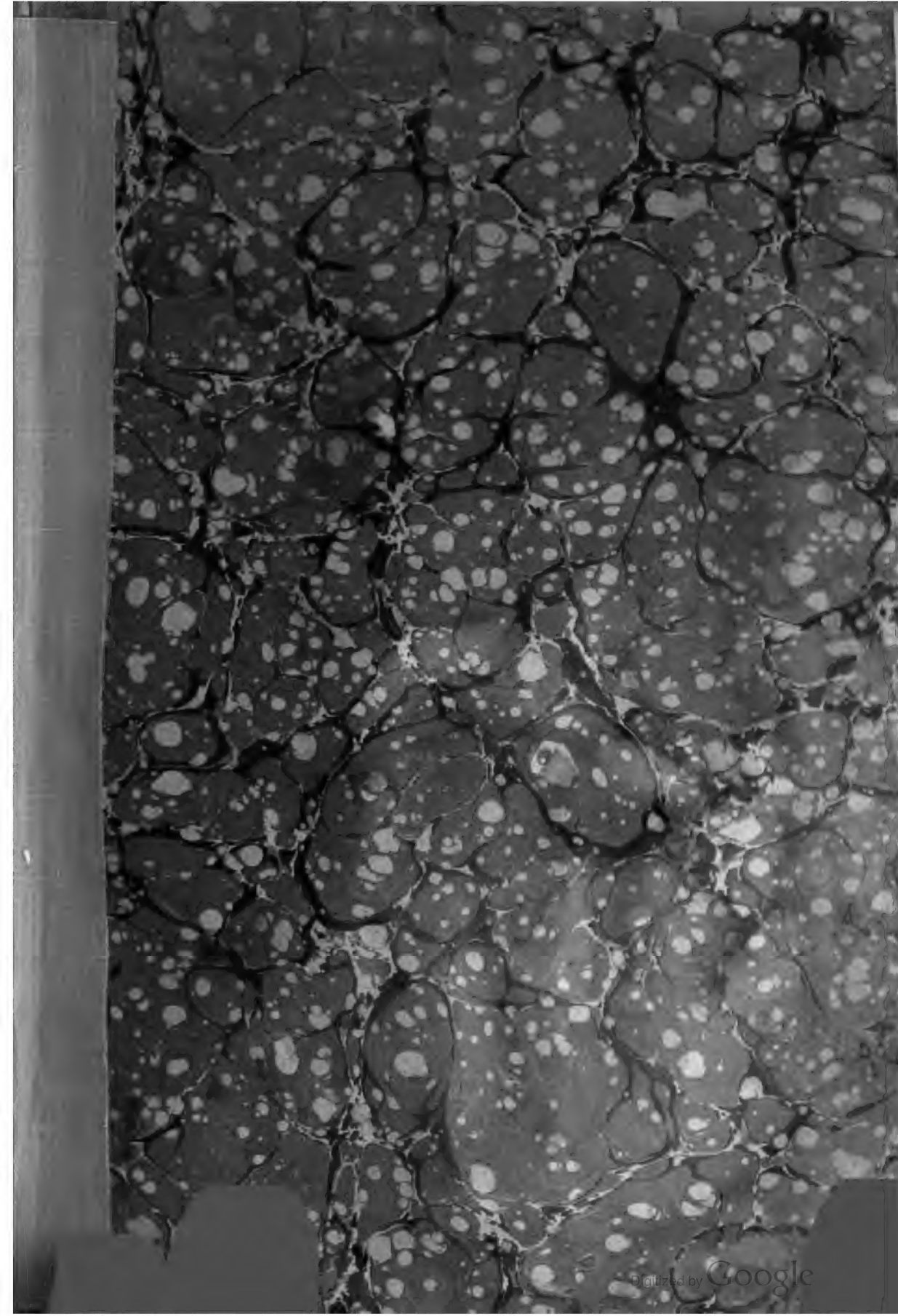
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# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

VOLUME XXXIV  
NOVEMBER TO APRIL  
1909-1910



Published by

S. S. McCLURE COMPANY  
NEW YORK & LONDON  
1909-1910

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YMAA'S ALL DAY MATZ

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# SONG

BY

DOLLIE RADFORD

**B**ECAUSE your treasure is near  
To the touch of your hand,  
And fresh and flowing and clear  
Your deep well of delight,  
The place is bared to the sky  
Where my treasure should stand,  
The rain of fountains is dry,  
That was sweet to my sight.

Because your day is ablaze  
With the flowers that are blown,  
And glad for length of the ways  
That are never to part,  
I watch and tremble for grief  
In the shadow alone,  
And branch and blossom and leaf  
Bring the pain to my heart.

Because the word is so kind  
That is breathed in your ear,  
And sweet the thoughts you unbind  
In your rapture of peace,  
My words are laggard and late  
With the thoughts that are dear,  
My thoughts that falter and wait  
For their joy of release.



*Drawn by Walter Jack Duncan*

"HE HURLED HIMSELF FROM THE LEFT WING TO MIDWAY OF THE PROSCENIUM ARCH,  
AND GROVELED SOBBING AT HER FEET"

*See "Vanity or the Viewpoint," page 77*

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 1



THE NEW THEATER, NEW YORK

## THE NEW DRAMA AND THE NEW THEATER

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**I**N crossing the Atlantic on one of the great five-day ferry-boats, have you never felt a desire to get for a few moments outside and aloof from your floating city, to see her in proportion and perspective, and realize, as you cannot from within, at once her hugeness and her swiftness? At the root of all our errors in philosophy, in history, in criticism, lies the impossibility of being at once within a movement and outside it. Impossible it is; and yet, if we would have sanity of vision, we must make the attempt. We must try to project ourselves in thought to a standpoint from which we can see things objectively and see them whole.

This is the endeavor I am about to make with regard to the dramatic movement of our time. That there has been a marked movement during the past twenty-five years in the Anglo-American drama it is impossible to doubt. In

the following pages I shall briefly trace its history: for the moment, it may be sufficient to point to the most recent phase of the movement — the number of more or less idealistic enterprises which are maturing or have lately matured on both sides of the Atlantic. Whether its promoters realized it or not, the New Theater which so proudly overlooks Central Park is only one symptom of a widespread impulse — the most conspicuous and beautiful symptom, no doubt, but not by any means unique. We hear of at least two other enterprises in New York itself in which an endeavor is to be made to cultivate art firstly for art's sake, and not firstly, secondly, and thirdly for the sake of the dollars. In Chicago, the gallant little enterprise of Mr. Donald Robertson has found generous support and is doing fine work. In London, while a great agitation for a National Theater is being actively carried on,



MONA LIMERICK, LEADING ACTRESS OF THE MANCHESTER  
REPERTORY THEATER

two repertory theaters are in process of incubation. In Dublin a small but justly named National Theater, privately endowed, has done excellent work for several years. In Manchester a moderately endowed repertory theater has recruited a company of admirable though hitherto almost unknown artists. A similar enterprise has had some success in Glasgow.

Wherever one turns, in short, there is evidence of earnest endeavor, more or less aided by public-spirited liberality, to place dramatic art in the English-speaking world on the footing it has long held in France and Germany, where only its lower forms are absolutely dependent on private speculation and profit-getting. This anticipatory glance at the present state of affairs may serve to indicate the general nature of the movement I propose to sketch.

### *The Drama Not Decadent*

The question may be asked: Is this idealistic impulse an attempt to rescue the drama from a state of abject and intolerable decline? or is it merely the latest manifestation of a general and decisive advance? I myself, without any shadow of hesitation, hold the latter opinion; but the former is, if not the more common view, at least the view of a not insignificant minority. We constantly hear talk of the decadence of the drama, and lamentations over its by-gone glories. Let us see if we can find any reasonable grounds for this frame of mind. Let us try to discover what it really means.

It will be found, I believe, that the praisers of the past are chiefly thinking of acting, while we of the other opinion fix our attention primarily



JANET ACHURCH AS NORA IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE"

on plays. Those whose memories go back forty or even thirty years recall great individual performances for which they find no equivalent on the stage of to-day. Where, they ask, are we to look for the equals of Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, Lester Wallack, John McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, Ristori, Janauschek, Clara Morris, Mrs. John Drew? I am myself enough of a veteran to understand, though I cannot share, this feeling. The tragedians and comedians of our youth gave us pleasures which we cannot now recapture, partly because their school, their method, has died out, partly because we are now more critical and less accessible to the mere hysteria of emotional acting. One may quite believe in the greatness of Edwin Forrest, yet doubt whether he would be found endurable by the public of

to-day. John McCullough certainly would not, any more than the G. V. Brookes and Barry Sullivans of the English stage. Edwin Booth, in his great moments, was an actor whom any age could not but applaud; but how unequal he was! and how often he appeared amid miserable surroundings and in plays of amazing bombast and artificiality!

The real loss is, I believe, on the side of old comedy. Here we may justly lament the extinction of a peculiar and rather delightful style of art,\* which had fewer drawbacks than the corresponding school of tragedy. One may even admit that there is at present no single company at all equal to the Daly troupe at its best, with James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, John

\* It will be one of the hardest tasks of the New Theater to revive this style, or something equivalent to it.





GILBERT MURRAY



R. D. F. PAYNE



SIR ARTHUR CLIVE


*Photograph by Herbert*  
J. T. COBIN

Drew, and the incomparable Ada Rehan. But, Shakespeare and one or two old comedies apart, how poor were the plays (for the most part adapted farces) in which this brilliant company was condemned to appear! On the whole, then, it may be granted that among the actors of to-day there is less commanding individual talent than among those of the past generation; but it must not be forgotten that it was not infrequently the very poverty of the plays that threw the acting into relief by forcing us to concentrate our attention upon it. As a rule the plays of that time were mere vehicles for acting, and otherwise either entirely negligible\* or entirely exotic — or both. Nowadays it often happens that acting holds a juster subordination to literature, and must be estimated in relation to, not apart from, the work it sets forth to interpret.

In England we are, perhaps, less subject to the illusion of decline, because the bankruptcy of the old school became evident at an earlier point, and scarcely any one now survives to regret it. To all intents and purposes, the tradition of great English acting, which had maintained itself for nearly two centuries, died out with the retirement of Macready in 1851. During the subsequent ten years, Phelps, at Sadlers Wells, strove in vain to re-animate it, while Charles Kean, at the Princess', inaugurated the system, which survives to this day, of calling in the aid of spectacle to compensate for deficiencies in acting. Sir Henry Irving, no doubt, was a remarkable artist and still more remarkable man; but it is interesting to note that, in spite of all the personal devotion he excited, no one now quotes his reign at the Lyceum as an artistic ideal from which we have declined. It was too manifestly a mere eddy or backwater, brilliantly iridescent, but almost entirely cut off from the main current of theatrical life. The upshot is that we in England have not within the memory of man had any acting so great as to

\* Mr. Sothorn's recent performances of Lord Dundreary afford a valuable object-lesson to the pessimist. The figure of Dundreary is irresistibly funny; but imagine any reputable theater of to-day producing such an imbecile play!

GEORGE BERNARD  
SHAW

FREDERICK WILSON


*Portrait of George Arliss*  
GEORGE ARLISS
JAMES A. H. H. H.  
GRIFFITH DAVENPORT



WILLIAM GUILLEL



AUGUSTEN THOMAS

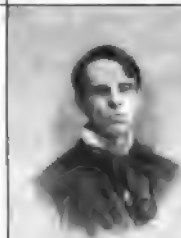
WILLIAM VAUGHN  
MOODYPhotograph by Ward  
PERCY MACKAYE

blind us to the fundamental fact that "the play's the thing," and not the performance. Though old playgoers like myself are perfectly conscious of the loss of certain valuable elements in Shakespearean and old comedy acting, we find such abundant compensation in the growth of a new dramatic literature, with an appropriate school of presentation, that a pessimistic attitude is impossible to us. The old babble about the decline of the drama is heard, if at all, only from people who mechanically repeat in 1909 the formulas of 1859.

### *The Reign of Scribe, and the Ibsen Revolution*

When, from the vantage-ground of the twenty-first century, historians survey the drama of the nineteenth, they will see, I think, two great names standing out from the rest, and typifying the two great tendencies of the age. The first part of the century belonged to Eugene Scribe, the last part to Henrik Ibsen. Not, of course, that Scribe was the greatest dramatist of his period, any more than Louis XIV. was the greatest man of the *siècle de Louis Quatorze*. His historical importance lies, not in the merit of his works, but in the dominance of his method on the French stage, and the dominance which, through that method, the French stage obtained over all the stages of Europe.

Scribe and his school (of whom Sardou was the last and greatest disciple) carried to high perfection the art of so manipulating a story as to keep the spectator's curiosity constantly alert, and afford him a constant series of pleasant surprises or (what is perhaps more agreeable still) of vague anticipations ingeniously fulfilled. The stories were often of the most trivial, the development of character was invariably subordinated to the elaboration of plot, and the criticism of life was entirely conventional and commonplace. But, by reason alike of their merits and their defects, the plays of this school (an enormously fertile one) were eminently exportable and adaptable. Their mechanical figures would work almost equally well in any climate and in any cos-

WILLIAM BUTLER  
YEATS

EUGENE WEYLER



JOSEPH STEDMAN



HENRY HOWARD



A CABINET COUNCIL  
THE LEADING DRAMATISTS OF CHARLES FROHMAN'S LONDON REPERTORY THEATRE:  
J. M. BARRIE, JOHN GALSWORTHY, BERNARD SHAW, AND GRANVILLE BARKER

tume; while the technical devices whereby they were manoeuvred were very easily mimicked. Thus the dexterous plot-play, translated, adapted, or imitated from the French, flooded the theaters of Europe and America during the middle years of the century.

Its only competitor (apart from the classical drama of the different countries) was the rhetorical drama founded on classical models, and usually lifeless and bombastic. For the rest, the theater was regarded as a sort of international toy-shop. People ceased to look to it for any intimate study or vivid presentation of the real life of their own country and time. Virtuosity in acting, whether comic or emotional, was, as we have seen, held to be the one thing needful.

Here and there, no doubt, there were stirrings of rebellion against the machine-made play. Germany had in Friedrich Hebbel a dramatist of real originality. In England the Robertsonian comedies of the sixties brought a breath of fresh air into the theater; but Robertson died, and his imitators lapsed into puerility. In France, Dumas and Augier, without quite abandoning the methods of Scribe, applied them to a far deeper criticism of life than he had attempted. But it was not until the last quarter of the century was well advanced that a general reaction against the school of self-conscious artifice made itself felt — a general desire to let the stage mirror life in its typical and characteristic aspects, without any more sophistication or manipulation than the very nature of the theater rendered inevitable. The first impulse in this direction came, no doubt, from the French school of realism, headed by Émile Zola; but before the movement had gone far, it found an ally, and presently a leader, in a most unexpected quarter. Almost unknown outside Scandinavia in 1885, the name of Henrik Ibsen was, by 1895, the watchword of the forces of progress.

### *The Free Theaters*

One evening in October, 1887, the Parisian critics were invited to attend the inauguration of an amateur enterprise described as the Théâtre Libre, in some wretched little bandbox of a theater, unknown to most of them, in an out-of-the-way and not over-reputable quarter of the town. Jules Lemaitre, in his next week's feuilleton, described their adventures in trying to discover the sequestered "Passage de l'Élysée-des-Beaux-Arts"; and he wound up his description in these words: "We had the air of good Magi in mackintoshes seeking out some lowly but glorious manger. Can it be that in this manner the decrepit and doting Drama is destined to be born again?"

Many a true word is spoken in jest. It is now a matter of historic fact that from that little hall in Montmartre went forth an impulse which, directly and indirectly, helped to remake the drama, not in France alone. André Antoine, its founder, "built better than he knew." He produced, it is true, a good many purely naturalistic plays which made their little sensation and were forgotten. But his real achievement was the invention of a new mechanism whereby dramatic experiments of all sorts were made possible, unhampered, on the one hand, by the bureaucratic conservatism of the state-supported theaters, and free, on the other hand, from the profit-hunting obligations of theaters owned by private capitalists.

It was just this mechanism of artistic experiment that the new spirit in drama demanded. The timeliness of the invention was proved by the instant and eager fashion in which it was imitated. Paris soon swarmed with *théâtres à côté*, one of which, L'Œuvre, has been almost as conspicuous in theatrical history as the Théâtre Libre itself. In Berlin the Freie Bühne was founded in 1889; and the comparative shortness of its career was due to the completeness of its success, the leaders of the movement becoming the managers of some of the first theaters in Germany and Austria, and carrying forward their work on the regular stage. In London the Independent Theatre was founded in 1891 by Mr. J. T. Grein; and though it came a little before its time, and found but few original plays worth producing, it opened the way for other enterprises which have had far-reaching effects. All that is most original and progressive in the English drama of to-day is distinctly, however indirectly, traceable to that evening when Jules Lemaitre stumbled over the muddy pavements of Montmartre, to stand, all unwitting, beside the cradle of a renovated art.

### *Ibsen and Nationalism*

On the first list of productions announced by M. Antoine, there figured only one foreign work, Tolstoy's "Puissance des Ténébres"; but in 1890 another and still more famous play was produced at the Théâtre Libre — to wit, "Les Revenants," or "Ghosts," by Henrik Ibsen. The same play had been the opening production of the Berlin Freie Bühne in 1889; the same play was to be the opening production of the London Independent Theatre in 1891; the first performance of the same play in New York in January, 1894, was described by Mr. W. D. Howells as "the very greatest theatrical event he had ever known."

Ibsen himself, as a young man, had been trained in the school of Scribe, and, as his earlier

plays showed, had mastered the French arts of manipulation. Even so late a play as "Pillars of Society" (1877) might, in point of construction, have come from a French workshop. But in "A Doll's House" we find him breaking away from the artificial manner, and in "Ghosts" he has entirely abandoned it. This does not mean that he has simplified the task of construction, but that he has subtilized it. His later plays are marvelously complex tissues of emotional interplay; but he had so mastered the art which conceals art that many critics, when he first came within their ken, denounced him as a mere "bungler." The opposition which his works everywhere encountered, however, did far more good than harm. It forced people to think about the theater who had never before given it a serious thought; and though their thought might not result in enthusiasm for Ibsen, it almost inevitably resulted in discontent with the superficial and conventional work that they had hitherto accepted without a murmur.

Nor was it at all to be regretted that the localism of Ibsen's plays — their exclusive concern with the life of a small and little-known country — prevented them from attaining (except, perhaps, in Germany) a very wide and general popularity. What we wanted was not great plays from outside, but a stimulus to our own playwrights to interpret our own life to us in terms of sincere, thoughtful, and virile art. That stimulus Ibsen gave. His method was fortunately too individual and too difficult to be imitated with any success; so that he cannot rightly be said to have founded a school. What he did was to show playwrights, once for all, the magnificent potentialities of modern drama, and to set them striving, each as his own talent decreed, to realize them as fully as possible.

The first clear symptom, then, of the reaction against the methods of Scribe was a marked tendency toward nationalism in drama. Each nation desired and essayed to write its own plays instead of going to Paris for them; and this tendency was promoted by the fact that, in Paris itself, the new generation of playwrights, getting more intimately in touch with life, in great measure ceased to produce plays that lent themselves to exportation. The revival of English drama, from about 1885 onward, meant a declaration of independence from France; just as the progress of American drama, from about 1900 onward, has meant a declaration of independence from both France and England. The relation between England and the United States is such an intimate one that a pretty frequent interchange of plays will always, one hopes, be possible; but the English dramatist is no longer a privileged competitor of the American dra-

matist, nor does New York pay any particular attention to the hall-mark of London.

The managers and paragraph-writers who express surprise at the frequent failure of English plays in America and of American plays in England, are still living in the Scribe period. They think of drama as an international product, like cheap watches or safety razors, which ought to work equally well in any environment. But that state of things has long passed away. The merits of a play in England may become its defects in America; and the other way round. The idea sometimes put forth by disappointed impresarios that there is a prejudice in England against American plays is absolutely groundless. There is a prejudice in both countries — a just and healthy prejudice — in favor of plays that are characteristically English or American, as the case may be. It is only an exceptional play that can appeal equally to the great public of both countries; and the real wonder is, not that these exceptions are so few, but that they are so many.

### *Two Waves of Progress*

In order to throw into relief the opposing tendencies of which Scribe and Ibsen may be regarded as, so to speak, the figureheads, I have somewhat anticipated the order of events. In England there was an unmistakable move toward nationalism in the early eighties, several years before the Théâtre Libre had been founded or the influence of Ibsen had made itself felt. We have, indeed, to mark two distinct waves of progress; the first in the regular theater, associated with the names of Arthur Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, Oscar Wilde, R. C. Carton, Haddon Chambers, and others; the second springing mainly from "side-show" enterprises, such as the Independent Theatre and the various Ibsen performances, and associated during the nineties with only one English name of any note — that of George Bernard Shaw.

The first wave was in every sense antecedent to and independent of the second. Its actual beginning, perhaps, may be traced to the Gilbert and Sullivan extravaganzas which so rapidly drove French opera bouffe from the stage. But Pinero's original and delightful farces, "The Magistrate" "The Schoolmistress," etc. (dating from 1885 onward), were the first non-musical plays that quite definitely set about the reestablishment of our national self-respect; and it is noteworthy that "The Profligate," the first play in which Pinero clearly announced his more serious ambition, was produced in 1889, several weeks before Miss Janet Achurch's performance of Nora in

"A Doll's House" introduced Ibsen to the English-speaking stage. It was two years later, in 1891,— when "Ghosts" was produced by the Independent Theatre and "Hedda Gabler" by two American actresses, Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Marion Lea,— that Ibsen became the one burning topic of the theatrical world. To his influence, in the sense above defined, we may no doubt partly attribute the marked advance in seriousness and strength which makes itself felt from 1893 (the year of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray") onward. But it cannot be said that the second wave of progress actually impinged upon the regular stage before the end of the century. America, indeed, felt its direct effects earlier than England did; for Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple" were popular items in Richard Mansfield's repertory long before they were regarded in England as anything more than "side-show" eccentricities.

The Boer War, which clouded the end of the old and beginning of the new century, was a serious check to what I have called the first wave of progress, the progress of the regular commercial theater. But as soon as the check was removed, the wave rushed onward. Pinero showed new strength in "Iris" and "Letty"; J. M. Barrie, who had previously given only one real foretaste of his theatrical genius (in "The Little Minister"), now produced "Quality Street" and "The Admirable Crichton," and thenceforth devoted himself mainly to drama; Hubert Henry Davies made himself known as a comedy-writer of real wit and charm; and other young men of talent — Alfred Sutro, Somerset Maugham, Anthony Wharton, Rudolph Besier, Roy Horniman, J. B. Fagan, etc.— came forward with work which was not, perhaps, of high distinction, yet showed that the dramatic instinct was healthily alive and stirring in the younger generation. The worst of their plays were better than the best of the plays of thirty years before.

### *The Stage Society*

Meanwhile the second wave had been gathering new strength in a very remarkable way. Toward the close of 1899, during the blackest days of the war, a small society was founded with the view, at first, of giving private performances, on Sunday evenings, in studios and other inconvenient places. It called itself the Stage Society, and the chief among its moving spirits was a young man named Frederick Whelen, not himself an artist, but a single-minded and energetic enthusiast for all sorts of artistic progress. The idea of Sunday performances proved highly attractive, London being

full of people of vaguely intellectual tastes who welcomed any refuge from the dullness of the English Sunday. The notion of acting in studios was soon abandoned; it was found that theaters could be used, so long as no money was taken at the doors; and as the Society increased in numbers, the Sunday evening production came to be supplemented by a second performance on Monday afternoon. In its first season it gave Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and "Candida," Ibsen's "League of Youth," and plays by Maeterlinck and Hauptmann; in its second season Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," and Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives"; in its third season "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Monna Vanna," and "The Marrying of Anne Leete," by Granville Barker.

The Society has now reached its tenth season and celebrated its fiftieth production. It has been by far the most energetic and influential of the English "side-show" theaters, and deserves to rank in history with the Théâtre Libre, L'Œuvre, and the Freie Bühne. But its significance is by no means summed up in its own performances. Not without reason did my enumeration of its individual productions stop at "The Marrying of Anne Leete"; for when we have reached the name of Granville Barker we have reached the crown of the Stage Society's achievement. It gave Granville Barker his first opportunities of any importance as an actor, a producer, and an author; it brought him into intimate association with Bernard Shaw; and it led to the establishment of the Vedrenne-Barker enterprise at the Court Theatre, in which, for the first time, a serious effort was made to release the regular drama from the absolute dominance of the long-run system, and to provide, as it were, a halfway house between the short-lived "side-show" and the actor-managed theater with its capitalist syndicate behind it.

Another influence, however, contributed to the inception of the Vedrenne-Barker management. One of the side-shows of the nineties, the New Century Theatre, awoke in 1904 to spasmodic activity, and gave a series of performances of Professor Gilbert Murray's beautiful translation of the "Hippolytus" of Euripides. The tragedy was staged by Granville Barker, the business management being in the hands of J. E. Vedrenne; and it was partly their association in this very successful experiment that inspired their enterprise at the Court Theatre, where they not only revived the "Hippolytus," but produced two others of Gilbert Murray's transcripts of Euripides, "The Trojan Women" and the "Electra."

*The Vedrenne-Barker Enterprise*

The mainstay of the Court management, beyond a doubt, was Bernard Shaw. Here his already published plays, "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," and "Man and Superman" for the first time attained real popularity; and here he added to the list of his works "John Bull's Other Island," "Major Barbara," and "The Doctor's Dilemma." Yet the Court was anything but a "one-man theater." Finding in Granville Barker a sympathetic director and a stage-manager of genius, a group of hitherto untried playwrights gathered round him and produced a little literature of able plays which were too advanced either in their thought or in their technique for the long-run theaters. Either at the Court between 1904 and 1907, or at other theaters to which the enterprise was subsequently transferred, John Galsworthy produced "The Silver Box," "Joy," and "Strife," John Masefield "Nan," and the ill-fated St. John Hankin "The Return of the Prodigal" and "The Charity that Began at Home." But the leader of the group was unquestionably Barker himself. His early plays, "The Weather Hen" and "The Marrying of Anne Leete," had been marred by immaturities and eccentricities; but "The Voysey Inheritance," which he produced at the Court, was an extraordinarily able study of middle-class life, while "Waste" (vetoed by the Censor, but performed by the Stage Society) was a political tragedy of admirable power and originality.

Not only the merit of the plays but the excellence of the staging and the acting led the more intelligent section of the public to rally strongly to the support of the Vedrenne-Barker management. But the "short-run" system was financially unsound. It constantly involved taking a play out of the bill at the height of its success; and though it might be subsequently revived, the impetus of its immediate vogue could seldom be recovered. Under the true repertory system, which enables a play to be repeated indefinitely, at the rate of three, four, or even five performances a week, this difficulty would not have arisen; but Vedrenne and Barker had not the resources necessary to set a true repertory theater on foot. So long as they remained at the little Court Theatre, their short-run system paid its way and left something over; but the tiny stage restricted their choice of plays, and as soon as they moved to larger theaters the short-run system broke down.

*London, Dublin, and Manchester*

They had, however, given such an impetus to theatrical life and thought that it was felt to be

impossible henceforth to acquiesce tamely in the absolute supremacy of the long-run system. A powerful agitation was set on foot for the establishment of an endowed National Theater, which should at the same time serve as a Shakespeare memorial; and there is every probability that this will be an accomplished fact before the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death in 1916. In the meantime we are promised two repertory theaters for the spring of 1910, one of which, under Mr. Charles Frohman's management, with Barrie, Shaw, Barker, and Galsworthy heading the list of its dramatists, will directly continue the traditions of the Vedrenne-Barker management.

The movement, too, has been notably reinforced by the visits to London of the Irish National Theatre Company and the Horniman Repertory Company from Manchester. So far back as 1899, W. B. Yeats, Edward Martyn, and Lady Gregory started in Dublin a small "side-show" called the Irish Literary Theatre. For three seasons they were content to engage English actors to give a few performances of Irish plays; and in this way Yeats' "Countess Cathleen," George Moore's "Bending of the Bough," "Diarmuid and Grania," by Yeats and Moore, and several other plays were produced. But in 1901 or 1902 a company of Irish players (at first mainly amateurs) was organized, with the brothers Fay as its leading members, and in 1904 an English lady, Miss A. E. F. Horniman, gave the company a permanent habitation (the Abbey Theatre, Dublin) and a small annual subvention. But what was worth more than money to the enterprise was the appearance of an original genius in the late J. M. Synge, author of the eerie and heartrending "Riders to the Sea," and those unique compounds of poetry and grim humor, "The Well of the Saints" and "The Playboy of the Western World." Yeats, too, gave the stamp of fervent nationalism to the movement with his exquisite "Cathleen-ni-Houlihan," while Lady Gregory and others contributed many clever and entertaining studies of Irish character.

The Irish character was, perhaps, a little too strongly manifested in the series of quarrels and schisms that have diversified the history of the enterprise; yet it has steadily gathered strength, and its last visit to London was the most successful it has ever paid. W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory are still its moving spirits; but Miss Horniman has found another sphere of activity in Manchester, where, under the management of Iden Payne, she has for two seasons run an extraordinarily successful repertory theater. Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, and Charles McEvoy are the dramatists who have furnished

the main part of the repertory; but Euripides (the "Hippolytus") and Sudermann ("The Vale of Content") have likewise figured in the bills, and one of the most popular productions of the company has been Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." The Manchester players visited London during the summer of the present year, and their success gave a marked stimulus to the repertory movement. It was partly due, no doubt, to the impression made by one of the leading actresses, Miss Mona Limerick, whose extraordinarily tragic personality, though as yet unseconded by much technical accomplishment, ought one day to make its mark in theatrical history.

### *The Nineteenth Century in America*

Turning, now, to America, we can trace very clearly a parallel movement, though its phases have been somewhat different. First let it be noted that even in the "dead vast and middle" of the nineteenth century, when Europe was entirely under the dominion of the machine-made French play, America was not without stirrings of that nationalism without which (according to my view) there is no salvation in drama. More or less faithful presentments of American character in more or less crude and artless dramas always maintained their popularity. Thus F. S. Chanfrau's *Kit and Mose*, John E. Owens' *Solon Shingle*, and John T. Raymond's *Colonel Sellers* and *Ichabod Crane* are still remembered by old playgoers. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was, and still is, enormously attractive; and two of the most popular of Boucicault's plays, "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Octoroon," were American in theme, though not in authorship. It is significant, however, that, despite his great success in the American characters of Rip Van Winkle, Salem Scudder, and Asa Trenchard, Joseph Jefferson, so far as I can discover, never appeared in an original American play. As I look down the list of his characters, I find almost all of them to be of English or Anglo-French origin. If there are any exceptions, they are in plays so obscure as to be wholly unknown to me.

During the last quarter of the century, nationalism made a certain advance. The local farces of Harrigan and Hart were artistically unpretentious but vivid and racy representations of low life in New York; and their localism was the chief attraction of the plays of Charles Hoyt. A species of hayseed play became vastly popular, in which faithful pictures of rustic life were intermingled with passages of irrelevant melodrama. Of these plays, Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" was the most famous, while James A. Herne's delightful

"Shore Acres" and "Sag Harbor" were the most artistic. Several writers, of whom Bronson Howard was the chief, applied French methods to American themes, and in "Saratoga," "The Banker's Daughter," and "The Henrietta" we have American plays which might have been written by Labiche or Augier. In "Alabama" Augustus Thomas showed himself a sort of T. W. Robertson of the South; and their local color was not the least of the merits of "In Mizzoura" and "Arizona." Nor must the very important group of Civil War plays be forgotten, the most notable being Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah," William Gillette's "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service," and "The Heart of Maryland" by David Belasco.

Nevertheless the fact remains that down to the end of the nineteenth century the American stage was far too largely dominated by England and France. The managers showed a marked preference for plays that had already been tested abroad, and the public, far from discriminating in favor of American plays, were apt, when they gave any thought to the matter, to regard them as something homespun and inferior. Clara Morris made her name in French emotional drama, Ada Rehan in classical comedy and German farce, Mary Anderson in classical or pseudo-classical English plays. Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough found little or none of their material in America. I have before me a book named "Plays of the Present," issued in 1902 by the Dunlap Society of New York, and containing a list of recent productions on the American stage. It does not purport to be an exhaustive list, but there is no reason to doubt that it is fairly representative. On analyzing it I find that 78 English plays are chronicled, 32 French plays, 26 plays of American authorship and scene, 22 plays of American authorship but dealing with foreign (generally romantic) material, and 8 plays of German origin. Thus we have in all 118 foreign against 48 American plays; and as 22 of the American plays are non-American in theme, we may reckon, in effect, 140 "outland" plays against 26 which essayed to interpret to the American public its own life, character, and problems. This enumeration has no positive statistical value, but it probably represents pretty accurately the proportion of American to foreign work on the stage of the nineties.

### *Nationalism in the New Century*

If the Dunlap Society were now to issue a similar list of notable plays produced since the beginning of the century, the proportions would



be very different. Each year, I have little doubt, would show a marked increase of American and decrease of foreign plays, until in the later years of the period American work would attain a very considerable preponderance. This is a phenomenon of which I think the American public at large is not sufficiently aware. They are too close to the movement to be clearly conscious of it. To me, from my outside point of view, it seems one of the most encouraging phases of the general advance which we have been studying.

In the spring of 1899 I paid a visit to America for the express purpose of studying theatrical conditions. Before I started, I met in London a member of one of the great Knickerbocker families of New York, who gave me a brief view of the American stage as he saw it. "You will find," he said, "two classes of plays in our country: American plays, and plays which come to us from Europe, mainly from France. The American plays are rude, formless, unpolished things, entirely unworthy of your attention. It is to France and to French influence that we owe everything of the slightest artistic value." This he announced without a shade of bitterness or discontent, as though describing a quite natural and desirable state of things. It is true that the Knickerbocker family to which this gentleman really belonged was that of the Van Winkles. The state of things he described had passed away some ten years before. France was no longer paramount on the American stage, for England had ousted her. But certain it is that, except James A. Herne's "Griffith Davenport," and a couple of plays by Clyde Fitch, I saw no American play of any note. For the rest, I spent my time in going from theater to theater and from city to city seeing American performances of English plays,\* and hearing how the wicked Syndicate was throttling the life out of American drama—what-ever little life there might be in it.

Even at that time I did not take too seriously the invectives against the Syndicate. That it was unjust and tyrannous as a business organization seemed credible enough; for when did great power, directed by strong self-interest, fail to act tyrannously? Moreover, it was clearly unfortunate that the American playwright should find scant outlet for his work save through the good graces of a group of men quite exempt from national bias or literary prejudice—for whom, in fact, no values existed save such as could be measured in dollars. But there were two modifying elements in the situation that rendered it

far from hopeless. The first was the influence of the "stars"—ladies and gentlemen who could and would, in a greater or less degree, force the hands of the Syndicate in the direction of better things. Talent will condescend to much for the sake of money; but there are some condescensions that it feels to be suicidal, some ambitions that it cannot afford to stamp out. The second modifying element was the character of that member of the Syndicate who chiefly concerned himself with the production of new plays. I recognized in Mr. Charles Frohman, not, indeed, a manager of great literary insight, but a true sportsman, untrammelled even by anti-national prejudice, keen for every form of experiment, and far more pleased to make money out of good work than out of bad. This being so, I felt sure that as soon as the American drama was strong enough to make itself heard, there was nothing to prevent its obtaining a fair hearing.

### *1899 and 1907—A Contrast*

Eight years passed, and in 1907 I returned to America, to find the scene entirely changed. The preponderance of power had quite decisively shifted from the foreign to the American playwright. It was as hard in 1907 to find an English play as it had been in 1899 to find an American play. Although I had in a general way foreseen the change, it had come more rapidly and completely than I had expected. I went from theater to theater, and saw nothing but plays not only by American authors, but taking firm hold of modern American life, political, social, commercial, domestic, in the East and in the West, in the heart of civilization and on its frontiers. It would be too much to say that any startlingly original genius had as yet developed. There was no American Hauptmann or Brieux, Pinero or Barrie; but there was evidence on every hand of open-eyed intelligence expressing in dramatic form, and with a great deal of dramatic instinct, its observations of men and things. In most of the plays there was still a large element of convention; but it was not the essential element; it was only part of the scaffolding which the author had not as yet the skill to dispense with.

The plays of that season which interested me most were "The Three of Us," by Rachel Crother, "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody (whose "Faith Healer," by the way, seems to me a much finer piece of work), "Salome Jane," by Paul Armstrong, "The Truth," by Clyde Fitch, "The New York Idea," by Langdon Mitchell, "The Man of the Hour," by George Broadhurst, "The Lion and the Mouse," by Charles Klein, and "The Chorus

\* The only French plays very much in vogue were "Cyrano de Bergerac," in which Richard Mansfield was making a triumphal tour, and "Zaza," with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the title part.

Lady," by James Forbes. And each subsequent season has brought to the front a new writer of distinguished talent. In 1908, I found New York flocking to "Paid in Full," in which Eugene Walter had revealed the remarkable gifts which are still more evident in "The Easiest Way." In 1909, Edward Sheldon had shown in "Salvation Nell" a brilliant and unconventional talent. The quantity of the output, in short, is yearly greater, the quality higher; and if these be not the symptoms of an irresistibly progressive tendency I cannot tell how to interpret them.

The movement I have been describing corresponds to what I have called the first wave of progress in England. But the second wave, too, is quite clearly to be traced in the theatrical history of the past twenty years. The analogy is somewhat disguised by the fact that "Independent Theatres" or "Stage Societies" have not played the same part in America that they have in England. But why was this? Mainly because there was in America no obstructive and ridiculous censorship which had to be evaded by special organization and "private performances." Thus the American side-show was not so clearly differentiated from the ordinary commercial theater as it had to be in England. None the less did it exist and none the less influentially.

#### *From James Herne to Donald Robertson*

Early in the nineties, Boston saw the beginning of the movement in the production of James A. Herne's "Margaret Fleming." How far Herne was influenced by rumors of the Théâtre Libre and its tendencies I cannot say; but certainly the spirit of Antoine seemed, for the nonce, to have entered into him. He soon reverted, however, to the regular theater, where he produced in "Griffith Davenport," to my thinking, the most remarkable American play of the nineteenth century. The second wave of progress was carried forward for some time mainly by productions of Ibsen. "Ghosts," acted in 1894, at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, made a profound impression in the literary world; and many other Ibsen performances led to those heated denunciations and vindications which, however disproportionate at the moment, have always effected a clearing of the air and a gradual dissipation of prejudice.

America had an advantage over England, too, in the fact that frequent performances in foreign languages, especially in German, kept critics and the intelligent public well abreast of the European movement. Bernard Shaw, as we have seen, was at home on the American stage

long before he had made any success in England; and a little group of progressive players, of whom Miss Mary Shaw may be mentioned as one of the leaders, carried some of the most advanced works of her namesake and of Ibsen into regions which might have seemed inaccessible to aught save melodrama and "vaudeville." Thus the ground was prepared for the extraordinary popularizing of Ibsen which took place when Richard Mansfield produced "Peer Gynt," Mrs. Fiske "Rosmersholm," and Madame Nazimova "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Master Builder."

Meanwhile another influence of great importance was at work. The study of contemporary drama began to take a place in the literary courses of most universities, while the students' dramatic societies devoted themselves to the production, not of topical burlesques, but of serious plays, modern as well as ancient. The work done by such men as Brander Matthews at Columbia, W. L. Phelps at Yale, and George P. Baker at Harvard is of the utmost importance. It means that the theatrical public is recruited year after year by a large number of young men and women trained to apply their intelligence to things of the theater; and the results of the movement are already very manifest. Most prominent among them may be reckoned the plays of Percy Mackaye, William Vaughn Moody, and Edward Sheldon. I am credibly assured that at some universities the form of morning greeting among undergraduates is no longer "How are you?" but "How's your second act getting on?" I remarked that interest might better be centered on the welfare of the last act, and was told that the undergraduate play seldom got so far as that. None the less are the universities manifestly destined to be a fruitful seed-plot of dramatic literature.

It was university influence that was mainly active in the Chicago repertory theater experiment under Victor Mapes, which, though unfortunate, was nevertheless a sign of the times. To universities, too, Donald Robertson owed, at the beginning, much of the support which enabled him to carry on in Chicago and its environs the finely inspired enterprise which has now, one hopes, taken firm root. If I may venture to criticize Mr. Robertson's policy, from very imperfect knowledge, I should say that it was rather too literary, or, in other words, that it attaches too much weight to intellectual as distinct from specifically dramatic values.

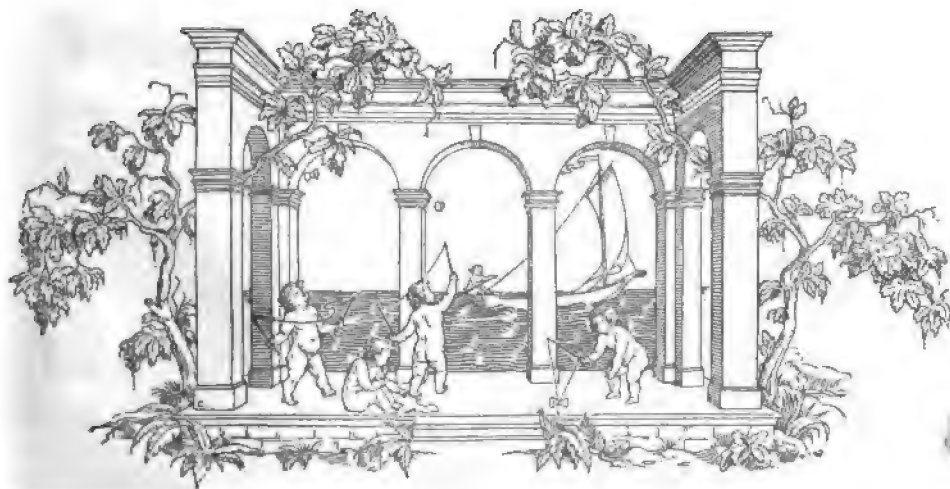
#### *The New Theater*

Not the least among the indications that the time was ripe for a decisive movement in advance

was the Ames-Deland campaign at the Castle Square Theater in Boston, undertaken by two men of intelligence and culture with the deliberate purpose of acquiring the experience necessary for artistic management. It could only be a temporary training, however; for no great positive result was to be expected from the stock-company system, with its incessant and almost inhuman overwork for actors, actresses, and every one concerned. The true hope of a reform in theatrical organization, and of a blending of what I have called the first and second waves of progress, lies in the establishment of a true repertory theater, from which, while the unbroken long run is banished, the slavery of weekly changes of bill, carried out by a small company playing twice a day, is equally excluded.

It has been alleged to the disadvantage of the New Theater that it is not founded upon, or does not embody, an Idea. Whether the founders were consciously animated by an Idea, with a big I, is more than I can say; but I am quite sure their main motive is to be sought in something deeper and more trustworthy than an Idea — to wit, a widely felt instinct. They were aware, not, perhaps, in detail, but in its general effect, of the movement I have sketched in this article; and they saw that the time had come when the further development of the

Anglo-American drama ought no longer to be left to mere individual enterprise. The American stage, while in some ways in advance of the English,— notably in its hospitality to foreign masterpieces,— had in some ways fallen behind. For instance, the Shakespearean tradition was in danger of extinction, and the tradition of classic comedy was almost entirely extinct. Moreover, with the rise of a school of native realism, the arts of diction and of distinction had largely fallen into neglect. There were, in brief, a multitude of ways in which a great and dignified theatrical institution, permanently established in a metropolitan center, might advance the arts both of drama and of acting. The founders determined that New York should be that center; and they have once for all snatched away from London the distinction of being the first city in the English-speaking world to vie with Continental capitals in worthily housing and magnanimously fostering the finer forms of dramatic art. I will not say that London is not a little ashamed of having let New York get so far ahead of her; but I am sure that we, in England, will watch with all possible sympathy, interest, and hope an enterprise which certainly embodies the Idea that the English language has been in the past, and may be in the future, the medium of the greatest drama in the world.



# THE ILLUMINATED CANTICLE

(*Belonging to Philip II., and now in the Escorial*)

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

I CARRY the great Singing-Book  
Of the pale king's.  
Over its rich staves peacocks look,  
Like birds that dip into a brook;  
And all its edges flow with sedges,  
With rainbows, berries, jeweled wings,  
Or jesting pranks, or heavenly things.

Fray Andres made it at Leon  
And good Fray Julian;  
They decked it till it laughed and shone  
With every hue, rose-red, sea-blue,  
And where Magnificat upran  
They spread an angel, blessing man.

The sick king peers above my hands  
But makes no sound;  
He seeks and seeks in all his lands,  
Yet finds no peace, to bring surcease  
Of those cries from the underground  
And gnawing flames that ring him round.

The kind monks in their cloister sat,  
Beneath a bell-tower tall.  
They painted in the juicy figs  
That burst and fall,  
The braided nests of grass and twigs,  
And prickly-pears and lacelike tares  
That make a pattern on the wall;  
Fray Andres drew a purple snail  
Because its shape was curved and small.

The king—he has a pinched long face,  
A bloodless lip;  
And his cold stare would find no grace  
In children's arts or mothers' hearts;  
Now he is old, his trembling grip  
Has lost life's best, letting love slip.

I pity, yet I fear him, too;  
When mass is done  
I rock in dreams of gold and blue,  
Chanting for him a grave-song grim,  
Laughing to think how many a one  
Will stand here, when the king has gone,  
Will turn the rich leaves of the Book,  
And never fear his dreadful look.

# THE TIGER CHARM

BY

ALICE PERRIN

**T**HE sun, the sky, the burning, dusty atmosphere, the waving sea of tall yellow grass seemed molten into one blinding blaze of pitiless heat to the aching vision of little Mrs. Wingate.

In spite of blue goggles, pith sun-hat, and enormous umbrella, she felt as if she were being slowly roasted alive; for the month was May, and she and her husband were perched on the back of an elephant, traversing a large tract of jungle at the foot of the Himalayas.

Colonel Wingate was one of the keenest sportsmen in India, and every day for the past week he and his wife and their friend, Captain Bastable, had sallied forth from the camp with a line of elephants to beat through the forests of grass that reached to the animals' ears; to squelch over swamps, disturbing herds of antelope and wild pig; to pierce thick tangles of jungle, from which rose pea-fowl, black partridge, and birds of gorgeous plumage; to cross stony beds of dry rivers—ever on the watch for the tigers that had hitherto baffled all their efforts.

As each "likely" spot was drawn a blank, Netta Wingate heaved a sigh of relief; for she hated sport, was afraid of the elephants, and lived in hourly terror of seeing a tiger. She longed for the fortnight in camp to be over, and secretly hoped that the latter week of it might prove as unsuccessful as the first. Her skin was burnt to the hue of a berry; her head ached perpetually from the heat and glare; the motion of the elephant made her feel sick; and if she ventured to speak, her husband only impatiently bade her be quiet.

This afternoon, as they plowed and rocked over the hard, uneven ground, she could scarcely keep awake, dazzled as she was by the vista of scorched yellow country and the gleam of her husband's rifle-barrels in the melting sunshine. She swayed drowsily from side to side in the howdah, her head drooped, her eyelids closed.

She was roused by a torrent of angry exclamations. Her umbrella had hitched itself

obstinately into the collar of Colonel Wingate's coat, and he was making infuriated efforts to free himself. Jim Bastable, approaching on his elephant, caught a mixed vision of the refractory umbrella and two agitated sun-hats, the red face and fierce blue eyes of the Colonel, and the anxious, apologetic, sleepy countenance of Mrs. Wingate as she hurriedly strove to release her irate lord and master. The whole party came to an involuntary halt, the natives listening with interest as the sahib stormed at the mem-sahib and the umbrella in the same breath.

"That howdah is not big enough for two people," shouted Captain Bastable, coming to the rescue. "Let Mrs. Wingate change to mine. It's bigger, and my elephant has easier paces."

Hot, irritated, angry, Colonel Wingate commanded his wife to betake herself to Bastable's elephant, and to keep her infernal umbrella closed for the rest of the day, adding that women had no business out tiger-shooting, and why the devil had she come at all?—oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Wingate had begged to be allowed to stay in the station, and that he himself had insisted on her coming.

She well knew that argument or contradiction would only make matters worse, for he had swallowed three stiff whisky-and-sodas at luncheon in the broiling sun, and, since the severe sunstroke that had so nearly killed him two years ago, the smallest quantity of spirits was enough to change him from an exceedingly bad-tempered man into something little short of a maniac. She had heedlessly married him when she was barely nineteen, turning a deaf ear to warnings of his violence, and now, at twenty-three, her existence was one long fear. He never allowed her out of his sight; he never believed a word she said; he watched her, suspected her, bullied her unmercifully, and was insanely jealous. Unfortunately, she was one of those nervous, timid women who often rather provoke ill-treatment than otherwise.

This afternoon she marveled at being permitted to change to Captain Bastable's howdah, and with a feeling of relief scrambled off the elephant, though trembling, as she always did, lest the great beast should seize her with his trunk or lash her with his tail, which was like a jointed iron rod. Then, once safely perched up behind Captain Bastable, she settled herself with a delightful sense of security. He understood her nervousness; he did not laugh or grumble at her little involuntary cries of fear; he was not impatient when she was convinced that the elephant was running away or sinking in a quicksand, or that the howdah was slipping off. He also understood the Colonel, and had several times helped her through a trying situation; and now the sympathy in his kind eyes made her tender heart throb with gratitude.

"All right?" he asked.

She nodded, smiling, and they started again, plowing and lurching through the coarse grass, great wisps of which the elephant uprooted with his trunk and beat against his chest, to get rid of the soil before putting them in his mouth. Half an hour later, as they drew near the edge of the forest, one of the elephants suddenly stopped short, with a jerky, backward movement, and trumpeted shrilly. There was an expectant halt all along the line, and a cry from a native of "Tiger! Tiger!" Then an enormous striped beast bounded out of the grass and stood for a moment in a small open space, lashing its tail and snarling defiance. Colonel Wingate fired. The tiger, badly wounded, charged, and sprang at the head of Captain Bastable's elephant. There was a confusion of noise—savage roars from the tiger, shrieks from the excited elephants, shouts from the natives, banging of rifles. Mrs. Wingate covered her face with her hands. She heard a thud as of a heavy body falling to the ground, and then she found herself being flung from side to side of the howdah, as the elephant bolted madly toward the forest, one huge ear torn to ribbons by the tiger's claws.

She heard Captain Bastable telling her to hold on tight, and shouting desperate warnings to the mahout to keep the elephant as clear of the forest as possible. Like many nervous people, in the face of real danger she suddenly became absolutely calm, and uttered no sound as the pace increased and they tore along the forest edge, escaping overhanging boughs by a miracle. To her it seemed that the ponderous flight lasted for hours. She was bruised, shaken, giddy, and the crash that came at last was a relief rather than otherwise. A huge branch combed the howdah off the elephant's

back, sweeping the mahout with it, while the still terrified animal sped on, trumpeting and crashing through the forest.

Mrs. Wingate was thrown clear off the howdah. Captain Bastable had saved himself by jumping, and only the old mahout lay doubled up and unconscious amongst the débris of shattered wood, torn leather, and broken ropes. Netta could hardly believe she was not hurt, and she and Captain Bastable stared at each other with dazed faces for some moments before they could collect their senses. Far away in the distance they could hear the elephant still running. Between them they extricated the mahout, and, seating herself on the ground, Netta took the old man's unconscious head on her lap, while Captain Bastable anxiously examined the wizened, shrunken body.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

"I can't be sure. I'm afraid he is. I wonder if I could find some water? I haven't an idea where we are, for I lost all count of time and distance. I hope Wingate is following us. Should you be afraid to stay here while I have a look round and see if we are anywhere near a village?"

"Oh, no; I sha'n't be frightened," she said steadily. Her delicate, clear-cut face looked up at him fearlessly from the tangled background of mighty trees and dense creepers; and her companion could scarcely believe that she was the same trembling, nervous little coward of an hour before.

He left her, and the stillness of the jungle was very oppressive when the sound of his footsteps died away. She was alone with a dead or dying man, on the threshold of the vast, mysterious forest, with its possible horrors of wild elephants, tigers, leopards, snakes. She tried to turn her thoughts from such things, but the scream of a peacock made her start as it rent the silence, and then the undergrowth began to rustle ominously. It was only a porcupine that came out, rattling its quills, and, on seeing her, it ran into further shelter out of sight.

It seemed to be growing darker, and she fancied the evening must be drawing on. She wondered if her husband would overtake them. If not, how were she and Jim Bastable to get back to the camp? Then she heard voices and footsteps, and presently a little party of natives came in sight, led by Jim, and bearing a string bedstead.

"I found a village not far off," he explained, "and thought we'd better take the poor old chap there. Then, if the Colonel doesn't turn up by the time we've seen him comfortably

settled, we must find our way back to the camp as best we can."

The natives chattered and exclaimed as they lifted the unconscious body on to the bedstead, and then the little procession started. Netta was so bruised and stiff she could hardly walk; but, with the help of Bastable's arm, she hobbled along until the village was gained. The headman conducted them to his house, which consisted of a mud hovel, shared by himself and his family with several relations, besides a cow and a goat with two kids. He gave Netta a wicker stool to sit on and some smoky buffalo's milk to drink. The village physician was summoned, and at last succeeded in restoring the mahout to consciousness and pouring a potion down his throat.

"I die," whispered the patient feebly.

Netta went to his side, and he recognized her.

"A—ree! mem-sahib!" he quavered. "So Allah has guarded thee. But the anger of the Colonel sahib will be great against me for permitting the elephant to run away, and it is better that I die. Where is that daughter of a pig? She was a rascal from her youth up; but to-day was the first time she ever really disobeyed my voice."

He tried to raise himself, but fell back groaning, for his injuries were internal and past hope.

"It is growing dark." He put forth his trembling hand blindly. "Where is the little white lady who so feared the sahib, and the elephants, and the jungle? Do not be afraid, mem-sahib. Those who fear should never go into the jungle. So if thou seest a tiger, be bold, be bold; call him 'uncle' and show him the tiger charm. Then will he turn away and harm thee not——" He wandered on incoherently, his fingers fumbling with something at his throat, and presently he drew out a small silver amulet attached to a piece of cord. As he held it toward Netta, it flashed in the light of the miserable native oil-lamp that some one had just brought in and placed on the floor.

"Take it, mem-sahib, and feel no fear while thou hast it, for no tiger would touch thee. It was my father's, and his father's before him, and there is that written on it which has ever protected us from the tiger's tooth. I myself shall need it no longer, for I am going, whereat my nephew will rejoice; for he has long coveted my seat. Thou shalt have the charm, mem-sahib, for thou hast stayed by an old man, and not left him to die alone in a Hindu village and a strange place. Some day in the hour of danger thy little fingers may touch the charm, and then thou wilt recall old Mahomed Bux, mahout, with gratitude."

He groped for Netta's hand, and pushed the amulet into her palm. She took it, and laid her cool fingers on the old man's burning forehead.

"Salaam, Mahomed Bux," she said softly. "Bahut, bahut, salaam." Which is the nearest Hindustani equivalent for "Thank you."

But he did not hear her. He was wandering again, and for half an hour he babbled of elephants, of tigers, of camps and jungles, until his voice became faint and died away in hoarse gasps.

Then he sighed heavily and lay still, and Jim Bastable took Mrs. Wingate out into the air and told her that the old mahout was dead. She gave way and sobbed, for she was aching all over and tired to death, and she dreaded the return to the camp.

"Oh, my dear girl, please don't cry!" said Jim distressfully. "Though really I can't wonder at it, after all you've gone through to-day; and you've been so awfully plucky, too."

Netta gulped down her tears. It was delicious to be praised for courage, when she was accustomed only to abuse for cowardice.

"How are we to get back to the camp?" she asked dolefully. "It's so late."

And, indeed, darkness had come swiftly on, and the light of the village fires was all that enabled them to see each other.

"The moon will be up presently; we must wait for that. They say the village near our camp lies about six miles off, and that there is a cart-track of sorts toward it. I told them they must let us have a bullock-cart, and we shall have to make the best of that."

They sat down side by side on a couple of large stones, and listened in silence to the lowing of the tethered cattle, the ceaseless, irritating cry of the brain-fever bird, and the subdued conversation of a group of children and village idlers, who had assembled at a respectful distance to watch them with inquisitive interest. Once a shrill trumpeting in the distance told of a herd of wild elephants out for a night's raid on the crops, and at intervals packs of jackals swept howling across the fields, while the moon rose gradually over the collection of squalid huts and flooded the vast country with a light that made the forest black and fearful.

Then a clumsy little cart, drawn by two small, frightened white bullocks, rattled into view. Jim and Netta climbed into the vehicle, and were politely escorted off the premises by the headman and the concourse of interested villagers and excited women and children.

They bumped and shook over the rough, uneven track. The bullocks raced or crawled

alternately, while the driver twisted their tails and abused them hoarsely. The moonlight grew brighter and more glorious. The air, now soft and cool, was filled with strong scents and the hum of insects released from the heat of the day.

At last they caught the gleam of white tents against the dark background of a mango grove.

"The camp," said Captain Bastable shortly. Netta made a nervous exclamation.

"Do you think there will be a row?" he asked with some hesitation. They had never discussed Mrs. Wingate's domestic troubles together.

"Perhaps he is still out looking for us," she said evasively.

"If he had followed us at all, he must have found us. I believe he went on shooting, or came back to the camp." There was an angry impatience in his voice. "Don't be nervous," he added hastily. "Try not to mind anything he may say. Don't listen. He can't always help it, you know. I wish you could persuade him to retire; the sun out here makes him half off his head."

"I wish I could," she sighed. "But he will never do anything I ask him, and the big game shooting keeps him in India."

Jim nodded, and there was a comprehending silence between them till they reached the edge of the camp, got out of the cart, and made their way to the principal tent. There they discovered Colonel Wingate, still in his shooting-clothes, sitting by the table, on which stood an almost empty bottle of whisky. He rose as they entered, and delivered himself of a torrent of bad language. He accused the pair of going off together on purpose, declaring he would divorce his wife and kill Bastable. He stormed, raved, and threatened, giving them no opportunity to speak, until at last Jim broke in and insisted on being heard.

"For heaven's sake, be quiet," he said firmly, "or you'll have a fit. You saw the elephant run away, and apparently you made no effort to follow us and come to our help. We were swept off by a tree, and the mahout was mortally hurt. It was a perfect miracle that neither your wife nor I was killed. The mahout died in a village, and we had to get here in a bullock-cart." Then, seeing Wingate preparing for another onslaught, Bastable took him by the shoulders. "My dear chap, you're not yourself. Go to bed, and we'll talk it over to-morrow, if you still wish to."

Colonel Wingate laughed harshly. His mood had changed suddenly.

"Go to bed?" he shouted boisterously. "Why, I was just going out when you arrived.

There was a kill last night only a mile off, and I'm going to get the tiger." He stared wildly at Jim, who saw that he was not responsible for his words and actions. His brain, already touched by sunstroke, had given way at last under the power of whisky. Jim's first impulse was to prevent his carrying out his intention of going after the tiger. Then he reflected that it was not safe for Netta to be alone with the man, and that, if Wingate were allowed his own way, it would at least take him out of the camp.

"Very well," said Jim quietly; "and I will come with you."

"Do," answered the Colonel pleasantly, and then, as Bastable turned for a moment, Mrs. Wingate saw her husband make a diabolical grimace at the other's unconscious back. Her heart beat rapidly with fear. Did he mean to murder Jim? She felt convinced he contemplated mischief; but the question was how to warn Captain Bastable without her husband's knowledge. The opportunity came more easily than she had expected, for presently the Colonel went outside to call for his rifle and give some orders. She flew to Bastable's side.

"Be careful," she panted. "He wants to kill you — I know he does. He's mad! Oh, don't go with him — don't go —"

"It will be all right," he said reassuringly. "I'll look out for myself, but I can't let him go alone in this state. We shall only sit up in a tree for an hour or two, for the tiger must have come and gone long ago. Don't be frightened. Go to bed and rest."

She drew from her pocket the little polished amulet the mahout had given her.

"At any rate, take this," she said hysterically. "It may save you from a tiger, if it doesn't from my husband. I know I am silly, but do take it. There may be luck in it — you can never tell; and old Mahomed Bux said it had saved him and his father and his grandfather — and that you ought to call a tiger 'uncle' —" She broke off, half laughing, half crying, utterly unstrung.

To please her he put the little charm into his pocket, and after a hasty drink went out and joined Wingate, who insisted that they should proceed on foot and by themselves. Bastable knew it would be useless to make any opposition, and they started, their rifles in their hands; but when they had gone some distance, and the tainted air told them they were nearing their destination, Jim discovered he had no cartridges.

"Never mind," whispered the Colonel. "I have plenty, and our rifles have the same bore. We can't go back now; we've no time to lose."



Jim submitted, and he and Wingate tiptoed to the foot of a tree, the low branches and thick leaves of which afforded an excellent hiding-place, down-wind from the half-eaten carcass of the cow. They climbed carefully up, making scarcely any noise, and then Jim held out his hand to the other for some cartridges. The Colonel nodded.

"Presently," he whispered, and Jim waited, thinking it extremely unlikely that cartridges would be wanted at all.

The moonlight came feebly through the foliage of the surrounding trees into the little glade before them, in which lay the remains of the carcass, pulled under a bush to shield it from the carrion birds. A deer pattered by toward the river, casting startled glances on every side; insects beat against the faces of the two men; and a jackal ran out, his brush hanging down, looked round, and retired again with a melancholy howl. Then there arose a commotion in the branches of the neighboring trees, and a troop of monkeys fought and crashed and chattered as they leaped from bough to bough. Jim knew that this often portended the approach of a tiger, and a moment afterward a long, hoarse call from the river told him that the warning was correct. He made a silent sign for the cartridges; but Wingate took no notice: his face was hard and set, and the whites of his eyes gleamed.

A few seconds later a large tiger crept slowly out of the grass, his stomach on the ground, his huge head held low. Jim remembered the native superstition that the head of a man-eating tiger is weighed down by the souls of its victims. With a run and a spring, the creature attacked its meal, and began growling and munching contentedly, purring like a cat, and stopping every now and then to tear up the earth with its claws.

A report rang out. Wingate had fired at and hit the tiger. The great beast gave a terrific roar and sprang at the tree. Jim lifted his rifle, only to remember that it was unloaded.

"Shoot again!" he cried excitedly, as the

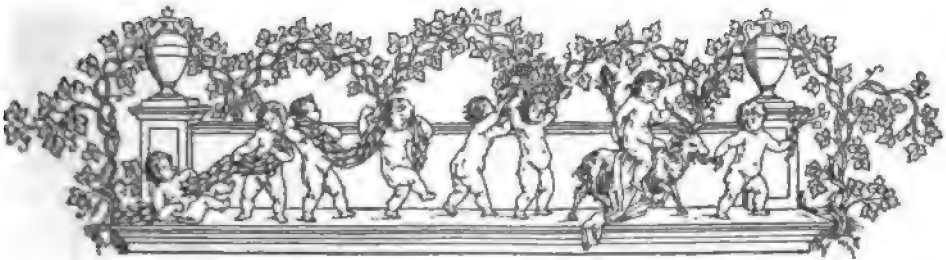
tiger fell back and prepared for another spring. To his horror, Wingate deliberately fired the second barrel into the air, and, throwing away the rifle, grasped him by the arms. The man's teeth were bared, his face was distorted and hideous, his purpose unmistakable—he was trying to throw Bastable to the tiger. Wingate was strong with the diabolical strength of madness, and they swayed till the branches of the tree cracked ominously. Again the tiger roared and sprang, and again fell back, only to gather itself together for another effort. The two men rocked and panted, the branches cracked louder, with a dry, splitting sound, then broke off altogether, and, locked in each other's arms, they fell heavily to the ground.

Jim Bastable went undermost, and was half stunned by the shock. He heard a snarl in his ear, followed by a dreadful cry. He felt the weight of Wingate's body lifted from him with a jerk, and he scrambled blindly to his feet. As in a nightmare, he saw the tiger bounding away, carrying something that hung limply from the great jaws, just as a cat carries a dead mouse.

He seized the Colonel's rifle that lay near him; but he knew it was empty, and that the cartridges were in the Colonel's pocket. He ran after the tiger, shouting, yelling, brandishing the rifle, in the hope of frightening the brute into dropping its prey; but, after one swift glance back, it bounded into the thick jungle with the speed of a deer, and Bastable was left standing alone.

Faint and sick, he began running madly toward the camp for help, though he knew well that nothing in this world could ever help Wingate again. His forehead was bleeding profusely, either hurt in the fall or touched by the tiger's claw, and the blood trickling into his eyes nearly blinded him. He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket as he ran, and something came with it that glittered in the moonlight and fell to the ground with a metallic ring.

It was the little silver amulet: the tiger charm.



# FARTHEST SOUTH

BY

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WE had planted the Union Jack at a point about 366 geographical miles beyond the previous "farthest south" point, but we had before us the long journey back.

We had left the winter quarters ten weeks before, vigorous and well-fed, and with plenty of good food for at any rate the earlier part of the journey; when we started to retrace our steps, we were in a weakened condition, and dependent on a scanty supply of food in widely separated depots.

There was no time to worry, however, for our salvation lay in speed. We reached our tent, which was snowed up by the blizzard, had lunch, and marched north in the afternoon, very tired, cold, and hungry. Shortly after 5 P.M. we camped, in order to get some needed rest. Happily the blizzard had not obliterated the tracks of our sledge, though the flags had been blown from the poles we had planted along our line of march when going south. The strong southerly wind, so great an obstacle to our advance toward the Pole, now proved a friend. We made a sail from the floor-cloth of a tent, and, with the assistance of this, were able to make between twenty and thirty miles daily in the days that followed.

We picked up the depot left on the snow plain, and went on with all possible speed, for we knew that there was only four days' food at the upper glacier depot, and the next depot was at the foot of the glacier, ninety miles farther on. We crossed pressure ridges and crevasses at full speed, a risk justified only by the exigencies of the situation. When we arrived at the upper glacier depot we had two days' food in hand, and it was well that we had, for the summer sun and wind had stripped the snow covering from the upper part of the glacier, leaving slippery blue ice slopes, down which we had to lower our battered sledge by means of the alpine rope.

As each day passed the surface became worse and our difficulties greater, and the sharp-edged crevasses cut our sledge so that by the time we had reached better ice it was minus half a runner on one side, the uprights were strained, and the sledge would not run straight. Near the foot of the glacier we encountered heavy snow, which not only impeded our progress, but also hid the crevasses from sight.

## *The Party Marches Without Food for Thirty-two Hours*

We were now down to about four biscuits a day each, with two pannikins of very thin "hoosh," and on the morning of January 26th we ate the last of our solid food. This was at 5 A.M., and the food consisted mainly of half-soaked maize. We marched all day long through soft snow and often into hidden crevasses, saving the sledge and each other only by great efforts, and by the morning of January 27th we were played out. We had stopped a few times to have a cup of tea, which, with salt and pepper, was all that we had left in the way of food. We stopped at 2 A.M. and started again at 9 A.M., for we knew that it would be death to stay much longer. We marched until 1 P.M. on the 27th, and got within half a mile of the depot.

Before this Adams had dropped in his harness, but had continued the march as soon as he recovered. Marshall went on to the depot and brought back some pony meat and biscuit while the tent was being pitched, and then we had the first food we had tasted for thirty-two hours, during the greater part of which time we had been marching hard.

We had a good sleep after that meal, and the next morning we picked up our depot and went through the Southern Gateway on to the Barrier, with a feeling that at last we were getting back to familiar scenes. The plateau lay behind us, and we had our feet on the road to food, shelter, and comrades.

The Barrier greeted us with a blizzard. Food was low, and we could not afford to stop for thick weather, so directly the blizzard was over I made a course by compass toward the north. We were passing over ice seamed with crevasses and chasms, as we knew from our journey south; but now, when we could not see five yards ahead of us, our steps were so guided that we did not touch one crack, though probably we passed over many hidden in the snow.

### *The Pony Meat Goes Bad*

On the journey south we had made a mound of snow at each camping-place, in the hope that when coming back we might be assisted by them in keeping the right course. The labor was justified by the results, for on January 31st we picked up our first mound. By this time a new difficulty had arisen; something was wrong with the meat taken from one of the depots, and Wild was suffering acutely from dysentery, though he was able to march. The snow surface was terribly soft, and though we marched ten or eleven hours a day, it was only with the utmost exertion that we were able to cover one and a half statute miles per hour.

The early days of February found us struggling north under these conditions, and on reaching our depot in 82° 45' south, Adams and Marshall also began to suffer with acute dysentery. I had been attacked previously. All our medicine being used up, we could do nothing but reduce our precious stock of biscuit and stop eating the pony meat.

My diary became very brief at this stage, and some quotations will give an idea of the conditions under which we were traveling. We left the depot on February 3d, taking the sledge that had been left there on the journey south. "Started with new sledge and 150 pounds more weight at 8.40 A.M.," I wrote. "Camped 5.30. Only five miles; awfully soft snow surface. All acute dysentery, due to meat. Trust that sleep will put us right; can go no farther to-night. Wild very bad, self weaker, others assailed also. Bad light, short food, surface worse than ever. Snow one foot deep. Got up 4.30 A.M. after going to bed 11 P.M. No more to-night. Temperature plus 5. Dull."

The rest did not restore us in the way I had hoped. On the following day (February 4th) I wrote: "Cannot write more. All down with acute dysentery; terrible day. No march possible; outlook serious. . . . Fine weather."

We managed to march again on the following day, but our life during this period was something in the nature of a nightmare. On February 7th I wrote: "Blowing hard blizzard. Kept

going till 6 P.M. Adams and Marshall renewed dysentery. Dead tired, short food, very weak."

### *Blown Along by the Blizzard*

The blizzard which, under ordinary circumstances, would have rendered marching impossible, was our friend during this period. We kept moving north, with the strong wind helping us along. "All thinking and talking of food," I wrote on February 9th in my diary, and the entry was repeated on the following day. The snow mounds thrown up during the outward march were a great comfort, for we picked them up regularly, and they gave us an assurance that our sledge-meter was recording distances accurately, and that we were really getting north at a fairly rapid pace. We were down to half a pannikin of warmed meat and five biscuits a day for each man. On February 13th we reached Chinaman depot, with all our food gone. "We got Chinaman's liver, which we had to-night," I wrote in my diary on that day. "It tasted splendid. We looked round for any spare bits of meat, and while I was digging in the snow I came across some hard red stuff—Chinaman's blood frozen into a solid core. We dug it up, and found it a welcome addition to our food. It was like beef tea when boiled up. The distance to-day was twelve and a half miles, with a light wind."

At Chinaman depot we loaded up the pony meat and biscuit that was to take us another ninety miles or so before we reached depot A.

Although the temperature was very low, our food was short, and we were in a weakened condition, we managed to cover often more than twenty statute miles a day. Our daily rations at this time consisted of two pannikins of tea, one pannikin of very thin cocoa, three quarters of a pannikin of semi-cooked meat, and four biscuits. We found that if we only warmed the meat through it was more tender than if boiled, and we could not afford oil enough to stew it.

The only meat that was stewed was some that we had scraped off the bones of the pony Grisi, and this special cooking was given because the carcass had been lying for two months in the sun, and the meat was somewhat musty.

Gradually we made our way north in spite of all our troubles, and by February 20th we felt that we were really getting near "home."

On February 21st I wrote in my diary: "We got up at 4.40 A.M., just as it commenced to blow, and the wind continued all day, a blizzard with 67 degrees of frost. We could not get warm, but we did twenty miles. In ordinary Polar work one would not think of traveling in



LIEUTENANT ADAMS, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE EXPEDITION,  
WITH SOME OF THE ESKIMO PUPPIES



THE "NIMROD" LYING OFF THE ICE CLOSE TO THE WINTER QUARTERS. THE PENGUINS  
SHOW EVERY APPEARANCE OF INTEREST



ERECTING A TENT ON THE ICE



THE NORTHERN PARTY AT THE CAMP NEAREST THE MAGNETIC POLE



such a severe blizzard, but our need is extreme, and we must keep going. It is neck or nothing with us now. Our food lies ahead, and death stalks us from behind. This is just the time of the year when the most bad weather may be expected. The sun now departs at night, and the darkness is palpable by the time we turn in, generally about 9.30 P.M. We are so thin that

the distance had a good feed. About 11 A.M. we suddenly came across the tracks of a party of four men with dogs. Evidently the weather had been fine, and they had been moving at a good pace toward the south. We could tell that the weather had been fine, for they were wearing ski boots instead of finneskoe, and occasionally we saw the stump of a cigarette.



THE BRITISH FLAG PLANTED ON THE SOUTH MAGNETIC POLE. PROFESSOR DAVID STANDS IN THE CENTER, WITH DOUGLAS MAWSON ON HIS LEFT AND DR. MACKAY ON HIS RIGHT. PROFESSOR DAVID TOOK THE PHOTOGRAPH BY PULLING A STRING ATTACHED TO THE CAMERA

our bones ache as we lie on the hard snow in our sleeping-bags, from which a great deal of the hair has gone. To-night we stewed some of the scraps of Grisi meat, and the dish tasted delicious. Too cold to write more. Thank God, we are nearing the Bluff."

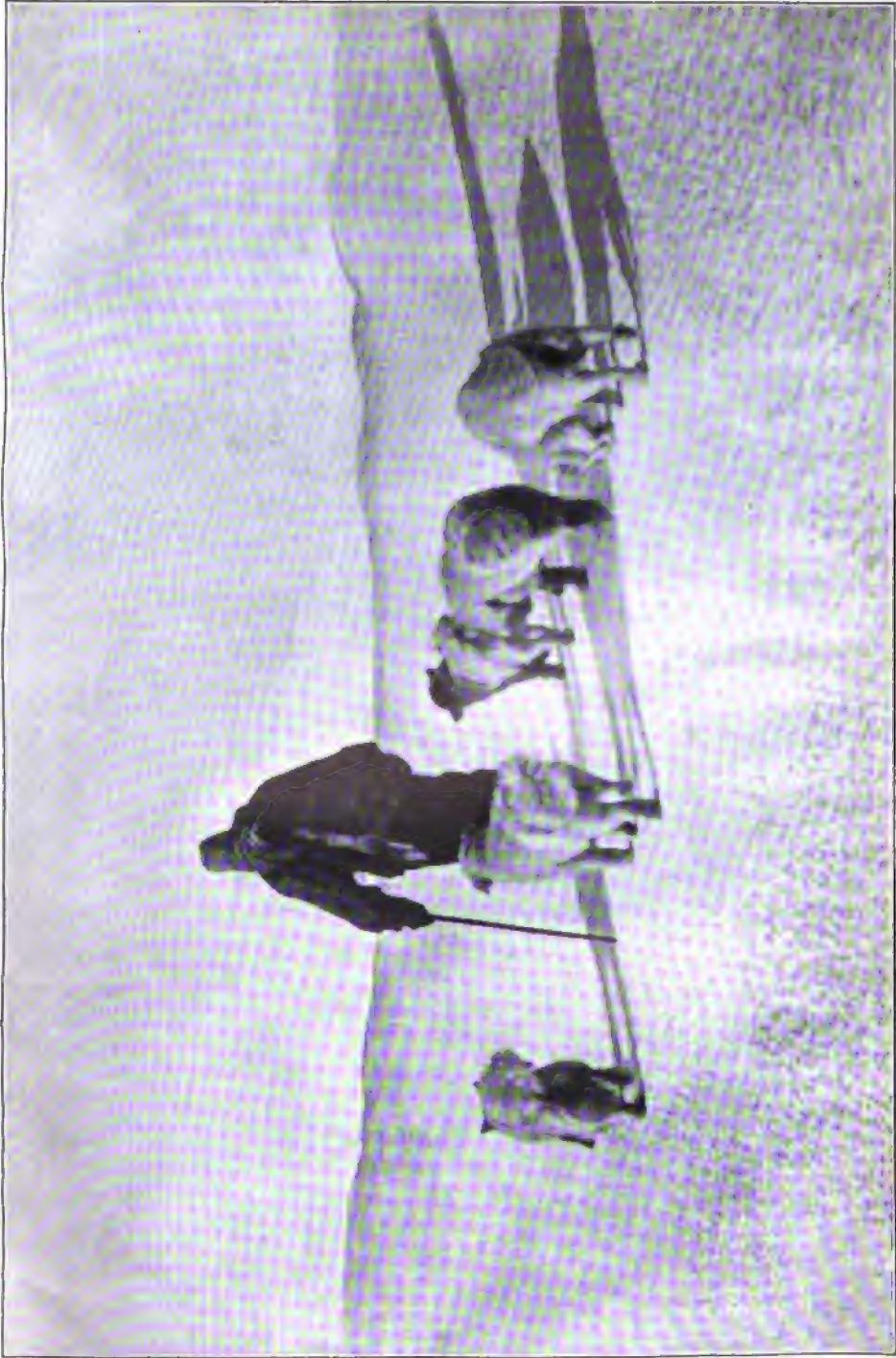
### *We "Match" for Scraps of Food*

The next day was better, for I wrote:

"February 22d. A splendid day. We did twenty and a half miles, and on the strength of

The length of the steps showed that they were going fast. We are now camped on the tracks, which are fairly recent, and we will try to follow them to the Bluff, for they must have come from the depot. This assures us that the depot was laid all right. I cannot imagine who the fourth man can be, unless it was Buckley, who might be there, now that the ship is in.

"We passed their noon camp, and I am certain that the ship is in, for there were tins lying round bearing brands different from those



A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION TAKING SOME OF THE ESKIMO DOGS OUT FOR EXERCISE. THE DOGS WERE NOT USED ON THE "FARTHEST SOUTH" JOURNEY, BUT DID GOOD WORK IN CONNECTION WITH SOME OF THE OTHER SLEDGING EXPEDITIONS





"PANCAKE ICE" JUST FORMING ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA. THIS IS THE FIRST STAGE IN THE FORMATION OF SEA-ICE



THE "NIMROD" UNDER SAIL AND STEAM, FORCING HER WAY THROUGH THE PACK-ICE TOWARD CAPE ROYDS

of the original stores. We found three little bits of chocolate and a little bit of biscuit at the camp, after carefully searching the ground for such unconsidered trifles, and we 'turned backs' for them. I was unlucky enough to get the bit of biscuit, and a curious unreasoning anger took possession of me for a moment at my bad luck. It shows how primitive we have become, and how much the question of even a morsel of food affects our judgment. We are near the end of our food, but as we have staked everything on the Bluff depot, we had a good feed to-night. If we do not pick up the depot there will be absolutely no hope for us."



MALE AND FEMALE PENGUINS AT THEIR NEST

*Picked Up by the "Nimrod"*

The depot party was a party I had arranged to have sent south to a point called the Bluff, to place a supply of stores at a point 70 statute miles from our winter quarters. The depot party had left the stores in



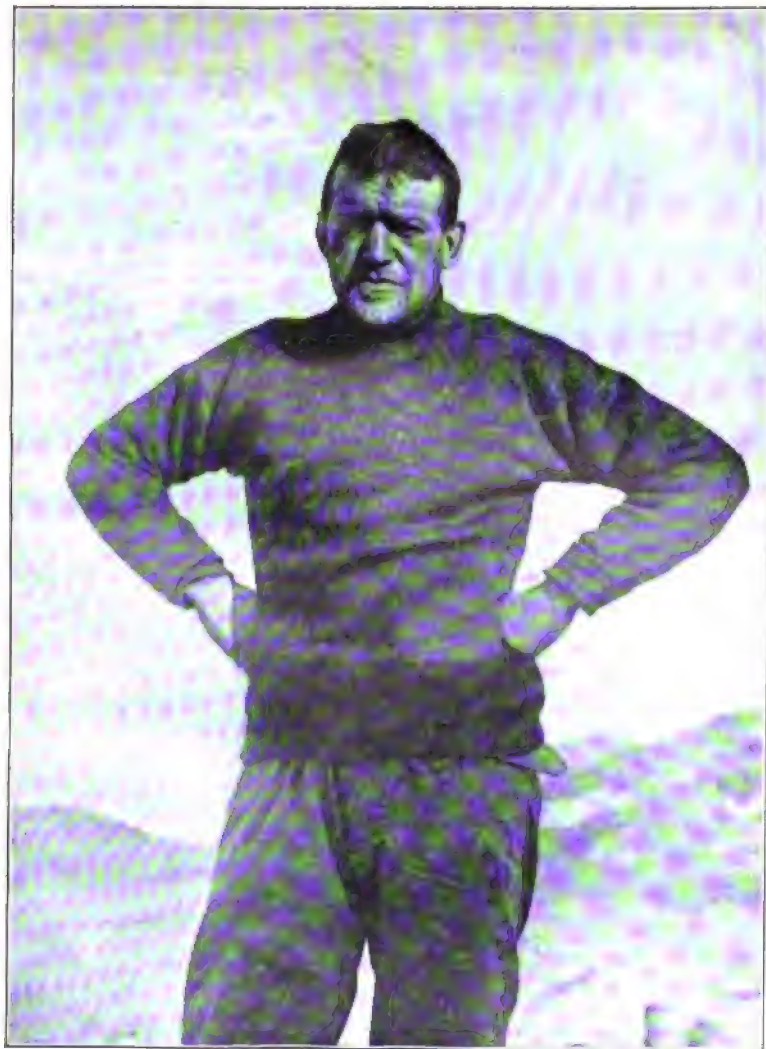
PENGUINS LISTENING TO A PHONOGRAPH



A YOUNG PENGUIN WITH THE PARENT BIRDS

accordance with my instructions, and had then marched south for a few days in the hope of meeting us. As we were late, they followed my orders and went back to the ship. We reached the depot, and here we found plenty of food and news that the ship had arrived safely and was ready to take us back to New Zealand. Then Wild had another touch of dysentery from the Grisi meat, and shortly after Marshall became affected, and suffered so much that although he managed to march with us for twenty-four miles on February 26th, he was too bad to continue traveling in the following afternoon, though he wished to try.

I decided to leave him under the care of Adams in camp, while Wild and I made a forced march of thirty-three miles to the ship. We



LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON IN HIS WINTER RIG

reached the *Nimrod* on March 1st, and received a cheering welcome from our comrades. In the afternoon I started back with a relief party to bring the others in, and happily we found Marshall to be better. On March 4th we were all safely on board, and the ship's head was turned north.\*

There was nothing but good news for me on

board the *Nimrod*, and it was with a feeling of joy and thankfulness such as I could not describe that I listened to what the other members of the expedition had to tell me. The northern party, consisting of Professor David, Douglas Mawson, and Dr. Mackay, had attained the South Magnetic Pole after many adventures, and had been picked up safe and sound by the

\* Lieutenant Shackleton's modesty has forbidden him to draw attention to perhaps the most striking incident of his own bravery, endurance, and brilliance as a commander, and the editor thinks that it would be of interest to his readers to append the account of one of the members of his party who was awaiting his return. "He was long overdue," he says, "and it was feared that he had met with an accident. The *Nimrod* went in search of him. The captain discovered two dots on the Barrier in the distance, and when he saw a heliograph flashing. The dots developed into Lieutenant Shackleton and Wild. Where were Marshall and Adams? A boat put off, and the explorers were taken aboard. Their shrunk shanks and lean faces told a tale of severe work and privation.

Yet, after eating a lordly dish of fried bread and bacon, Lieutenant Shackleton, though he had had no sleep for twenty-four hours, immediately started back over thirty-three weary miles with the relief party to Marshall, who was ill with dysentery brought on by the diet of horse-flesh, and had been left in charge of Adams. It took a day and a half to reach them. Then all returned to the ship, exhausted, but happy in the successful termination of the great enterprise. Lieutenant Shackleton had performed the remarkable feat of sledging ninety-nine miles, with little sleep, in three days, at the end of a journey of 1,700 miles."

It is interesting to compare this with Lieutenant Shackleton's brief story.



*Nimrod*. The western party had explored new coast, and had also been picked up by the ship, every member of it well. The efforts of the expedition had borne good fruit in all directions, and our sturdy little ship was taking us back to civilization and friends without the loss or disablement of a single man. We could rest, sleep, and eat without worry or regret, and with a delicious sense of comfort and security that came as a natural reaction after months of labor.

### *The Dangerous Journey of the Northern Party*

I have been able to touch on only a few of the incidents of our southern journey, and I can only deal very briefly, in the space at my command in this article, with the work of the party that attained the Magnetic Pole and the one that made the journey west. The northern party, under Professor David, left the winter quarters on October 5th, with the object of reaching the Magnetic Pole. They picked up a depot previously laid out by the motor-car to the west, and then started away over the sea-ice along the coast. They had two fully laden sledges of provisions, their equipment and stores having a total weight of about half a ton, and they did all their own hauling.

The difficulties and dangers of this journey were great. They had first to travel for about 250 miles along the coast on the sea-ice, and the whole of the distance had to be "relayed," since the three men could not haul the whole of their load at one time. They took half their stores and equipments on for about two miles, and then came back for the rest, thus covering all the ground three times. They could not get along nearly as fast as they had expected, and, in consequence, had to reduce their rations and supplement the regular stores with penguin and seal meat, easily secured along the coast-line. They extemporized a lamp in which blubber could be used as fuel, and on this they cooked the flesh of the seals and penguins, soon becoming accustomed to this very oily diet. Meanwhile, curiously enough, they began to suffer from the heat as the summer advanced, and, although they were traveling over ice, often had to divest themselves of their outer garments.

### *Discovery of the South Magnetic Pole*

The party completed the journey along the coast and established a depot on the Drygalski Barrier Tongue, and then, with six weeks' provisions on the sledges, left the sea-ice and struck inland in the direction of the Magnetic Pole. That was on December 16th, and Professor David estimated that he would have to travel about 200 miles. Bad weather was experienced

at this stage, and, although the summer was at its height, the party suffered intense inconvenience from a heavy snowfall and a succession of blizzards extending over nearly a fortnight. Like the southern party, the northern party had to climb a plateau, and they found the ice-covering to be such a maze of deep crevasses that they almost despaired of being able to get on at all.

They attempted to make their way up a great glacier, frequently falling into the hidden chasms, and being saved from disaster only by constant vigilance and a measure of the good fortune that seemed to attend our expedition in all its phases. At last they found a winding snow slope that led them past the worst crevasses, and they reached the plateau to the south of Mount Larsen, wearied but not discouraged. They went inland in the direction of their goal, following the magnetic meridian, and ascending a succession of terraces until they reached an undulating snow plain 7,000 or 8,000 feet above sea-level.

The traveling was easier then, and on January 16th they reached latitude  $72^{\circ} 45'$  south, longitude  $145^{\circ}$ , the goal of their strenuous labors. Their observations showed that the Magnetic Pole had been attained, and Professor David hoisted the Union Jack and claimed the land in the name of His Majesty the King. The three men, tiny dots in that great field of white, gave three cheers, and then started back with all possible speed.

They could not afford to linger, for their provisions were running short, the cold at that elevation was intense, and their strength was diminishing under the strain of hard work and short rations. There was a continual icy wind from the southwest, and before they got back to the sea-ice they had been assailed by several blizzards. They were able to use a sail on their sledge, however, the wind being generally a following one, and eventually reached their depot in a state of semi-starvation on February 3d, after fighting a savage battle with bad ice and dangerous crevasses.

The rescue of this party by the *Nimrod* was an illustration of the good fortune that attended our work. The three men arrived at the glacier tongue in an exhausted condition and without food, and their further progress was barred because the sea-ice over which they had traveled on the outward march had broken up. They proceeded to kill seals and penguins, and satisfied their hunger with blubber and meat; but they had made their journey with the full knowledge that the Ross Sea would be impassable when they returned, and they were entirely dependent for their chance of safety on

being picked up by the *Nimrod*. I had instructed the captain of the *Nimrod* to search the coast for the party if it did not return to winter quarters by February 1st, but that order covered a great stretch of ragged coast-line.

The three men were feasting in their tent within a few hours of their arrival at the Barrier Tongue when they heard two shots, and rushed out to find that the *Nimrod* had put in at that particular spot and discovered their camp. Mawson fell down a crevasse in the excitement of the moment, but he was rescued with the assistance of sailors from the ship, and within an hour or two the vessel was on its way back to Cape Royds. The pack-ice was heavy all round, and the *Nimrod* had passed along the coast on the previous evening and seen nothing. The ship was on her way back to Cape Royds when keen eyes saw the little camp. The scientific results of this northern journey were very important, but they cannot be dealt with in this article.

#### *Drifting to Sea on an Ice-floe*

The western party, consisting of Armytage, Priestley, and Brocklehurst, was sent out to do geological work in the western mountains. If the northern party had returned in January, an attempt was to have been made to ascend Mount Lister, the next highest mountain after Erebus, in the vicinity of McMurdo Sound. The western party did some very valuable geological work, and had a fortunate escape when an ice-floe on which the three men camped for the night of January 22d broke away. When they awoke on the morning of January 23d, they found that they were drifting north out to sea, and death seemed to stare them in the face.

All day long they waited helplessly on the drifting ice, while the killer-whales pushed their heads up over the edge of the floes and looked with greedy eyes at the derelict party. Fortunately the current set south that night, and about midnight one corner of the floe touched the land-ice for a few minutes. The men got into a place of safety with all their equipment with the greatest possible speed, and almost immediately afterward the floe went north again into the open sea. Next day the ship was seen at a distance of about eleven miles, and was signaled by means of a heliograph.

The party that laid the depot at the Bluff in preparation for our return from the south had an exciting adventure on its way back to winter quarters. They encountered much crevassed ice, and on February 18th were traveling at right angles to the run of the crevasses, roughly in the direction of Cape Crozier. They

were going at a trot over a hard surface, and they crossed over a crack into which Joyce's foot went. The incident did not seem important, and it did not cause a stop, for Joyce did not fall; but the next moment the sledge, coming over a high sastrugi, bumped down on top of the crack, and with a roar the snow-bridge that had concealed a huge chasm fell in. Marston, who was running astern of the sledge, just got over, and a dog that was beside him dropped in and had to be hauled up by its harness. The party found themselves standing on the edge of a yawning gap that would easily have swallowed up sledge, men, and dogs, and on the farther edge they could see the sledge-tracks and their footprints, terminating abruptly where the bridge had fallen in. Their escape seemed to them to have been almost a miracle.

#### *New Land is Sighted*

The wind was still freshening as we went north under steam and sail, and it was fortunate for us that this was so, for the ice that had formed on the sea-water in the sound was thickening rapidly, assisted by the old pack, of which a large amount lay across our course. I was anxious to pick up a depot of geological specimens on Depot Island, left there by the northern party, and with this end in view the *Nimrod* was taken on a more westerly course than would otherwise have been the case. The wind, however, was freshening to a gale, and we were passing through streams of ice, which seemed to thicken as we neared the shore. I decided it would be too risky to send a party off for the specimens, as there was no proper lee to this small island, and the consequence of even a short delay might be serious. I therefore gave instructions that the course should be altered to due north.

The following wind helped us, and on the morning of March 6th we were off Cape Adare. I wanted to push between the Balleny Islands and the mainland, and make an attempt to follow the coast-line from Cape North westward, so as to link it with Adélie Land.

No ship had ever succeeded in penetrating to the westward of Cape North, heavy pack having been encountered on the occasion of each attempt. The *Discovery* had passed through the Balleny Islands, and sailed over the spot on which the so-called Wilkes' Land was shown on the maps, but the question of the existence of this land in any latitude had been left open.

We steamed along the pack-ice, which was beginning to thicken, and although we did not manage to do all that I had hoped, we had the satisfaction of pushing our little vessel along

that coast to a point farther west than had been reached by any previous expedition. On the morning of March 8th we saw, beyond Cape North, new coast-line, extending first to the southward and then to the west for a distance of forty-five miles. We took angles and bearings, and Marston sketched the main outlines. We were too far away to take any photographs that would have been of value, but the sketches show very clearly the type of the land. Professor David was of the opinion that it was the northern edge of the Polar plateau.

### *Narrow Escape of the "Nimrod"*

We should all have been glad of an opportunity to explore the coast thoroughly, but that was out of the question. The ice was getting thicker all the time, and it was becoming imperative that we should escape to clear water without further delay. There was no chance of getting farther west at that point, and as the new ice was forming between the old pack of the previous year, we were in serious danger of being frozen in for the winter. We therefore moved north along the edge of the pack, making as much westing as possible, in the direction of the Balleny Islands. I still hoped that it might be possible to skirt them and find Wilkes' Land. It was awkward work, and at times the ship could hardly move at all. Finally, about midnight on the 9th, I saw that we must go north, and the course was set in that direction.

We were almost too late, for the ice was closing in, and before long we were held up, the ship being unable to move at all. The situation looked black, but we discovered a lane through which progress could be made, and on the afternoon of the 10th we were in fairly open water, passing through occasional lines of pack.

Our troubles were over, for we had a good voyage up to New Zealand, and on March 22d dropped anchor at the mouth of Lord's River, on the south side of Stewart Island.

It is not possible at this early date to estimate justly the actual value of the geographical and scientific work of the expedition. I can only outline some of the broad features of our observations.

We now know that the Great Southern Ice Barrier is bounded by mountains running in a southeasterly direction from 78° south to 85° south at least, and that an immense glacier leads to a plateau over 10,000 feet above sea-level, on which is situated the geographical South Pole.

Numerous inland mountains have been discovered, and specimens of rock from them show that at some period in the geological

history of the earth a warm climate prevailed in these ice-bound regions.

We discovered more than forty-five miles of coast-line on the north side of the Antarctic continent.

The condition of the volcano Erebus has been observed at the summit, and interesting geological collections have been made on the mountain.

I am not qualified to speak of the geological work. There were trained geologists with the expedition, and the collections and records they have made will in the near future be examined and thoroughly investigated with a view to throwing more light on the problems suggested by the discovery of coal in the far interior.

In the domain of meteorology, continuous records have been taken of the movements of the upper currents of the atmosphere, which have a bearing upon the weather in more temperate countries. These records have still to be tabulated and compared, and an immense amount of work remains to be done upon them. In the field of physical science, records have been taken of the Aurora Australis, and light will be thrown on this still obscure phenomenon.

The attainment of the Magnetic Pole and the general magnetic work will have a very real value, not only in the increase of knowledge on the side of abstract science, but also in connection with navigation.

In connection with biology, the discovery of microscopical life in the frozen lakes is extremely interesting. The scientists of the expedition demonstrated that the tiny rotifers could exist in a temperature of 100° of frost, and also emerge unscathed from the test of a temperature of 200° F. It is expected that some former connection between New Zealand and Australia and the Antarctic continent may be traced when a comparison is made between the existing forms in these countries.

The marine collections made by the expedition are large and varied. Strange as it may seem, there is a large marine fauna in the icy waters of the Antarctic. The temperature of the sea in those regions varies but little in winter and summer, and this fact is conducive to an abundant marine life.

Much remains to be done in the frozen lands from which we have returned. Following in our footsteps will come other explorers; indeed, at the present moment a French expedition is at work in the Antarctic. If each endeavor to penetrate and lay bare the secrets of nature adds even a little to the sum of human knowledge, then the efforts of those who work in this direction will not be in vain.

# SERGEANT McCARTY'S MISTAKE

BY

P. C. MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

"DUGAN! . . . . Dugan! . . . . Dugan! Wher-r-re the divil are ye? *Dugan!*"

Sergeant McCarty's bull-like voice roared and echoed through the Harbor Police Station, and his flushed red face beamed like a smoky sun, as, with a sheet of paper trembling in his hand, he raged around the four corners of his desk and then out into the hall. Policeman Dugan, his own features as white as the sheet of paper his Sergeant waved before him, appeared and stood looking helpless.

"Salute your soopay-rrior officer," thundered the Sergeant, never overlooking a point in that strict discipline which he enforced with the enthusiasm of a martinet, though he was not one.

Dugan saluted.

"Ye're accused of sta-a-a-lin'," declared McCarty, relapsing completely into the brogue that in his aboriginal days had fastened to his mother tongue as barnacles to a ship.

The pupils of Dugan's eyes widened and contracted dizzily.

"Ye're accused of sta-alin'," repeated Sergeant McCarty, but more quietly. His wrath was unabated, but in the piercing glance he shot into the man was a look not born of anger. Unofficially McCarty liked Dugan, and each had done the other service.

"Yes, sir," husked Dugan at length.

"Did ye do ut?"

McCarty launched the question straight, and

with it there entered into his eye a light that showed hard against the man who had so far betrayed his trust as to steal from those he was set to guard.

"I did not, sir," answered Dugan, getting his voice far enough out of his throat to put a suspicion of a burr on the final r. His lips were still so sticky dry he did not even attempt to moisten them.

"Ye did not?" queried the Sergeant meditatively, yet most directly, noting clearly the guiltiness of manner that accompanied the affirmation of innocence.

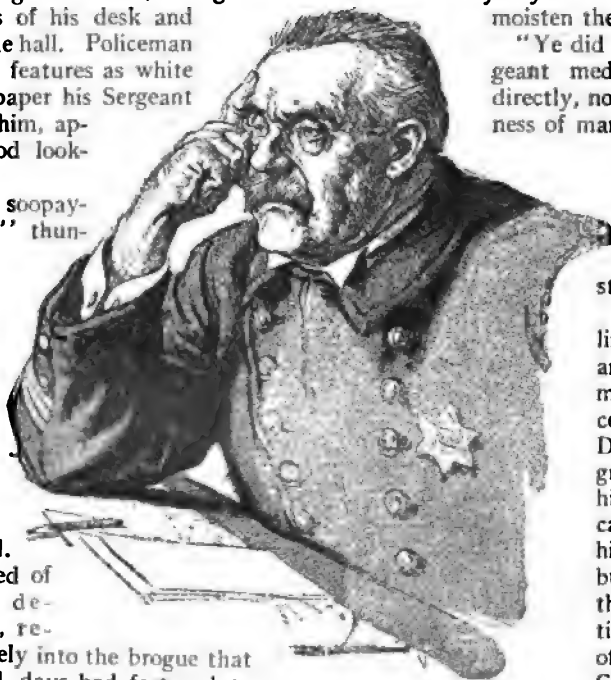
"No, sir, I did not," replied Dugan thickly but more stoutly.

"Then stop yer trim-lin' and gettin' pale, and stand up to it like a man. Prove your innocence, and Captain of Detectives Hodson will grow another ring in his horn," he added sarcastically. The wrath of him was rising again, too, but this time at the thought of the presumption of that bane of his official existence, the Captain of Detectives, in daring, without being

certain of the facts, to accuse one of his men of stealing.

"But I can't prove my innocence," blurted Dugan.

McCarty's small blue eyes grew large with wonder. "They say you're guilty, but you say you're not; and they can prove you're guilty, but you can't prove you're not? Dugan! Are ye sober?" McCarty at the same moment leaned forward until his olfactories could sample the atmosphere in the immediate vicinity of Dugan's face.



SERGEANT McCARTY

"Yes," answered the policeman.

Ditto declared the Sergeant's olfactories.

"And were ye sober the other night on watch?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how the ——"

"But I'm not guilty," muttered Dugan wretchedly.

"Prove it," roared McCarty, again in full-steamed impatience. "You've got to prove it, or —" The angry Sergeant paused in the very act of eruption. He was about to say, "or I'll help convict you myself." But he believed in the man, at least for the present, and, besides, McCarty was just to his men.

"Dugan," he continued quietly, his anger cooling as quickly as it had arisen, "ye're under arrest. Your trial is befoore the Commissioners at eight o'clock to-night. *I will appear for ye.*"

"Thank you, sir," breathed Dugan fervently, and went away to the guard-room and placed himself under arrest.

Sergeant McCarty returned to his desk.

"Phwat the divil! Phwat the divil! Phwat the divil!" he murmured gently under his breath, going over the papers in the case, which in the meantime had come down from the upper office. As he read, he left off purring and began to fume.

"Officer!" he called. "Send Dugan here."

The officer departed, leaving the Sergeant muttering to himself: "I'll have the story out of him, or I'll have his tongue out of his mouth."

Dugan came, his eyes popping. McCarty did not look at him.

"Stand there," he ordered in blustering tones, his heavy hands pawing among the papers before him upon which his eyes were fastened.

"These pa-apers says ye were found by two of Pinkerton's watchmen at an open window at the back of Nelson's Ship-chandlery in Stuart Street with a coil of new rope on your shoulder, and that Officer Fogarty come up and he seen ye there, too!"

After a heavy silence, a slight sibilant sound suggested that Dugan had answered yes to the query which the Sergeant had put with such deep-toned emphasis.

"And ye're accused of stalin' the rope and a wagon-load of other sailor-junk from the same store. Of *sta-a-lin'* it!"

The Sergeant threw a world of awful solemnity into the participle, as indicating that stealing while on duty was the most heinous offense of which an officer could be guilty. Now, too, his eyes were raised and gimleting into Dugan's soul.

"I never," denied Dugan flatly, his voice still husky with emotion of some sort.

"Were ye there?"

"Yes."

"Did ye have the rope?"

"Yes."

"What were ye doing with it?"

"I was putting it back into the store," explained Dugan.

"From where did ye get the rope?"

"I can't tell you that, Sergeant McCarty," said the policeman, not rebelliously nor obstinately, but patiently and with a far-away look in his eye.

Hot color mounted to the roots of the flaming McCarty hair, mounted until each separate hair seemed to sputter and emit a spark, as the Sergeant's eyes blazed and his hoarse voice boomed out his rage at this foolish insubordination which seemed to be making him ridiculous.

"Tell me, or I'll tear the clothes off av ye in me voilent r-rage!" he bawled, his great fingers curling menacingly as he swept his hands up and down before the person of Dugan.

Dugan shivered like a dead tree in a blast, but answered:

"Tear the flesh off av me bones, and the bones out av me frame, Sergeant, but I cannot tell you that."

There was a pathos in Dugan's tone and manner that touched the heart in the Sergeant again. He looked at his embarrassed patrolman and asked solemnly:

"Dugan — are ye a thief?"

"Sergeant McCarty, I am not a thief," was the categorical answer.

"Then tell me where ye got that rope," was the impatient query.

"Sergeant, I cannot," was the patient reply.

"Then the Commissioners 'll break ye, Dugan; and the Judge 'll send ye to the pen."

The long look came again into Dugan's eyes.

"And ye," shamed McCarty, "with an honest name and a loyal Irish wife and a fine bhoy."

Dugan was deeply moved. He started to repeat the words of the Sergeant with a sort of mournful resignation: "Yes, sir; and me with a loyal Irish wife and a fine—" But the sentence was not finished. He had a coughing spell, or perhaps only sneezed and choked up.

"Officer, take Dugan away," McCarty ordered. "Bring him befoore the Commissioners at eight o'clock. Dugan!"—addressing that gentleman in his most matter-of-fact official tone,— "I will appear-r for ye."

"Thank you, sir," breathed Dugan fervently, as before.

Then Sergeant McCarty sat alone, holding his hands and staring at the floor, at the end of





"'YE'RE ACCUSED OF STA-A-LIN'," DECLARED MCCARTY"

which conference with himself he expressed his conclusion in the following paradoxical language:

"What! And so Dugan's a thief, is he? Well, I don't believe it; that's all."

Then he arose and stood looking out of the window.

"Send me Fogarty," he called to the officer at the door, "as soon as he comes off watch. He's due here in three minutes."

While he waited, the last words of his colloquy with Dugan rang in his ears. "And you with a loyal Irish wife and a fine bhoys." "Yes, sir; me with a loyal Irish wife and a fine—" And that was where Dugan had sneezed.

Fogarty came.

"Fogarty. What's this about Dugan stealin' rope?" plumped the Sergeant.

Fogarty was terse of speech.

"Three nights ago I come up, and the Pinks was havin' words with him, and he had the rope on his shoulder; but when I seen him, he sort of seemed to sink away and let the bale down to the ground, and sat down on it like a man that's all in."

"Dugan says he was puttin' the rope back," communicated the Sergeant.

"Yes, sir."

"There were other things missing from the store?"

"Yes, sir, a wagon-load — and two weeks before, another wagon-load."

"And did ye see or hear anything of a wagon? What time of the morning was it?"

"Two o'clock. No, sir," replied Fogarty, answering the last question first.

"And have ye any the-ory, Officer?" McCarty asked in full, round pomposity.

"I have not, sir."

"No," growled the Sergeant petulantly, "av course ye have not; and Dugan has not, and I have not, and everybody has not. It is just one more case where I have to gimlet the light into my own brain to save an officer, and my squad, and the whole Harbor Division from bein' the disgrace of the Department."

"Yes, sir," said Fogarty, relieved, and withdrawing with alacrity at the nod of dismissal.

Standing there in his office all alone, there rang through McCarty's mind again those last words of Dugan's. He sat down to think, and the words were still with him. "Yes, sir; a loyal Irish wife and a fine—" And then the light broke on McCarty.

"Begorra!" he exclaimed excitedly, smiting one palm into the other. Then he was still again. A thick finger was laid along the line of his temple. His shoulders were hunched up, his chin was thrust low and forward. He would have explained the pose by saying he was en-

gaged in deep "rayfiction." To himself he was observing:

"Is it my Celtic imagination, now? Did Dugan sneeze, or did he sob? Or is that pebble-faced kid of his at the bottom of this? Begorra, I smell a rat — that pebble-faced wharf-rat that feeds at Dugan's table and answers to the name of Dickie, and is always nosin' round the front in a boat, half the time workin' for Crowley's Tug Boats, and the other half workin' his dad for the price of a steam beer. I did not think the brat would steal, though," he added meditatively.

But the trial of Dugan was at eight, and it was now four, and there was no time for further meditation. Action was required, and action suited the McCarty temper far better than meditation.

The conclusion that his detective genius had leaped to in a twinkling was: "Dickie Dugan stole that rope and all the other sailor-junk, and his father caught him at it, and was making him put it back when the Pinkertons stumbled in, and the kid skidooed, leaving Dugan stuck with the goods on him and up in the air. Dugan is standing for the kid like a man."

That was the theory. And now, to verify it, the McCarty legs were swiftly skipping cobbles. Wrinkles came and went in the back of his sleek-fitting trousers as he rapidly made his way to the rear of the Nelson Ship-chandlery. He knew every foot of the ground, but must go over it now in the light of a new theory. Wagon? Bah! No; never a wagon, if that Dickie Dugan had to do with it. A boat. That Irish lad lived in the water. He only came on land to spout. He would go to the City Hall in a boat, that kid, and McCarty was in the Nelson back yard looking for boat-tracks.

Boat-tracks? In the heart of a city? Yes, this city. Here were blocks and blocks of made land, constructed, not on one vast plan, but piecemeal, according to the whim and purpose of more or less enterprising individual owners. Occasionally these improvements encroached upon old wharves and went far out beyond them on either side, and shiftless squatters had in early days sometimes laid the foundations of one- or two-story frame buildings on a fragment of solid wharfing, rather than go to the expense of filling in. In a few places in the lower city these hollow spots, much impinged upon and reduced to cramped, unnoticeable areas, still existed, and some forgotten streamlet or leak from a broken sewer or storm-drain, working its way to the sea, provided a means of ingress and egress by boat. McCarty had half a notion that the Nelson warehouse stood partly on ground like this. Was he right? He would

soon see. If so, that would explain the clever get-away.

Oh, it was shrewd! But his theory called for great shrewdness; for it was — his theory again — a boy's job, and a boy's job is likely to be far and away cleverer than a man's, and more daring. Any thief-catcher will tell you that. The youthful brain is more fertile and imaginative, and the youthful person gets in and away with greater facility than the full-grown animal. Moreover, there is apt to be a fantastic touch to his operations, an attempt to emulate Captain Kidd or Robinson Crusoe. Yes, this theory presupposed a boy's job.

And here, now, was the Nelson place. But it stood on solid ground. The back yard was littered with boxes, with barrels, rotting sail-cloth, tarred cordage, and rubbish of every nautical sort. The Sergeant caught up the cross-bar of a broken anchor and thumped the ground about him. Earth, only earth. But he kept on over every foot of it, patiently, patiently, almost inch by inch; and finally he was rewarded. Over in the corner of the yard farthest from the window through which the goods had been taken out, was a trace of timber, timber that gave forth a hollow sound. The Sergeant sprung the anchor-iron, bar-like, under the heavy cask that lay in the corner. It trundled, creaking and groaning, to one side, and revealed a section of thick wharf flooring that had been up recently. There was a hole in the corner of it that the anchor-iron fitted so well, it was evident it had been used before as the Sergeant now used it, to pry up the heavy planking.

Kneeling, he thrust his face into the darkness. Brownish, soapy water, foul smelling, slopped beneath. Peering steadily, the Sergeant made out the outlines of a small pool, and on the edge of it, lying on rudely placed slabs of drift and pieces of piles, were the dim shapes of bales, bundles, and boxes of various kinds.

McCarty knew when he had seen enough. The plank slipped back into place. The heavy cask groaned and protested as it was trundled again over the spot. The thief-taking light gleamed in the Sergeant's eye. His plans were already formed. To the station for a change to his oldest uniform and a pair of rubber boots was the matter of but a few moments. To capture the boy, and to take him *without assistance*, in order the more easily to teach him a lesson without involving the family name in disgrace, as well as to save the faithful Dugan, was his purpose. In an hour it would be high tide, and this pool, if accessible by boat at all, was so only at high tide; so half an hour before the flood the Sergeant was crouching behind the shoulder of a

rotting pile, straining his eyes in the murky shadow, and listening with all eagerness to the rubbing of a boat against other piles as it slowly worked in his direction. The darkness was unrelieved. The boat crept nearer. The Sergeant crouched closer. Then progress ceased. There was silence—silence and inaction for interminable minutes. The boatman was wary, or alarmed, or—but just then he gave the craft another push forward. The gunwale grazed the calf of McCarty's leg, and the Sergeant felt the person of another in contact with his own.

"Oi have yez," McCarty roared, as, with python grip, he closed about the slighter form of his adversary. But boats are unstable platforms. This one now slipped swiftly from under the swaying forms, and the two dived as one, head first into the foul waters, with a sudden splash that woke the hollow echoes. The boat rocked restlessly, and a stream of bubbles gurgled softly on the soapy surface.

Presently the Sergeant emerged. He was dripping slime and ooze from every inch of his person. His face was a smear of the filth of this unwashed pool. Under his left arm he held, viselike, a squirming mass of wriggling legs and arms, and out of the center of it came a dismal, sputtering sound.

"Oi have yez, I say!" screamed McCarty exultantly, spouting like a porpoise, and at the same time gouging at his eyes with his fist. Seeing was impossible, however, and he felt his way along the edge of the treacherous pool, by the heaped-up bales of goods, until he came to the plank that yielded above his head. Thrusting the squirmer up first, he speedily followed into the fast settling dusk. A single ray of light was sufficient to show him that, in the human crab twisting all ways at once under his arm, he held—not Dickie Dugan, but Mickey McCarty—his own Michael!

Mickey was a boy who religiously eschewed books and school and the staid company of his more decorous-minded brothers, thereby greatly disappointing his mother and trying sorely his

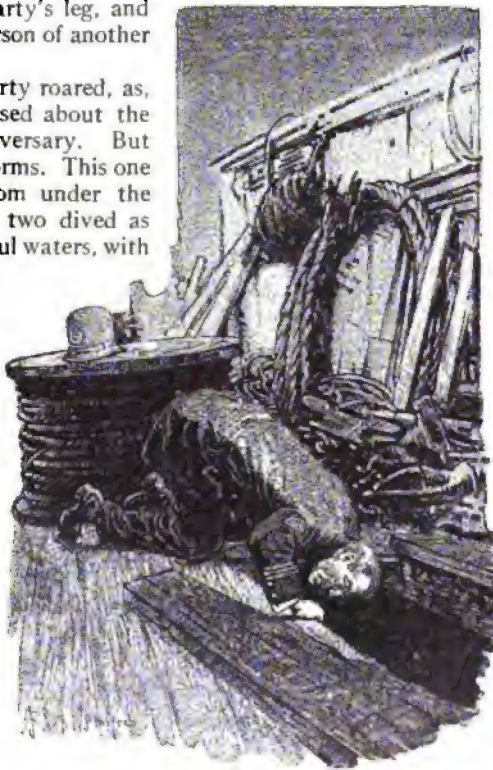
father's often threadbare temper. But, by the same token, he was dearest of sons to his parents' hearts. Sergeant McCarty loved passionately, almost foolishly, every short, stubby hair and every great, splotchy freckle on the face of the youth who, now fifteen years of age and much too small for that, roamed the streets at uncertain hours and had his cronies in questionable places.

With a start, Sergeant McCarty clapped Mickey upright on his feet and stared at him. Mickey was unabashed and mad. Moreover, he had not yet recognized the sewer-soaked creature that held him at bay.

"What'd you do that for?" he demanded, planting his sturdy legs apart.

McCarty was dumb. In a moment it had all hurtled through his soul. His boy was a thief—a common junk-thief. Dugan knew it; Dugan had caught him in the act of stealing the rope. And he wouldn't tell! He would be broke first. But he would shield the boy, and shield his old Sergeant's heart. Good old Dugan! Mary, Mother of God, be good to Dugan! And McCarty!

The Sergeant shook the stinking slime from his hair, stroked it off his mustaches, and snapped it from the ends of his fingers. But still he was silent; only his eyes, wild and starey, were set in Mickey's general direction. The operation of cleansing proceeded methodically, thoughtfully, in a sort of solemn, awed silence. And the boy, in sullen indignation, watched his captor perform these operations, conscious of a disadvantage in that what little light fell lay upon his own face, while the huge hulk of the man before him was shrouded in the shadows of the building. He gazed until even in the shadow the features began to take on a familiar look, then suddenly became recognizable. A gasp of surprise bubbled out of him. Something of awe forced itself suddenly into his own



"HE THRUST HIS FACE INTO THE DARKNESS"

soul. Apprehension trembled in either eye. Why was his father so very still? Why? Because he was so very angry. This was the white-hot silence that preceded the most volcanic eruptions of his wrath. The hot ashes of curses and the molten lava of personal chastisement would presently succeed.

Escape became imminently desirable. Mickey looked about him. To right and left and back, high walls; before him, the stocky, immobile figure of his father, Sergeant McCarty; between the two, black and noisy, yawned the hole from which both had emerged a few moments before. McCarty saw the furtive, fleeing eye of his son, and the ruling passion asserted itself. The young rascal was planning to escape. He would forestall him. His legs were set wide. He settled on them and bent forward, either arm couched like a double-extension hay-hook, waiting for the abrupt dash the youth was about to make, when—suddenly, standing there in the thick shadow of the old warehouse was no Michael at all—was—nothing! McCarty was alone. He thrust out his hand. The boy had been there a moment ago, preparing to fly.

The Sergeant had only wiped the pestiferous dripping sea-water from his eyes, and when he opened them the boy was gone. There was only on the retina of his mind a suggestion of the passage of a shadow across the hole in the plank. Could it be? The Sergeant's eyes swept the walls about him and the alleyway behind. Yes, it must be. Michael had dropped back into subterranean regions. The Sergeant cast himself bellywise and peered within. There was the sound of a gunwale bumping against a pile, and the slap of a wave upon a keel, as though the odoriferous darkness gulped as it swallowed.

In the same instant a footstep sounded on the planking, and McCarty started up almost guiltily to front the eyes of Fogarty. Fogarty

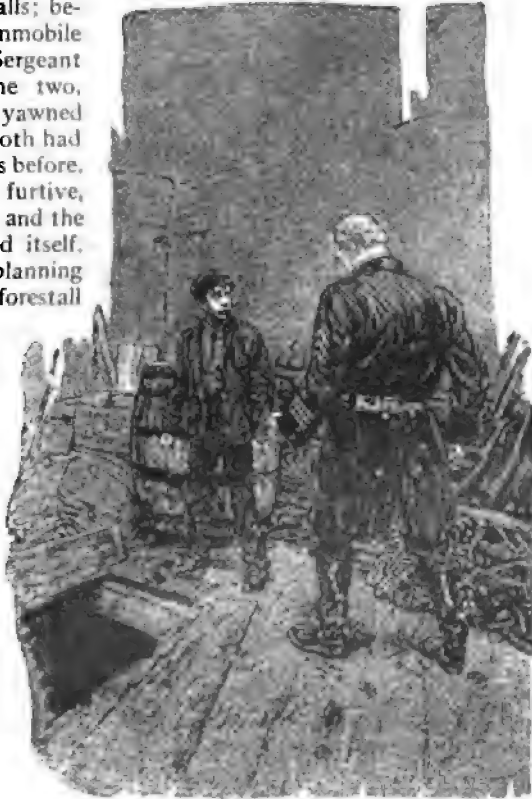
was one of the youngest men in McCarty's squad, conscientious and sympathetic, and he loved his Sergeant devotedly. McCarty's heart was very full, and was it to be wondered at if, there in the dark, with his hand on Fogarty's shoulder, the Sergeant in three or four jerky sentences poured out his grief and shame?

Fogarty was overwhelmed. For a time he was silent, but, in his heart, all the time he was standing stoutly by Mickey McCarty.

"I don't believe it," he said at last, but with none too much assurance. "I can't believe it."

"What else can you make of it?" asked McCarty huskily.

Fogarty was again speechless. The circumstances were against the boy; his presence there, his sneaking conduct while waiting, and his sudden flight from his own father after capture, all told heavily against him. McCarty seemed to read Fogarty's thoughts and to feel the force of them superimposed upon his own unwavering conviction that his son was the thief Dugan had caught and was



"MICKEY WAS UNABASHED AND MAD"

shielding at the cost of his own position. The Sergeant turned and walked with slow, heavy steps toward the alley leading to the street, saying by way of farewell:

"The Commission meets in an hour."

Fogarty laid a detaining hand on his Sergeant's arm. "Is there anything I can do for you, McCarty?" he asked, as man to man, in a voice all sympathy and helpfulness.

"Yes," burst out McCarty abruptly, with an earnestness that was vehement. "Yes! Go and watch that damned hole, and think, Fogarty, think!—think hard! and if you can find one ghost of a shred of a reason for believin' that Mickey McCarty is not the thief Dugan caught getting away with Nelson's rope, come to the

Commission and tell me! Come, if you have to break through hell to get there!"

With this, McCarty quickened his pace and strode swiftly off, determined to do his duty to the full by the faithful Dugan, even to the exposing of his own flesh and blood.

The hearing before the Commission was well along. Dugan was at the point of his dogged unwillingness to speak further to clear himself. Chairman Sullivan and his fellow commissioners, the Chief of Police and the Captain of the Harbor District, were well out of patience. Captain of Detectives Hodson alone was tranquil.

As for Sergeant McCarty, he had seethed for an hour in the milk of his own distress. He had glanced toward the door so many times that the muscles of his eyes were tired. He had strained his ears with listening for a heavy footstep outside till there was a roaring in them. Despair had settled upon him. Fogarty had not come — would not come. There was no hope there. And Dugan was about to be convicted. McCarty could contain himself no longer. He rose to speak. His habitual jauntiness was gone. Heavy pouches swelled beneath his drooping eyes. His broom-colored mustache draped in sparse, disconsolate fringe the unmistakable quiver of his lip.

"Mr. Commissioner Sullivan!" he began in his most orotund official tone.

"Sergeant McCarty!" responded the Chairman with equal formality.

"I desire," began the Sergeant promptly, "on behalf of Officer Dugan and myself, to make a statement most personal and privileged in character, and while it is being made I would ask that you request all not members of the Department to withdraw from the room."

The atmosphere was tense, electric with feeling. What was the quaver in McCarty's voice? Who had ever heard it there before? Men looked at each other in a sort of sudden sympathy, as if preparing to hear some startling disclosure that touched the honor of the Department and perhaps some individual members of it very near. The two Pinkertons, recognizing McCarty's words as referring in particular to them, tiptoed from his presence, exhibiting a fine sense of wishing to get out before being thrust out. McCarty, standing bolt upright, his fine head inclined slightly, but with his eyes downcast, was holding the stage for all that. But no hero, he. His cheek was hot with shame. His heart was sick with humiliation. His soul was sombered. He was in the gall of bitterness. Besides, he was mindful of the presence of Hodson, and it was like having his lacerated soul sprayed with red-hot brine to feel his eyes

upon him with those of the others. If the man had any sense of decency, not to say delicacy, he would leave with the watchmen. But he did not.

The door closed. McCarty, ever a man of direct speech, continued:

"Mr. Commissioner! My boy, Michael McCarty, Jr., stole that rope, and the whole lot of junk from Nelson's, and Dugan caught him at it and was tryin' to make him put it back, when along come the Pinks, and the boy ducked, leavin' Dugan with the goods on him. I been a friend to Dugan in my time, and now he's tryin' to save me bhoy. It's the God's truth I'm tellin' ye."

McCarty blurted out the last words almost with a sob, and sat down.

There was silence in the Commission for the space of ten seconds, maybe. But the slow, outraged voice of Dugan, goaded into frankness of utterance, broke it.

"It's a damned lie!" he croaked hoarsely, rising. "My boy, Dickie Dugan, stole the rope. The rest is like McCarty's tellin' ye."

With a snort of contradiction, McCarty arose also, and stood staring at Dugan across the table, the two men eying each other truculently. Again the silence was intense. With burning eyes, McCarty and Dugan searched each the soul of the other.

Commissioner Sullivan was clearing his throat to speak, when a heavy hand smote upon the door so violently as to shake lock and hinges in their sockets. It was Fogarty who entered, and he grasped in either hand a somewhat frightened and much excited youngster, the two being none other than Mickey McCarty and Dickie Dugan. The sight of the Commission and a swift perception of the tense situation that existed at the moment awed Fogarty into dumbness, and the boys, with suppressed excitement, cowered behind him for a moment, till Mickey, catching sight of his father's form behind that of Dugan, whispered shrilly:

"Pop! We got 'em — the thieves that robbed Nelson's. We been layin' for 'em a week."

A gasp of surprise ran round the Commission, even to Captain of Detectives Hodson.

"What's this?" asked Commissioner Sullivan. "Explain your business with the Commission at this time." He was addressing Fogarty, but, as excited and eager as any one, was looking at the boys, and especially at Mickey.

Fogarty found his tongue speedily.

"Sergeant McCarty," he explained, "found a hole in the back of Nelson's yard this afternoon that went down under a piece of old wharfing to tide-water, and caught his boy Mickey in the



hole, but the boy got away. In the hole was a wagon-load of the stolen goods and what looked like an open waterway. To-night he left me to stick around down under there and see what showed up. It was so dark I couldn't see down there, and after a while I got out and went over to the front near Howard Street sewer to get a boat and try to find the way in, for I had an idea there would be a boatway in there somewhere. I couldn't find a boat at first, and had to go down to Crowley's for one. When I

come back and was tryin' to work my way in, I saw three fellows edging along the front with a raft, and in a minute the police-boat was after 'em, and there was shootin', and one got away, but two men was caught and took to the Harbor Station. The raft was piled high with this loot from Nelson's. Just as it was over, I saw these two boys in a boat, blowin' around like there was the whole cheese, and I brought 'em here."

This was the longest speech Fogarty had ever made in his whole life. He looked scared when it was finished, and gasped for breath.

Mickey's eyes were dancing, however, and Commissioner Sullivan, seeing that the tangle stood in a fair way of being unraveled, beckoned Mickey over to him.

"Come here, son," he said kindly, "and sit beside me and tell us all you know about this Nelson Ship-chandlery affair." His manner was engaging. With ready tact he made Mickey forget everything but that he had a story to tell and wanted to tell it.

The freckle-faced youth slid into the chair and related his part in the adventure as familiarly, and with the same touch of frank boast-



"HE GRASPED IN EACH HAND A MUCH EXCITED YOUNGSTER"

fulness, as if he had been rehearsing it to a circle of his comrades.

"It's this way, Judge," he began. "Dickie Dugan there thinks his paw is one great policeman, and that whatever he says is right. Now, his dad is always tellin' him that my paw's the greatest detectif in the world, and would be Captain of Detectifs right now but for that old stiff, Hodson, what's got a pull with the Commish; and so Dickie's always stringin' me about it. 'My paw?' says I. 'Him a detectif? Shucks!

I fool him every day of his life half a dozen times; and as for detectin'—well, I never tried it, but I bet I could skin him to death.' So we talks. And there's the Nelson Ship-chandlery steal. We knew they was nuts on it, so we went to work at it ourselves. We found a holler place back of Nelson's full of the junk, and a boatway out by the old Howard Street sewer; so we goes in and takes turns watchin' to see 'em take it away, when we was goin' to foller 'em and call de cop on de beat to arrest 'em. One night Dickie saw 'em at work takin' down more stuff; but his paw come along and scairt 'em off, and Dickie poked his head up and his paw seen him. Dickie recknized his paw, but he says his dad ain't on to him; but we guess now he was, though. And then it's my turn. I was in there to-night watchin' a long time, and after a while some reg'lar old rhinoceros of a devilfish winds his arm around me. Well, the boat won't hold no rhinoceros, so it's a submarine stunt for de two of us; but the thing drags me up through the hole, and when I get the stew out of me eyes and look, the devilfish is me dad, Sergeant McCarty. And I wish you could 'a' seen him!"

Mickey went off into convulsions of laughter,

in which he was not unaccompanied. Sergeant McCarty even thought he heard a snicker in the direction of the Chairman; but when he cast a quick shamed eye in that quarter, the Commissioner was savagely biting the end of his cigar, rapping with his knuckle sharply, and saying, "Go on!"

"And then," continued Mickey, "and then, me ancestor lookin' uncompromisin', I ducks back through the hole and started out, but I met Dickie comin' in, and we decided to wait a while. Pretty soon in comes three guys with a kind of a raft, and they loaded the stuff on it. We nearly drowned ourselves to keep out of sight, and then we played tag with 'em out to Howard Street, where we signaled the cop on the wharf, and the police-boat picked 'em up slick as a whistle, only one of 'em dived off, but the other two of 'em are at the Harbor Station, like Fogarty says."

Fogarty's tale and Mickey's torpedoed the gloom. The swift simplicity of Mickey's narrative bespoke truth. Everybody breathed relief, except, perhaps, the Captain of Detectives.

Commissioner Sullivan went to bat promptly.

"Policeman Dugan is acquitted of the heinous charge," he declared. "Mickey Mc-

Carty, you are a credit to the Department to which you do not belong — though I hope some day you will. And Dugan —"

"I hope," said McCarty, interrupting, "I hope I have yer Honor's permission to take this boy home and give him a splendid licking."

"You have," said Chairman Sullivan. "The Commission will adjourn for that purpose."

"Mr. Dugan," the Chairman continued, offering a hand which was wrung weakly as Dugan hastened by to take young Dickie in his arms, "Mr. Dugan, I am glad to know you. You are an officer, every inch of you, a father, and a friend. Sergeant McCarty, you are the same. And the boy you are going to lick — well, Sergeant, I am bound to say that he is a chunk of the ould sod itself."

"He is that," gulped McCarty joyously. "I'm relieved that he is no thief, glory be! And it's a clever job he done. He's one that fooled Sergeant McCarty. It takes me own flesh and blood to do that." (McCarty shot a significant glance at the Captain of Detectives.) "Yes, yes, he's a clever lad. I don't know, now, come to think, whether I ought to kiss him or lick him, nor which to do first. Perhaps I'll do both at wanst."



"'IT'S THIS WAY, JUDGE,' HE BEGAN"

# THE DAUGHTERS OF THE POOR

A PLAIN STORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW YORK CITY AS A LEADING CENTER OF THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE OF THE WORLD, UNDER TAMMANY HALL

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

*The test of civilization is the estimate of woman*—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THERE are now three principal centers of the so-called white slave trade—that is, the recruiting and sale of young girls of the poorer classes by procurers. The first is the group of cities in Austrian and Russian Poland, headed by Lemberg; the second is Paris; and the third the city of New York. In the past ten years New York has become the leader of the world in this class of enterprise. The men engaged in it there have taken or shipped girls, largely obtained from the tenement districts of New York, to every continent on the globe; they are now doing business with Central and South America, Africa, and Asia. They are driving all competitors before them in North America. And they have established, directly or indirectly, recruiting systems in every large city of the United States.

The story of the introduction of this European business into New York, under the protection of the Tammany Hall political organization, its extension from there through the United States, and its shipments of women to the four corners of the earth, is a strange one; it would seem incredible if it were not thoroughly substantiated by the records of recent municipal exposures in half a dozen great American cities, by two independent investigations by the United States Government during the past year, and by the common knowledge of the people of the East Side tenement district of New York, whose daughters and friends' daughters have been chiefly exploited by it.

## *Poland and the Markets of the East*

The ancient and more familiar white slave trade was the outright sale of women from Eastern Europe into the Orient through the big general depot of Constantinople. The chief recruiting-ground for this was the miserable Ghetto of Europe in the old kingdom of Poland, now held by Austria and Russia, where the Jews were herded out of the rest of Christendom

by the persecutions of the Middle Ages. This section is known from Alexandria to Shanghai for its shipment of women like "Anne of Austria" in Kipling's "Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House" in India:

From Tarnau in Galicia  
To Jaun Bazar she came,  
To eat the bread of infamy  
And take the wage of shame.

The recruiting-ground for the supplies of women for this trade, East or West, is always the section inhabited by the very poor. Out of this racial slum of Europe has come for unnumbered years the Jewish *kaftan*, leading the miserable Jewish girl from European civilization into Asia. The Jewish church fought the *kaftan* with all its power. In life he was ostracized; in death, dragged to an unholy grave. But to this day he comes out of Galicia and Russian Poland, with his white face and his long beard,—the badge of his ancient faith,—and wanders across the face of the earth. Occasionally members of the *fraternity* come into New York: men of seventy, sometimes, with gray beards, following their trade through life to the very end. Within the year there was in New York an individual of this profession, known as "Little Bethlehem," from the scene of his former business—the Holy Land.

## *The Kaftan in the New World*

In the last part of the last century a new field opened for this European industry. Great masses of young male laborers went westward out of Europe to do the work of establishing civilization in a new hemisphere. There were two or three men to one woman in this great shifting of population, which is still taking place. And the social relations of the whole world were affected by it. One great market for the procurer's supplies, from the time of the Middle Ages, had been the camps of armies.



In the last fifty years two continents have been filled, in city and country, with a new and similar market — the camps of male laborers.

The Jewish *kaftan*, for some reason, did not try his trade with North America. He exploited South America instead; and in Argentine Republic he found a market that rivaled the East. He could transfer women there, for a lump sum, into what are known to the New York trade as "slave houses"; or, in accordance with the more Occidental development of the business common to most Western countries, one youth could marry or pretend to marry one girl, travel abroad with her, and live with her as her manager.

So largely have these people emigrated to Argentina that there is a considerable colony of them in the suburbs of Buenos Aires. Excluded from the society of other persons of their own race and religion, they have secured burial-places of their own,— somewhat similar to that which has been established in New York,— and have even set up their own synagogue, in which they hold ghastly caricatures of religious services. The colony is strong on ceremonial forms, and Jewish holidays are strictly dedicated by the women to devotion. These people still remain in Buenos Aires. But recently — as part of an agitation extending across the civilized world — the Argentine Republic has made their business of importation difficult by new and stringent laws.

### *Paris the Second Center of the Trade*

It remained for Paris, the second center of the business in Europe, to develop the white slave trade with North America. The Parisian type of trader is so old an institution that his common name, *maquereau* (mackerel), appears in the French dictionary. His trade became to all intents and purposes a recognized calling, with a distinguishing costume of its own, consisting of black velvet trousers, a blouse, and a peculiar silk cap known as the *bijou*. These *maquereaux* start in the business — and most of them remain in it — as the manager of one girl of the poorer classes, whom they place to the best possible advantage. From one, the more successful advance to the business management of a number of girls. In all this theirs is exactly similar to the American type of trade which has developed in New York. The *maquereaux* reached the height of their prosperity in Paris during the fashionable and amusement-loving reign of Louis Napoleon in the '60's. With the simpler and more democratic feeling at the beginning of the present French Republic, public sentiment turned more against the traffic. Its operators were frequently trans-

ported to the penal colonies in New Caledonia and French Guiana. They gradually discarded their costume and slunk out of sight. And in the '70's they began to emigrate in large numbers, and now may be found across the entire globe. The chief points of export were London and New York. But so much more profit and freedom from law were obtained in the capital of the new continent that it very soon received more attention from the exporters of women than any other place in the world.

### *The Unprotected Immigrant Girl*

Up to this time prostitution had existed in the United States — as most people assume that it exists to-day — without having attracted the business management of men to securing and exploiting its supplies. So far as it had management, it was entirely a woman's business. Its supplies came, as they must always come, from poor and unfortunate families. From 1850 to the present time, the poorest and most unprotected class has been the newest European immigrants. The most exposed and unprotected girls are those in domestic service. For over half a century this class of population has been called upon to furnish the great bulk of the supplies of girls in our large cities, and this class of employment far more than any other.

In 1857 the police of New York, under the direction of Dr. W. W. Sanger, the resident physician of the institutions on Blackwell's Island, gathered statistics on carefully prepared blanks from two thousand of the six thousand prostitutes then supposed to be in New York. Of these over three fifths were born abroad, and at least three quarters were of foreign birth or parentage; one half had been servants before entering the profession. The new immigration of the time was Irish and German; it furnished the greatest number of women, simply because of their exposed position in the city slums. More than one third of the two thousand women were born in Ireland — noted throughout Europe for the chastity of its women.

### *The French Importer's Shortcomings*

The French *maquereau* was immediately successful in a country where the business had developed in so haphazard a way. The women he brought to this country he dressed well; he kept them abstemious from liquors, and implanted in their minds the ambition of acquiring a competence and returning to live in France. They tended from the first to replace the disheveled and desperate creatures produced by the American slums.

But, though extremely successful in America

at first, and still prosperous in the majority of our greater cities, the French maquereau was not the type finally adapted to conduct the business in the self-governing American municipalities. He intended to return to France after securing a competency, frequented his own exclusive boarding-houses and clubs, and did not even learn the language. He failed to identify himself with any political organization. He consequently had no direct political influence, and obtained his right to break the law simply by payments of money. In this way he occupied very much the same position as the Chinese gambler in the community of law-breakers. Both are always able to do business in a large city, but they are much more liable to extortion and blackmail than persons who are directly identified with the political machine. It was necessary for the procuring and selling of girls to become an integral part of slum politics — as the tenement-house saloon and gambling-houses had been preceding it — before it could be established on its present firm footing.

### *The Tammany Red-Light District*

About twenty-five years ago the third great flush of immigration, consisting of Austrian, Russian, and Hungarian Jews, began to come into New York. Among these immigrants were a large number of criminals, who soon found that they could develop an extremely profitable business in the sale of women in New York. The Police Department and the police courts, before which all the criminal cases of the city were first brought, were absolutely in the hands of Tammany Hall, which, in its turn, was controlled by slum politicians. A great body of minor workers among this class of politicians obtained their living in tenement-house saloons or gambling-houses, and their control of the police and police courts allowed them to disregard all provisions of the law against their business. The new exploiter of the tenement-house population among the Jews saw that this plan was good, and organized a local Tammany Hall association to apply it to the business of procuring and selling girls.

The organization which they formed was known in the Lexow investigation as the Essex Market Court gang, but named itself the Max Hochstim Association. Among various officers of this organization was Mr. Martin Engel, the Tammany Hall leader of the Eighth Assembly District in the late '90's; and with him a group of Tammany Hall politicians in control of this district and the Third Assembly District along the Bowery, just to the east.

### *Getting Supplies for New York*

This Jewish district, as it was when Mr. Martin Engel was leader, opened the eyes of the minor politician of the slums to the tremendous financial field that a new line of enterprise, the business of procuring and the traffic in women, offered him. The red-light district, operated very largely by active members of the local Tammany organization, gave to individual men interested in its development in many cases twenty and thirty thousand dollars a year. Very few of the leading workers in the tenement saloons or gambling enterprises had been able at that time to make half of that from the population around them.

The supplies of girls for use in the enterprises of the political procurers did not at first come entirely from the families of their constituents. The earlier Jewish immigration contained a great preponderance of men, and comparatively few young girls. The men in the business made trips into the industrial towns of New England and Pennsylvania, where they obtained supplies from the large number of poorly paid young mill girls, one especially ingenious New Yorker being credited with gaining their acquaintance in the garb of a priest. But, gradually, as the population grew and the number of men engaged in the business increased, the girls were taken more and more from the tenement districts of the East Side.

When this misfortune began to develop among the Jewish people of the East Side, it was a matter of astonishment, as well as horror. The Jewish race has for centuries prided itself upon the purity of its women. Families whose daughters were taken away in the beginning of the New York traffic often formally cast them off as dead; among the very orthodox, there were cases where the family went through the ancient ceremonial for the dead — slashing the lapels of their clothing and sitting out the seven days of mourning in their houses. But individual families of new immigrants, often not speaking English, naturally had little chance against a closely organized machine. The Essex Market gang, as was shown in the Lexow testimony, not only could protect their own business in women, but had the facilities to prove entirely innocent women guilty.

### *New York's First Export Trade*

The business grew so rapidly under these favoring auspices that the East Side was soon not only producing its own supplies, but was

exporting them. The first person to undertake this export trade with foreign countries, according to the verbal history of the East Side, was a man who later became a leading spirit in the Tammany organization of the district; he took one or two girls in 1889 or 1890 to compete with the Russian and Galician *kafian* in the Buenos Aires market. This venture was not very successful, and the dealer soon returned to New York. Since that time a few hundred New York girls have been taken to Buenos Aires, but, generally speaking, it has not proved a successful market for the New York trade.

South Africa, on the contrary, proved an excellent field, as mining districts always are. In the middle of the '90's — during the lean years of Mayor Strong's administration — the stories of the fabulous wealth to be made in the South African gold and diamond fields came to the attention of the New York dealers, and they took women there by the hundred. They proved successful in competition with the dealers from the European centers in Paris and Poland, and established colonies of New Yorkers through the southern end of the continent. Large sums of money were made there, and a few considerable fortunes were acquired, which their owners brought home and put into various businesses in New York — including gambling-houses and "Raines-law" hotels. The English Government in recent years has been more stringent against the trade, and under a new law gave imprisonment and lashing to men engaged in it. One man, now occupied in a Raines-law hotel enterprise in New York, was among those imprisoned, having recently served a sentence of one year. The campaign against the business made South Africa a much less attractive field than formerly; but there are still small New York colonies in various cities there.

Once acquainted with the advantages of the foreign trade, the New York dealer immediately entered into competition with the French and Polish traders across the world. There are no boundaries to this business; its travelers go constantly to and fro upon the earth, peering into the new places, especially into spots where men congregate on the golden frontiers; and the news comes back from them to Paris and Lemberg and New York. After South Africa, the New York dealers went by hundreds into the East — to Shanghai and to Australia; they followed the Russian army through the Russo-Japanese war; they went into Alaska with the gold rush, and into Nevada; and they have camped in scores and hundreds on the banks of the new Panama Canal. However, the

foreign trade was not large compared with the trade with the cities of the United States, which was to develop later. The demand was naturally not so great.

### *The Independent Benevolent Association*

In the meantime, the business grew and strengthened and developed its own institutions in its headquarters at New York. The best known of these is the Jewish society that goes under the name of the New York Independent Benevolent Association. This organization was started in 1896 by a party of dealers who were returning from attendance at the funeral of Sam Engel, a brother of Martin Engel, the Tammany leader of the red-light assembly district. In the usual post-funeral discussion of the frailty of human life, the fact was brought out that the sentiment of the Jews of the East Side against men of their profession barred them generally from societies giving death benefits, and even caused discrimination against them in the purchase of burial-places in the cemetery. A society was quickly incorporated under the laws of New York, and a burial-plot secured and inclosed in Washington Cemetery in Brooklyn. This plot contains now about forty dead, including some ten young children. Of the adults, about a third have died violent or unnatural deaths.

The Independent Benevolent Association guarded its membership carefully, but grew to contain nearly two hundred persons. As most of its people were prosperous, it was able, as a body, to exert a continual influence through political friends to prevent punishment of individual members. Matters of mutual trade interest were discussed at its gatherings, and later, when the more enterprising men in it found larger opportunities in the other cities of the country, its members would naturally inform one another of conditions of business in different sections. In New York, as various members grew to undertake larger business enterprises, the usual difference of trade interest between the retailer and the wholesaler grew up; and the leading operators formed a strictly trade association among themselves — the association whose meeting-place was discovered and broken into during business sessions by the District Attorney's force in his campaign of 1907.

### *New York's Creation — the Cadet*

In the freedom of the Van Wyck administration of the late '90's, the latest type of slum politician that New York has developed demonstrated further his peculiar value to politics, and the great rewards of politics for him.

Like the saloonkeeper before him, he had large periods of the day to devote to planning and developing political schemes; there were a great many dependents and young men connected with the business; and there grew up in the various political and social centers of the East Side so-called "hang-out joints," saloons and coffee-houses, where these men came together to discuss political and business matters. It soon became evident that these gangs were exceedingly valuable as political instruments in "repeating," or casting a great number of fraudulent votes.

York cadet — the most important figure in the business in America to-day. The Committee of Fifteen — which made a thorough and world-wide investigation bearing upon the conditions of life in New York developed by the disclosures of 1901 and 1902 — defined this new American product as follows:

"The cadet is a young man, averaging from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, who, after having served a short apprenticeship as a 'watch-boy' or 'lighthouse,' secures a staff of girls and lives upon their earnings. The victim of the cadet is usually

## BISHOP POTTER'S LETTER TO MAYOR VAN WYCK

"The situation which confronts us in this metropolis of America is of such a nature as may well make us a by-word and hissing among the nations of the world.

"For nowhere else on earth, I verily believe (certainly not in any civilized or Christian community), does there exist such a situation as defiles and dishonors New York to-day. Vice exists in many cities, but there is at least some persistent repression of its external manifestations, and the agents of the law are not, as here, widely believed to be fattening upon the fruits of its most loathsome and unnamable forms.

"I come to you, sir, with this protest in accordance with the instructions lately laid upon me by the Convention of the Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York."

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER.

Yet, in spite of this growth of an entirely new element of political strength, Tammany Hall was defeated in the election of 1901, largely because of a revulsion-of popular feeling against some phases of the white slave trade. This feeling was especially directed against the so-called cadets — a name now used across the world to designate the masses of young men engaged in this trade in and out of New York, exactly as the name of maquereau is used to designate the Paris operator. As the women secured for the business are at first scarcely more than children, the work of inducing them to adopt it was naturally undertaken most successfully by youths not much older than themselves. In this way the specialization of the business in New York produced the New

a young girl of foreign birth, who knows little or nothing of the conditions of American life."

### *The Spread to Other American Cities*

A general feeling of resentment because the Tammany organization of the East Side had developed this new institution, and others connected with it, among the unprotected immigrants of that district, caused the destruction of the red-light district by an anti-Tammany administration, and a great lessening of the freedom of the business in New York City. In a way, however, this temporary period of reform was a means of greatly extending the business in the United States and eventually in New York. The larger operators in the business established themselves throughout the



POLISH PEASANT GIRLS AT WORK IN EUROPE

various larger cities of the country; and the cadets still secured their supplies in the old recruiting-grounds of the East Side, where they were in no particular danger. An elaborate campaign against them a little later resulted in the arrest and imprisonment of seven of these men as vagrants. They were released long before the expiration of their term, by the influence of political friends.

The new type of political industry developed in New York proved very successful in other cities of the country — so much so that it has now established itself to some extent in at least three quarters of the large cities of the United States. The first places to be developed were naturally the nearest. One of the earliest was Newark, New Jersey, within ten miles of New York.

A group of members of the Independent Benevolent Association came into that city in the early 1900's, and soon after the New York red-light district had been broken up they obtained control of practically the entire business of Newark. They secured as supplies the ignorant immigrant girls taken from the East Side of New York, and they brought with them

from New York, or educated in Newark, their own staff of cadets — who not only worked vigorously as "repeaters" in local elections, but returned to form some of the most vigorous voters in the lower Tammany Hall districts of New York. But in 1907 the attempt of one member of the Benevolent Association to defraud another out of his business by the aid of local political forces led to a disruption in the body of men who were so well established in Newark. An exposé followed this disagreement, which broke up, for the time at least, the local business, with its importations of New York women, and temporarily stopped the return supply of illegal voters to New York. The testimony of the time showed that these men had worked industriously in the interests of the Tammany leaders in the downtown tenement districts of New York, from which the supply of Newark girls was largely obtained. In Newark the chief of police killed himself subsequently to the exposure.

#### *The Emigration into Philadelphia*

Another group of Jewish operators transferred themselves from New York to Phila-





NEWLY LANDED IMMIGRANT GIRLS

delphia. They secured their supplies of women — largely young immigrant girls — from New York, and retained their New York cadets. The members joined the Mutual Republican Club of the Thirteenth Ward of Philadelphia, whose president was the sheriff of the county; and their cadets were extremely valuable to the political machine as “repeaters,” and as managers of the growing Jewish vote in Philadelphia. These “repeaters” are incredibly efficient, some having the record of working in three States—at Philadelphia, Newark, and New York—on the same election day.

The public exposé in Philadelphia did not, of course, come through any political source in Philadelphia — there is but one political party there. It was started by the case of Pauline Goldstein, one of the Russian-Jewish immigrant girls, who was obtained in New York, and later thrown out, scantily clothed, upon the streets of Philadelphia, when sick. The matter was taken up by the Law and Order Society. Some hundred places were found being operated by the New York Jewish group, with several hundred foreign immigrant girls. The investi-

gation showed that there was a close community of interest among this body of men, and that a small group had charge of the relations with the politicians and police. Some sixty men were given jail sentences. “Jake” Edelman, one of the leaders, was the man arrested in the case of the Goldstein girl. He “jumped his bail”; went to join the New York colony in South Africa; returned, to be arrested on the Bowery in New York; and at his trial he was represented by New York counsel, accompanied by a large group of New York friends. The prosecution of these men in Philadelphia was very largely responsible for the eighteen months of reform administration in that city in 1905 and 1906. But since then the New York operator is returning to Philadelphia, and the cadet is firmly established in the local life.

#### *Chicago, San Francisco, and St. Louis*

In Chicago the New York operators secured an even stronger hold. Several hundred New York dealers came into the West Side section after the Low administration and established there an excellent reproduction of the red-light district. At its height it contained be-



A "STREET OF SIGNS" IN THE POLISH EMPLOYMENT AGENCY DISTRICT

tween seven hundred and fifty and a thousand Jewish girls from New York — largely new immigrants, who could scarcely speak the language. Local crusades have sent a great number of the New York men farther west; but the cadet is now one of the prominent features of the local slum life, and a considerable number of New York Jews still remain in positions of business and political leadership there.

A detailed statement of the spread of activities of the New York dealer and cadet through the United States since the exodus from New York after 1901 would serve as a catalogue of the municipal scandals of the past half dozen years, and would include the majority of the large cities of the country. The New York Jewish cadets were found to be present in hundreds in San Francisco at the great exposé there, and took a prominent part in the rottenness that

his attention upon prostitution as a means of getting a living. This condition was brought about by the astonishing success of the campaign against gambling, beginning some ten years ago, both in New York and in most of the large cities of the country. Policy is almost obliterated, pool-rooms are rapidly declining, and little by little gambling at race-tracks is dwindling throughout the country. To any one remembering the condition of public sentiment and the frank and open operation of gambling in American cities fifteen years ago, this change is little less than startling.

One principal reason for the change was the awakening of the personal interest of the richer and more influential classes against gambling. Practically all of the gambling enterprises fed upon the earnings of the poor — a sure tax levied upon the people by the slum politician,

preceded it; they were strong in Los Angeles before the disclosing of conditions in their line of business changed the administration there a year ago; and two of the most notorious dealers of New York's East Side were prominent figures in the political underworld uncovered by Folk in St. Louis. To-day they are strong in all the greater cities; they swarm at the gateway of the Alaskan frontier at Seattle; they infest the streets and restaurants of Boston; they flock for the winter to New Orleans; they fatten on the wages of the Government laborers in Panama; and they abound in the South and Southwest and in the mining regions of the West.

#### *Slum Politics' New Concentration*

The growth of this new factor in American city politics was due, not alone to the advantages it offered, but to a general necessity on the part of the slum politician to concentrate

who stooped in his policy games to pick up the last and meanest penny of the child. But too many small embezzlements from their employers were made by clerks and bookkeepers to pay the race-track and pool-room gambler. The imagination and interest of the employing class became enlisted, and gambling enterprises were pursued with a vigorous attention which drove them out. The net result of all this to the slum politician was succinctly expressed by an observant old-time policeman upon the Bowery of New York about a year ago: "Where's a district politician goin' to get a bit of money nowadays? The pool-rooms are all shut down; policy's gone. There ain't no place at all but the women."

### *Tammany's Delicate Situation*

Because of this narrowing tendency in the field of slum politics, the politicians of Tammany Hall below Fourteenth Street found themselves in an exceedingly delicate position after the exposure that defeated them in the red-light campaign. The decline of gambling was already evident, and its thousands of political employees—a mainstay in illegal voting—had been discharged; and new election machinery made difficult the wholesale voting of broken tramps and town loafers. Not only was some participation in the sale of women necessary, but the use of the gangs of young procurers and thieves, who had their beginning in the red-light days, became almost indispensable if the politicians were to secure the vote upon which their power rested, both in their party and out.

This situation was met with adroitness. The district below Fourteenth Street had now come under control of the foremost combination of slum politicians in the United States, known

the country over. Martin Engel, the old Tammany Hall leader of the red-light district, was solemnly deposed; a husky young politician was made leader of the district, seriously put on a pair of kid gloves, called in the reporters, and pounded with great pomp and ceremony the persons of a few unfriended cadets. After this drama, it was announced with stern and glassy front that cadets were forever banished from the district—and one of the most useful Tammany myths ever sent gliding down the columns of the local newspapers was launched on its long way. The district retained the chief disorderly-house keepers and captains of cadets upon its list of election captains—where it keeps them yet; and the bands of cadets and thieves worked in its service as they had never worked before. But in the Third District—about the Bowery



AN EAST SIDE DANCING ACADEMY





THE INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

—they began to have their real headquarters.

It is, of course, the belief — fostered by the great ignorance and indifference of the more influential classes as to the conditions of the alien poor in a city like New York — that the cadet died out largely with the red light. On the contrary, he has largely multiplied — as every close observer of the conditions of the East Side knows. The whole country has been opened up for the supplies of New York procurers since the red-light days; the development of the lonely woman of the street and tenement has increased the field for these young cadets greatly; and not only the lower but now the upper East Side of New York City is full of them. The woman they live upon, and her daily necessity of political protection, brings them into public life, and makes them the most accessible of political workers. They have a hostage to fortune always on the street.

#### *The East Side Working-Girl and Her Exploiters*

It is interesting to see how the picking up of girls for the trade in and outside of New York is carried on by these youths on the East Side of New York, which has now grown, under this

development, to be the chief recruiting-ground for the so-called white slave trade in the United States, and probably in the world. It can be exploited, of course, because in it lies the newest body of immigrants and the greatest supply of unprotected young girls in the city. These now happen to be Jews — as, a quarter and a half century ago, they happened to be German and Irish.

The odds in life are from birth strongly against the young Jewish-American girl. The chief ambition of the new Jewish family in America is to educate its sons. To do this the girls must go to work at the earliest possible date, and from the population of 350,000 Jews east of the Bowery tens of thousands of young girls go out into the shops. There is no more striking sight in the city than the mass of women that flood east through the narrow streets in a winter's twilight, returning to their homes in the East Side tenements. The exploitation of young women as money-earning machines has reached a development on the East Side of New York probably not equaled anywhere else in the world.

It is not an entirely healthy development. Thousands of women have sacrificed themselves uselessly to give the boys of the family an

education. And in the population of young males raised in this atmosphere of the sacrifice of the woman to the man, there have sprung up all sorts of specialization in the petty swindling of women of their wages. One class of men, for instance, go about dressed like the hero in a cook's romance, swindling unattractive and elderly working-women out of their earnings by promising marriage, and borrowing money to start a shop. The acute horror among the Jews of the state of being an old maid makes swindling of Jewish women under promise of marriage especially easy.

### *The People Who Dance*

But the largest and most profitable field for exploitation of the girls of the East Side is in procuring them for the white slave traffic. This line of swindling is in itself specialized. Formerly its chief recruiting-grounds were the public amusement-parks of the tenement districts; now for several years they have been the dance-halls, and the work has been specialized very largely according to the character of the halls.

The amusement of the poor girl of New York — especially the very poor girl — is dancing. On Saturdays and Sundays the whole East Side dances after nightfall, and every night in the week there are tens of thousands of dancers within the limits of the city of New York. The

reason for all this is simple: dancing is the one real amusement within the working-girl's means. For five cents the moving-picture show, the only competitor, gives half an hour's diversion and sends its audience to the street again; for five cents the cheaper "dancing academies" of the East Side give a whole evening's pleasure. For the domestic servant and the poorer shop-girl of the East Side there is practically no option, if she is to have any enjoyment of her youth; and not being able to dance is a generally acknowledged source of mortification.

### *Working the "Castle Garden" Halls*

There are three main classes of dance-halls, roughly speaking, which are the main recruiting-places. In two of them are secured the more ignorant, recent immigrants, who appear in the houses kept by the larger operators of the Independent Benevolent Association. The halls of the first class are known by the East Side boys by the name of "Castle Gardens." To these places, plastered across their front with the weird Oriental hieroglyphics of Yiddish posters, the new Jewish immigrant girl — having found a job — is led by her sister domestics or shop-mates to take her first steps in the intricacies of American life. She cannot yet talk the language, but rigid social custom demands that she be able to dance. She arrives, pays her



A "TOUGH" DANCE IN TAMMANY HALL

nickel piece, and sits — a big, dazed, awkward child — upon one of the wooden benches along the wall. A strident two-piece orchestra blasts big, soul-satisfying pieces of noise out of the surrounding atmosphere, and finally a delightful young Jewish-American man, with plastered hair, a pasty face, and most finished and ingratiating manners, desires to teach her to dance. Her education in American life has begun.

The common expression for this process among the young dance-hall specialists of the East Side is "to kop out a new one." Night after night the cheap orchestra sounds from the bare hall, the new herds of girls arrive, and the gangs of loafing boys look them over. The master of the "dancing academy" does not teach dancing to these five-cent customers; he cannot, at the price; he simply lets his customers loose upon the floor to teach themselves. Some of the boys are "spielers," — youths with a talent for dancing, — who are admitted free to teach the girls, and are given the proceeds of an occasional dance. The others pay a ten-cent fee. The whole thing, catering to a class exceedingly poor, is on a most inexpensive scale. Even the five-cent drink of beer is too costly to be handled at a profit. The height of luxurious indulgence is the treat at the one-and-two-cent soda-stands on the sidewalk below the dance-hall. Contrary to the common belief, intoxicating liquor plays but a small part in securing girls from this particular type of place. These lonely and poverty-stricken girls, ignorant and dazed by the strange con-

ditions of an unknown country, are very easily secured by promise of marriage, or even partnership.

### *The Polish Saloon Dance-Halls*

A class very similar to this, but of different nationality and religion, is furnished by a second kind of dance-hall on the East Side. Just north of Houston Street are the long streets of signs where the Polish and Slovak servant-girls sit in stiff rows in the dingy employment agencies, waiting to be picked up as domestic servants. The odds against these unfortunate, bland-faced farm-girls are greater than those against the Galician Jews. They arrive here more like tagged baggage than human beings, are crowded in barracks of boarding-houses, eight and ten in a room at night, and in the morning the runner for the employment agency takes them, with all their belongings in a cheap valise, to sit and wait again for mistresses. Every hand seems to be against such simple and easily exploited creatures, even in some of the "homes" for them.

Just below this section of the Poles and Slavs lies the great body of the Jews, and in the borderland several Hebrews with good political connections have established saloons with dance-halls behind them. For the past five or six years the Jewish cadets have found these particularly profitable resorts. These girls are so easily secured that in many cases the men who obtain control of them do not even speak their language.



THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION'S  
CEMETERY IN BROOKLYN

*Tammany Hall and the "Grand Civic Ball"*

For a third of a century, at least, the young slum politician in Tammany has danced and picnicked his way into political power. The chief figures in New York slum politics followed this method. And thus arose the "grand civic ball" of the Bowery district—of which, perhaps, since its completion, the present Tammany Hall Building in Fourteenth Street has been the center. But the recent political gangs that have formed the chief strength of the slum districts of Tammany Hall have had a much closer connection with dance-halls than any political bodies before them, because their membership is so largely composed of cadets. Practically all the big gangs that have figured in slum politics in recent years started about cheap dance-halls. Paul Kelly's began in the halls about the lower Bowery; Eastman's grew strong about new Irving Hall in the Russian-Jewish district below Delancey Street; and Kid Twist's about a dance-hall for the Galician Jews in the far East Side.

These gangs of political cadets naturally gravitate toward Tammany Hall for their larger affairs, when they are strong enough to do so. In this way Tammany Hall itself, among the many "tough" dance-halls in the city, has come to be the leading headquarters for disreputable dances. It is this class of dances that plays a most prominent part in finally procuring the American-bred girl for the cadet.

*The Cadet's Contribution*

The American-bred Jewish girl does not attend the "Castle Garden" dancing academies for "greenhorns." Generally she is able to take dancing lessons, and her dancing is done at weddings or balls. A large number of these balls are given by the rising young political desperadoes, who form for the East Side girls local heroes, exactly as the football captains do for the girls in a college town. The cadets, who make up these men's followers, become acquainted with the girls upon the street at noon hour or at closing time, when the young toughs hang about the curbings, watching the procession of shop-girls on the walks. Nothing is more natural than the invitation to the ball; and nothing is more degrading than the association, at these balls, with the cadets and their "flashy girls."

There is liquor at these dances, which plays its part in their influence; but the tale of drugging is almost invariably a hackneyed lie—the common currency of women of the lower

world, swallowed with chronic avidity by the sympathetic charitable worker. The course of a girl frequenting these East Side balls is one of increasing sophistication and degradation. At its end she is taken over by the cadet by the offer of a purely commercial partnership. Only one practical objection to the life remains to her—the fear of arrest and imprisonment.

"That's all right; you won't get sent away," says the cadet. "I can take care of that."

His indispensable service in the partnership is the political protection without which the business could not exist. How well he performs his work in New York was demonstrated by the recent testimony, before the Page commission of the legislature, of the immunity of women of this kind from serious punishment by the local courts.

These three classes of girls form the principal sources of the supply that is secured in New York. The ignorant "greenhorns" are taken over more by the larger operators into the houses. The American-bred girl is the alert and enterprising creature who is going through the cities of the United States with her manager, establishing herself in the streets and cafés. The cadet in the past was almost always Jewish; now the young Italians have taken up the business in great numbers. There are a number of "dancing academies" in the Jewish section near the Bowery, where the Italian cadet secures immigrant girls. He attends and conducts balls of his own, which are attended by both Christian and Jewish girls, and he has developed an important field for Slavic and Polish girls in the saloon dance-halls of the employment agency district just north of "Little Italy" in Harlem.

*The Group of Italian Importers*

There is a smaller special business in the lower part of New York, which brings in and sends out of the city a number of girls, and which corresponds more closely in its methods to the old white slave trade of the Orient. For a number of years a small group of Italians, who have been very active in the cause of the Tammany Hall organization of the Third Assembly District, has procured Italian girls for the Italian trade in America. The girls in the Italian population of New York are guarded as carefully by their mothers as any class of girls in America, and for this reason are not picked up in any considerable number in the ordinary way by the New York cadet. It has been necessary to secure them from Italy. The plan that is, perhaps, most frequently worked, is to get them through various "wise" members of

the great mass of young Italian laborers who return to Italy every year for the winter. These youths induce young peasant girls to accompany them back to America under promise of marriage. When they arrive here, they are satisfied to give up the girls to the dealers in New York upon payment of their passage money and a small bonus.

In the survey of the conditions of the procuring business in the United States during the recent Government investigations, no more melancholy feature was discovered than that of the little Italian peasant girls, taken from various dens, where they lay, shivering and afraid, under the lighted candles and crucifixes in their bedrooms. Fear is more efficacious with this class than any other, because of the notorious tendency of the low-class Italian to violence and murder. These girls are closely confined, see only their managers and Italian laborers, do not talk English, and naturally do not know how to escape. At last, of course, they become desperate and hardened by the business. The American trade in them centers in the Bowery Assembly District in New York. From there they are sent in small numbers to various cities where the Italian laborer is found in considerable numbers, including Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago and Boston.

#### *Half the Country's Supply from New York?*

This is a rough outline of the system of procuring and sending girls out of New York City under the safeguard of political protection. Detectives of the Federal Government, who have made within the past year a special investigation of this business in all of the large cities in this country, estimate that about one half of all the women now in the business throughout the United States started their career in this country in New York. This estimate includes, of course, the women imported into that city, as well as those taken from the population. This estimate may be large, but there can be little doubt, since recent developments, of New York's growth to leadership as the chief center of the white slave trade in the world.

The Galician and Russian *kafan* of Lemberg and Warsaw has had one chief market almost destroyed by the recent drastic laws in Argentine Republic, which leave his present field of operation much narrowed. The same loss of trade by legal attack has come now upon the French trader in his greatest single market, the United States. During the past year two independent Federal investigations — one by the regular Government immigration service and one by a special commission appointed by Congress — have been conducted. Their atten-

tion has centered chiefly on the activities of the French trade. This branch of the white slave trade in America has been thoroughly frightened by the Government's activity, and the number of *maquereaux* in this country has greatly decreased for this reason.

#### *New Yorkers Benefit by Supreme Court Decisions*

The movement that is driving the French importer out of America has proved ineffectual against the operator from New York who secures immigrant girls after they have landed. In the campaign of the Federal authorities of Chicago, Joseph Keller and Louis Ullman, the former a member of the New York Independent Benevolent Association, were each sentenced to one and a half years of imprisonment for harboring two Jewish immigrant girls they had brought to Chicago from the East Side of New York. They appealed to the United States Supreme Court, and this held that while directly importing girls could be punished by Federal law, the provision punishing men for merely harboring girls taken after they arrive here was not constitutional; and that the exploiting of such girls must be punished by the State law, if at all.

Thus, while the business out of Poland and Paris has been severely curtailed in the past few years, there has so far been no practical setback for the trader from New York. He has to-day several thousands of girls, secured from the population of New York, established in various sections of the earth. And month after month the ranks of these women must be filled or extended out of the East Side population. This is a matter of desperate seriousness to the population that is being drawn upon for this supply, and a staring advertisement of New York's disgrace across the world; but for the United States at large it is less serious than another phase of the development of the business out of New York — the extension of its political cadet system throughout the cities of the United States.

#### *Spread of the New York System*

During the past six or seven years the police of most large American cities outside of New York have noticed a strange development which they have never been able to explain entirely to themselves. The business enterprises for marketing girls have passed almost entirely from the hands of women into those of men. In every case these men have the most intimate connections with the political machines of the slums, and everywhere there has developed a system of local cadets.

The date of this new development of the white slave trade outside of New York corresponds almost uniformly with the time when the traders and cadets from the New York red-light district introduced New York methods into the other cities of the country in 1901 and 1902. Hundreds of New York dealers and cadets are still at work in these other cities. But much more important are the local youths, whom these missionaries of the devil brought by the sight of their sleek prosperity into their trade. Everywhere the boy of the slums has learned that a girl is an asset which, once acquired by him, will give him more money than he can ever earn, and a life of absolute ease. In Chicago, for example, prosecutions in 1908 conducted by Assistant State's Attorney Clifford G. Roe caused to be fined or sent to prison one hundred and fifty of these cadets, nearly all local boys, who had procured local working-girls from the dance-halls and cheap pleasure resorts in and around Chicago.

### *The Double Influence of the New System*

There is little doubt that from now on the larger part of the procuring and marketing of women for the United States will be carried on by the system of political procurers developed in New York. The operation of this system has a double influence upon our large cities. On the one side, it has great political importance, for the reason that more and more, with the growing concentration of the slum politician upon this field, the procurer and marketer of women tends to hold the balance of power in city elections. This is true not alone in New York; analyzers of recent political contests in Philadelphia and Chicago have been convinced that the registration and casting of fraudulent votes from disorderly places in those cities may easily determine the result in a close city election, for false votes by the thousand are cast from these resorts.

Certainly this is not an over-scrupulous class to hold the balance of political power in a community. But it is the other influence of the development that counts most—its highly efficient system for procuring its supplies. The average life of women in this trade is not over five years, and supplies must be constantly replenished. There is something appalling in the fact that year after year the demands of American cities reach up through thousands to the tens of thousands for new young girls. The supply has come in the past and must come in the future from the girls morally broken by the cruel social pressure of poverty and lack of training. The odds have been enough against these girls in the past. Now everywhere

through the great cities of the country the sharp eyes of the wise cadet are watching, hunting her out at her amusements and places of work. And back of him the most adroit minds of the politicians of the slums are standing to protect and extend with him their mutual interests.

The trade of procuring and selling girls in America—taken from the weak hands of women and placed in control of acute and greedy men—has organized and specialized after its kind exactly as all other business has done. The cadet does his procuring, not as an agent for any larger interest, but knowing that a woman can always be sold profitably either on the streets or in houses in American cities. The larger operators conduct their houses and get their supplies from the cadet—take him, in fact, into a sort of partnership, by which every week he collects the girl's wages as her agent. The ward politician keeps the disorderly saloon—a most natural political development, because it serves both as a "hang-out" for the gangs of cadets and thieves, and a market for women. And, back of this, the politician higher up takes his share in other ways. No business pays such toll to the slum politicians as this does. The First Ward ball of "Hincky Dink" Kenna and "Bath House John" Coughlin, the kings of slum politics in Chicago; the Larry Mulligan ball in New York; the dances of the Kelly and East Side and Five Points New York gangs, all draw their chief revenue, directly or indirectly, from this source. From low to high, the whole strong organization gorges and fattens on the gross feeding from this particular thing.

It is the poor and ignorant girl who is captured—the same class that has always furnished the "white slaves" of the world. Interesting figures made by the police concerning the newcomers into the South Side Levee district of Chicago tell the same story as the statistics of New York in 1857. All but twelve or fifteen per cent are of foreign birth or parentage. About one third were of the domestic servant class before they entered the life of prostitution.

### *The National Center of the Procurer*

Meanwhile, New York, the first in the development of this European trade in America, remains its center, and its procuring interests are the strongest and most carefully organized of all. The young cadet has his beginning, as well as the woman he secures. These boys learn in the primary schools of the farther East Side, from the semi-political gangs in the dance-halls; step by step, as they grow in the profession, they graduate into the Third



Assembly District, the chief "hang-out" place of the procurer in the world. In all the East Side districts of Tammany Hall these youths have representatives who look out for their interests; but here two thirds of the active workers are or have been interested in markets of prostitution.

Around the district's eastern edge in lower Second Avenue hang the mass of the Jewish cadets, who are members of the strong East Side political gangs. Many of them are determined thieves as well. Farther along is a mixture of the more leisurely class, who devote all their attention to their work as managers of women. Among them are scores — and through the near-by East Side hundreds — of youths who have women at work throughout this country, especially in the West and Southwest, or abroad, but who prefer to remain, themselves, in the companionship and comfort of the national headquarters of their trade. Correspondence on the condition of the white slave trade comes here from all over the world. On the lower Bowery and in Chatham Square are the Italian cadets.

There are scores of "hang-outs" for cadets in the Third District, and in all the notorious saloons the waiters are managers of women, and receive their jobs on the recommendation of politicians. Special lawyers defend the cadets when they are caught, and all have their direct access to the political machine, largely through the political owners of their special "hang-outs." Altogether, it is a colony of procurers not equaled throughout the world in its powers of defense and offense.

### *The New York and Paris Apache*

This class of political criminal has had a distinct tendency toward greater and greater license. The type of youth first known as cadet was a slinking, cowardly person, who was physically formidable only to the more timid foreign immigrants. Now, and especially since the young Italian has taken up this profession in New York, the gangs of these men have constantly grown uglier and bolder. A curious similarity is shown between these gangs as they have developed in New York, and the Apaches, the bands of city savages in Paris, whose violent crimes were responsible for the recent re-introduction of capital punishment in France. A statement by M. Bay, head of the Research Brigade in that city, concerning the outbreak of crime there in 1902, shows how identical the gangs of New York are with those that have formed in the capital of France, about the same business that is their mainstay here.

"Paris," he said, "is empty; the women upon whom the great mass of these hooligans prey are unable to obtain money. Result — the scoundrels, none of whom are capable of doing an hour's honest work, fall back on the knife, the revolver, or the burglar's jimmy. All of these articles can be purchased cheaply. Another reason for the street fights which take place with revolvers is jealousy. A woman leaves her 'protector' and takes up with another man; the two men at once become sworn enemies, and a regular vendetta is started between them. They gather their friends and in pitched battles try to kill each other."

The highway assaults, murders, and street fights that New York has suffered from in the last five years have come from an exactly similar class of organization. For two years past the operations of these gangs have been curtailed by the activity against them of the Police Department, under the administration of General Bingham. Gradually his campaign led to the higher and more important enterprises which they made headquarters for themselves and their women. It extended first through the centers about the Bowery, Second Avenue, and Chatham Square, and finally to the associated summer headquarters at Coney Island. Then, suddenly, General Bingham was removed by Mayor McClellan.

The various interests dependent upon the procuring and sale of women considered this event their first victory. But now all eyes of these people are concentrated on the main issue this fall. Will or will not Tammany be elected? The whole future of their career in New York hangs upon the issue of this event. And they are preparing to work for the Democratic party with every means in their power.

### *The Rebates of the Slum Politician*

The exploitation of a popular government by the slum politician is a curious thing, always. I sat some time ago with a veteran politician for many years one of the leading election district captains of the Tammany Bowery organization, conversing sociably in the parlor of his probable Raines-law hotel.

"The people love Tammany Hall," said the host. "We use 'em right. When a widow is in trouble, we see she has her hod of coal; when the orphans want a pair of shoes, we give it to them."

It was truly and earnestly said. As he spoke, the other half of the political financing was shown. The procession of the daughters of the East Side filed by the open door upstairs with their strange men. It was the slum leader's common transaction. Having wholesaled the

bodies of the daughters at good profit, he rebates the widow's hod of coal.

The so-called "human quality" is the threadbare defense of slum politics. But all its charitable transactions have been amply financed. From the earliest time it has been the same old system of rebates to the poor. First, the rebate of the tenement saloon at the death of the drunken laborer; then, the rebate from the raking-up of the last miserable pennies of the clerk and laborer and scrubwoman, by the pool-rooms and policy; and now, smiling its same old hearty smile, it extends to the widow and orphan its rebates from the bodies of the daughters of the poor.

It is a source of perennial wonder how much

longer the poorer classes will be cajoled and threatened and swindled into taking them.

The issues of the coming campaign for the control of New York City have been framed in charges to enlist all classes of the people against Tammany Hall. For the rich, the great tax rate for wasted and misappropriated money; for the citizen of average means, the inadequate schools, dirty highways, burglaries, and violence upon the public streets. There is a perennial issue for the people of the tenement districts. Shall New York City continue to be the recruiting-ground for the collection for market of young women by politically organized procurers? The only practical way to stop it will be by the defeat of Tammany Hall.

For further notes on the conditions that have arisen in New York under the Tammany Hall administration, see page 117.

## LONDON ROSES

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

"**R**OWSES, rowses! Penny a bunch!" they tell you—  
Slatthern girls in Trafalgar, eager to sell you.  
Roses, roses, red in the Kensington sun,  
Holland Road, High Street, Bayswater, see you and smell you—  
Roses of London town, red till the summer is done.

Roses, roses, locust and lilac, perfuming  
West End, East End, wondrously budding and blooming  
Out of the black earth, rubbed in a million hands,  
Foot-trod, sweat-sour over and under, entombing  
Highways of darkness, gutted with iron bands.

"Rowses, rowses! Penny a bunch!" they tell you,  
Ruddy blooms of corruption, see you and smell you,  
Born of stale earth, fallowed with squalor and tears—  
North shire, south shire, none are like these, I tell you,  
Roses of London, perfumed with a thousand years.

*From "April Twilights"*



# THE ORGANIZED CRIMINALS OF NEW YORK

BY

GENERAL THEODORE A. BINGHAM

EX-COMMISSIONER OF POLICE OF NEW YORK

**F**OR three and a half years, from January, 1906, to July, 1909, I was Commissioner of Police of New York City. During the first half of that time my chief constructive work was devoted to securing a system by which I could compel the body of men under me — against its old custom and obvious self-interest — really to enforce the law. In the second half I carried on an aggressive campaign against the criminal centers of the city. I was opposed by a strong and organized body which fought every step of the way. At the end of that time I was suddenly removed from office. As the average decent citizen has no idea of the power of the organized criminals of New York, it may be worth while for me to give a plain, concise story of my campaign against them and their fight against me, to show how great their power is.

In the last of the year 1905 I was asked by Mayor McClellan — with whom I had become acquainted when he was a congressman in Washington — to become Commissioner of Police of New York City. I believed it was a man's work, and accepted it. I did so, however, on one definite condition — that I was to be allowed a free hand in my department, without interference by politicians. The Mayor promised this explicitly.

## *The Politician — the Policeman's Logical Political "Boss"*

I had scarcely moved into the office on Mulberry Street when political leaders began to call upon me, for the most part to secure a continual shifting of the police for plausible but mysterious ends of their own. I remember meeting Mr. Patrick H. McCarren on one occasion. He explained to me that the politician was not a bad man, and never wanted laws broken.

"All we want," he said, "is, when some poor

Dutchman keeps his saloon open after hours, to see that he don't get the worst of it."

I didn't grant transfers for these people; why should I have done so? And very soon they let me alone and dealt with Mayor McClellan. In one way this was very advantageous to me. I was left alone to develop my police force.

I found immediately that among the officers of the force there were very few I could trust to carry out my orders in good faith. The reason was very simple. I was head of the department for an indeterminate period, which might end at any time. Back of me was the Mayor, who chose me, and whose office would also end at an early date. Back of him was the permanent political machine, which elected him. As the policeman is in office for life, he very logically looked past both the Mayor and me and made his alliances and took his orders from the only permanent influence concerned — the politician. I could not at that time even choose the leading officers of the department whom I wanted to carry out my orders. I was in command of a body of men who, by the logic of their position, were forced to take their final orders from some one else. That condition of affairs exists to-day, and will exist so long as the Police Commissioner of New York has no permanence in office.

## *The "Sullivan Men"*

The higher officers of the force — the inspectors and captains — and a great proportion of the men under them belonged to secret political clans, named after the Tammany Hall leaders to whom their interests had become attached. The largest of these clans was the "Sullivan men"; the second largest, perhaps, the "McCarren men." It is unnecessary for me to describe the Sullivans, who rule the Tammany Hall districts south of Fourteenth Street. The political forces that elect them

*and to Gallagher*

**SPECIAL DETAILS OF PATROLMEN  
TO DEMOCRATIC POLLING PLACES OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT FOR  
GIVEN AT THE PRESENT ELECTION TO BE HELD ON NOVEMBER 18TH, 1906.**

---do---

OFFICER	PRECINCT	TO POLLING PLACE LOCATED AT	ELECTION DISTRICTS
William A. Ryan	87th	1867 Lexington Avenue	11 & 12
Frank McFee (Captains Tracy, & E. City)	74th	"	"
John Ferguson	19th	1707 Third Avenue	9 & 10
Thomas J. Farley	12th	"	"
John T. Shandrews	10th	1675 Lexington Avenue	13 & 14
George Zimmerman	2nd	"	"
Bernard Longhin	19th	302 East 104th Street	15 & 16
Matthew Brown	20th	"	"
William Allen	19th	1902 Second Avenue	17
John Foster	18th	"	"

*All the men are in the 29<sup>th</sup> Precinct*

*are*

Memo. for POLICE COMMISSIONER:

*are* X Transfer roundsman John H. Mohrstrom from 67th precinct to License Squad, borough of Brooklyn. (H.H. Butler)

*are* X Transfer patrolman John A. Maki from 14th precinct to 10th precinct. (Kosman)

*are* X Transfer patrolman James O'Brien from the 26th precinct to the West 122nd Street bath. (Kosman)

*are* X Transfer roundsman John Sullivan from Union Market to 47th Street, in order to keep him near home. (H.H. Butler)

*are* X Transfer sergeant Joseph J. Ryan from the 62nd precinct, to the 11th precinct, Manhattan, in place of sergeant DeGruye. (Kosman)

*are* X Transfer patrolman Thomas P. Sullivan from the 11th precinct to the 9th precinct. (Kosman)

*are* X Transfer patrolman Augustus Ford from the 21st precinct to the 9th precinct. (Kosman)

*are* X Transfer patrolman James Brandt from the 17th precinct to Staten Island. (Kosman)

*are* If possible, transfer patrolman Patrick Prudenograt, of the 24th precinct, to a detail, on account of his age. (Ryan)

*are* Patrolman William P. Short, of the 30th precinct, wishes to be transferred to the Detective Bureau, and assigned to the Brown department. He is said to have made a good record as a detective in the 30th precinct during the past two years. (Ryan)

*are* X Transfer roundsman Thomas J. Ryan from Union Market to 47th St. 15 or 14 47 St.

It is understood that these transfers need not be made unless warranted by the needs of the officers named, or if they interfere with the discipline of the force.

June 19.

**FACSIMILE OF MAYOR McCLELLAN'S ASSIGNMENT  
OF PATROLMEN FOR THE PRIMARIES  
OF 1906**

**MAYOR McCLELLAN'S ORDER TO TRANSFER PATROLMEN,  
SIGNED WITH HIS INITIALS, AND SHOWING  
THE NAMES OF THE DISTRICT LEADERS  
FAVORED BY TRANSFERS**

are drawn from the criminal centers that radiate out from the Bowery, which forms the backbone of their main assembly district. They have their main headquarters there; while up-town their chief gathering-place used to be at the old Metropole, a hotel on the edge of the Tenderloin district, kept by some brothers named Considine, who came to New York a few years ago from Detroit, where they had conducted a similar enterprise, and who immediately became strong in Tammany Hall politics.

### *The Spies at Headquarters*

I was not only unable at first to be sure that my plans and orders were carried out by the officers of my force, but I could not even develop my plans without their leaking out. My headquarters apparently were full of spies. News traveled out of my office with incredible speed. Every avenue was under surveillance, especially the telephone. I remember that in 1907 I changed the entire telephone force at the Brooklyn headquarters. I had scarcely done so when my deputy, Arthur O'Keefe, was called upon by Patrick H. McCarren, the Democratic leader of Brooklyn, with a list of names of men in the department whom he wanted put in entire charge of the exchanges.

In my attempts to change these conditions, Mayor McClellan gave me no help and showed no interest. His discussions of the affairs of my department were confined entirely to recommendations for the transfer or promotion of policemen. At my insistence, he wrote at the head of these a stereotyped formula, stating that the changes were to be made only if they did not interfere with the conduct of the department; and he signed his initials. Upon these requests—sometimes in his office and sometimes in mine—were written the names of the Tammany Hall leaders for whom the favor was done. All this was frankly political. Still more so were his orders in September, 1906, for the transfers of picked patrolmen to guard special polling-places at the Democratic primaries, in which he was fighting to secure a dominating machine of his own in Tammany Hall, with the support (it was supposed) of the Sullivans. He ordered the detail of not less than one hundred specially named men to polling-places on that day. For what legitimate purpose this was done, I did not and do not now understand.

However, my work was to develop a working police force. Besides creating a system of records where practically none existed, renovating the antiquated electrical system, and

building up a new mechanism for running the department, I was laying my plans to get at least some control of my force. In the winter of 1906-7 I framed the bill allowing the Commissioner to reduce inspectors to captains and raise captains to inspectors. With this power the Commissioner could hope to make it to the personal interest of the high officers of the force to carry out his orders. I was told that it would be impossible to pass this bill, but we succeeded in passing it in the spring of 1907 — after I had got hold of and had had redistributed to the members of the force eighty thousand dollars which had been collected secretly among them to defeat it in the legislature.

### *Removing "Strong" Inspectors*

Upon getting this bill, I started active re-organization by reducing in rank four "strong" inspectors, generally known as "Sullivan men." The most objectionable of these to good administration were Adam Cross, who had been removed by Commissioner Greene in connection with scandals in the red-light district, and "Billy" McLaughlin, who was sentenced to Sing Sing after the Lexow investigation. Cross had been restored to the force by legal process, having far abler counsel than the Corporation Counsel could oppose to him; and McLaughlin had been freed from his sentence by a higher court. Both were prosperous and lived delicately and well. McLaughlin was particularly nice and punctilious in his manner. He always wore striped shirts, with his monogram daintily embroidered upon them, and affected an individual perfume.

Both of these men were very "strong" politically. I remember that District Attorney Jerome stated publicly that I never could get McLaughlin, that he was too strong. I finally, however, got them both off the force. But I had a fight to do so with McLaughlin. How severe it was may be indicated by the fact that a supreme court judge, E. E. McCall, brought complaints against me and my deputies to Mayor McClellan, for our treatment of his case, although he finally sent in McLaughlin's resignation from the department.

### *South of Fourteenth Street*

It was nearly two years, over half of my term, before I felt that I had, not a force of inspectors and captains who would carry out my orders in good faith, but a fraction of them large enough to deal with any part of the city. As soon as I had this, I started at once upon an aggressive campaign against the criminals of the city.

To do this I directed my attention, as a matter of course, upon the section south of Fourteenth Street. Into this place the criminals of New York City naturally gravitate, and, for that matter, many from all over the country. They lie there, not in any loose mass, but thoroughly organized, financially, politically, and legally, for offense and defense. In the fall of 1907 I chose two new inspectors out of the ranks of the captains, sent them down into the territory, and told them I would reduce them if they did not clean it up. In the section west of the Bowery I placed John H. Russell in command; and on the East Side H. W. Burfeind.

The big mass of criminals in this easterly section — very largely of foreign descent — had their "hang-outs" around various cafés and gambling-houses, run by small local politicians. The gamblers were the most obvious law-breakers, and consequently the easiest to attack. The game of stuss, introduced by foreign criminals into New York in the early '90's, is the commonest type of gambling games among the East Side Jews; and stuss-houses were the daily gathering-places of gangs of "cadets" and thieves. These places my men raided wherever possible. There were also two notorious gambling-houses, one on Seventh Street and one on Second Avenue, owned by a leading member of the Hesper Club, a strong Sullivan organization. These places refused admittance to the police, were barricaded, and we finally obtained evidence only by chopping into them with axes — first through a series of three steel doors, and later through ceilings.

### *A Counter-Attack*

The criminal organization south of Fourteenth Street answered this first attack of mine by the counter-attack that is their stereotyped move to fight off the police force — that is, by suits for oppression against my officers. In this lower section of New York, the practice of law is as distinct from any ordinary practice as the customs of the criminal class are from those of ordinary society. It is formed for one chief purpose — the defense of the criminal. The principal factors in this practice are not legal at all. They consist in destroying or manufacturing evidence and postponing cases until they can be brought before a politically favorable judge. A tribe of criminal lawyers exactly suited for this practice has developed out of the slums. They might be divided into two classes, according to their use, as "fixers" or "bellowers" — the use of the first being silently to pervert justice, and that of the

other to cover this up by bawling a few inches away from the judge's nose a diatribe concerning the rights of man and the oppression of the poor — the stock cry of the professional criminal class and the politicians who defend them.

The suit for oppression, as handled by these people, is a dangerous weapon against police officers. When I first took office, the Corporation Counsel would furnish to defend the police side of these cases an amiable young college boy, unaccustomed to the strange political region into which he was plunged, who would be smothered by the flood of noise and invective of the opposing counsel in court. The police generally preferred to secure a lawyer of their own, familiar with the game. And this meant a serious expense to them.

To meet this method of legal warfare, I employed lawyers who understood it; the legal bureau in the department, which I had founded as part of its new machinery, was always at the officer's disposal for fighting these "fake" suits. And the usual attempt to offer a mutual compromise by the dropping of the suit for oppression in exchange for dropping the prosecution of the persons involved by the police was refused and the cases were fought out to the end. The usual line of the district's defense in the courts fell to the ground.

### *The Fight in the State Senate*

The seat of our fight was then transferred to the State Senate. In attacking the headquarters of the criminals of the city, the police were naturally pitted against a dangerous class of men, a great proportion of whom were armed. Revolvers are a matter of common equipment among these people south of Fourteenth Street. In the last legislative session of 1909, after these raids, Senator Timothy D. Sullivan presented a bill in the State Senate making it a felony to carry pocket clubs or "blackjacks." This would have taken these weapons from my plain-clothes men — the detective force, without which the policing of a city becomes a farce — and left them without their most valuable and necessary means of defense. The bill passed the Legislature, but was vetoed by the Governor.

### *A Bill which would Prevent Photographing Criminals*

There was a similar fight in the last Assembly which cost us some anxiety before it was defeated. In modernizing the records of the department, we systematized and extended greatly the gallery of photographs and measurements of criminals. In doing this, we made a further change, by which these records were

not made public, as before, but were kept solely for the use of the department in its work. It is scarcely necessary to say that there are few things more essential for the police in their fight to suppress the criminal classes than the "rogues' gallery."

There were continual outbreaks of protest against this photographing of criminals, caused by arrested persons who did not feel that their portraits should be made. After one of these, a splendidly worded bill was introduced in the State Senate, which forbade the taking of any portraits by the police until after conviction. The sponsor for this bill was Senator William Caffrey, elected from the lower West Side of New York. The only trouble with it was that, if it had passed, the Police Department would have had no pictures of criminals at all, for the simple reason that all criminals pass out of the custody of the police, not merely upon conviction, but from the very first moment they are arraigned. If the bill had been what it purported to be, it would have given us the power to take pictures of criminals after arrest. As it was framed, it merely meant that the police should have no "rogues' gallery" at all. This bill was prevented from passage only by a determined fight against it.

Meanwhile we kept up our campaign against the resorts of criminals below Fourteenth Street. The more we studied the situation, the more all paths led back again to the dives; and the more evident became the silliness of the old plea of the police, that these resorts should be kept in existence as centers where the authorities might go and lay their hands upon criminals when needed. Instead of that, they constituted organized strongholds against the police — one of the chief assets of the criminal class in New York. Inspector Burfeind on the East Side had not cleared up his district. I reduced him to captain again, and put Inspector Russell there. He organized a squad of some thirty-five plain-clothes men, and began clearing it out, as he had previously done on the west side of the Bowery.

### *The Counsel for the Defense*

We now were paying particular attention to the disorderly hotel and saloon enterprises, and we found, as in the gambling-houses, a great number of minor Tammany workers engaged in running these markets of prostitution. We met here the same concerted opposition that we had had from the "hang-outs" of the gangs in gambling-houses. A regular corps of political lawyers was employed, which grew in political importance as the value of the enterprise increased. For instance, in the case of

the Goldsmith disorderly hotel on Third Avenue, — one of several enterprises of Matthew Goldsmith, — he was represented in court by Henry J. Goldsmith, who has been the law partner of Alderman T. P. Sullivan, the present Tammany leader of the Third Assembly District. In the defense of the two most notorious and open markets for prostitutes in the city — Wulfers' in Fourteenth Street, kept by Larry Hart, an election captain of the Third Assembly District, and the German Village on Fortieth Street, kept by an ex-convict, Archie Hadden — the attorney for the defense was George H. Engel, formerly also a member of the law firm of the leader of the Third District, and now special counsel for Thomas Foley, Tammany leader of the Second District and sheriff of New York County. After our men had raided the vilest enterprise in the city, a market for unnatural crime kept by an Italian named Humbert Fugazy in Bleecker Street, — one of the election captains of "Dan" Finn, the city magistrate, — William Caffrey, the State Senator, appeared as Fugazy's counsel in one of the customary suits of oppression that followed our raids on this type of place.

This will give some idea of the energy of the defense aroused by the various raids that we made on these disorderly houses and gathering-places for criminals, male and female. We were only partly successful in earlier legal proceedings against them, partly because New York courts demand such absolute proof against places of this kind, — even though, like Wulfers' and the German Village, they are public institutions as well known as the large theaters of the city, — and partly because the law was so framed at that time that it was possible to prosecute these cases only through the criminal courts, and in the court of special sessions it was practically impossible to get any more serious punishment than a fine, too small to be bothered about or even to be considered a license fee for the business. The liquor license could be taken away by the excise department, but could be immediately after taken out in another man's name; and the place could continue at the old stand. The only practical way of interfering with them was by a continual pounding by the police, and by suits of the State excise department for their bonds, for non-compliance with the law. We made progress in this way, but there was still much to be done toward breaking up these criminal headquarters.

### *The Vested Interests of Chatham Square*

About the lower Bowery and Chatham Square there was one group of dives which had become

historical institutions of the city. They had been run so long without molestation that they were practically considered as vested interests of the section. Many of them were natural headquarters for special lines of thieves, and it was a common saying in police circles that in one of them — which served the purposes of a bank for the "yegg-men" — there was ten thousand dollars reward any evening in its back room if its visitors could be recognized. They were, of course, "hang-outs" for prostitutes and cadets as well, the Italian cadet being very strong in this section. Last winter we discovered that we could — under a State law passed in the spring of 1908 — prosecute these places as disorderly resorts, not in the criminal courts, where they could use their familiar tactics, but in the civil courts, and take away the privilege of selling liquors in the same building for an entire year.

### *A Surprise for the Criminal Lawyer*

We were able in this way to start an entirely new legal game on the lawyer indigenous to the territory below Fourteenth Street. Formerly, so much of the State's case appeared in the magistrates' courts that before it had reached its final trial in the Special Sessions Court the evidence factories had turned out a complete defense. Now, as the defense knew nothing of the State's case, not even the dates when its evidence was secured, it labored blindly in a new field.

The first test case was against "Paddy" Mullins' place at 6 Mott Street, a most notorious resort for thieves and vicious women. Postponement after postponement was secured by the defense, and in the final trial witnesses were advanced by squads, including everything from charity workers to political office-holders. But Mullins was convicted. From that time on panic reigned in the district. My Deputy Commissioner, Arthur H. Woods, sent special squads of policemen through the district gathering testimony, and one place after another was closed up under a law that prevented their reopening for a year.

A loud protest went up through the entire district. At first it was threatened that we would be thrown out immediately by the district leaders. Then, later, when we went forward with our campaign, the sentiment turned strongly against the politicians for their impotence. A visitor who had called on one of my deputies to beg for mercy was asked why he did not see the Sullivans. "The Sullivans!" he snorted. "They can't get the time of day from this department."

In the winter and spring of 1909 we cleaned

up these headquarters of criminals and political gangs in lower New York as they had never been cleaned up before. I then took Inspector Russell and sent him to take charge of Brooklyn, which sadly needed it. At the opening of the spring we began to consider the question of making Coney Island more decent. To this great holiday-ground of the people as many as two hundred thousand pleasure-seekers come daily. I had no intention of enforcing any blue laws there. I merely wanted to put out of existence the vile resorts that were established in certain parts of the place. Deputy Commissioner Woods and Inspector Russell began to secure evidence and bring cases against these "dives," exactly as we had against those in Chatham Square. They were very successful, and though many of their cases are now being dragged through the courts, eventually most of these places will be convicted.

The howl for vengeance that had been raised through the Bowery and Chatham Square continued, and increased in volume. The same cry now came from Coney Island — intensified by the fact that many of the interests and employees about Chatham Square had auxiliary enterprises in Coney Island. For several months the air was full of threats that they would "get" me. Gradually these threats settled down to confident prophecies.

On the first of July Mayor McClellan removed me. I had expected it for some little time. The published cause for my removal was very clearly a mere pretext. My own belief is that it was due to political or other pressure. What Mayor McClellan will receive for doing this I do not know. Possibly he will be nominated congressman from one of the districts below Fourteenth Street or for Governor next year.

## HYLAS

BY GEORGINA GODDARD KING

**D**EAR to the sailor-kings,  
Bronze-bearded, steadfast-hearted,  
Oars' dash, when galley swings  
Black through the gray waves parted.  
But they said: "Make the cove  
Where breathes a moonless grove,  
And larks hang glad  
O'er pebbly pools and sweet;  
He sickens with the heat,  
Our little lad."

So they call, the gold-browed kings,  
"Hylas, Hylas, Hylas!" clear;  
And Alcides' great voice rings —  
For he loved the brown child dear.

He left the blue profound  
To follow winding valleys;  
He lost the surf's faint sound  
In aspen-shivering alleys.  
Beside the freshes cold  
He found white fingers hold  
His brown hand hot;  
He heard an elfin song;  
The dark kings waited long,  
But he came not.

Yet they call him from the shore,  
"Hylas, Hylas, Hylas!" thrice;  
But Alcides sails no more,  
Remembering the drowned child's eyes.

*From "The Way of Perfect Love"*

# THE CRACKAJACK STORY

BY

HAROLD KELLOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

**B**ILLY DORING, the little city editor of the *Evening Planet*, sat in his habitual attitude, poised on the edge of his enormous swivel-chair at the head of the shabby oak table dignified by the name of "The Desk." His face wore its habitual Mona Lisa smile, with eyes that peered about with an expression of whimsical curiosity. First his glance rested for an instant on the tall, cadaverous copy-reader on his right, who was perusing a morning newspaper and munching a strip torn from the margin; then it flitted to the huge hulk of a copy-reader on his left, who was savagely ripping through some manuscript and puffing furiously at a black-bulldog pipe; and finally his eyes wandered across the table to the shriveled gray person opposite who was tremulously comparing some racing charts.

The little city editor held up his lighted cigar in front of him and eyed it quizzically.

"We *might* have more copy," he suggested timidly, apparently addressing the cigar. "I wish they'd start the round of battle, murder, and sudden death earlier these summer mornings. It might help our first edition, you know. In about two minutes there's going to be a roar for more copy. If Merrihew was a real sport he'd jump off the top of the Singer Tower on a morning like this and give us a good story instead of sitting about wasting his talent on rewrite dope. He'd make a beautiful splash on Broadway, and afterward the office would be quieter."

The big copy-reader whose name was Merrihew slammed some loose pages savagely down upon a steel hook on the table. "Rush this upstairs, boy," he snarled in an incredibly harsh voice. And then, raising a loose-jowled, bulldog face, he barked at the city editor in pleasanter tones: "Oh, tell it to Brill. I'm a family man. Brill could do it, now, and save money. He's going to bet on the ponies again this afternoon."

Brill, the shriveled man, looked up for an

instant, with an air of patient inquiry, at the sound of his name, and again bent obliviously over his racing charts.

From among the forms and hand typesetters in the dusky interior of the room a voice could be heard complaining petulantly. It was the make-up man, whose responsibilities for filling up the skeleton pages weighed heavily upon him that dull morning. Soon he shuffled forward with a peevish scowl. "Cop-ee!" he wailed. "We gotter have more cop-ee. Why, the paper's three columns shy."

He glanced with a sort of sullen appeal at the little city editor, who took no notice of him, and at Douglas, the assistant managing editor, a shapeless mass of curiously stuffed clothing sprawled over a desk in the corner of the room, glaring at some proofs and gulping mouthfuls of tea from a can.

Douglas raised a face red and shiny like a ripe pippin, showing a pair of glittering black eyes which struck an odd note of vigor in his inert construction. A volley of guttural oaths rumbled from his lips.

"Where in blazes is the con-damn-founded copy this morning?" he roared at the universe in general.

He awoke a volley of discordant cries. "Cop-ee! Cop-ee! Get Mr. Hudnut's cop-ee!" shrieked the cadaverous copy-reader in jerky falsetto. Two gentlemen in shirt sleeves at a remote desk—they were the sporting editors—echoed this with yelps of "Copy!" and a lean reporter bayed horribly from his seat, while a sliding door leading to the editorial writers' room was suddenly slammed open and a dapper man appeared in the aperture and shouted in a ringing tenor: "Coplay! Copay! Heah, boy, copay!" Ragged copy-boys made a sudden clatter of activity.

The little city editor sat quietly peering about at the various vociferants and smiling his vague smile. He was whistling Chopin's Funeral March under his breath now, a trick he had, and presently he strolled over toward

Douglas' desk near the window. For a few minutes he gazed out, whistling, into the little park through which a cosmopolitan crowd raced to and fro. He watched the fountain playing in the center of it, and his eye lingered over two large plots of vari-colored flowers. Then he turned to the observation of Douglas' back, bent almost to deformity from stooping over his eternal proofs.

"I'm afraid you're getting a trifle round-shouldered, Doug," he suggested in his mild voice.

There was no answer save the sound of the ogre's pencil ripping through the proof-sheets.

"It would be nice, now," continued the little city editor after a short pause, "if you could have your desk out in the park. I'm sure you'd enjoy the fresh air, and the comparative quiet and peace. If I were to select a place, I should say just this side the nigh flower-bed. You would cut a pretty figure there, and here in the office we should enjoy such tranquillity."

Douglas gave an inarticulate grunt.

"I'm afraid you don't appreciate flowers," continued the little city editor in a tone of mild reproof. "You're like me—wouldn't know the names of more than one or two of 'em out there. Nowadays children learn all about 'em in the public school. My kid, Lucy, is on terms of intimacy with more flowers than I ever heard of. There's a good story in that."

Douglas turned his head.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "We're against this school administration. And the business office wants us to make a big roar against teachin' fads and frills in the public schools. Start a man on that flower business to-day. You'll find other things. Run something fresh every day. Roast 'em hard. A big roar. A con-damn-founded big roar. *Proofs!*"

The last word burst from his lips like the shriek of a shrapnel shell. A minute later he was swearing with great heartiness as the copy-boys, trailing limp proof-sheets, swarmed about him.

"Ever go to Sunday school?" asked Doring, smiling down at him. "Teach you not to swear there. Lucy went off to-day with her mother on a Sunday-school picnic on the steamboat *Abraham Lincoln*. There'll be another good story in that some day, when that old mess of rusty iron and rotten wood and stale putty falls apart or blows up and drowns a couple of thousand women and children." And he murmured, as an after-thought, "But I don't want to cover that story to-day."

"Con-damn-found it," sputtered the assistant managing editor, "we gotter have some copy *now*, Doring."

Doring smiled gently at the back of his superior's head. "There's a little tenement fire coming in from Headquarters," he said. "I'll get Brill to pad it to a column spread. And I've got a man out on that queer stock-washing yarn in the *Times*. We may squeeze a story out of that."

The city editor's telephone rang. "There's your copy," he said, and walked over to his table.

Douglas turned to watch the little man. He never could wholly understand Doring, but he had for the fellow an abiding respect. Sometimes Douglas had a vague idea that the city editor was making game of him, but he did not resent this very much. It was simply part of the puzzle of Billy Doring, the man who never got excited. His mysterious serenity was a constant source of wonder to Douglas. When the great news organism was struggling in the birth pangs of an edition, when telegraph instruments clattered, typewriters clacked, and the great presses groaned and roared, when editors and reporters and copy-boys and typesetters and pressmen were rushing about cursing and raging over the accouchement, like mad midwives in Bedlam, Billy Doring always sat quietly perched on his chair, peering about with his Mona Lisa smile, a figure of significant calm.

"Doring is a queer one," was invariably Douglas' conclusion, "but he delivers the goods."

Of this "delivery of the goods" there was no doubt. Than Billy Doring's there was no keener scent for news on Park Row. And the aggregation of all too sophisticated young men that formed his staff accorded him an affectionate admiration, against all the precedents of the game, which prescribe for the reporter a certain contempt for the man who parcels out the assignments.

Always in the front of Douglas' mind were the most conspicuous of Billy Doring's scoops—how he solved the mystery of the "Girl's Head in a Suit Case" story, his work in the aldermanic boodle case, his campaign that drove a Tammany czar out of the country, his remarkable story of the "Seven Hundred Brothels" that resulted in the deposition of two police inspectors and seven captains and the cleaning up of the East Side.

Back in the days when Billy had been a reporter, the warning of the city editor of a rival paper who was despatching a squad of men to cover the great Baltimore fire had become a classic on the Row.

"Don't worry about other reporters," he said. "But if you see a little man loafing on



the outskirts of the crowd, with a smile, and a cigar in his face, look out for him. That's Billy Doring of the *Evening Planet*, and he's dangerous."

It was a common report in the office that Billy had no other interest in the world except the big news machine that he served. This was borne out by the fact that early reporters on the "gas-house" trick, stumbling into the office in the gray dawn, frequently found the little city editor there before them, and particularly by the experience of a man who dropped in once at midnight to recover some notes he had left behind for a current assignment, and was astonished to find a single electric lamp in that black, silent place glaring down upon Billy Doring perched on the edge of his chair, smoking his cigar and peering about with his curious smile.

But Douglas knew that there was another side to Doring's life. He knew that on three days of the year the little city editor was sure to be absent from the office, and one of these days was his wedding anniversary and the others were the birthdays of his wife, Anna, and little Lucy; and he was aware that in the drawer in Billy's table, amidst the litter of pencil stubs and clippings and old proofs, lay the photograph of a pretty, fair-haired woman with a little child.

Meanwhile the little city editor was announcing to his copy-readers: "We're going to run some roars for a week or two. Fads and frills in the public schools is the thing. There's Merrihew, probably the best roarer this side of the Zoo. I suppose he might take a willing reporter and wake the echoes."

He took up his telephone receiver. "This is the city desk," he murmured in his tone of gentle inquiry.

And then, after a few intent seconds, he dropped his cigar on the floor and drew in his breath sharply. "Please repeat that bulletin," he said curtly. The cadaverous copy-reader looked up with an air of astonishment. It was seldom indeed that any one had to repeat a thing to Billy Doring, and seldom that he gave orders in that tone.

Before Doring set the receiver down his right hand tapped the copy-reader's elbow.

"Headquarters reports steamboat *Abraham Lincoln* afire off Spuyten Duyvil, with women and children jumping into the water," he said in his usual soft voice. "It's a Sunday-school excursion, probably fifteen hundred aboard. Third Lutheran Church of Yorkville, Peter Henderson, pastor. You might pad it up for the first edition."

His eyes were wandering speculatively over

the reporters' desks, while he continued his suggestions. "Merrihew can start the Harlem and Yonkers men out and call up the steamboat people. Brill, you might see what you can scrape up along the Hudson water-front by 'phone."

The cadaverous copy-reader convulsively grabbed a pile of copy-paper, and the other two were already rushing to the telephone-booths, while Billy Doring stepped over to the reporters' desks. Four men sat there. One, a flaxen-haired "cub," was reading a copy of Schopenhauer's "Art of Controversy," two were unobtrusively matching pennies, and the fourth was tapping off on the typewriter a rehash of some story from a morning paper. Doring, smiling down at the fourth man, gently pulled the half-written sheet from the typewriter and tore it into several pieces. The four stared at him.

"Up at Spuyten Duyvil there's an excursion boat burning up filled with women and children," he said. "You might all go up. It sounds like a good story. Telephone."

He paused while the men seized their hats and crammed some copy-paper into their pockets. The man with the book stuck it under his arm, but Billy gently extricated it. "I'll borrow this for the day to read between editions," he said. Then, to the man who had been writing, he added: "Take charge, Adkins. You'll probably have to hire cabs and messengers and launches and tugs and things. You really ought to be half way there now, you know."

The quartet, Adkins leading, made for the stairway on the run.

"Doring takes it coolly," said the young man who had been reading, when the four were seated, panting, in a subway train.

"He's always like that," replied Adkins, who was a veteran. "I remember one night when I was new on the paper — Doring was only acting city editor then — he called me up at my home about nine o'clock and drawled out in a matter-of-fact tone that President McKinley had been shot at Buffalo and if I had no engagements I might put on my hat and go up there. 'The train leaves in half an hour,' he added. That's Billy Doring."

Up in the city room, the little city editor stood musing for a minute over the volume in his hand.

"Copy! Copy! Copy!" suddenly screamed the sporting editor, a few yards away. Billy's eyes fastened on a chapter entitled "On Noise" in the book in his hand, and he read a few sentences to himself, smiling.

Then he marked the place with his pencil and handed it over to the sporting editor.

"Read some of that; it may compose your mind," he suggested.

On his way back to his table he stepped over to Douglas' desk. "We can swim in copy now," he said. "There's a big excursion boat afire."

"Good! Rush it! Rush it!" cried the assistant managing editor with appreciative vehemence.

The lean fingers of the cadaverous copy-reader were performing a St. Vitus' dance on the copy-paper. They jerked out at incredible speed a scrawl of perpendicular hieroglyphics which only Doring and the linotype magicians were able to read. As he wrote he chewed up voraciously, in the manner of an Italian eating spaghetti, strip after strip of copy-paper. Already, as Doring came up, six written pages lay scattered beside him. Doring smiled over these, marked a few cabalistic directions on them, murmured a word of approval, and at a nod sent a copy-boy flying away with them.

He seized the wrist of the make-up man, who was again shuffling morosely by.

"Lots of copy coming," he said. "Crowded excursion boat afire."

"I'm blamed glad to hear it!" said the other. "We can take all you give us."

He shuffled over to a chute through which the copy was sent upstairs to the linotypes.

"Rush that excursion-boat stuff ahead of everything!" he bawled.

The nervous banging of the linotypes upstairs became a more insistent note, and a clatter of telegraph instruments began.

Doring took out a coin and tapped with it gently on the table. A boy darted to him.

"Get me four cigars, and if they're not very big and very black I'll have you melted up for type," said Doring, with his pleasant smile.

The telephone rang with a confirmatory bulletin from Police Headquarters, and Doring turned the receiver over to the cadaverous copy-reader as Brill rushed up, flushed and excited.

"She's been run aground all ablaze from stem to stern," he cried. "The water's full of women and children. Crackajack story!"

"You might tell it quietly to Hoyt," said Doring, nodding at the cadaverous copy-reader, who was jamming down the telephone receiver.

The bell jingled again.

"I've got that stock-washing story. It's a ——" began a voice.

"Don't worry about it. Just run up to Spuyten Duyvil. There's an excursion boat afire. Big story. Good-by," said Doring.

Meanwhile he was glancing at each page of Hoyt's hieroglyphics as fast as it was written, and speeding it on its way to the linotypes. Without interrupting this supervision, he now wrote out, swiftly and without a single erasure, in his round, school-boy hand, an elaborate four-column caption for the story, and then rose to answer a bass bellow of "Doring!" from Douglas.

"What boat is that, Doring?" said Douglas sharply, as the city editor came up.

"The *Abraham Lincoln*," said Doring.

Douglas grunted sharply, and for a minute the two men looked into each other's eyes.

"You — your wife ——" Douglas ended in an inarticulate splutter; his vocal processes were not tuned to sympathy.

"I couldn't do anything up there — and we have to get out the paper," said Billy Doring quietly. "No use mentioning it about the office — any little thing sends the men up in the air on a day like this." A sudden nasal clamor from the streets came through the open window. "The yellows are out with it," he said, and then the insistent telephone called him again.

Douglas stared for a minute at Doring's retreating back. "Tea, boy, tea!" he bellowed. "Get me a can of strong black tea, quick!"

He began walking restlessly about the office, growling to himself, and kicking savagely at chairs and stools and crumpled newspapers in his path.

Pretty soon the story began to trickle in over the telephone from many sources. It came in drops, as it were, not as a logical, consecutive narrative, but as a series of inadequate, incoherent thimblefuls thrown carelessly at a news desk that raged with a thirst for gallon draughts. Over this tantalizing lack of the essential tale for the first edition the men lost their nerves and their tempers, and gradually a pandemonium of shrieks and howls and recriminations awoke in the office, so that a timid young chap who approached up the narrow stairs to invoke the mysterious editorial functions to proclaim his approaching nuptials, stood for a minute staring wide, and then precipitately fled.

From time to time the managing editor took part in and stimulated the uproar. He was a delicate-looking little man with a great bare dome of forehead, who lurked in a little glass sanctum in the corner of the room, from which he occasionally darted with a spider-like agility. On these sorties he emitted a series of sharp, biting inquiries which rasped the raw nerves of the staff like a file. Invariably he awoke the bass boom of Douglas' voice, the snarls of Merrihew, the quavering treble of Hoyt, and Brill's shrill tenor, in an emulative chorus.

Through these trying earlier stages of the day Billy Doring alone was the figure of silent efficiency, steadying all hands to their work, loosing the tension here and there with a whimsical suggestion backed by his quaint smile. . . .

And then the real work of the day began. The trickling story swelled to a torrential flood. The telephone wires were like great conduits voiding it into the office as into a reservoir. It inundated the place, threatened to drown them all in the fierce inrush of its mere bulk. And then Billy Doring, puffing a bit more briskly at one of those large black cigars, composed his forces to wrestle with the weltering problem.

It was a pitiful tale. The boat had been packed with sixteen hundred women and children. Some one had smelled smoke, and then flames were licking along the decks, and next the whole craft was a raging furnace. The captain was old and irresolute; the crew, after ineffectual efforts to stem the blaze with rotten hose that burst in their hands, leaped overboard in panic at the rush of the flames. Some passengers on the upper deck managed to get over a life-raft, which sank like a stone. There was a struggle for the life-preservers, the decayed canvas covering of which tore apart like paper, and then a scramble to get overboard. It was all so absurd and so costly in human life! The estimates of the number burned to death or drowned rose with each successive bulletin.

This was the tale that poured in from a dozen sources, distorted with contradictions and impossibilities and the errors and omissions of haste and confusion. Billy Doring kept a hand on each separate strand of the tale, weaving the whole into the fabric of a strong, coherent, dramatic narrative told in terse, sharp English without the gush of fine writing. He filled the gaps. He touched up Brill's bare copy with the word that meant color and light; he toned down Merrihew's lurid verbosity with well-timed strokes of his blue pencil; he simplified, with a word of substitution, Hoyt's incoherencies. He cut here, inserted something there, altered and molded and improved with the unerring artistic enthusiasm. And in the midst of this he would pause to soothe one of Douglas' terrible outbreaks or to satisfy the managing editor's restless queries, and gradually, under his quiet influence, a semblance of order came out of chaos, and the office, save for occasional spasms of panic, settled down to work like a well-oiled machine.

It was early in the afternoon that the cub reporter with an appetite for Schopenhauer called up with the first identifications of the dead.

"You might give them to me," said Doring. There were two or three names beginning with the letters A, B, and C, and then the reporter said:

"Mrs. William Doring.

"Ten-year-old girl, supposed to be her daughter."

"How was the woman identified?" asked Billy quietly.

"Letters in a little red morocco satchel she carried," said the reporter. "I hope it's no relation of yours, Mr. Doring?"

"That's all right," said Doring's even voice. "Give the rest of the names to Mr. Brill."

He knew that red morocco satchel.

He saw Brill run to the telephone-booths, and then, mechanically, he wrote in the copy his wife's name, and below it: "Lucy Doring, 10 years old." After a minute, he erased this and substituted, "Ten-year-old girl, supposed to be her daughter."

A waiting boy reached out for the page, and as he did so he felt a hot drop fall upon the back of his hand. He looked up at Doring, and then his under jaw fell, and he stood, the paper held loosely in his hand, staring; for tears were trickling down the city editor's face.

"Go on, sonny," said the city editor huskily. He drew his sleeve hastily across his eyes. But his voice was clear again when, an instant later, he gave orders to run the list of names in heavy type in a block.

As he did so, the managing editor darted out of his den, flourishing a paper with a glaring caption.

"How is it we only get 500 dead and the *Journal* gets 700? Why can't we get as many as the other papers?" he cried, delivering at the city desk a volley of sharp, incisive oaths.

Doring smiled at him a little wanly. "Our latest estimate is 800, Mr. McDougall," he said. "We see their 700 and raise them a hundred."

The managing editor shook his paper furiously, and fled back to his den, where he sat gnawing a stub of pencil, a picture of rage and despair.

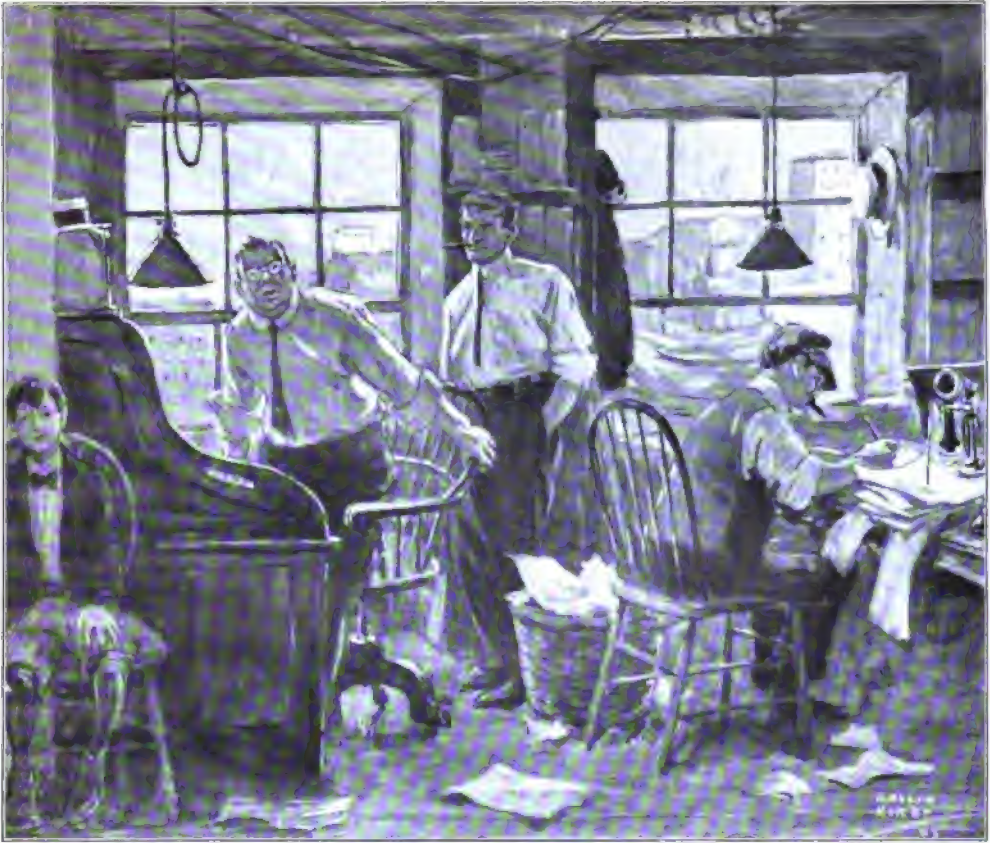
But Doring had turned immediately to a copy of his latest edition, and began systematically pruning and slashing and making marks for new inserts for the next impression. His nimble fingers scarcely stayed in this task while he turned to the ever-jingling telephone, gave quiet directions to his little army, kept a careful finger on the pulse of the news. The next edition, which went to press at 3.10, was the real test of a story, the chief goal of Doring's work. He wrestled cheerfully with the huge bulk of the thing, shaping, molding it into form.

"I think we'll have a good story," he sug-



"DORING PULLED THE HALF-WRITTEN SHEET FROM THE TYPEWRITER AND  
TORE IT INTO SEVERAL PIECES"





"'GOOD!' HE EXCLAIMED. 'ROAST 'EM HARD. A BIG ROAR'"

gested, smiling up at the make-up man, who was swearing ominously at the way the structure of the paper had been torn apart.

Over the office, people were watching Doring furtively. The copy-boy who had seen Billy's tears whispered awesomely to some of his fellows. The sporting editors had got the rumor and were staring at Doring over their neglected work. Some of the pressmen gathered in a flying group. "His wife and kid," said one. "Jee-rusalem! He's a calm one," ejaculated another. They kept an eye on Doring as they sweated over the machines. The telegraphers shook their heads at the news and stared portentously. The rumor invaded "The Desk" itself, and the copy-readers called out their orders in gentler tones. One of them whispered the report to Douglas, who sat now in a great litter of proofs and crumpled papers.

Douglas glanced over at Doring. The little man wore his quaint smile as he worked, but his face was very pale. "Doring!" shouted Douglas.

"I'm sorry, Doring," he spluttered, "condamn-founded sorry! I guess you want to go—up there." He waved a hand vaguely toward the

window. "Go ahead. We'll get the paper out."

"Thanks," said Doring, fixing Douglas with his smile. "I'll see this edition through. Then, if you can spare me, I think I'll go out and buy a pistol and shoot all the directors of the steam-boat company, and the captain, and the government inspectors who passed those life-belts and hose—and then possibly myself. But I'll see this edition through all right first."

Again his telephone called him.

Douglas, as Doring turned away, brushed his hand across his eyes quickly.

"Tea, boy! Tea!" he bawled. "Get me a can of strong tea. Strong and black!"

Doring lifted the telephone receiver.

"This is the city desk," he said, in his tone of mild inquiry.

"This is Anna," said a woman's voice.

"Anna! Lucy!" the words trembled from his lips.

"We're all right. You remember Lucy's swimming lessons in public school? Well, they saved us. We had to jump overboard, and I gave out, and the kid held me up until some



“HOW IS IT WE ONLY GET FIVE HUNDRED DEAD, AND THE “JOURNAL”  
GETS SEVEN HUNDRED ?”





"'LOTS OF COPY COMING,' HE SAID. 'CROWDED EXCURSION BOAT AFIRE'"

men in a rowboat picked us out. The only thing we lost was my red morocco satchel. I gave it to the mother of a little girl Lucy had been playing with to hold while I tried to get some life-preservers, and I never saw her again. I should have called you up before, Billy,— I know how anxious you must have been,— but I gave out completely for a while. But we're all right now — clothes dry and everything."

"Thank God!" said Doring.

His eye peered humorously over at Merrihew, who was nervously puffing great clouds from his bulldog pipe.

"That's the wife — safe," he said. "I guess we'll forget that roar about teaching fads and frills in the schools."

Sorting thoughtfully through the proofs on his desk, he drew out the list of identified dead and drew his blue pencil through two lines of this — his wife's name and the "Ten-year-old girl, supposed to be her daughter."

"Hold the forms for this correction," he said, handing the slip to the make-up man, who was shuffling past.

"I'd hold them a year for that, Billy," cried the make-up man, as he glanced at the bit of proof. "They're safe, then?"

"Safe!" said Doring.

All the office was watching and listening to this conversation. With the important edition only a few minutes away, the whole human machinery of the place had miraculously stopped. Even the managing editor — Douglas had told him the story — stood silent and motionless in the doorway of his den. And as the word "safe" framed itself on Billy's lips, a murmur spread from the copy-desks out to where the farthest pressman in the dim interior of the room stood, his idle hands on his hips, observing. The managing editor's sharp lips softened to a smile. He waved his arms aloft in a gesture that was meant to convey to Billy and to the world his congratulations, and as he did so the murmur grew to a hoarse cheer that shook the type in the cases.

Then suddenly Doring laid his head upon the shabby oak table and gave way to a paroxysm of sobs and hysterical laughter.



# VANITY OR THE VIEWPOINT

BY

STANLEY OLMSTED

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

THE rehearsal was of the great scene in the third act of the poetic drama "Chorka," to be produced a fortnight later. Mrs. Rexie Oldnicks, the famous star, looked on while her leading man, young Wheatcliffe, did really very well with his lines preceding her own dagger plunge into his bosom. It was one of his moments of inspiration. Fired with the tragedy of his fate, he temperamentally required a very considerable portion of the stage. His voice rang out in the empty theater, resonant with youth and unhampered intensity. He hurled himself from the left wing to midway of the proscenium arch, and groveled sobbing at the feet of Chorka, otherwise Mrs. Rexie. But the feet of Chorka were cold, to put it poetically. And Mrs. Rexie stepped from her assumed character into herself and was yet colder.

"That's all very well," she said dryly. "But as the supposed star of this production, where do I come in?"

Young Wheatcliffe tumbled from Helicon. His face bore the look of sudden blight. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Oldnicks," he stammered. "But I'm about to be torn apart by wild horses, you know, and — and — I've been all these weeks trying to get the real thrill of it as I got it then. I had sort of thought you would want me eventually to act up to you, seeing it's the great scene."

Mrs. Rexie was withering. "No doubt you will soon be alluding to it as 'our great scene,'" she said.

Of a sudden young Wheatcliffe felt reckless. This part was the greatest opportunity life had yet offered, and he risked it in his reply, and met Mrs. Oldnicks' blasting look unflinchingly.

"Well?" he said, "well? — Isn't it?"

Ten feet away a group of awe-struck extra people shuddered. Mrs. Rexie turned very purple, and then very spotted and purple.

"Honest to God," she finally murmured, with infinite repression, "I *am* the star of this show. You may not think so, but I am — honest to God!"

She collapsed into a chair with a laugh somewhere midway of derision and hysteria.

Down the dark aisle of the theater a little crumple-headed man was hurrying. "What's the rumpus?" he shouted, before reaching the stage.

No one was ready to shout back an explanation. The awe-struck extra people looked from one to another. Two or three minor principals who had "lines" in the act grouped themselves well to one side and out of it, awaiting the issue with keen expectancy.

Thus kept in suspense in his own play-house, Brescio overlooked his ordinary though by no means invariable dignity. Omitting the detour stageward through the boxes, he clambered across the footlights with the help of a chair occupied during performances by the bass fiddler.

In atonement he uprighted himself serenely and took possession of center stage with portentous brow — an arbiter of destiny, formidable and plump.

"And now," he said, eying his star and her leading man with solicitude for the one and stern disapproval for the other, "tell me the rumpus."

Wheatcliffe perceived his chance to be about that of the mouse when the lion, violating the traditional meekness of lions, has turned hostile. He was silent. Although no coward, a certain purely artistic reaction, comprising many reminiscences of poverty and privation and vivid insignificance, caused him to avert his gaze.

Mrs. Rexie found slow breath more slowly to explain:

"I had him come an hour previous to your own time, to try to get this scene in some sort of shape for you. It doesn't go. It will never go. I cannot act with Mr. Wheatcliffe."

Brescio glowered again fiercely toward the offending actor, but in some bewilderment. He ended by mopping his brow with an ornate handkerchief.

"You work too hard with these people," he finally said to Mrs. Oldnicks soothingly. "I thought we agreed that we had that wild horse

and dagger scene licked into shape a full week ago."

Mrs. Rexie tapped her foot. She spoke with the stoicism usually incidental to irritation. "A week ago—that's just it. Mr. Wheatcliffe had some sense of proportion a week ago. One knew the Princess Chorka was on the stage. But Mr. Wheatcliffe has been worse every day. I've been waiting, Forsyth Brescio, for your own restraining hand. Farcical patience—you haven't said boo! To-day I took the liberty of calling a rehearsal during your office hours. Result: Mr. Wheatcliffe reads his lines like a syndicated star supported by a graphophone. I raise natural objection to being the graphophone. Result: Mr. Wheatcliffe is insolent. No, no!" The foot-tapping rose to *forte*, to *fortissimo*. "It's no go. We don't work together."

"I didn't hear what he said," pacified the

manager-producer, "but I happened to be peeping through the lobby door, and I'm sure he said *something*."

"He was insolent," cried Mrs. Rexie. "In the presence of these people, he was insolent."

She glanced around. Her eye alighted, probably by accident, on Brincka Hinckersdorf, a young woman of seventeen, who was to play a panting messenger in a short tunic.

"Deed, Mr. Brescio," chirped up Brincka, believing herself summoned as witness, "he *said* things!" It was Brincka's priceless opportunity.

The manager, however, was deaf and unappreciative. "Suppose we tell these extra people to clean out," he said, "while we talk things over. You may go," he added, addressing the group directly through Brincka, thereby stigmatizing her cruelly as one of the class she thought she'd left behind. "You extra people

may all retire below stairs for twenty minutes—or, rather, till I call you."

Those with lines took the hint as well as those without them. Mrs. Rexie Oldnicks and her producing manager and leading man were left in sole possession.

"And now," began Mr. Forsyth Brescio, "perhaps I can personally *request* Mr. Wheatcliffe to play the part of Saranoff as Mrs. Oldnicks would require it. I say 'request,' Mr. Wheatcliffe! We are, you know, in a courteous profession." The manager looked very formidably out from under his tumbled Hebraic curls, not, as might be supposed, at the culprit, but into visionary vacancy somewhere afar off. "We are in a profession, Mr. Wheatcliffe, where no per-



"HIS RIGHT FOREARM FLEW FORWARD WITH A PECULIAR SWIFT UPWARDNESS OF CURVE"



"HAS SHE SAID SO?" DAUNTLESSLY INSISTED MRS. WHEATCLIFFE"

son lacking in gentle breeding ever arises to eminence. Therefore I say 'request.'"

Young Wheatcliffe had a too distinct sense of having lost out, in the inevitable final outcome, to exert further caution. For five weeks, now, he had in every thinkable instance, as it seemed to him, literally "crawled" — possibly excepting his tentative challenge of to-day. He had crawled, first, because it was a woman who exacted the attitude, and under certain circumstances a man is only upright when he is prone. He had crawled for the sake of the part — a great part, for all the leeches Mrs. Rexie might apply to it. He had crawled for the sake of the author, Tupton — a good fellow, who, collaborating with Brescio, seemed to have done a good deal of the writing of this drama. And this author had urged Wheatcliffe, beyond strict prerogatives, as his ideal type for the hero. But, most of all, he had crawled for the sake of Annie — Annie, his wife, who had been allotted the part of Mirska, Queen of the Wantons, and who could thus be with him during the entire run, while they kept on paying for the

little house and garden — very particularly the garden — uptown in the Bronx. In certain former seasons, last winter, for instance, she had toured with road companies in the South and West, that they might not have to relinquish it. She had spent the preceding month of May in a hospital in Galveston, the city where she had at length given out.

All these things passed in their usual succession before young Wheatcliffe's eyes. But he saw too clearly and logically the fatality of Mrs. Rexie's will in the matter. From the first, or almost from the first, she had been vaguely antagonistic to his work, his methods, himself. Brescio, frankly contented with him in the beginning, had of late, and very apparently, not dared to be. Tupton, the author, had been his mainstay and comfort. But then, Tupton was but a writer whose plays could be produced when some manager's name was hyphenated into them; his power had its limits. It was a losing game.

To Mr. Brescio's discourse on the text "request," therefore, he made the following reply:





"YES," SAID MRS. REXIE, "IT'S A PEACH OF A WIG. I WANT TO SEE HOW YOU LOOK IN IT"

"Mr. Brescio, in this particular show I clearly see the good taste, not to say the necessity, of doing anything and all things as Mrs. Oldnicks would require. The great difficulty lies in ascertaining just what Mrs. Oldnicks would require. It strikes me as being up to Mrs. Oldnicks to try to decide what she really wishes to require. Yesterday Mrs. Oldnicks had me too passive and cold. To-day I'm too active and intense. To-morrow I may be too——"

"Enough!" snorted Brescio. "You are an impudent puppy, sir. You are a pot-walloping cad of an elevated super, trebly damned. You are——"

Any further exposition of Mr. Wheatcliffe's identity was interrupted by Mr. Wheatcliffe's own gesture. Without conscious volition, his

right forearm flew forward with a peculiar swift upwardness of curve. Mr. Brescio staggered at the impact of the blow, half fell, then caught at his nose; which timely act saved him from humiliation in kissing his own sod, so to speak. The nose in question happened to be a serviceable classic aquiline. The blood trickled — though in no alarming manner. The chief damage appeared to be a strange collapse somewhere inside the spiritual mechanism of the author-manager-producer. For the time being, at least, as he swayed clinging to his nostrils, he was neutral, colorless, inert. His pristine imaginative power, his hypnotic focus of vision, his thunderbolt impressionism (conveying the untapped undercurrent), seemed to have left him. During that brief moment he looked al-

most apologetic. He certainly seemed harmless.

Mrs. Rexie had been on the point of screaming. Very unexpectedly she checked herself. Eventually she said, employing certain dry monotones of her stage speech:

"There's a faucet, you know, and towels, in my dressing-room."

Brescio retired to follow the implied instructions.

Mr. Wheatcliffe addressed her as coolly as he could: "The regular rehearsal has been called for this morning at eleven o'clock. I suppose I'm to regard myself as excused from attendance?"

Within Mrs. Rexie's temperamental bosom there appeared to be going on some odd conflict. She was still very white, with anger, irritation, excitement; her burnished hair, somehow more suggestive of a poppy-field than of Titian, arose above her straight, narrow forehead like a heavy crown of thick flame, or like an incantation to her genius. She made as if to speak, and then her lips tightened into silence. Her eyes softened and hardened again. They underwent changing bluenesses of the iris and expansions and contractions of the pupil. Wheatcliffe confidently awaited some reply to the effect that he might regard himself as whatever he condemnedly pleased. He was, indeed, prepared rather to relish that kind of an answer — as a man whose house is afire might relish the blue flame from his medicine-chest.

He had to be disappointed. Mrs. Rexie Old-nicks finally compromised on averting her face and turning deliberately around in her chair. Wheatcliffe retired before the expressive symbolism of her back, rigid in what an architect might call a full-front elevation.

## II

Tuption, former newspaper man, latterly author, dramatist, collaborator of "Chorka," called at the little house and garden in the Bronx along about twilight of the same day. It was the first time he had thus honored Mr. Wheatcliffe, though he had often promised to do so. He found the young actor pensive on the front porch, with his beautiful wife. The hour was the one out of all the twenty-four most notable for the conjuring of somber meditations. A mere remnant of sunset was chilling to a dead ocher over their neighbor's cupola. The very box-bushes bordering their trim walk were eloquent of depression. Tupton feared he had selected the worst possible because the most thoughtfully punctual moment.

He was mistaken. Lost in their own reflec-

tions, the young couple noted his step on the gravel but vaguely. He had reached their veranda, indeed, before they awakened to any perception he could claim as personal. From Tupton's standpoint, at least, their immediate pride and pleasure was pathetic. And from his own cynicism this poor playwright took refuge in all the cordiality he felt (which was considerable), and in originalities about the beauty of the house and the garden and the sustained excellence of the weather. He accepted the deepest and roomiest of wicker chairs, moved forward by the beaming Mrs. Wheatcliffe. There were rich opening moments of levitation for everybody. Then came sympathetic halts and lulls; following these, absent-minded waits in monosyllables. Everybody wanted to talk about what nobody wished to speak of.

"Suppose we go inside," said Wheatcliffe, at length. "It's growing quite dark, you see. And, I say, Annie — suppose you get whatever happens to be on the ice in the refrigerator, and glasses. Don't forget the openers, Annie. Plenty of them somewheres around — upstairs, maybe! While you're about it you might crack some ice, quite a good deal of it, Annie, and put it in a bowl, in case it should be needed for variety's sake."

During these formulae Wheatcliffe had lighted the electrics in a commodious sitting-room: the happy result of a removed partition once dividing a stuffy parlor from a yet stuffier hallway.

"I really must repeat," said Tupton, sinking to another wicker chair and a proffered pipe with enthusiasm. "You have made yourself a nice corner here — a bully corner!"

Wheatcliffe sighed. "We've tried to individualize it. Everybody does, I suppose. People are fearfully similar when they begin to get individual!" He sighed again: "If we only could keep it!"

He glanced about, worried. Mrs. Wheatcliffe had vanished in pursuance of instructions. With tact and intuition, she had closed the door behind her.

"I sent her out," — the actor made a gesture with his thumb, — "because I wanted to hear the inside of whatever you've heard or think about the rumpus. My wife knows the main outline already, of course. I had to meet her at the stage door this morning, coming to the regular rehearsal, just as I took leave of the special one — she read it instantly in my face! I made her go right to her work, though, as if nothing had happened, and nobody bothered her, but they all stared a good deal. So when she got home, there was no getting around

giving her some of the facts. But I should like to keep *her* out of it. I should like to keep her out of it just as much as possible."

Tuption pulled at the long-stemmed pipe. "Sorry, old boy, but you can't do that. That's one of the bad things about it. You can't do that."

"But how foolish!" protested Wheatcliffe, though in great anxiety. "In the profession she's Ann Worthington, I'm Henry Wheatcliffe. Surely this is the one occupation in the world where matrimony keeps on the outside in every inside arrangement."

"Generally speaking, yes." Tupton was much concerned in adjusting the elastic portion of his pipe-stem.

"Well, then?"

"I'll confess I'm puzzled myself ——"

"Oh, as far as that goes," broke in the actor, "it's all up with *me*, of course! Old Forsyth B. might have stood by me and seen me through, in his own offensive fashion, if I only hadn't ——"

Tuption interrupted: "But he couldn't have seen you through, my boy. Even if he'd wanted to, he couldn't. When it comes to that part I shall never cease to be glad you swatted him one sound on his organ of inquisition. Why, that man has actually made me change a noonday to a moonrise, so that he might introduce two new colors of starlight on Mrs. Rexie's front bang! The change meant twenty of my best lines cut clean to the cloister! And that's but the last and least of a hundred more. Why didn't you do it twice, Wheatcliffe, while you were at it?"

"Do I understand you to mean Brescio couldn't have helped me out if I'd played down to him?" exclaimed Wheatcliffe.

"Helped you *out*? Literally, yes. Or harmed you out. You see, it would have harmed more than helped. Or that's the probability. Anyway, you appear to have been doomed — pronouncing it that way."

"Do go on," urged Wheatcliffe. "I never played Hamlet, but I memorized that line about my prophetic soul. Do go on!"

"In this business," pursued Tupton, with many puffs between words, "it is the playwright who learns slowly. But he learns. I have learned many things. One by one. Just like little drops of water. Just like little grains of sand."

"For heaven's sake, man," pleaded the actor, "do go on. My wife may be back any moment. She's taking a more than mercifully long time as it is."

Tuption grew obligingly brisk. "Heaven has hidden those openers and ice-picks for us. Well,

to hurry with it, Mrs. Rexie is the secret real owner or three-fourths owner of all Forsyth Brescio's productions. And, wherever her desire or prejudice may or may not be law, it is assuredly law in 'Chorka.' Mrs. Rexie has much poetry of nature, you know, and a code respecting her own sex: the unfortunate, much-divorced sex, which she believes in treating kindly. Mrs. Rexie has, therefore, been hitting at the Madame Wheatcliffe — Mirska, Queen of the Wantons — through Madame Wheatcliffe's husband, the company's leading man. Or, at least, so Brescio tells me this afternoon, in the most confidential and touching of heart-to-hearts that ever happened between two men who, as co-authors of a play, ought naturally to be secretive one from the other."

To this rapid-fire monologue the actor had listened speechless. He raised an astonished face.

"It's a case of exaggerated good looks, according to Brescio," explained Tupton. "Mrs. Rexie has felt that Mirska was too presentable in her one great scene particularly to strengthen the position of the injured Princess Chorka."

"Has she *said* so?"

The question sounded in a feminine voice above the clink of ice, spoons, and bottles, borne in on a salver. Mrs. Wheatcliffe appeared with gracious smiles about the lips, heightened color for the cheeks, and a much excited light in the eyes.

"Has she *said* so?"

"Hebe eavesdropping," cried Tupton. "My word!"

"Injustice," defended the lady. "When I was on the point of coming in, and had to hear something about Heaven being merciful in keeping me searching for openers, I stayed out in pure consideration ——"

"And heard all."

"And I want to know, *has she said so*?" dauntlessly insisted Mrs. Wheatcliffe.

"You mean, I suppose, did Mrs. Rexie dwell on Mirska's superior charms in daily confessions to her manager. Telling you the truth, I'm inclined to believe she did not. It was, I'm inclined to surmise, a case for Brescio, intuitive poet of lime-light and bass gongs, to fathom. Brescio *feels* that Mrs. Rexie has felt Mirska to be too beautiful. It is a case of divination, involving his knowledge of Mrs. Rexie's velvet-glove principle toward her own sex. Moreover, Mrs. Rexie has, it seems, accepted Brescio's championship of this morning in a manner closely akin to ingratitude. She has been, he seems to think, distinctly snippy. Naturally, he feels hurt to have it all come back, circuitously, on his own poor head — or say, rather,

his nose. It may not be exaggeration to say he's bruised beyond reparation to his feelings, if not to his face."

"Mrs. Oldnicks admired Harry in the beginning — I know she did," declared Mrs. Wheatcliffe. "And she was so extra nice to me that I foolishly told her about the long blonde wig I was going to have made for the part, and how nice a good blonde wig always made me look. I even asked her if she objected to white draperies with crimson roses, and she didn't seem to mind a bit: though she did advise pink with garlands of ivy, as she had to wear white herself. That was Brescio's idea, she said, and, in the end, he was the best judge of such things."

The husband nodded acquiescence. "No doubt of that," he agreed sincerely.

"An especial expert in shades of starlight!" parenthesized the playwright.

"And I don't at all doubt but Brescio is right," argued the wife. "The whole trouble has been my own foolish vanity. She probably resented it without wanting to say so, which is nature. I happen to be still in my twenties, which may seem an advantage to begin with — though how foolish of her, with her wonderful acting and magnetism! Some school-girl at a *matinée* might think I looked the nicer of the two because, maybe, my features are more regular. But the bulk of the public would forget I'm around before she'd said six lines."

"It might go hard with you if they didn't," suggested Tupton.

The little woman warmed to her championship. "Now, really, Mr. Tupton," she urged, "that's unjust, and not a bit nice. At heart Mrs. Oldnicks is modest — more modest than she ought to be by rights. That's why she thinks mistakenly she can't trust her powers against little obstacles of effect, which break down before her magnetism like brittle glass."

"In short, she raises her voice and smashes things," said Tupton, but with such smashes good humor as to compel a laugh from everybody. "Oh, well, this is capital beer, and let's remember something better, and forget it."

"Something better — ye-es," agreed poor Wheatcliffe, trying hard to fall in. "I suppose it will some day be the same, of course. But Annie and I haven't been together five months in all out of the last two years. And the mortgage on this place — oh, dear — oh, dear!" He broke loose suddenly in the boyish abandon which, being a part of him, made him the born actor. "Why can't I learn to control myself! Why must I be such a headstrong mucker — such a prig of an unbridled ass!"

"Because, kiddo, you were cut out for a theatrical star," consoled Tupton, laying an

arm about his shoulder. "Only, just now, and for the next hour, forget it."

"Sure," emphasized the wife.

The idea was toasted.

# III

From Tupton, in the course of his visit, Mrs. Wheatcliffe ascertained that there was to be no rehearsal until the following night; also that Charles Gleason, touring in the South, had been telegraphed for, in the hope that he might abandon his starring venture and accept the vacancy as Mrs. Oldnicks' leading man.

On the morrow, therefore, very secretly, while her husband slept after a rather bad and wakeful night, Mrs. Wheatcliffe arrayed herself for Manhattan. Three quarters of an hour later she had been admitted to Mrs. Rexie's boudoir, at her apartment west of the Park. The distinguished star explained that she had arisen from bed to receive her. Over a silken night-robe she had thrown a Japanese state attire of black satin, clotted with gold cat-tails and heavy with wistaria brodered in scarlet.

If Mrs. Wheatcliffe prided herself on any particular faculty, it was that she was "smooth." She had planned this visit, point for point, with the strategy of a politician, the subtlety of a diplomatist. She would do nothing so crude or obvious as to plead for her husband. Her manner of winning over Mrs. Rexie should take another course altogether — a course that should assume his fate for granted, foregone.

"It's an unheard-of hour," frankly declared Mrs. Rexie, though not ungraciously, "and the clerk disobeyed my strictest orders in ringing me up."

"Oh, indeed, Mrs. Oldnicks, he wasn't to blame," pleaded Mrs. Wheatcliffe. "You see, he's a very young clerk, and I just *made* him!"

Mrs. Wheatcliffe had childlike blue eyes which opened very wide when she was very much in earnest. "I just felt you'd see me. I exerted a will current," she added.

In the sleeve of her kimono Mrs. Oldnicks concealed a smile which might have been a yawn. "It doesn't always work so well — but I'm glad you came," she said. "Of course, something very especial has brought you — only something very especial brings anybody — when they all begin to come often!"

If this had the disadvantage of being less kindly, it had the merit of being more complicated. Mrs. Wheatcliffe didn't try to follow the exact shadings of Mrs. Oldnicks' cynicism. Hers was a simple though dauntless nature. Anyway, she might not forget that she was and must be smooth; and that, after all, Mrs. Rexie



had been awfully kind to let her come up at all.

"Of course," she replied, "dear Mrs. Oldnicks, of course it is. It concerns our scene. You know, I just live in this new play of ours, and I've been thinking over my get-up a lot. Now, you know, before it's too late to change things, I wanted to know if you didn't agree. Don't you think it's wrong for me to make up Mirska as pretty? She ought to have a slightly character make-up, don't you think? You see, she is really a very bad woman, and ought to be totally unlike Chorka, who is angelic. She ought to have black hair——"

"But I thought you simply counted on blonde hair!" exclaimed Mrs. Rexie.

"That was a mistake. It ought to be black hair. I look simply atrocious in black hair; really mean, you know. And——"

From Mrs. Rexie a ringing laugh interrupted, a delightful laugh this time, bubbling in humor, without hint of satire or bitterness.

"Child!" cried the star. "What has Forsyth Brescio been telling you?"

"Indeed and honest, I haven't seen Mr. Brescio to speak to for days. I've been thinking it all out for myself."

Once more Mrs. Oldnicks reverted to the mannerism of the kimono sleeve. Then she assumed preoccupation with a bronze Buddha cross-legged on her writing-desk. The younger actress failed to note any twinkle in the older actress' eye. She wondered if she'd offended—if, after all, she were less smooth than she considered herself. Her fear was more than half realized when Mrs. Oldnicks looked up again with set lips and a stern brow.

"You are right," said the star. "As Forsyth Brescio has insisted, *against my own contention*, for some time, it is ruinous for Mirska to out-shine the Princess."

"Of course," agreed Annie. "Mirska ought to be quite homely. And I can look just as homely as they make 'em."

Mrs. Oldnicks appeared to have some difficulty about her chest. She coughed and blew her nose violently.

"I can look just as homely as they make 'em," Annie ventured once more. "Indeed, I rather prefer looking homely. I sometimes wish I were old enough to play nothing but character parts."

Mrs. Oldnicks had a sudden idea. She vanished into her inner bedroom. In a moment she reappeared, holding something aloft. It shimmered in the light and hung in molten skeins, a veritable flaxen cascade against the gold and crimson and black of Mrs. Rexie's satin robe. Annie cried out in rapture.

"Yes," said Mrs. Rexie, "it's a peach of a wig. I want to see how you look in it."

With dexterous facility Annie adjusted the Naiad tresses over her own soft brown locks. The silken gleam enveloped her like a garment of light. Half way to the floor fell the ripples.

"Oh," cried Annie, gazing at her image in the mirror. "Oh, how lovely!"

"Lovely indeed," curtly agreed Mrs. Oldnicks. "You are right. As a blonde you are much too lovely. That is what I wanted to see. It will never do for Mirska to look that well."

"Certainly," said Annie. "But I wasn't meaning me; I was meaning the wig."

"It's a wonderful wig," Mrs. Oldnicks began. "When I first went on the stage—turning my back forever on society—I was extravagant about everything. I bought that wig for my first part. It is the hair of a Danish girl, and I paid her eighteen hundred dollars for it, which made her quite rich in her own eyes, and she married her poor lover and lived happy ever after, quite like a fairy story. It ought, therefore, to be a wig of good omen. But I never wore it."

"Oh, why?" involuntarily exclaimed Annie, and then felt absurd and foolish, as Mrs. Oldnicks casually lifted a slim hand to adjust a huge crimson coil.

"I didn't wear it," she replied, "because Forsyth Brescio advised me to stand by the color of hair Fate had given me as long as Fate would stand by it herself—and to reproduce it as nearly as possible when Fate should back down. We decided there would be no trademark like it."

"Oh," cried Annie, in dismay, "to speak like that of your glorious hair!"

"Anyhow," concluded Mrs. Oldnicks, "you must not be a blonde as Mirska. . . . I'm going to try a bargain on you. Suppose—I say *suppose*—I should agree to patch up the trouble between your husband and Brescio. Will you put Mirska in a straight black wig and be amiable?"

"I really want to, you know," replied Annie.

"But that isn't all. You have much too straight a nose; much too lovely a chin. Will you offset them with a few crow's-feet—mere lines of dissipation, you know?"

"I think the part requires it," said Annie.

"And don't you think she ought to have a swarthy complexion? There was something gipsy about her, you remember."

"Sure," cried Annie. "She ought to be almost as dark as a mulatto."

"Just so; and her robe should be indigo and carmine, with copper—all suggesting heavy lustfulness, sloth, coarseness, don't you think?"

Really, the indigo and carmine outdoes Brescio on inspiration. It will be so artistically hideous. You will make her lips very thick ——"

"Sort of swollen," enthused Annie.

"And give her bare feet. On the stage, you know, they combine an effect of wantonry with one of extreme awkwardness. I guess that's about all. You might put a ring in her nose, of course, but ——"

"If you want me to I'm perfectly willing, you know," said Annie.

"No, no; we won't have the ring. It might be bad for you. You might get blood-poisoning or something. And now, for all this, we are supposing a bargain, in which I take your husband back."

Whereupon Annie forgot her smoothness entirely. She seized Mrs. Oldnicks' hands. Almost she dropped upon her knees. "Oh, dear, good Mrs. Rexie," she pleaded, "won't you take him back? I know he wants to play the part as you want it. In time he'll get your exact idea—I know he will. He's only a headstrong boy, you know! He was an only child, you know, and his mother was a widow, and he was awfully spoiled at home. But he is so sorry he was rude to you. I almost believe he will apologize to Mr. Brescio, too, because, after all, Mr. Brescio was only taking your part. And we were doing so well with the mortgage! And it was so lovely to be together!"

"No apologies to Brescio will be necessary," pronounced Mrs. Rexie. "Brescio has an eradicable temper, which may take its course. Now go home to your husband, child. I'll think it all over."

#### IV

It was the hour of seven, rehearsal having been called for eight at the theater. Four people seated just off stage were in the act of straightening their recent entanglement. They had done very well. The home stretch was in sight. Their names, personally speaking, were Mrs. Henry Wheatcliffe, Mr. Henry Wheatcliffe, Mrs. Rexie Oldnicks, and Mr. Forsyth Brescio.

"But I really should like to apologize to Mr. Brescio openly and candidly," said Henry. "You see, it all dawned upon me afterwards: he was rebuking me for a lady."

"No apologies," banned Mrs. Rexie. "Mr. Brescio addressed you, possibly in my defense, with a mannerism of speech. You replied with a mannerism of gesture. You are quits. We all have our individual preference in mannerisms." (Mrs. Wheatcliffe insisted ever afterward that at this point her husband

had received a perfectly devoted glance from the great emotional actress.)

"But you labor under one delusion," said Mrs. Rexie, again addressing her reinstated leading man. "You think I want you to under-act your part. I have never wanted you to do that any more than I've wanted you to over-act it. I want a good, well-balanced ensemble, that's all. I want it a great deal. Nemesis hangs over me in every new play. I get terribly keyed up. I shall try to be more patient, but — my outside life hasn't had the happiness yours promises. You, in your turn, must be patient with me."

To everybody's astonishment, Mrs. Rexie's eyes showed danger of filling. That was her rarest emotional excess — when she wasn't acting.

"Meanwhile," she continued, while the young actor listened, half reverent, half ashamed, wholly remorseful, "treasure above all things, and whatever success may come through the success this play is sure to bring you — treasure this little wife. For you she is ready to make the greatest sacrifice any woman ever made for a man. For you she is willing to make herself hideous during a whole New York season, that I may be as contrastingly beautiful as I demand to be."

"It's no sacrifice, indeed, dear Mrs. Rexie," began the young woman. "None whatever. I like these character make-ups. Indeed, I don't mind them at all."

"Nonsense! Moreover, I'm not such a goose. Of course I want you to be just as beautiful as you possibly can be, and of course Brescio does, too — dear old two-faced, utterly erratic, warm-hearted, cowardly, impetuous genius of a Brescio!" Mrs. Rexie paused for breath.

"I've brought down the blonde wig," she said at length; and, to their combined amazement, produced the article in question from under her automobile cloak. "I want gentle Annie to have it for her own — it makes a dream of her even in a print muslin gown. Moreover, it's a wig of good omen. Annie and her Henry will always live happy together, because Annie will own this wig."

Annie clasped hands of rapture.

But a new memory was torturing poor Henry. He fidgeted uneasily in his chair. Finally he confessed his dilemma. It referred to Charles Gleason, the new leading man for whom the manager had telegraphed. "I suppose he and I can have it out together," he brooded, "if he comes."

"Charles Gleason!" began Brescio. "Why, that half-shilling cyclone of jumping barns should never act on my stage, though I put

show girls to playing my heroes! Who is Charles Gleason? An old-form ranter, accidentally young! A circus strutter, held upright by a well-shaped leg! A penny mummer for battalions of low-brows! And he actually had the impudence to wire me in a curt reply, saying he was doing very well and suggesting a vaudeville head-liner salary as possible temptation. If ever he gets another offer from me, I'll ——"

Nobody stopped to hear what might happen in that event. Everybody felt perfectly all right. The company was arriving in groups.

Mrs. Rexie had drawn Mrs. Wheatcliffe aside with plans for her perfection. "My own draperies are designed, not by the costumer, but by Flemming the sculptor," she said. "It costs. But I'm going to take you to him, in your blonde wig, and then we'll see things done in the beauty line for Mirska." . . .

"All of which goes to prove," remarked Tupton, commenting on the situation long afterward, "that Mrs. Rexie must overdo a thing, intensely overdo it, if she's to do it any sort of simple justice."

## NOT THIS WORLD

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

SHALL I not give this world my heart, and well,  
 If for naught else, for many a miracle  
 Of spring, and burning rose, and virgin snow? —  
*Nay, by the spring that still shall come and go  
 When thou art dust, by roses that shall blow  
 Across thy grave, and snows it shall not miss,  
 Not this world, oh, not this!*

Shall I not give this world my heart, who find  
 Within this world the glories of the mind —  
 That wondrous mind that mounts from earth to God? —  
*Nay, by the little footways it hath trod,  
 And smiles to see, when thou art under sod,  
 And by its very gaze across the abyss,  
 Not this world, oh, not this!*

Shall I not give this world my heart, who hold  
 One figure here above myself, my gold,  
 My life and hope, my joy and my intent? —  
*Nay, by that form whose strength so soon is spent,  
 That fragile garment that shall soon be rent,  
 By lips and eyes the heavy earth shall kiss,  
 Not this world, oh, not this!*

Then this poor world shall not my heart disdain?  
 Where beauty mocks and springtime comes in vain,  
 And love grows mute, and wisdom is forgot?  
*Thou child and thankless! On this little spot  
 Thy heart hath fed, and shall despise it not;  
 Yea, shall forget, through many a world of bliss,  
 Not this world, oh, not this!*

# PSYCHOLOGY AND THE MARKET

BY

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

**A** LONG time before New York and Chicago were discovered, there lived an alchemist who sold an unfailing prescription for making gold from eggs. He sold it at a high price, on a contract that he was to refund the whole sum in case the prescription was carried through and did not yield the promised result. It is said that he never broke the contract and yet became a very rich man. His prescription was that the gold-seeker should hold a pan over the fire with the yolks of a dozen eggs in it and stir them for half an hour without ever thinking of the word hippopotamus. Many thousands tried, and yet no one succeeded. The fatal word, which perhaps they never had thought of before, now always unfortunately rushed into their minds, and the more they tried to suppress it, the more it was present. That good man was a fair psychologist. He knew something of the laws of the mind, and although he may have been unable to transform eggs into gold, he understood instead how to transform psychology into gold. Psychology has made rapid progress since those times in which the alchemist cornered the market, but our modern commerce and industry so far have profited little from the advance. Goods are manufactured and distributed, bought and sold; at every stage the human mind is at work, since human minds are the laborers, are the salesmen, are the buyers; and yet no one consults the exact knowledge of the science that deals with the laws and characteristics of the human mind.

How curiously this situation contrasts with our practical application of physical science! We can hardly imagine a state in which we should allow the scholarly physicist to have steam engines and telegraphs in his laboratory rooms and yet make no effort to put these inventions to practical use in the world of industry and commerce. But just that is the situation in the world of mental facts. The laboratories for the study of inner life flourish, experiments are made, inventions are tested, new vistas are opened; but practical life goes

on without making use of all these psychological discoveries. It is, indeed, as if the steam engine were confined to the laboratory table, while in the practical world work were still done clumsily by the arms of slaves.

The only fields in which the psychical experiment has been somewhat translated into practical use are those of education and medicine. The educational expert has slowly begun to understand that the attention and the interest of the school child, his imitations and his play, his memory and his fatigue, deserve careful psychological study. The painstaking studies of the laboratory have shown how the old teacher, in spite of his common sense, too often worked with destructive methods. Whole school plans had to be revised, the mental hygiene of the school-room had to be changed, educational prejudices had to be swept away.

In a similar way psychological knowledge gradually leaked into the medical world also. The power of suggestion, with all its shadings, from slight psychotherapeutic influence to the deepest hypnotic control, is slowly becoming a tool of the physician. The time has come when it is no longer excusable that our medical students should enter professional life without a knowledge of scientific psychology. They do not deserve sympathy if they stand aghast when quacks and mystics are successful where their own attempts at curing have failed. It can be foreseen that reform in this field is near, and it may be admitted that even those healing knights errant have helped to direct the public interest to the overwhelming importance of psychology in medicine. For education and medicine alike the hope seems justified that the laboratory work of the psychologist for the practical needs of men will not be in vain.

We are much farther from this end in the field of law. Certainly the psychologist knows better than any one that he has neither a prescription to remove crime from the world nor an instrument to see to the bottom of the mind of the defendant or to make the witness speak nothing but the truth. Nevertheless, he knows that an abundance of facts has been secured

by experimental methods which might be helpful in the prevention of crime, in the sifting of evidence, and in the securing of truthful confession. Every word of the witness depends on his memory, on his power of perception, on his suggestibility, on his emotion; and yet no psychological expert is invited to make use of the psychological achievements in this sphere. But even here there are signs of progress, for interest in the problems involved seems wide awake.

It is strikingly different with the whole field of economic activity. The thousandfold importance of psychological studies to the life of the workshop and the mill, of the store and the household, has not yet attracted public attention. On the whole, commerce and industry seem to take good care of themselves, and seem little in the mood to philosophize or to beg advice of a psychological expert. Here and there they have taken a bit of laboratory knowledge and profited from it, without realizing that such a haphazard plunge into psychology can hardly be sufficient. For instance, no railway or steamship company would employ a man who was to look out for signals until he had been examined for color-blindness. The variations of the color sense in men are typical discoveries of psychological experimentation. But even here the expert knows that the practical tests of to-day represent, on the whole, an earlier stage of knowledge, and do not progress parallel to laboratory study of the varieties of color-blindness. Further, the transportation companies ought not to limit their signal tests to trials of the color sense. It is perhaps no less important that the man on the engine should be tested as to the rapidity of his reactions, or the accuracy of his perceptions, or the quickness of his decisions. For the examination of each of such mental capacities the psychological laboratory can furnish exact methods. Moreover, the transportation companies should have no less interest in studying with psychological experiments the question of what kind of signals may be most appropriate. For instance, psychologists have raised the important query whether it is advisable to have different railroad signals in the daytime from those at night. The safety of the service demands that the correct handling be done automatically, and this will be secured the more easily, the more uniform the outer conditions. Experiment alone can determine the influence of such variations.

Even this small psychological group, the use of signals for transportation companies, is not confined to visible impressions. An abundance of effort is nowadays concentrated on the fog horn signals of ships, but no one gives any

attention to the psychological conditions for discriminating the direction from which a sound comes. In our psychological laboratories widely different experiments have been made concerning the perception of sounds with reference to direction and distance. We know, for instance, that certain illusions constantly enter into this field, and that the conditions of the ear, and even of the ear-shell, may produce important modifications. Yet no one thinks of studying with all the available psychological means the hearing capacities of the ship officer. A difference in the two ears of the captain may be no less disastrous than the inability to discriminate red and green.

Another field in which a slight tendency to consult the modern psychologist has set in is that of advertising. Many hundreds of millions are probably wasted every year on advertisements that are unsuccessful because they do not appeal to the mind of the reader. They may be unfit to draw his attention, or may be unable to impress the essentials on his memory, or, above all, may not succeed in giving the desired suggestion. The reader glances at them without being impressed by the desirable qualities of the offered wares.

The evident need of psychological guidance has effected a certain contact between empirical psychology and business in this field. The professional advertisement writer to-day looks into the psychology of suggestion and attention, of association of ideas and apperception, and profits from the interesting books that cover the theory of advertising. Yet every row of posters on the billboards affords plenty of material for studying sins against the spirit of psychology. Perhaps there sits in life-size the guest at the restaurant table and evidently rejects the wrong bottle, which the waiter is bringing. The advertiser intends to suggest that every passer-by should be filled with disgust for the wrong brand, while the only desirable one is printed in heavy letters above. What really must happen is that the advertised name will associate itself with the imitated inner movement of rejection, and the rival company alone can profit from the unpsychological poster.

But, anyhow, the application of general psychology to the problem of advertising can be only the beginning. What is needed is the introduction of systematic experiment which will cover the whole ground of display, not only in pictures and text, but in the shop windows and the stores. The experiment may refer to the material itself. Before an advertisement is printed, the arrangement of words, the kind of type, the whole setting of the content, may be

tested experimentally. The electric chronoscope of the psychological laboratory can easily show how many thousandths of a second the average reader needs for reading one or another type, and other experiments may demonstrate how much is apperceived during a short exposure, and how much kept in memory, and what kind of involuntary emotional response and muscle reaction is started by every kind of arrangement. The trade journals not seldom show specimens of skilful and of clumsy schemes of advertising, and yet all this remains dogmatic until experiment has brought out the subtle points.

But much more important than experimenting with the concrete material is the experimental study of the principles involved. This is, after all, the strength of the experimental method in all fields, that the complex facts of life are transformed into neat, simple schemes in which everything is left out but the decisive factor. If the jeweler wants to display his rings and watches in the window in such a way that the effect of the largest possible number will be produced, it is not necessary that we experiment for him with costly timepieces and jewelry. For instance, we may place twenty little squares of paper on one sheet of black cardboard, and on another from sixteen to twenty-four. At short exposures we ask our subjects to decide on which sheet there are more squares. If the squares on both sheets are arranged in the same way the observer will see at a glance that eighteen are less than twenty, or twenty-two more than twenty. But by trying very different combinations and studying the effect of different groupings, we shall soon discover that with certain arrangements the twenty look like only seventeen, or, with better arrangements, like twenty-two or twenty-three. In the same way we may study the effect if we mix squares and circles, or have squares of various sizes, or some of uniform, some of different color. In short, in the most simple form of experiment we can find out the principles that control the impression of the passer-by as to the greater or smaller number he believes himself to see.

The effort to attract the customer begins, of course, not with the storekeeper and the salesman, but with the manufacturer. He, too, must know psychology in order to make his article as persuasive as possible. Since I began to give my attention to the application of psychology to commerce and labor, I have collected a large number of wrappings and packings in which the various industrial establishments sell their goods, and have received plenty of confidential information as to the success or failure of the various labels and pictures. Not

a few of them can be tested quite exactly, inasmuch as the article itself remains the same, while the make-up for the retail sale changes. The same quality and kind of toilet soap or chocolate or breakfast food or writing paper that in the one packing remained a dead weight on the store shelves, in another packing found a rapid sale.

Much depends upon the habits and traditions and upon the development of taste among the special group of customers. But I am inclined to think that if the material is analyzed carefully the psychological laboratory can predict beforehand failure or success with a certain safety. As a matter of course, such factors cannot be reduced to a few simple equations. There is no special color combination that is suitable for chocolates and soap and chewing-gum alike, and the same color combination is not even equally fitting for both summer and winter. And still less can the same head of a girl be successfully used to advertise side-combs and patent medicines and ketchup. But this associative factor is equally open to scientific experiment.

Yet, after all, the make-up of the article and its paper cover are less important than the quality and construction of the goods themselves. The manufacturer too easily forgets that his product is to be used for the purposes of human minds, and that a real perfection of his output can never be reached unless the subtlest adjustment to the mental functions is secured. This is true for the most trivial as well as the most refined and complex thing that is to satisfy human interests. To be sure, small effect would be gained if the seller were simply to look over a text-book of psychology. He might easily be misled. The psychologist can show that a square filled with horizontal lines looks tall and one filled with vertical lines looks broad, but woe to the tailoring establishment that should dress its lady customers in accordance with that psychological prescription. If the tailor were to dress the stout woman who wants to appear tall in costumes with horizontal stripes and the thin one who wants to look plump in a dress with vertical stripes, the effect would be the opposite of that which was desired. It is not that psychology is wrong, but the application of the principle is out of order. We never look at a woman as we look at a square, comparing the height with the breadth. The vertical stripes in the gown force our eyeballs to move upward and downward and reinforce by that our perception of height, while the horizontal stripes simply suggest to us the idea of breadth. Or, to point to a similar misapplication: There was a painter who had learned from the psychologists that we see singly only those things upon

which we focus, while everything in the background is seen by the two eyes in a double image. He thought for this reason that he would reach a more natural effect if he drew double lines for the background things in his pictures. The effect was absurd, as his double picture was now seen with each of the two eyes, while in reality we get a double image by developing one in each eye.

Half-baked psychology certainly cannot help us, but the fact that misunderstandings may come up in every corner of psychology is no argument against its proper use. We should not like to eat the meal which a cook might prepare from bits of chemical knowledge gathered from a hand-book of physiology. The well-trained expert must always remain the middleman between science and the needs of practical life. But if special laboratories for applied psychology could examine the market demands with careful study of all the principles involved, the gain for practical life would be certain.

To analyze the case a little more fully, I may point to a product of our factories that is indispensable to our modern life — the typewriting machine. It may serve as an illustration just as well as a hundred other industrial articles, and it has the advantage that the varieties of the machines are popularly well known. Everybody knows that there are machines with or without visible writing, machines with ideal keyboards and machines with universal keyboards, machines with the double keyboard and machines with the single keyboard on which the capital letters demand the pressure of a shift-key to change the position of the carriage. Psychologists nowadays have started to examine carefully the claims of the various systems, and the results differ greatly from what the man on the street presupposes. We stand thus before a curious conflict. The manufacturer must shape his article in such a way that it attracts the customer, but while this holds without restriction for questions of external shape and outfit and packing and name, it may interfere with the greatest usefulness of the article and therefore with the real advantage of the buyer. Yet ultimately the advantage of the men who use the article must be the strongest advertisement, and it may thus be quite possible that it lies more in the interest of the manufacturer to bring to the market a product that pleases less at the first approach and by a surface appearance, but more in the long run.

The visible writing of the typewriter is a case in point. He who is not accustomed to typewriting and wants to begin it will naturally prefer the writing with visible letters. He thinks of his ordinary handwriting; he knows how

essential it is for him to follow the point of his pen with his eyes. He forgets that in the visible writing the very letter that he is writing is, of course, invisible at that moment, and the touch of the key perfectly produces the complete letter. The real effect is, therefore, that he sees the letters that he is no longer writing. The case is thus fundamentally different from that of handwriting. On the other hand, the amount of attention that is given to looking at the visible words is withdrawn from the only field that is essential — the keyboard or the copy. The visible machine may appear more attractive to one who does not know, but may be less effective through starting bad and distracting habits. Yet, again, that may have psychological exceptions. In the case of those individuals who are absolutely visualizers, the visible writing may be a help when they are writing, not from a copy, but on dictation or from their own thoughts. In that case the seeing of the preceding letters would help in the organization of the motor impulses needed for pressing the keys for the next syllable. It would, therefore, demand a careful experimental analysis to determine those persons who would profit and those who would suffer by the visibility of the writing. The instinctive feeling can never decide it.

But this difference of individual disposition plays no less a part with reference to the other qualities of the various types of machines. The double keyboard demands a distribution of attention over a very large field. The psychological laboratory can easily demonstrate that there exist individuals whose attention is concentrated and cannot stretch out much beyond the focus, and others whose attention is wide and moves easily. On the other hand, the shift-key is not only one of the many keys, but demands an entirely different kind of effort, which interrupts the smooth running flow of finger movements. The psychophysical experiment demonstrates how much more slowly and with how much more effort the shift-key movement must be performed. Again, the analysis of the laboratory shows that there are individuals who can easily interrupt their regular movement habits by will impulses of an entirely different kind, but others who lose much of their psychological energy by so sudden a change. For these the breaking in of the shift-key process means an upsetting of the mental adjustment and therefore a great loss in their effectiveness. Accordingly, the machine that is excellent for the one is undesirable for the other, and the market would fare better if all this were not left to chance.

Even as to the keyboard, it seems that psy-



chological principles are involved which demand reference to individual tendencies. For some it is best if the letters that frequently occur together in the language are in near neighborhood on the keyboard; for other minds such an arrangement is the least desirable. These writers mix up the motor impulses that belong to similar and correlated ideas, and they fare better if the intimately associated letters demand a movement in an entirely different direction, with the greatest possible psychological contrast.

There is hardly any instrument on the market for which a similar analysis of the interplay of mental energies could not be carried out. But let us rather turn to another aspect, the work in the factory itself. I feel sure that the time will come when the expert psychologist will become the most helpful agent in this sphere of industrial life. The farmers have tilled the ground for thousands of years without scientific chemistry, but we know how indispensable the aid of the chemist appears to the agriculturist to-day. A new period of farming has begun through the help of the scientific expert. A similar service to labor and industry might be rendered by experimental psychology. It would even be quite conceivable that governments should organize this help in a similar way to that by which they have secured agricultural laboratories for the farms of the country. The Department of Agriculture at Washington has experimental stations all over the land, and not a little of the great harvest is due to their effectiveness. The Department of Commerce and Labor at a future time may establish experimental stations which will bring corresponding help to the mills and factories and even to the artisans everywhere. There is no establishment that produces without making use of human minds and brains. The mill-owner must learn how to use the mental energies of his laborers in the same way that the farmer knows how to use the properties of the soil. And such help is not only to the economic interest of the producer; it would be perhaps still more to the interest of the workingman and his market price.

The first thought might turn to the safety of the laborer, which is, indeed, dependent upon various psychological conditions. For instance, the mill-owner is not expected to know what mental factors determine the correct perception of distance, and yet it is evident that a laborer is in constant danger if he cannot estimate correctly his distance from a moving machine. He may be able to see correctly with one eye every part of the machine, but if the other eye is somewhat defective, though he himself may not

notice it, his plastic interpretation of his impressions will be insufficient. He will constantly be in danger of putting his hands into the buzzing wheels. Only careful consideration of such psychological elements as build up the idea of distance, and exact tests of the workingman's senses, could eliminate such ever-present dangers.

The captain of industry may feel more interested in bringing out the fullest efficiency of his laborer; but, again, as yet nothing indicates that he is willing to put scientific exactitude into the service of this dominant psychological question. An experimental test alone can decide under what conditions the greatest continuity of effective work can be secured and under what mental conditions the individual can do his best. Methods for studying the curve of fatigue in the individual laborer, or the conditions for his most accurate muscle work, and a hundred similar devices, are to-day already at the disposal of the mental workshop; but probably for a long time to come the foreman will be thought to know better than the expert.

Moreover, it is evident that as soon as this contact between the mill and the experimental psychological laboratory has been perfected, new questions will arise corresponding to the special needs of industrial activity. The technical conditions of every industry in the country can easily be imitated in the laboratory with the simplest means. So far we have not the least really scientific investigation of the psychological effect of specializing, of the division of labor, of the influence of changes in the machines, of the complexity of machines, of the effect of temperature, food, light, color, noise, odor, of discipline, reward, imitation, piece work, of repetition, of distribution of attention, of emotion, and hundreds of other mental factors that enter into the workingman's life. It is simply untrue to say that those things regulate themselves. On the contrary, traditions and superficial tendencies, short-sighted economy and indifference, a thousand times establish methods that are to nobody's interest. The employer and the employee alike have to suffer from them.

We may get an idea of the help that could be brought if, for instance, we think of the methods of learning the handling of machines. There are many industrial activities that demand most complicated technique, and yet the learning is left to most haphazard methods. So far, we know practically nothing as to the most profitable methods of learning these industrial activities. But we have only to compare this situation with the excellent work that modern

experimental psychology has performed in the fields of handwriting, typewriting, telegraphy, piano-playing, and drawing. In every one of these fields most careful experiments have been carried on for months under the most subtle conditions. With complex instruments the growth and development of the process were analyzed, and the influences that retarded progress and hampered the most efficient learning were disentangled.

Again we may learn from the case of typewriting work. Any one who writes with the two forefingers may finally reach a certain rapidity in handling the machine. Yet no one masters it who has not learned it in a systematic way which must ultimately be controlled by the studies of experimental psychologists. Such experimental analyses of the processes in learning to run the typewriter have been carried through with the greatest carefulness, and have demonstrated that the student passes through a number of different stages. He is not only doing the thing more and more quickly: the essential factor lies in the development of habits—habits of manipulation, habits of feeling attitude, habits of attention, habits of association, habits of decisions in overcoming difficulties; and every insight into this formation of mental connections offers guidance for a proficient training. The experiments indicate the psychological conditions for a spurt in effort, for fluctuations in efficiency, for the lasting gain in speed and accuracy, for their relations to the activity of the heart and to motor activities. In short, we now know scientifically the psychological processes by which the greatest possible economy in typewriting can be secured. There is no industrial machine in our factories and mills for which a similar study has been performed; and yet every effort in this direction would increase the effectiveness of the laborer and the profit of the employer.

Our psychological educators nowadays have studied with all the methods of the laboratory the effects of pauses during the school day. We know how certain pauses work as real recreation in which exhausted energies are restituted, but that other kinds of pauses work as disturbing interruptions by which the acquired adjustment to the work is lost. It would need most accurate investigations with the subtlest means of the psychological workshop to determine for each special industry what rhythm of work and what recesses, what rapidity and what method of recreation, would secure the fullest effect. The mere subjective feeling of the workman himself or the common-sense judgment of the onlooker may be entirely misleading.

Does not every one know how this inner sensation of strength has deceived the workingman in the case of alcohol? His bottle supplies him with an illusory feeling of energy; the careful experiment demonstrates that his effectiveness suffers under the immediate influence of whisky. The scientific inquiry in every such case must replace the superficial impression. Moreover, a systematic study would not only inquire how the laborer is to learn the most efficient use of the existing machines, but the machines themselves would then be adjusted to the results of the psychological experiment. The experiment would have to determine which muscles could produce the effect that is demanded with the greatest accuracy and speed and perseverance, and the handles and levers and keys would have to be distributed accordingly. Even the builder of the motor-car relies on most superficial, common-sense judgment when he arranges the levers as they seem most practical for quick handling. The psychological laboratory, which would study in thousandths of a second the movements of the chauffeur with the various cars, might find that here, also, illusions too easily enter. Industry ought to have outgrown the stage of unscientific decisions, and it is inexcusable if physics and chemistry are considered the only sciences that come into question, and experimental psychology is ignored, when every single business, every wheel to be turned and every lever to be moved, are dependent upon the psychical facts of attention and memory, of will and feeling, of perception and judgment.

It would probably be more difficult to help the actual sale of the commercial products by exact scientific methods, except as far as advertisements and display are concerned. And yet it is evident that every man behind the counter and every sales-girl who wants to influence the customer works with psychological agencies. The study of the psychology of attention and suggestion, of association of ideas and of emotion, may systematically assist the commercial transaction. The process certainly has two sides, but if we think of the interest of the salesman only, we might say that he has to hypnotize his victim. He has to play skilfully on the attention of his shopping customer, he must slowly inhibit in her mind the desire for anything that the store cannot offer, he must cleverly fix the emotions on a particular choice, and finally he must implant the conviction that life is not worth living without this particular shirt-waist. How much the stores would profit if every employee should learn the careful avoidance of opposing suggestions! Whether shop-girls in a department store are advised to

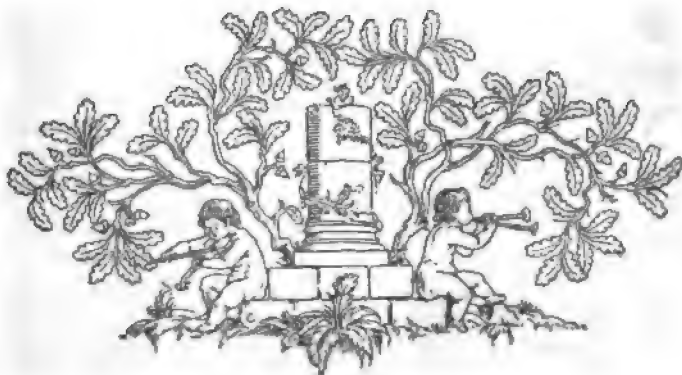
ask after every sale: "Do you want to take it with you?" or are instructed to ask first: "Do you want to have it sent to your home?" makes no difference to the feeling of the customers. They are unconscious sufferers from the suggestion, but for the store it may mean a difference of thousands for the delivery service. The newspaper boy at the subway entrance who simply asks: "Paper, sir?" cannot hope for the success of his rival who with forceful suggestion asks: "Which paper?"

The experimental study of the commercial question may finally bring new clearness into the relations of trade and law. To give one illustration from many, I may mention the case of commercial imitation. Every one who studies the court cases in restraint of trade becomes impressed with the looseness and vagueness of the legal ideas involved. There seems nowhere a definite standard. In buying his favorite article the purchaser is sometimes expected to exert the sharpest attention in order not to be deceived by an imitation. In other cases, the court seems to consider the purchaser as the most careless, stupid person, who can be tricked by any superficial similarity. The evidence of the trade witnesses is an entirely unreliable, arbitrary factor. The so-called ordinary purchaser changes his mental qualities with every judge, and it seems impossible to foresee whether a certain label will be construed as an unallowed imitation of the other or as a similar but independent trademark.

In the interest of psychology applied to commerce and labor, I have collected in my laboratory a large number of specimens which show all possible degrees of imitation. In every case it is evident that the similarity of form or color or name or packing is used in a conscious way in order to profit from the reputation of another article which has won

its popularity by quality or by advertisement. I have a bottle of Moxie among a dozen imitations of similar names in bottles of a similar shape and with the beverage similar in color to the successfully advertised Moxie. Tomato ketchups and sardine boxes, cigarette cases and talcum powders, spearmint gums and plug tobaccos, glove labels and vaudeville posters, patent medicines and gelatins, appear in interesting twin and triplet forms. The cigarette boxes of Egyptian Deities are accompanied by the Egyptian Prettiest and the Egyptian Daintiest; Rupena stands at the side of Peruna; and the Pain Expeller is packed and bottled like the Pain Killer.

Not a few of the specimens of my imitation museum have kept the lawyers busy. Yet all this is evidently at first a case for the psychologist. The whole problem belongs to the psychology of recognition. There would be no difficulty in producing in the laboratory conditions under which the mental principles involved could be repeated and brought under exact observation. Many obstacles would have to be overcome, but certainly the experiment could determine the degree of difficulty or ease with which the recognition of a certain impression can be secured. As soon as such a scale of the degrees of attention were gained, we could have an objective standard and could determine whether or not too much attention was needed to distinguish an imitation from the original. Then we might find by objective methods whether the village drug-store or our lack of attention was to blame when we were anxious for a glass of Moxie and the clerk gave us, instead, the brown bitter fluid from a bottle of Noxie, Hoxie, Non-Tox, Modox, Nox-All, Noxemall, Noxie-Cola, Moxine, or Sod-Ox, all of which stand temptingly in my little museum for applied psychology.



# PELLAGRA, THE MEDICAL MYSTERY OF TO-DAY

BY

MARION HAMILTON CARTER

AUTHOR OF "THE VAMPIRE OF THE SOUTH," "THE CONSERVATION OF THE DEFECTIVE CHILD," "ONE MAN AND HIS TOWN," ETC.

IF, some day last July, you had happened to visit the State Hospital for the Insane at Columbia, South Carolina, you might have stood by while the nurse loosened the bandages from the hand of a young negress, and as the doctor said, "Now undo the other hand," you might have exclaimed with me, "One hand is enough, doctor!" A few moments later you might have found yourself at another bedside where a girl moaned all day long, and when the nurse unwrapped a foot and you saw the horror of it, and heard, "Show the other foot — this isn't the bad one," you might have put all your firmness, as I did, into the words, "Doctor, I don't want to see the other foot — I have seen enough — I have seen all I can — for just now." And you would have hurried through the corridor to reach the sun and air with the tragedy of those lives smothering your heart and the eternal mystery of pain surging through you in the question, "Why must a sentient human being suffer this?" And for many hours the world would have been dark with inscrutable purposes and appalling punishments. For you have seen the disease that is more to be dreaded than smallpox, than leprosy, than the black death — you have seen pellagra; you have seen the curse that Nature lays on those who eat spoiled corn. Except in the early stages, there is no known cure for pellagra. Treatment may arrest its progress, but the end is certain.

And still you did not see the worst; for those tortured, bleeding hands and feet from which

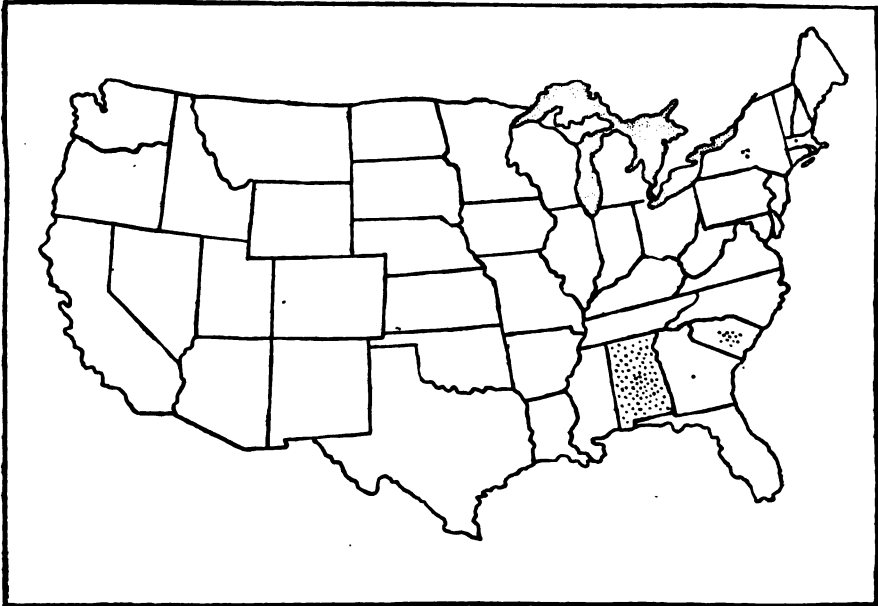
the skin has fallen are only the smaller part of the story, and you will not, unless you are a physician, be permitted to witness the delirium and the convulsions that month by month grow more severe — until one. There are things it is better not to see, but in your first glimpse of pellagra you will understand.

And you will understand then why a man like Lombroso has devoted his life to the study of pellagra; why some of the finest minds in Italy, France, Spain, Austria, and Rumania have given years to it; why Italy has spent fortunes on its prevention and cure — passed laws — appointed Government Committees to inquire into its causes — built special hospitals, *pellagrosari*, where no other disease is treated — established rural bakeries for the sale of wheat bread at cost, free diet kitchens, corn-drying plants in which the peasant may have all the corn for his family's use cured without charge, and agricultural experiment stations devoting themselves to the corn question. To-day "Education" is the watchword of the Italian crusade — nothing else has been found effective in reaching the situation. Popular medical and agricultural pamphlets are distributed in great numbers; popular lectures on the need of a mixed diet with more meat are held everywhere; big wall charts, picturing a healthy laborer who eats good corn and a poor pellagrin who eats spoiled polenta, are hung up in public halls and rural schools as a lesson and warning.

The Italian peasants live principally upon polenta — a porridge or mush made of corn

NOTE.—The writer is particularly indebted to Dr. J. W. Babcock for the privilege of seeing cases; for the use of the advance sheets of his and Dr. Lavinder's translation of Dr. Marie's book, "Pellagra"; for the still unpublished manuscript of the report to the Department of State by W. Bayard Cutting, Jr., Vice-Consul to Milan, "Pellagra in Italy"; and to Dr. C. F. Williams, of the South Carolina State Board of Health, and Dr. C. H. Lavinder, of the Marine Hospital Service. Also, Babes and Sion, "Pellagra" (in Nothnagel's Practice); Antonini, "Pellagra"; Lombroso, "Pellagra"; many pamphlets by Pietro Ceni; Sir Henry Holland,

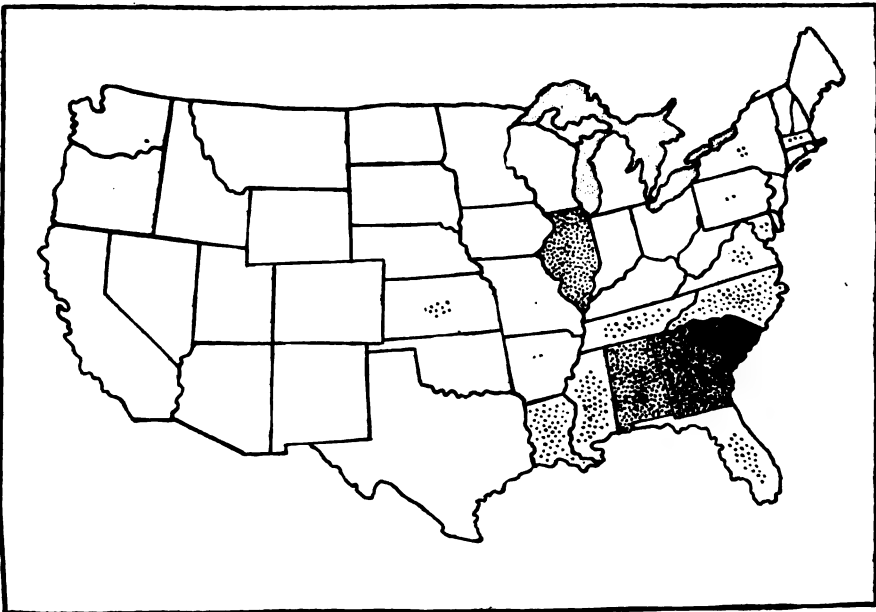
"On the Pellagra" (in Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, 1817); Sandwith, "Pellagra"; Sambon, "Pellagra" (in the British Medical Journal); Sir Patrick Manson, "Pellagra"; Creighton, "Pellagra" (Encyclopaedia Britannica); Babcock, "What Are Pellagra and Pellagrous Insanity?"; "Conference on Pellagra," South Carolina State Board of Health, Annual Report, 1908 (fifteen papers); Lavinder, "Pellagra," a précis; Thayer, "Report of Two Cases of Pellagra" (in the Bulletin of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, July, 1909). Also articles and papers by Sherwell, Harris, Searcy, Wood, King, Moore, Randolph, McCafferty, and others.



*Courtesy of Dr. Babcock*

MAP SHOWING THE NUMBER OF KNOWN CASES OF PELLAGRA IN THE UNITED STATES BY JANUARY 1, 1908. EACH CASE IS REPRESENTED BY A DOT

meal — which they cook up in great potfuls, a week's eating at a time, and set away in a corner of the hut, exposed to dirt and flies. Long before the end is reached the polenta is spoiled and often decayed. "Pellagra is terrible," they say, "but it is still more terrible to starve." Out of 3,964 pellagrins, 1,022 declared that they often ate spoiled polenta; 1,387 that they ate it sometimes; and 1,385 that they never did. But denials must be taken very humanly,



*Courtesy of Dr. Babcock*

MAP SHOWING THE INCREASE IN PELLAGRA BY SEPTEMBER 1, 1909. THESE MAPS HAVE BEEN MADE FROM DATA COLLECTED BY THE SOUTH CAROLINA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH AND DR. J. W. BABCOCK, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE STATE HOSPITAL

for the admission is equivalent to the admission of utter destitution; with some peasants it would be a confession that they had stolen corn out of the landlord's field before it was ripe and hidden it where it was bound to spoil.

The diet kitchens — *locande sanitarie* — have been almost as much an education as a blessing. Curative diet, including medicines, is allowed for two periods of forty days each year. Provisions are sometimes distributed direct to the homes of the patients; otherwise the patients go once or twice a day to the *locande*, where they are obliged to eat the food on the spot. Corn of every kind is excluded from the diet, and soup, meat, vegetables, bread, wine, milk, and cheese make up the fare. At Bagnolo, Mella, where pellagra is virulent, three meals a day are given spring and fall at a total cost never exceeding a *lira* (nineteen cents) a day for each patient. In 1907 Italy had 534 *locande sanitarie* in active operation; and so popular are the rural bakeries that they have increased from 77 in 1904 to 591 in 1907. Recently, school lunches have been provided for the children in pellagrous communities, and are showing excellent results.

The cases too acute for diet treatment are sent to the pellagrosari, of which there are now twenty-two. It was at these that the hopelessness of all treatment, once the disease was established, became evident and it was seen that only preventive measures were of any real avail. The pellagrosario at Inzago admits only patients between the ages of twelve and twenty, and Dr. Friz — who says that in his long practice he has known but two acute cases to recover — now tries to secure the children of pellagrous parents and put them under treatment the first moment they show signs of the disease. The girls come for a six months' stay, and then the boys for the same period.

But the Italian situation was sufficiently grave to warrant the most stringent measures. The disease had first made its appearance in the vicinity of Lake Maggiore in the forties of the eighteenth century, following the introduction of Indian corn, from Turkey, probably, as its colloquial name — *grano turco* — would seem to indicate. In 1750 pellagra broke out simultaneously in the districts of Milan, Brescia, Bergamo, and Lodi. As early as 1776 the Board of Health of Venice passed laws, based on the view that the disease was caused by the use of spoiled corn, forbidding the sale of it in the markets, or its harvesting in lands that had been inundated — laws that seem to have had but little effect in checking the progress of the disease, for Sir Henry Holland visiting north-

ern Italy in 1817, writes that the hospitals were unable to receive the patients "and the greater portion of these unfortunate people perish in their own habitations or linger there, a wretched spectacle of fatuity and decay." By 1839 Lombardy alone had twenty thousand cases, and forty years later the number had more than doubled. In 1881, eight regions of northern Italy reported 104,067 patients. These included only the officially registered. How many obscure and incipient cases there were — how many concealed from the authorities — will never be known; but it is generally conceded that the registration figures represent only about one out of two actual sufferers. It was then that the appalling magnitude of the calamity stood revealed — one pellagrin for every sixty individuals of the rural population, while Brescia had one to every forty-one, Cremona one to every twenty-four.

Through province after province pellagra had spread like a flame. Its virulence decreased, but its area extended. Yet for over a hundred years, in spite of the extensive use of corn in southern Italy and in Sicily, it had confined itself to the northern provinces exclusively. Then suddenly, in 1881, cases of it appeared about Rome — "sporadic," "imported," the doctors hopefully said. Five years later pellagra was endemic on the Campagna, and Sicily was falling into line. Assistant Surgeon Wollenberg says: "The disease is now appearing in alarming proportions in Latium and in Abruzzi and Molise, a compartimento in which it was unknown some years ago. What is most striking is that the disease invaded southern Italy in 1908, cases having occurred in the vicinity of Naples and in Calabria. At present pellagra appears to be firmly established in the lower as well as the upper portions of the Italian peninsula." (U. S. Public Health Report for July 23, 1909.)

And yet, the whole question was a puzzle of contradictions. In some regions the fall of pellagra ran closely parallel with the fall of the price of corn, in others it rose; in some pellagra fell as the harvests rose, in others it reversed. Thus, in 1860, after four years of large corn crops in Perugia, pellagra suddenly increased. Afterward it fell with the falling harvests until 1879, when Perugia was obliged to import corn. Almost immediately forty-nine pellagrous insane were admitted to the asylum. Italian statistics show that asylum commitments represent ten to eleven per cent of the patients where pellagra is occurring in its virulent form; so the above figures would indicate nearly five hundred new patients following the corn famine. Then there were places where pellagra seemed

to vary with the rainfall — this was true of Venetia, but not of the mountainous districts. Again, there were places where it seemed to vary with vine culture. In the Landes, in southern France, and in some of the smaller Italian provinces pellagra went down in proportion to the increasing number of vineyards; on the other hand, exactly the opposite happened in Sicily, Sardinia, and Corfu.

The case of Corfu is particularly interesting. Pellagra made its first appearance after a season of very heavy rains had spoiled the corn crop. Largely owing to this failure, vine culture took the place of corn, and the corn crop steadily decreased. It became necessary to import the cereal from Greece, Macedonia, and the countries of the Danube. And "it always arrived at its destination in very bad condition. One community, which had no pellagrins so long as it raised its own corn, now, having for seven years used imported corn, has nine of them to every six hundred inhabitants." (Dr. Marie.)

As investigation went deeper, these contradictions were turned into a chain of evidence. Heavy rainfall meant molded crops. Large harvests meant careless handling and improper storage — the corn was housed in attics and cellars, and spoiled before it was ground into meal; poor harvests, that the peasants were forced to eat corn they would at other seasons refuse. Restriction of the corn area by vine culture in a mainland province meant more money for varied food and fresh meat; on an island the same thing meant importation by the coastwise trade, and all experts pronounce corn that has been in the least damaged by sea water to be highly dangerous. This explains why, wherever Greece exports corn, that country becomes almost immediately pellagrous, though Greece has never suffered to any extent from the disease.

The influence of the coastwise trade was strikingly shown under the Crispi ministry. From 1893 to 1897 there was rigorous inspection at the ports and all damaged corn was excluded. Pellagra rapidly decreased. With the fall of the Crispi ministry in 1897 inspection relaxed and pellagra showed a strong recrudescence. The decline and rise of pellagra precisely corresponded with the increase and decrease of the vigilance of the government inspectors and the improved tests they had learned to apply.

The regions where corn is extensively used and pellagra unknown, and the free spots in pellagrous districts, furnished more evidence. Lombroso found one of these spots in Friaul — its inhabitants lived exclusively on fish. Babes found one in Rumania — a village surrounded by pellagrous villages: its inhabitants were

Russian *skopys* who ate no corn — and another in a district with 3,000 pellagrins — a village where the people lived mostly on wheat bread. Ireland and Burgundy are free from pellagra, though corn is extensively used; but in these countries the corn is dried in ovens as soon as harvested — in Burgundy the corn intended for meal is called *journaye*, "oven-dried." Mexico makes assurance doubly sure, for after the corn is dried, it is boiled in a gruel of lime and water to remove the hull — which incidentally kills all bacteria and mold-spores. It is then carefully washed, crushed into a dough, and baked into light, puffy griddle cakes, the *tortillas* for which Mexico is famous.

In Italy the pellagra problem is tangled up even with the land system. Through what is called *affizione*, the landowners rent out small holdings and a little hut to the peasant, who pays in kind, very naturally giving the best of his harvest and keeping the poorer portions for himself. It frequently happens in bad seasons that he has not corn enough to last him through the winter and he is forced to borrow from his landlord, who now lets him have what ever spoiled corn he may have on hand, which the peasant must repay with good out of his next harvest. Under the *padrone* system the laborers are fed with the cheapest corn to be found on the market. Lombroso tells of one of these poor creatures, brought dying to the hospital, who stammered out, "My trouble is rotten polenta." On recovering, he stated that he and a dozen workmen had been fed on corn which had been beaten down by hail in the fields and which the cattle had refused to eat.

Pellagra spreads more in the level country than in the mountains. This is not only because the mountaineers are better fed, having more milk and cheese, but because their season is too short to permit them to raise a certain variety of corn — *quarantina* — "forty-day corn." It is a very small-grained ear, early ripening, easily spoiled. Where a field is to produce a single crop in the season, the corn is planted in March and ripens in September; but where rye has been cut, *quarantina* is planted about the first of July and ripens late in September after the fall rains have come. It is almost never dry when it is harvested and stored for the winter. The use of *quarantina* has been shown to be invariably dangerous. Thus, in the neighboring provinces of Cremona and Piacenza — climatically on the same level, geologically alike — Cremona, which uses a large amount of *quarantina*, had 586 cases of pellagra in the four years preceding 1907; Piacenza, which does not grow it to any ex-



tent, 68. The various communes are now making great efforts to teach the peasants to give up quarantina and put in potatoes as a second crop instead. In Como the commissioners have succeeded in abolishing late corn-planting altogether, and pellagra has appreciably gone down.

There are five stages between the field and the mouth at which corn may become unfit for human use—harvesting, storage, milling, storage of the meal, the prepared food; and if the ignorant peasant and his wife are doing their share at each end of the line to spread pellagra, the miller is doing his. He is in the habit of mixing water with the grain while grinding it, or passing steam over the meal, to make it weigh heavier; and he would be more than human, almost, if he did not mix in a little spoiled corn with the good—not enough to detect, just enough to infect. This is where he helps the unscrupulous merchant and importer to dispose of a load of damaged corn to advantage.

Stefano Balp, in his monograph on pellagra in the province of Bergamo, shows how the actual process of grinding separates the better from the dangerous part of the kernel; for, while badly damaged corn shows spots of mold all over its surface, it is usually the germ, or embryo, that breaks down first and is the only part greatly poisonous. We then have the "black-heart" corn. Sometimes the perisperm, which surrounds the embryo, is changed into a kind of crumbly powder, and in place of a solid substance is a hollow where weevils and mites make their nests. The embryo is withered and dead. Meal from such corn is tawny yellow or grayish brown, and bitter to the taste. On warming a little in the hand, one smells the mold distinctly. The meal comes in four grades—*fioretta*, the best, *nostrana*, the second, *farinetta*, the poorest; the fourth is a mixture of husks and waste. Balp shows that the cylindrical mills separated the better part of the kernel from the "heart," or embryo, leaving it to become *farinetta*. The poor peasant brings his good corn to the mill and exchanges it for a larger quantity of *farinetta*, and thus gets the greater part of the poison. Balp declares that could *farinetta* be excluded from human food, "the cylindrical mills would offer a strong obstacle to the disease they now encourage."

What part the mills play in the final issue is beautifully shown in the province of Bergamo. Here everything that science and government could do has been done: Bergamo still remains a hotbed of pellagra—one in every 104 of its inhabitants has the disease.

But Bergamo is the center of the milling industry and supplies three fifths of all the corn meal in Italy. Bergamo is thus the center for the inpouring of damaged corn from all the country round about. As the mills are not controlled by government inspection, *farinetta* is concentrated in Bergamo, while the better meal is shipped away. In the neighboring province of Brescia, with only a few local mills, pellagra has enormously decreased under the same course of treatment and education that has failed in Bergamo. Government ownership of the mills appears to be the only way by which spoiled corn can be kept from entering into the meal on which the poor chiefly live.

But it is when we come to compare the vital statistics for a period of fifty years that we get a glimpse of what Italy's struggle has really meant.

TABLE SHOWING DEATH RATES IN AGE PERCENTAGES

	1856	1906
1-10 years	4.1	6.7
11-20 "	11.0	11.4
21-30 "	16.4	5.5
31-40 "	22.5	14.4
41-50 "	20.0	20.4
51-60 "	16.0	18.7
Over 60 "	9.5	22.5

The sudden drop in the working years between twenty and forty is a striking testimony to the betterment of conditions among the poor, to medical progress and the growth of industrialism. The increase in children's deaths shows the influence of heredity; but the great increase in deaths of persons over sixty is partly due to the fact that pellagra is appearing in its chronic rather than its acute form; and, also, it is a tribute to medical treatment and hygiene, more people living to be over sixty than formerly. We may read between the lines a little tribute to America, too. The young men who have come over here and returned to their homes with money and new ideas—well, no more spoiled corn for them! The women may have it if they wish it, but rotten polenta isn't eaten in New York; and it has been noteworthy, in many districts where emigration to America has been large, that women pellagrins outnumber the men, while in other districts, where the men have stayed at home, men pellagrins outnumber the women, sometimes three to one.

No disease in the world has ever been so interwoven with the varying activities of the

social and national life of a people. Here it is a question of agriculture—there a question of commerce; here, a matter of the corn harvest itself—there, of some other harvest; now it is a problem of household economics—again a problem of official integrity; at one place it is climate—at another, industrialism; here a land system may render the efforts of a government unavailing—there another land system may render government efforts unnecessary, as was shown in the Landes in southern France, once frightfully malarial and pellagrous, now entirely free since the peasants were permitted to acquire private ownership of their holdings after the government reclaimed the marshes. The very passions of men mark down their victims, and even religion may play its part; for in Rumania there is generally a strong recrudescence of the disease just after the Christmas and Easter fastings, which the peasants keep devoutly. In some provinces pellagra goes by popular names taken from the places of pilgrimage visited by the sick—*mal de Sainte Rose*, *mal de Saint Amans*. This last is a corruption of *saintes mains*—sacred hands—where the hands of a colossal crucifix were covered with salve which the pilgrims took to rub themselves with.

And yet, pellagra to-day is as much a mystery in its final causes as it was in 1844, when Ballardini reported to the Italian Scientific Congress that the disease was caused by eating spoiled corn and decayed polenta. Ballardini's work marked a long step in advance, for he disposed of the widely accepted theory that pellagra was due to lack of nourishment—corn being at that time supposed to contain very little proteid—and laid the foundation for the modern zeï-toxic theory. This theory, taking its name from *Zea Mays*, Indian corn, holds corn poison to be the sole causative agent; and to it Lombroso was destined to devote what is perhaps the longest one-man research in history. Beginning with a chemical inquiry in 1864, he pushed into the field opened by Ballardini, and presently succeeded in isolating a highly poisonous substance from spoiled corn, decayed polenta, and moldy bread, to which he gave the name *pellagrozine*.

Now it usually happens that Mystery grows less as Experiment grows large, and Lombroso proceeded to experiment with pellagrozine by injecting it into frogs, rats, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, chickens, dogs, and cats. A great variety of symptoms resulted—accelerated or depressed heart action, exaggerated reflexes, diarrhea, loss of feathers or hair, tetanus, convulsions, death. But none of the animals got pellagra; not a single individual, no matter

what the dose, had the triad of symptoms—erythema, diarrhea, and depression—that compose the pellagra syndrome. Yet, could all the animals have been rolled into one, that one would have presented a classical case! Some of the chickens became dull and droopy, while one showed great motor derangement and walked backward, lifting its feet in an exaggerated manner; frogs were tetanized, guinea-pigs paralyzed, mice went into convulsions, dogs and cats died. The autopsy of a cat that succumbed in ten hours showed congestion of the brain, spinal cord, and kidneys; a dog, softening of the lumbar spinal marrow. All of this pointed to an intoxication of the nervous system, especially the ganglia, and to a paralysis of the vaso-motor nerves which is of spinal origin. Lombroso now believes that there are two poisons in spoiled corn, the one resembling strychnine and the other hemlock (*Conium*), and that the symptoms vary according as the individual is more susceptible to one or the other.

But, pellagrozine having failed to produce pellagra in animals, twelve healthy men were given doses for several days with their food. Two proved entirely resistant; the remaining ten developed forty-three varying symptoms, but—not one got pellagra. Professor Cerasoli experimented on himself by eating a dish of polenta made from the moldiest corn he could find every day for two months, and experienced no evil results. On the other hand, Antoniu fed seven convicts—four healthy workmen and three peasants—on polenta made from spoiled meal, and all developed the disease. A banker who ate a dish of polenta every day also contracted it.

These experiments, while illuminating to the subject, added to its mystery by raising the question, If pellagra is caused by spoiled corn, why, then, does the pure chemical extract of it never produce pellagra? To this the zeists have not been able to give an answer satisfactory to all investigators. However, the experiments had clearly established the fact that pellagra is primarily a disease of the nervous system, not of the skin or of the digestive tract, where the more painful and obvious symptoms occur and naturally attract the greater attention—a disease whose slow, insidious approach is unheralded and unsuspected, whose grip, once secure, is never relaxed.

It is, then, but natural to expect what happens—that pellagra attacks first the degenerates of a community. Cretins and epileptics are especially predisposed to it; next, drunkards, syphilitics, and the children of pellagrins; then those who have suffered from diseases of the

nervous system. So, in the individual, the weakest organ is the first to break down, and thus the prominent symptoms vary from patient to patient, even in the same patient from day to day. Opposites run riot: loss of appetite—excessive hunger; somnolence—insomnia; mutism—loquacity; hydromania—repugnance to water; rigidity—exaggerated motility; stupor—excitement. Marie says, "It is not a question of diseases, but of patients," which explains the proverb in Venice that runs: Pellagra can give six ills: It drives one crazy. It draws one backward. It bends one over. It gives one the vertigo. It gives one the hunger. It occasions erythema.

Even districts develop local peculiarities. In Pavia, contractures and mutism are common; in Mantua, cranial anomalies and epileptic fits. Venetian pellagrins complain of a salty taste in the mouth. In the district of Mugello the disease is slow and intermittent, while in Romagna and Tuscany it runs a violent course with severe, extensive erythema. Suicide is rare in Gascony, but at Cannes the cases are numerous. In Triest there are very few insane; in Pavia, Cremona, and Brescia pellagra is synonymous with insanity, and no one dares admit having it even in its mildest form; while in Vicenza a physician will not for the sake of his practice diagnose pellagra as such—he calls it "salt rheum" or "an accidental eruption."

The insanity also is largely "a question of patients." Usually it begins with extreme irritability—this in the very early stages, before the disease has declared itself—and the patients become discontented with everything or fly into rages over trifles. In other cases the first symptom is a settled gloom that after the second year stamps itself on the face in the deep distressed frown so characteristic of the disease that in pellagrous regions physicians suspect pellagra when no other symptom is present. Sandwith says these patients lose all power of laughing and smiling, and, when they are induced to make the effort, only succeed in contorting their faces. They have actually forgotten how to smile.

The prodromal stage is usually accompanied by headaches, roaring in the ears, vertigo, and weakness, and may last for an unknown period before the disease declares itself by its characteristic eruption. Many, on looking back, can trace it for years. But as it gets firmer hold on one set of nerve cells or another, vague symptoms give way to localization at affected parts. The erythema appears on the hands—the feet, too, in persons accustomed to go barefoot; the tongue is denuded of its epithelium

(the "bald tongue")—turns fiery red (the "cardinal tongue")—burns like a live coal in the mouth. Most patients say they are "swallowing live coals"; two insane Italians actually attempted it.

There are now grave disorders of sensibility. Patients "feel hot water poured" over their heads or down their backs—some feel it as cold water—and flames raging in their heads or stomachs. The flame sensation is often followed by the hallucination of being surrounded by flames. Other patients feel such pain in the back that they can hardly get up or lie down, or shooting pains in the body that the injection of morphine has no effect on. Very many complain of the prickings of thousands of pins in their feet—this is usually preceded by the "foot's asleep" sensation, which is one of the first symptoms; while others speak of ants crawling over their feet and hands, and twistings under the thumb nails. These sensations are so real that they give rise to delusions of persecution and sorcery, some patients wildly declaring that they feel their skin being torn from their bodies by the witches. So great is the tactile sensibility at times, that a breath of air or a ray of light falling on the inflamed parts will bring on grave, unrelaxing spasms.

One of the curious sensations that many describe is that of a cord stretched across their backs pulling them this way or that and making them fall over if they do not clutch hold of something; or of being pulled by the head with such force that they are compelled to stiffen out their limbs; and in this position they remain for weeks, stretched out on a bed, oblivious to everything.

When the ravenous hunger takes them, they consume three times the food of an ordinary person. One poor woman, when she felt herself attacked by it, left her home in order to keep from devouring her children. Other patients—or the same ones at a later time—may experience a corresponding horror of food. This is partly due to sensations in the stomach: as one pellagrin said, "It seems to me I am filling a body already full—I am full to the neck." But others refuse food for fear of poisoning by supposed enemies, while still others, deeply religious, have the hallucination of the Sacred Host on the plate before them, and dare not eat for fear of committing an unpardonable sin.

It is largely through the burning sensations that water comes to exercise a peculiar and often fatal fascination for pellagrins. They love it—love its feel on their bodies, its flow, its shiny surface; hang over it by day and dream of it by night. One man spoke of it as his

"only refuge," declaring that if he could not bathe constantly his sensations would drive him to suicide. But with the fascination of delight runs the fascination of terror, even in the same patients. The water seems to call them, to hold them in a spell. They cannot withdraw their gaze from it, but look into its depths till nausea and vertigo come on and they fall into it. In this state, and stunned by the shock, they drown. Some, on coming to a watercourse, close their eyes and cling to the nearest tree until the vertigo passes; then shamble away in fright, only to be seized with the charm of the next stream and throw themselves bodily into it. In Bergamo and Lombardy, which are highly pellagrous, deaths by drowning far exceed deaths from the same cause in Naples and Sardinia, where the people are more exposed to water. Out of 45 accidental deaths in Bergamo, 7 were by drowning; 41 in Turin out of 215.

Through it all runs the black thread of misery — agony of body and mind. Leprosy is very nearly painless; smallpox at least gives one a living chance and leaves the mind if one survives; bubonic plague is soon over. Only acute pellagra is rapid. In its chronic form patients are a never-ending burden. For years and years they degenerate while they slowly die.

Nor is this all, for pellagra seems to pass on a horrible hereditary taint, even unto the third and fourth generation. The children of pellagrins are often born with asymmetrical heads, ears set on wrong and sticking out, harelips, and the appearance of idiocy. They are stupid and apathetic, feeble and shuffling in their motions, always sad, and many are very early inclined to suicide. The taint is peculiarly acute if the mother has been pellagrous. Whole families have been seen where not a single member has escaped. In others it skips a generation and comes out in the grandchildren. Lombroso mentions the case of a pellagrous boy who showed an inclination to bite and to beat his head against the wall; he fell down at the slightest noise. His parents were healthy, but his grandfather had been a pellagrin with precisely these peculiarities.

In all this there is nothing contrary to the zeistic theory — nothing that will not bear out the idea of a neuro-toxin acting directly on the nervous system. But another fact comes to the fore and grows increasingly impressive in the study of pellagra — its periodicity with remissions, and the cumulative severity and complexity of the attacks. The first attack generally comes on in early spring, February or March, after a prodromal period of irrita-

bility and vague malaise. Often there is only a light erythema which passes off in the summer, leaving the skin darkened — sunburned — or with liver-colored spots in place of the inflamed areas. But, with the repetition of the attack in the following spring, eczema and desquamation occur, large patches of the skin scaling away. Sometimes it peels off the fingers like a glove and they look as if they had been boiled. With the healing of these places the skin now assumes the roughness from which the disease gets its name — *pell' agra* — rough skin. The inflamed areas are determined and defined by the clothing rather than by the nerve centers affected; for the erythema covers the portions of the body particularly exposed to the sun. In fact, the disease has been called "sunstroke of the skin." In Egypt it is common to see the erythema in the form of a breastplate; and in some parts of France, where the peasants wear shirts open at the back, a streak comes out along the spine. There may be patches on the face, neck, and breast. Nor is the increasing severity of attack due to the cumulative effect of continued poisoning, for Italian peasants from whose diet all corn has been eliminated continue to return to the pellagrosari year after year.

But — another mystery — no known poison is periodic in its action unless there is a living, parasitic organism back of it established in the body. One may be the victim of ptomaine poisoning, "painter's colic" (lead poison), arsenic, morphine, alcohol, what not — one either gets well or dies. That is the end of it. One does not at the same season next year experience a recrudescence of last year's symptoms and in a more severe form. Yet this precisely is what happens in pellagra.

The strong points of the zeistic theory lay in Lombroso's brilliant experiments with pellagrozina, supported by a mass of contributory statistical evidence connecting spoiled corn with pellagra; but on the failure of experimental proof and the periodicity of the disease the anti-zeists then built their case. If, they ask, pellagra is a poisoning, why should it differ from all other poisonings? Why is not the poison transmitted through the mother's milk? Why do not all members of a family suffer? Why do not the children suffer more than the adults? Why does not pellagra appear in a community immediately upon the introduction of corn — why does it slumber for years before it breaks out? To answer these questions the anti-zeists undertook to bring pellagra into line with diseases of parasitic origin. Yet there never has been the smallest evidence that pellagra was a communicable disease — that

one individual may infect another. Lombroso and others had gone over this ground very thoroughly, inoculating animals with the skin scrapings and blood of pellagrins, but without result. Even injection of the blood of a pellagrin into a non-pellagrin did not produce pellagra; and statistical investigations showed very clearly that it was not a group disease. Whole families might have it — just as often only one or two members were affected. Families notoriously pellagrous for generations lived side by side in the same village with families that had never had a case. It is for these reasons that European countries have never quarantined against pellagra — it has been felt to be utterly useless.

But the anti-zeists passed these reasons over lightly. One bacterium after another played *vera causa* to pellagra and was cast aside. Even the old familiar potato bacillus that has acted the star rôle in so many diseases, cancer among them, took its little hour before the scientific footlights.

The trouble with all the bacterial theories was that no investigator has been able to repeat another man's work and get his results: the bacterium that produced pellagra in one laboratory simply could not be found in the next.

Then Ceni and his workers came forward with a series of experiments on chickens. Ceni had found two molds — *Aspergillus flavescens* and *Aspergillus fumigatus* — plentifully occurring on spoiled corn, and after feeding this corn to his chickens for four years, when they became pellagrous, he found the mold-spores in their intestinal tracts, pericardia, and lung tissues. He also claimed to have found the spores of the same molds in the lungs and brains of pellagrins — an observation that autopsies in other countries have never yet corroborated. Later, Ceni attributed the infection not only to *Aspergillus*, but to *Penicillium glaucum* — the common household pest, bread-mold — and to several other species, which he believed could produce some, at least, of the symptoms of pellagra if given the opportunity.

But Ceni's theory left too many outlying facts to be accounted for. If the spores created the poison from the patient, not from the corn, how did a pure chemical extracted from spoiled corn produce even some of the symptoms? And, again, how were we to explain the relapses, of which very many were recorded? Patients would be getting on well, eat a little corn bread or be tempted with a fresh "roastin' ear," and down they came with a severe attack. One woman in South Carolina said that she "just

couldn't resist the smell of the johnny-cake in the oven — she *had* to have a taste." The doctor was hastily summoned next day — all her early symptoms had returned with violence.

With each failure of the pathologists and bacteriologists, the zeitoxic theory became more firmly entrenched. Still, the parasite hypothesis would not "down," for the reason that periodicity would not "down" either. Ceni had ingeniously accounted for periodicity by explaining that it was synchronous with the sporulating stage of the mold, which occurred in the spring, and again, but less vigorously, in the fall. The merely vegetative life of the mold in the body he held to be harmless. Such, then, was the status of the controversy when the trypanosome theory brilliantly entered the field. To meet all the difficulties of the situation, the new school of anti-zeists, headed by Sambon, of London, has assumed a protozoön analogous to those found in syphilis and in sleeping-sickness. This school regards corn as playing somewhat the same rôle in pellagra that swamp water plays in malaria — a reservoir or possibly a breeding-ground for the trypanosome, or for the insect through which the infection is supposed to take place. In other words, corn is, as it were, the intermediary host. In support of this, Sambon states that pellagra is a disease of field laborers, who would naturally come in freest contact with the supposed insect that inoculates with the supposed trypanosome — a statement which unfortunately ignores a great mass of Italian statistical evidence — the Bergamo mills and the effect of the fall of the Crispi ministry, to mention only two items.

But — the hypothetical trypanosome is little better off than experimental pellagra: it has never been produced. And there you are, after a hundred and fifty years of study by some of the finest minds in Europe. Such is pellagra.

And suddenly, almost without warning, pellagra in its virulent form has risen like a specter among us in America. How long it has been incubating, waiting to burst forth, no one knows. Barhuino in 1600 described what must have been pellagra among the Indians who ate spoiled corn, and Maffei noticed a peculiar weakness among them attributed to the same cause. Various writers spoke of a disease among horses in Mexico supposed to be due to damaged corn. But from that time on no more was heard of it till 1864, when Dr. John Gray, Superintendent of the State Asylum, Utica, reported a case there, during the discussion of which by the Asylum Superintendents at their Washington meeting,

Dr. Tyler of the McLean Asylum, Somerville, Massachusetts, rose and recalled a similar case under his own observation. Sherwell reported one in 1883 and another nineteen years later in Brooklyn; Harris found one in complication with hookworm disease in Georgia; Searcy, an epidemic of acute pellagra at the asylum for negro insane at Mount Vernon, Alabama. But none of these seem to have attracted any attention. Dr. Osler had said that pellagra had never been observed in this country, and Spitzka that pellagrous insanity did not occur in America.

And then the psychological moment arrived — Dr. J. W. Babcock, Superintendent of the State Hospital at Columbia, by his report to the Board of Health in 1908, raised the question as to whether or not pellagra existed in South Carolina. For eighteen years he had been worrying over insane cases, largely among negro women, that no diagnosis seemed to fit — they had symptoms of almost every disease, and died in spite of all treatment, while the house physicians stood by asking helplessly, "*What is killing these people?*"

One day in staff meeting, when a case was under discussion, the words "pellagrous insanity" occurred in a reference. When the account of the disease had been read out, Dr. Babcock jumped to his feet, exclaiming excitedly, "*That man has pellagra!*"

Then followed months of study. Dr. Babcock and Dr. Watson went to Italy — the latter direct to Lombroso's clinic. Doubt was ended: the United States had pellagra, in spite of the authorities. A pellagra conference was called in Columbia in October. Cases and cases were reported, white and colored, adults and children — mothers with families, a farmer, a business man, a stable-hand, an office worker; many physicians recalled cases, as far back as twenty years ago, which they had diagnosed as tuberculosis, malaria, eczema, acute indigestion, what not. Dr. Wood of Wilmington had published a series under the head of "Symmetrical Gangrene" due to malaria. He has since declared them to have been pellagra. In response to a later inquiry by the State Board of Health, 187 cases were reported — people in every walk of life. Then, almost between naps, one might say, pellagra seemed to break out all over the country. With the coming of the next spring the cases multiplied beyond the fears of even the alarmists. One could hardly pick up a Southern paper and not see, "*Man Dies of Pellagra,*" "*Nurse Dies of Pellagra,*" "*Pellagra Discovered in — Asylum.*" Patients were seen on the streets and in railroad trains.

In July, Dr. Lavinder, the Government ex-

pert, found it outside Chicago in the Cook County Asylum — three cases and six previous deaths. On the request of Dr. Babcock, through the State Board of Health, Surgeon-General Wyman had detailed Dr. Lavinder of the Public Health Service to study pellagra. Dr. Lavinder had already been interested in the Wilmington cases when the Surgeon-General recalled him to Washington to prepare himself for further study at the Columbia Hospital. He had been working there since April — it was impossible to gainsay his diagnosis in Chicago or to get away from its seriousness. On the 6th of August a second pellagra conference was held in South Carolina, this time at Abbeville. The papers that were read, the discussions, the seventy-five physicians who had come from all over the State to attend the meeting, left no doubt in the mind of the lay public that the pellagra question was assuming an important if not an alarming aspect. Hardly had he returned from the conference when Dr. Lavinder was rushed out to the Bartonville State Hospital in Peoria. There were forty or fifty cases there, more, probably, not declared. The superintendent fears that the whole asylum has become infected, and has ordered all corn cut out of the diet.

An unfortunate and curious scandal was twice connected with this asylum, that caused a good deal of newspaper notoriety and excitement throughout the State. In 1904 and again in 1907 patients had been taken away for burial, and the relatives on seeing the condition of the bodies declared them to have been scalded to death. The nurse, though protesting her innocence, was discharged for what was assumed to be her negligence. Dr. Lavinder pronounces these cases to have been pellagra, and the nurse has been reinstated.

Sixteen States have now reported, Massachusetts and Arkansas naming their first known victims in August.

The most conservative estimate I have heard — Dr. Lavinder's — places the number of cases for the country at five thousand; but there are physicians of high standing in South Carolina who make this estimate for their State alone. The estimates are based largely on the asylum commitment figures, assuming that we have the same proportion of insane pellagrins as occur in Italy, where commitments represent from ten to eleven per cent. On this supposition, a hospital report of one hundred insane pellagrins would indicate a total number of one thousand for the State. At this writing, the opinion is unanimous that pellagra has very greatly increased in the past two years. It has appeared in its acute or fulminating

form, with a mortality of over sixty per cent, many patients dying in the first attack, and the physicians are unable to grapple with it.

Out of all this two significant facts have emerged regarding pellagra in America. In Italy, Rumania, Spain, and Egypt, pellagra is a disease of the rural population and the very poor; in Italy it is called *mal de la miseria* — disease of the poor. In the United States it is now largely an urban or suburban disease, attacking the well-to-do, and women in preference to men, in the ratio of three to one. One of Dr. Wood's cases was "a magnificent specimen of vigorous, robust manhood"; one of Dr. Taylor's, "a lady of the highest culture"; Dr. Thayer of Johns Hopkins writes, "I have heard within the last year of several acute fatal cases of the disease in individuals living under the best social and hygienic conditions"; and physicians in the South number among their private cases many prominent people.

The hope of the American situation lies in the Pure Food Law and — the horse. At the first pellagra conference, Dr. Powers pointed out that pellagra and "blind staggers" in horses are probably one and the same, and Dr. Wood suggests that we may actually have at hand all the ready-made serum we need. The South Carolina Board of Health has undertaken the investigation\* and is trying to find a recovered horse.

\* It is hoped that the report will be ready for presentation at the National Pellagra Conference to be held under the auspices of the State Board of Health at Columbia, November 2-3, 1909.

After wide correspondence, Dr. Williams finally got on the track of one. About a year ago a planter lost twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of valuable horses by the disease. He ordered all corn taken out of the diet of the remainder of his stock and had them put on oats. Three months later his foreman, thinking the danger past, stopped the oats and returned to corn. Twenty horses were taken sick almost at once, and all but one died. That one recovered and was traded off. If found, he may be the most important animal in the State. Serum treatment has already been tried, blood transfusions from recovered pellagrins having been used, and it appears to have been so far successful. Dr. Babcock and Dr. Lavinder have had two cases at the State Hospital, Dr. McCafferty another at the Alabama State Hospital, and Dr. Cole of Mobile used it with a negro woman in apparently the last stages of pellagra. Still, none of these physicians dares express any certainty as to the results of a wide application of serum, for, as Dr. Babcock feelingly says: "The more you study pellagra, the less you think you really know about it. Until you know the ultimate cause, you can only keep on trying everything — and keep on hoping. But, whatever theory you hold as to the ultimate cause of it, pellagra is a fact, and the United States is facing one of the great sanitary problems of modern times."

## NOTES ON PELLAGRA

We print the following additional notes on pellagra by noted authorities in Europe and America; also letters from Surgeon-General Wyman, of the United States Army; from Doctor Sandwith, one of the most distinguished English authorities on pellagra; Dr. Babcock, who has done most of the important work in America on pellagra; and C. F. Williams, Secretary of the State Board of Health of South Carolina and Health Officer of South Carolina.

### Pellagra in the English Colonies

In view of its gravity I think it is urgent to draw the attention of Colonial medical officers to this disease. In Italy pellagra is one of the chief plagues of the country, and it is dreaded not so much on account of its deadliness, but because of the indescribable wretchedness and suffering to which it gives rise during its slow, cruel course of many years.

An examination of the mortality tables shows very clearly that pellagra is not decreasing, but increasing.

It has been pointed out again and again by numerous observers that the areas of pellagra endemicity and those of maize culture by no means

overlap, and, indeed, there are vast regions in which maize is extensively cultivated and much eaten, but in which pellagra is absolutely unknown. A most convincing example is that of the United States of America. . . . †

When once established in a region, pellagra is very permanent, but its prevalence varies considerably from year to year, not always in direct ratio to the amount of rainfall or the hygrometric state of the air, as has been erroneously asserted, but in connection with other oecological conditions not yet determined.

Louis W. Sambon, *Brit. Med. Jour.*, 1905, ii. 1272, *Pellagra*.

† This article was written before the epidemic in the United States of America.



wever, nodded to the complainant to

our Honor," he went on, with much ardor, however, "I may say that it is known in most quarters that I am a collector of phonograph records of American life. My phonograph, as has been made to suit my special

I have collected records of real dialogue as it goes on in legislative halls, on street corners, and so forth. I have records of various

American sounds, if I may so say, your Honor — like the noise made by cars, factories, machine-shops, and so forth. I do not work for the love of the thing. Now and then I give what you may call entertainment to assist some worthy cause. I have been staying in Pineville with the ladies of the Episcopal church in an effort to raise some money. I have been giving lectures, or rather, in the parlors of several of the churches.

Right. You understand my phonograph. At last I have given, this young fellow, a nervous finger

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usual in predisposing to pellagra; and predisposition in this disease is generally admitted to be a factor of the greatest importance."

*The Washington Post, Sept. 13, 1909.*

## The Efforts of the Public Health Service to Check Pellagra

The following letter from Surgeon-General Wyman shows how early the Government realized the gravity of the situation and took measures to discover the cause and check the spread of pellagra:

"When the first reports of the occurrence of pellagra in the United States were made, an officer of the Service, who had had extensive service in Naples, Italy, invited attention to the probably increasing importance of the subject in relation to the public health, and suggested that the large Italian immigration was of interest in this respect.

"In view of the fact that cases had but recently been reported in Alabama, an officer of the Service stationed at Mobile was directed on June 8, 1907, to prepare a report upon the disease with special reference to its prevalence in Alabama. In response to these directions, Surgeon G. M. Guiteras made such a report July 20, 1907, which contains reference to the outbreak of acute pellagra at the Mount Vernon Insane Asylum during the summer of 1906, and which was reported by Dr. George H. Searcy to the Alabama State Medical Association April 18, 1907. In this report reference is also made to subsequent cases reported by Dr. E. L. McCafferty, Physician in Charge of the Mount Vernon Hospital, and, with the view to stimulating further investigation, a brief description of the disease was given.

"On April 27, 1908, Passed Assistant Surgeon C. H. Lavinder, who was then on duty at the Marine Hospital, Wilmington, North Carolina, reported that several cases of pellagra had been observed in that city during the few months previous, and that there had been admitted to the Marine Hospital a case which subsequently developed symptoms of the disease. On April 30, 1908, the Surgeon-General addressed a letter to Dr. Lavinder in which it was stated that pellagra had also been reported in other places, and that these reports appeared to indicate that the disease was more prevalent than had been supposed, and that it might in future assume importance, both from public health and economic standpoints. Dr. Lavinder's attention was invited to the undue prevalence of pellagra in Italy, and he was requested to prepare a précis on the subject, using the cases in Wilmington as a basis. As a result, a manuscript was prepared and submitted for publication July 8, 1908, which was published as soon as practicable, and distributed.

"Dr. Lavinder was relieved from duty in the Marine Hospital at Wilmington June 23, 1908, and assigned to duty in the Marine Hospital at New York, where he subsequently discovered a case of pellagra in the person of a coastwise sailor.

"In the meantime, pellagra was being recognized in other places, and it was a question as to whether the disease was on the increase. It was apparent that it would assume greater prominence, and that it should be made the subject of special investigation in the interest of the public health. It was, therefore, decided to detail Dr. Lavinder for this purpose, and, with the view to securing as complete information as possible regarding the situation, he was directed to attend a conference on pellagra held at Columbia, South Carolina, under the auspices of the South Carolina State Board of Health, October 28-30, 1908. The object of the conference was to disseminate information regarding pellagra in South Carolina, to stimulate interest in its scientific study, to emphasize the gravity of the appearance of the disease, and to make inquiry regarding its prophylaxis.

"While Dr. Lavinder was in Columbia, the Board of Regents of the State Hospital for the Insane passed a resolution recognizing the gravity of the pellagra situation, and declaring that help would be asked from the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service or some similar scientific body in the study of the disease within the hospital with the object of finding some means to prevent its further spread. It is understood that the State Board of Health of South Carolina concurred in this resolution, and Dr. J. W. Babcock, Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, expressed the belief that if a Service officer were detailed for the study of the disease, the hospital authorities would place at his disposal all reasonable means with which to make a scientific study of the disease.

"In his report of this conference dated November 24, 1908, Dr. Lavinder expressed the belief that if pellagra continued to advance, it would in all likelihood finally prove itself a matter of national concern. He was therefore detailed to the Hygienic Laboratory December 15, 1908, with the view to immediately undertaking systematic studies of the disease.

"After the necessary preliminary studies, a plan of action was outlined, and on March 26, 1909, laid before the Advisory Board of the Hygienic Laboratory for the purpose of obtaining advice with respect to the investigations to be made. It was the consensus of opinion that the investigations should be continued, that they should include studies of cases in Columbia, South Carolina, and elsewhere, during the season of 1909, and that these should be followed by comparable studies of the disease in Italy. Dr. Lavinder was accordingly sent to Columbia April 30, 1909, all necessary laboratory equipment having been previously forwarded to that place for his use. During the past four months he has investigated cases of pellagra in Columbia, South Carolina, Nashville, Tennessee, and Chicago and Peoria, Illinois. There is evidence for believing that unrecognized cases of pellagra have been occurring for some time in the United States, but that recently they have become more frequent. The outlook is, therefore, one to give concern, and the problems involved will require the most earnest investigation with the view to their solution.

"W. WYMAN, Surgeon-General."

## Letters from Three Leading Authorities on Pellagra

LONDON, August 14, 1909.

TO THE EDITOR: I shall be much interested in reading Miss Carter's article when it appears, but I cannot understand why you call it a "medical mystery." Medicine is full of mysteries, but I do not know where you find one here. There are a few people who cannot see that pellagra is confined to certain people in certain countries who eat large quantities of spoiled maize. The interesting point about the United States pellagra will be to discover when the endemic disease began and why it did not occur before. The slowness of the doctors in recognizing the disease and in not accepting the diagnosis when first made is not peculiar to the Southern States, but has occurred in every other country from which the disease has been reported.

Wishing you all success,

Very truly yours,

F. M. SANDWITH.\*

STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE,

Columbia, S. C., August 30, 1909.

TO THE EDITOR: Miss Carter has just read me her graphic article on pellagra. Her presentation of the subject is altogether the best I know of. To one who has not seen and does not know the disease, it may seem somewhat incredible, but to those of us who are grappling with the mysterious malady, it is just such a picture as the American people ought to have presented to them to-day. I am not an alarmist, but regarding pellagra I believe the people ought to know the truth. There is no exaggeration in Miss Carter's picture.

Very truly yours,

J. W. BABCOCK.

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

Columbia, S. C., August 31, 1909.

TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just read Miss Carter's article on pellagra, and unhesitatingly say it is a fair representation of the subject, without exaggeration, as it appears in South Carolina, and its publication at this time would certainly seem most

timely and helpful to the public, who should be deeply concerned.

Very respectfully,

C. F. WILLIAMS,

Secretary and State Health Officer.

## A New Book on Pellagra

When pellagra first broke out in the United States scarcely anything had been written upon it in English. The voluminous literature in Italian, French, and German, comprising thousands of books, articles, pamphlets, and monographs, was not available to the general public. Dr. Lävinder and Dr. Babcock therefore selected for translation the most comprehensive single treatise, Dr. Marie's book on pellagra, to which they have added numerous notes of interest to the American reader and a chapter on etiology discussing all the various theories as to causation. The work is to be fully illustrated with photographs and maps, and will be published by the State Publishing Company, Columbia, South Carolina, about the middle of October. These photographs, some of which are referred to in the article of this issue, were considered too horrible for reproduction in McClure's.

## The National Pellagra Conference in November

At the National Pellagra Conference, to be held on November 2-3, 1909, the whole subject as it relates to the disease in America will be thoroughly discussed, and attending physicians will be given opportunity to study cases in the State Hospital.

The exposition of pellagra in the present issue of McClure's is published early in the crusade by the urgent advice of those fully conversant with this terrible disease. When a distinguished English authority learned that pellagra had been discovered in the United States, he said: "I am sorry — and glad, for the Americans will certainly discover its cause."

The disease is now mildly epidemic. Unless preventive measures are applied intelligently and widely it may become epidemic and afterward endemic — such is its history in all countries where it has appeared.

The United States Government and various State and local authorities are using the utmost diligence and science. It is hoped the disease may be kept under control.

\*Dr. Sandwith is one of the foremost English authorities on pellagra.

# GERMANY'S WAR PREPAREDNESS

BY

G. E. MABERLY-OPPLER

**T**O the foreigner residing in Germany there is perhaps no greater evidence of the genius for thoroughness and exactness in detail that forms so prominent a feature of the Teuton character than the painstaking care and minute attention given to attaining a perfect and omnipotent military system. Method and theory are effectively carried into practice, with the result that it is the proudest boast of every German that he is a member of the greatest and most powerful military nation in the world.

The preparations for the assumption of an offensive or defensive attitude at a moment's notice have been so carefully and precisely worked out by the host of officials, military and civil, attached to the General Staff, which comprises the most capable military men in the German army, that the Fatherland is able to hurl an army of four hundred thousand men and eight hundred guns within twelve hours' notice on either its eastern or western neighbor's frontier; further, if necessary, over a million seasoned and trained men, completely equipped and armed with artillery, airships, automobiles, cavalry, etc., and all the paraphernalia of warfare can be placed in the field within two or three days' time. This advance-guard can be followed up by additional fighting forces until within about two weeks' time Germany's entire cohorts, numbering over two million soldiers, are mobilized and in the field.

## *Germany Ready for Instant Mobilization of Her Armies*

This whole system of mobilization has been thoroughly prepared and perfected during the forty years of uninterrupted peace that Germany has enjoyed. Gradually, and step by step, plans for every emergency have been evolved, drawn up, and tested, and everything necessary for instant action is ready. Plans for the invasion of every European and transatlantic country, including the United States, lie ready for use in the drawers of special receptacles at the War Office, and immediately on the declaration of war every officer, man,

and boy in the service would be informed by telegram of the outbreak of hostilities. Being in the possession of secret instructions, the purport of which he has sworn not to divulge, every man in the vast German fighting machine knows exactly the place assigned to him and what he has to do within a few hours after the country has taken the field. The writer by chance saw one of these confidential documents, and was astounded by its minuteness of detail. In the case in question, the soldier, who belonged to the Military Railway Department of the German army, was told the exact hour and spot at which he was to relieve the civilian guard of a train coming from the south. Every officer is in the possession of secret mobilization orders that would enable him to take up his place with his men in the gigantic military chess-board without further instructions. The entire railway would be handed over to the Military Railway Department, a branch of the service that assumes control over the transport of the army, its supplies, artillery, and equipment, and the eight thousand men of the three railway regiments would assume possession of the entire network of Germany's railroads.

In this connection it is interesting to note that all German railway stock is built with an ultimate idea of war. The traveler through Germany will notice that every truck, open or covered, has peculiar hieroglyphics painted on it in a front corner, which on closer examination read as follows: "Für 12 Mann, oder 6 Pferde. Gewicht, —." These figures denote the number of horses, men, or the weight of the guns that the car can carry during war-time. Another interesting feature that can be noted on the Russian frontier is that the Russians have constructed their lines with a different gauge, in order to prevent German trucks from utilizing them, should the two countries be at war with each other. I am informed, however, that German resourcefulness and ingenuity have overcome this difficulty, and that the wheels on every German truck have been constructed in such a way that they can be adapted to the Russian or any other gauge.

Special armored trains, and trains for the conveyance of huge fortress cannon, are in readiness within sheds in the neighborhood of every fort of importance. Materials for bridge construction and pontoons for crossing rivers, as well as road-building material, are stapled up under cover along the entire length of Germany's three frontiers, ready for conveyance by rail to any spot desired. The transfer of this immense system of transport from civilian to military management would be easily accomplished, for it is under semi-military management in times of peace, and many of the officials of all grades have served in the army. In addition to this, the entire railway system in Germany is owned by the Government, so that the perfection of these preparations has met with no difficulties.

### *A Great War Treasure Kept Always on Hand*

As soon as war was declared, the men liable to military service would present themselves at their respective headquarters all over the country; the horses, wagons, carts, etc., which in time of peace have been noted down by special officers as serviceable, would be requisitioned; the quarters for the advancing army, also selected in time of peace, would be prepared for the reception of the various contingents along the line of invasion or defense; the supplies necessary for carrying on a prolonged war against a European nation, always kept in readiness, would be issued; and the country would be prepared within a few hours' time. This exactness of detail is carried out to such an extreme that even the necessary money required at the outset is kept on hand. In the so-called "Julius Turm," at the fortress of Spandau, near Berlin, hundreds of sacks of gold containing 120,000,000 marks, part of the Franco-German War indemnity, are jealously hoarded for this purpose. By law this "war fund" can be used only for requirements that arise at the outbreak of or during a war.

Directly war had been declared, the Reichsbank (State Bank) would take charge of this war treasure, and is authorized by law to issue banknotes to three times the amount, that is, 360,000,000 marks, or sufficient to meet all requirements until loans are raised.

Germany stands alone of all countries in the world in being financially mobilized for war and in possessing a "war fund." The amount may seem insignificant when compared to the entire cost that a Continental war might entail, yet it would enable the country to tide over the first few days and to administer the first blow without delay, before its foe had been able to

make the necessary preparations for defense. Elaborate plans for the provision of the "sinews of war" have been compiled by Germany's most prominent bankers, and the danger of being compelled to cease operations in a prolonged war, for lack of means, has been reduced to a minimum.

### *The Soldiers' Rations Cooked Weeks Ahead*

All German forts and fortresses are armed and equipped to overflowing with ammunition, supplies, stores, and provisions, so that they are ready for the outbreak of hostilities and could undergo prolonged sieges. Such forethought is bestowed on these preparations that the very bread, a dark-brown kind called *Kommiss Brot*, is especially prepared to keep fresh for weeks. Millions of the so-called *Eiserne Rationen*, or iron rations (the soldiers' food in war-time), are kept in stock, and countless field traveling kitchens attached to every brigade are kept in reserve. The barracks are crammed with accoutrements, rifles, bedding, tents, etc., and sufficient stores are in constant readiness to equip the two million men already referred to without fresh supplies being ordered. Everything, even down to the last button on the last soldier's coat, is ready. "We don't want to fight, but we are ready," is the German military man's common statement. It is this readiness that impresses all the military experts visiting Germany, and that, truthfully speaking, has prevented Germany from being attacked during the last few decades.

### *Germany's Anxiety Regarding Her Artillery*

Under such circumstances, it is natural that the greatest attention should have been bestowed on the weapons with which the German soldier is armed, and that the latest German magazine rifle should be one of the finest and most effective weapons that exists. The Germans have not forgotten the bitter lesson taught them during the Franco-German War, when the French, armed with superior Chassepot rifles and mitrailleuses, were able to pour a hail of shot and shell on their regiments, while the German soldiers, possessing a weapon of shorter range, were compelled to stand idle, watching in grim fury the gradual decimation of their ranks.

It is not surprising, therefore, that German military authorities have been evincing the greatest anxiety lately regarding the alleged inferiority of the German artillery compared to that of the French. Up to some months ago this



inferiority has been an open secret, and even now, when the rearmament of the German artillery with barrel recoil guns has been completed, there are those who assert that in war-time the French would possess a superiority, as far as artillery is concerned, that would amply compensate for their inferiority in numbers and other respects. Be this as it may, the German military authorities are ever watchful, and the matter has formed the subject of the gravest deliberations at the War Office, the upshot being that in the military estimates last year the Government voted a huge sum to artillery experiments, with the object of surpassing the French. Among other things, special attention is being paid to machine-guns, and it is most probable that before long the limited number of Maxim guns at present in use will be augmented by an enormous supply of a newly invented gun, the deadliness and effectiveness of which will prove decisive in a modern combat.

### *Human Bodies Used in Secret Target Practice*

Officers who have been present at the trials of the new machine-gun are strong in its praise and earnestly urge its adoption. At Jüterbog, the great artillery experimental camp near Berlin, these tests have been exhaustively carried out under conditions as nearly approaching the grim realities of war as can possibly be imagined. Long rows of dead human bodies, as well as of dead horses, transported to Jüterbog on the military railway in the secrecy of the night, are erected in positions as nearly lifelike as possible, and are used to ascertain the actual penetrative powers of the weapons. Skeleton houses and farms, intrenchments, old artillery and guns, even armored automobiles, trains, and bridges are brought into requisition, and add to the reality of the scene. The sight of an experimental shooting-ground after these trials, strewn as it is with human corpses, shattered limbs, the cadavers of animals, and nondescript wreckage, is ghastly, and vividly calls to memory the hideous details and the horrors that form part of actual warfare. The trials are conducted most secretly, and all approaches to the isolated governmental grounds are strictly guarded by a dense cordon of armed police, who have instructions to use their weapons in the event of non-compliance with orders.

The simplicity of construction, solidity, and efficiency of the new gun are astounding. According to reports from Jüterbog, 266,000 rounds were fired from a single gun, at an average speed of 450 shots per minute, for a couple of days, the gun showing no signs of wear or tear.

### *Germany's Aërial Fleet Superior to Any in the World*

In the construction of military airships, the most deadly weapons of future warfare, Germany is far in advance of all other nations. Possessing at the present moment an aërial fleet of four Zeppelin battleships, three Parseval cruisers, two Gross scouts, and countless captive observation balloons and spherical balloons, she possesses a vast superiority over all her future foes. Plans for her aërial fleet include the construction of enough vessels of the Zeppelin, Gross, or Parseval type to permit of the stationing of at least one in every fort of the country, including those on the land frontiers as well as on the coast.

In addition, ships will be built for service with each of the four field armies which would be organized in case of war. The recent achievements of the Zeppelin II. have convinced the German military authorities of the incalculable value of airships for tactical purposes. The Zeppelin has demonstrated that it could in a twelve-hour trip cover the entire length of the French frontier, from Mülhausen, in Alsace, via Belfort, to Treves, and could give, in time of war, a thorough insight into the whole French strategic deployment.

These magnificent engines of destruction can travel at a uniform speed of fifty kilometers hourly for a period of twelve hours, are manned with twenty-six men, and are fitted with the deadliest of aërial torpedoes. Regular airship forts for their housing have been erected at all the most important forts and strategic points of the Empire, as well as at the mouths of rivers.

Flitting silently under the cover of night from fort to fort, keeping guard over their own camps, and destroying hostile camps and troops with deadly and horror-inspiring swiftness, conveying messages, with photographic reproductions of the enemy's position, from commander to commander, bringing succor to besieged towns, and crossing hitherto invulnerable land and water defenses, these huge birds of prey will prove the most formidable aid to Germany during the next war.

As to the military aëroplanes, more than thirty-one different kinds of aëroplane are under construction in Germany. For the German army, however, a secret aëroplane has been constructed by Major Parseval, the celebrated airship inventor, which bids fair to surpass anything hitherto seen. Its handling is so simple that, as the inventor informed the author, observations and drawings can be made by its pilot while the aëroplane is in full flight. This shows an immense superiority over the Wright

aëroplane, the operation of which occupies the whole attention of the pilot. Nevertheless, at the initiative of the German Government, a "Wright Aëroplane Construction Company" has been formed in Germany, and the right to build aëroplanes according to the system of the two talented brothers acquired for the sum of \$125,000. Arrangements are already being perfected for the construction of innumerable military aëroplanes as soon as the War Office has definitely made its decision as to type.

As for the explosives that are to be poured down like hail from aërial tubes upon the defenseless foe, there are three distinct types of shells. The first is an explosive shell for use against buildings, war materials, and dock-yards. The second is a burning shell for setting fire to buildings, airships, balloons, or flying-machines. The third is a shell emitting intolerable odors, for use against troops in fortification and against the population of towns.

It is declared that the Zeppelin can without difficulty carry as many explosive shells or "aërial torpedoes" as a torpedo-boat. They vary in size from three to six inches, and are thus no larger than small-caliber land-artillery ammunition.

For operation against small bodies of troops or individuals hand-grenades will be employed. The burning shells weigh only from three to seven ounces.

Automobiles, ironclad and mounting quick-firing guns, as well as ordinary speed cars manned simply by an armed crew, will also play an important part in a future war undertaken by Germany. Owing to the establishment of a voluntary automobile corps throughout the Empire, the members of which take part with their cars in all the important army manoeuvres, the Fatherland can, in case of emergency, count on at least a thousand full-sized cars manned by trained men.

#### *Germany's Omniscient Secret Service*

But perhaps one of the most characteristic features of this huge fighting machine is its organization. The amount of method that has been employed in building it up and in creating its precise clockwork mechanism is incredible. And the success achieved is the result of unwearying, incessant work. The leaders of the German army, its officers, rank among the most hard-worked men in the Empire. Studying from early in the morning till late at night, they have reduced fighting to an exact science in which the most scientific general wins the day. All chances and possibilities are taken into consideration and failure eliminated. And toward this success the "Secret Service Department"

of Germany, for which a sum of over three million dollars was voted last year, has contributed in no small degree.

The German military authorities, in consequence of their judicious expenditure, are the best informed in the world. It is safe to say that there is not a military secret on which they are not posted, not a fort the plans of which they do not possess, and not a military invention of which they do not know every detail. As a simple example of this, it may be mentioned that in the British-Boer War and in the Russian-Japanese War, Britons, Boers, Russians, and Japanese alike used German ordnance maps of China and of South Africa, these being the best in the world.

The Government's secret agents are at work in all countries, and special officers are trained with a view to war with certain countries. For instance, at a recent dinner an Englishman was seated beside a German officer. During the course of conversation the officer asked his neighbor from what part of England he came. "Colchester," was the reply. "Oh," said the officer, "that is my district," and proceeded to describe it, showing an intimate knowledge of all details, down to footpaths, foot-bridges, and small farms. It transpired during the further course of the conversation that every German officer has to become acquainted with special districts of various countries and obtain information regarding every possible requirement, etc., in the event of such a district being occupied by German troops. German military spies are active in the armies and navies of the whole world, and not a single company of soldiers is moved from one foreign town to another, that the men at the helm in the General Staff building at the Königs Platz are not cognizant of the fact.

The splendid military science of the German officer is fully backed up by the magnificent physique of the rank and file. The conditions for serving in the German army are as stringent as they can possibly be, and of the two million men who present themselves for service annually only about a sixth are selected for active service. The care bestowed on these men to keep them fit for their duties is typical. Their teeth are well attended to, in order to insure good digestion and bodily condition, and the regimental chiropodist facilitates the marching abilities of the men.

It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to do more than touch on some points that contribute to Germany's war preparedness. Enough, however, has been said to explain the average German's justifiable confidence in the impregnability of the German Empire, so vigorously expressed in "Die Wacht am Rhein."



# THE STOLEN SONG

BY

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

**T**HEFT." This was the charge on which Florence McCarthy, aged nineteen, a chambermaid, was arraigned before the magistrate in the police court at Pineville, North Carolina, to be held a prisoner against the next sitting of the county court, or dismissed.

Police-court cases, save those involving negroes with an unlawful appetite for chicken, or negroes or whites with too much appetite for corn liquor, were rare in Pineville; and this fact, combined with the peculiar circumstances surrounding the present case, had filled the room with spectators.

Old "Squire" Shaw, justice of the peace, presided, and the court sat in the big front room of his rambling house on the slope of the hill opposite the eminence crowded with the garish hotels of the winter resort. The day was sunny and warm, although the month was February, and the wide windows were open, showing the piny valley and the vineyards, drenched in sunshine and flecked with the swiftly moving shadows of white, fleecy clouds marching before the bland south wind that seemed to be singing through the pines a song full of the hints of spring — shy, thrilling, warm-voiced whisperings.

The Squire was gray-bearded and portly, tall and broad-shouldered, and the dignity of his office was upon him like a garment that more than made up for the absence of his coat. The slowly moving jaws that munched his enormous wad of tobacco seemed intent on other matters than the extraction of nicotine — they seemed motioning in some act of deliberation, some important chewing of the cud of august reflections, not bovine, but Jupiter-like.

"Squire Shaw done look terrible strict this mawnin'; he shuah does look awful," whispered one colored woman to another. They were two of the witnesses in the case. Other negroes, were excluded — and proud were these witnesses.

The prisoner sat in an arm-chair directly facing the magistrate. She was guarded by half of Pineville's police force — not because

she was so formidable a criminal, but because the police force numbered two.

She was white as the paper on which these words are printed; and the black rings beneath her eyes, which were half closed and drooping, and the sharp lines produced around her mouth and on her cheeks by recent weeping, struck out as plainly as the ink on this page. She was slight of figure, and the bones in her hands, which lay tightly clasped on her lap, were very prominent. Her hair was black, curly, and abundant. Her features were delicate and well formed. Yesterday she might have been a very pretty girl. Now, whenever she raised her eyes, she regained beauty, for the eyes were lustrous violet — big, Irish eyes.

Near her, in chairs or standing against the wall, were the complainant, the lawyers, and the witnesses.

"As Ah understand matters at present," said Squire Shaw, "Mr. Jasper Needle accuses the prisoner, Miss McCarthy, of stealing a music-box —"

"Beg your Honor's pardon," said a sharp little voice, as a sharp-faced little man strode quickly to the front, "but you have things somewhat wrong. In the first place, my name is Neezle, not Needle; and it was a phonograph, not a music-box, which this girl stole —"

"I object, your Honor, to that last statement," said a young man, also moving forward from the group before the desk at which the magistrate sat. "As the prisoner's counsel, I must object to Mr. Neezle branding Miss McCarthy as a thief unless he can prove the crime."

"Your Honor!" shrilled Neezle.

"Gentlemen," boomed the deep voice of Squire Shaw, interrupting the complainant, "Ah am aware that you are Northern folk, accustomed to practise the legal profession up yondah" — here the Squire's big red fist gestured sweepingly toward a window opening on the north; "and that perhaps Ah am not so well acquainted with the book rules of this business. But Ah feel that we will get along first rate together, and have justice done, if you-all will kindly allow me to go ahead in my

own way, unless, of course, Ah go right wrong. Is this satisfactory to you, Mr. Prentice?"

The young man who had announced himself as the prisoner's counsel smiled in a friendly fashion, and nodded.

The little nervous, bustling complainant piped up with: "Of course, your Honor, I put full confidence in you. That's all right. Sure. But I do like to see things right. My name, for instance. Little sensitive on that point. My phonograph, for another point. Even more sensitive on that. I don't like to have it called a music-box. No. After spending years — literally years — and hundreds of dollars —"

"All right, Mr. Neeze, sir," said the magistrate; "Ah shall try to be more careful on those points. And now let us proceed. You accuse this young woman of stealing yo' phonograph. Tell the court your side of the story — unless you have counsel to do that foh you."

"No, your Honor; I am — or have been — a duly qualified lawyer, and feel competent to conduct my own case.

"I do accuse this young woman of stealing my phonograph, which I value at not less than five hundred dollars — and would not sell for five thousand —"

"Pretty high valuation to put on one of those hyah things," said the magistrate smilingly; "from what Ah have heard of them, down in the bowling alley, foh instance, — where Ah go at times, sir, — Ah would not be inclined to pay so much foh one."

"Ah, your Honor!" cried the complainant; "but have you heard mine?"

"No, sir."

"You were not present at any of the lectures, or demonstrations, I gave in the local hotels?"

"No, sir."

The little man stared for a moment at the big old Squire, with what seemed to be pity — pity mingled with wonder.

"Well, your Honor," he went on, "I might explain a little. My phonograph is one of a very special kind, made for a special object, on a plan of my own —"

"Pahdon me, Mr. Neeze," said the magistrate; "but Ah reckon we may waive the matter of the — ah, make-up or technical description of yo' phonograph —"

"If your Honor will permit me to say a word," interjected the prisoner's counsel, "I might expedite matters. I admit the exceptionally high value of Mr. Neeze's phonograph. I may even say that I shall be glad, for my client's sake, to have the complainant tell your Honor something more regarding his machine."

Neeze stared suspiciously at Prentice. Squire

Shaw, however, nodded to the complainant to continue.

"Well, your Honor," he went on, with much-dampened ardor, however, "I may say that it is fairly well known in most quarters that I am a collector of phonograph records of American life, in the sense that other men are collectors of pictures, photographs, historical records, or stories of American life. My phonograph, as I have said, has been made to suit my special requirements. I have collected records of court cases, of real dialogue as it goes on in street cars, legislative halls, on street corners, and so forth and so forth. I have records of various characteristic American sounds, if I may so express it, your Honor — like the noise made by trains, trolley cars, factories, machine-shops, and so forth and so forth. I do not work for money, but for the love of the thing. Now and then, however, I give what you may call entertainments, in order to assist some worthy cause or charity. I have been staying in Pineville for some weeks, and the ladies of the Episcopal Church enlisted me in an effort to raise some money, and I have been giving lectures, or demonstrations, in the parlors of several of the hotels and in the church.

"Well, that is all right. You understand now the value I put on my phonograph. At all the entertainments I have given, this young woman here" — he jerked a nervous finger toward the defendant — "has been present. Very much interested. Spoke to me how much she liked it. Naturally, I was pleased. All right. Yesterday I was to leave Pineville for Asheville. The young woman knew it. An hour or so before I was ready to leave the hotel, I missed the phonograph and a case of my records. Naturally, I created an uproar. Some other servants at the hotel came forward and said they had noticed this girl carrying some heavy bundle away into the woods back of the hotel. She was absent from the hotel. I notified the police. We searched the woods. We found the girl near a hut in which the phonograph and records were hidden away under leaves and pine needles. She confessed to the theft. She was arrested at once. Plenty of witnesses to all this. Personally, your Honor, I don't want the girl punished — so long as I have my phonograph; but the case was out of my hands then, and in the hands of the local representative of justice — I refer to your Honor." And Neeze made a funny little bow of deference before the big man in shirt sleeves. "And now, with your Honor's permission, I shall put the witnesses I have on the stand and —"

The prisoner's counsel suddenly moved for-

ward, and all eyes as suddenly left the little complainant and fixed on Prentice. He was a darkly handsome, youthful-looking man, very thin and with sunken cheeks, and a little soft cough that ran through his speech continually. There was something about him that always attracted attention—some subtle emanation of an engaging and kindly soul.

"Squire Shaw," he said, smiling at the big man behind the desk, who returned the smile and nodded in a friendly fashion, "you will excuse me if I drop the formal 'your Honor' and all that business? I am not going to conduct a case—I am going to tell you a story. May I go on in my own way—and smoke a cigarette, too?"

"You shuah may, Mr. Prentice, sir," said Squire Shaw.

Prentice walked over to the prisoner. Everybody watched him as he bent slightly toward her.

"You are not to worry, Miss McCarthy," he said pleasantly; "all this fuss will soon blow away."

She lifted her lustrous Irish eyes, and her lips quivered. Then the eyes drooped again. But the lines about the melancholy lips relaxed; somehow they looked redder from that moment, as if her heart was beating stronger.

Prentice lighted a dainty Egyptian cigarette, and turned away from the girl. As he talked, he walked softly up and down.

"Well, Squire," he said, "first of all, I want to say that it will be unnecessary for Mr. Neezle to call his witnesses at this time. I admit all he says. Yes, all that goes. But I will tell you all the truth. My client did not steal the phonograph——"

"Your Honor!" cried Neezle, bouncing out of the chair in which he had plopped himself. "But my learned friend has just admitted——"

"Please let me go on, Mr. Neezle," said Prentice. "I think you will soon see that I am not combating your facts—as you see them. May I continue?"

"You sho'ly may, Mr. Prentice, sir," said Squire Shaw.

"Oh, go on—go on, by all means!" snapped Neezle.

Prentice puffed a slow, luxurious puff, and then walked to and fro a moment or more, silently brooding. Although he still smiled, there was no levity in his bearing; but, instead, there was an irresistible suggestion of deep feeling, that gave timbre to his voice, depth to his kindly smile, and the conviction of truth to his words.

"Squire," he said suddenly, stopping short, "do you know what it is to be lonely?"

There was something in the words that sent a thrill through all in the room. All shuffling of feet, furtive whisperings, restless changes of position, stopped at once. The magistrate looked profoundly puzzled. He stared at Prentice from under his shaggy white brows, and then said:

"Ah don't know that Ah do, Mr. Prentice; nor, sir, do Ah see what you mean by such a question."

"I think you will see after a little while. Squire. Well, loneliness is a terrible thing. And homesickness is another—it is a part of loneliness. Medical books have a big name for the thing; they call it nostalgia. I guess you have read in the newspapers of how it gets hold on our soldier boys in the Philippines and elsewhere; how they sicken of sheer longing for home, and sometimes die of it. They feel it not alone in their hearts, as we say, in their thoughts, continually fixed or reverting at any one of a thousand suggestions to the home place and the home folks, but they feel it in their bones. Their hands will stretch out vainly to touch something belonging to home. Their feet will ache to walk on the earth of home. . . ."

Prentice suddenly stopped and threw his cigarette out of the nearest window. He walked quickly across the room to the prisoner's chair again.

"Little girl," he said, bending toward her, "isn't that your trouble—haven't you been homesick?"

The girl's white face disappeared into her hands. "Oh, God, yes!" she sobbed. "Oh, you know, Mr. Prentice—you know! You found out all about it. Oh, God! Oh, God!"

"Now, hush—be still," soothed Prentice, with pitying tenderness. "Hush, please, while I tell the people what they ought to know."

A tall, spare, elderly woman with thin, withering hair moved quickly from her place with the others, carrying her chair, which she planted by the side of the prisoner's chair—defiantly, like a grenadier mounting a breach; and defiantly she looked at the magistrate, at the complainant, at Prentice, at the spectators. Then her defiant bearing fled, and her long, scrawny arm went around the frail girl's waist, and the girl's head was drawn to the matron's shoulder. She was the wife of the proprietor of the hotel where the girl had been employed.

"Now, Squire, I'll try to get on more directly," said Prentice; "only I am not famous for my directness."

"Florence McCarthy comes from a mill town far up North, in Massachusetts. She has no father or mother living, but she has relatives there. More important, perhaps, she has a

sweetheart there, a young man who is employed in the office of the mill where she used to be employed — a mill where they make beautiful silks. I have been in that town. It is not a place where you or I would want to live — you who were born and raised in this sunny, pine-scented valley, I who now live here most of the year. That town, too, is in a valley; but it is chill and bare and gray; the air is dank; the smoke of chimneys poisons the air. In the many mills thousands of men and women, boys and girls, work all day at the looms. It is an ugly town, mean and sordid — but it is this girl's home. Florence was born there. Her father and mother are buried there. Her sweetheart lives there. She lives there, although she is sitting in this room.

"Let me tell you, now, how all this matters in this case. I became interested in it long before Mr. Neezle became interested through the loss of his phonograph. I, too, am an exile, like Florence. Through the same cause — something wrong in here." He touched his breast, and a recurrence of his soft cough gave emphasis to his gesture. "Not with my heart, you know —"

"Ah reckon yo' heart is all right, sir," said the Squire.

"The hearts of most people are all right, Squire, as we find whenever we can look into them. Well! Florence has something wrong with her lungs. She fell sick, up there in that mill town. She and her sweetheart were saving money for their marriage. He is a man I'd like to know, I guess — full of sand, in a quiet way. He just simply *made* Florence pack her trunk and come down here. She just simply fought against coming — but he won out. It happens that Mr. Jennings, of the Pineknot Inn, is a native of that mill town up North; and Florence's sweetheart wrote to him, and he consented to give the girl light work in the hotel. He made things as easy as possible for the little girl from the mill. She got along fine at first. Began to bloom again. The roses began to open in the white cheeks. She wrote cheerful letters home to the sweetheart in the mill. He was saving his money again, to come down here as soon as he could and go into some business or other.

"And then —"

"And then the other sickness came upon the girl — the sick, unreasoning longing for home — just the sights and sounds and smells and faces and lights and dampness and mill whistles of that town up North. There is no explaining this sickness. It simply is. Her letters home got cheerless and desponding. Her sweetheart's encouraging letters did her no good.

She wanted some tangible thing from home — some sight, some touch, some sound. Words scrawled on paper are poor substitutes for the words that lips can say.

"Her roses faded. She lost the health she had been gaining. I happen to know that guests of the hotel complained of having such a white, mournful, peaked and pining girl around them; and the good people of the hotel were forced to take her away from the table work and put her on chamber work. And day by day she grew worse. . . .

"Squire, I somehow feel that I can imagine just how she thought of her home town: how suddenly, while she was working or walking, some remembrance of home would flow in upon her mind like a sudden draught of air from a window touching her body, making her shiver. . . .

"And then, Squire, imagine this girl, listlessly entering the room at the hotel where Mr. Neezle was lecturing; listlessly sitting on the bench at the back of the room where the other servants were, miserably brooding, drawing apart from the gaiety, from the lights, the movement. Morbid? Indeed, yes. That is homesickness! Morbid; but something more than that — a dumb pulling at the strings of the heart; a stirring amid the very soil of the soul, nourished as it is by the memories of the birth-place, the home-place, the spot of earth where life created us, where we entered mysterious life. . . .

"Yes, imagine her there, and thus; and then, try to imagine the thing that suddenly happened — the wonder, the marvel, the miracle! Why, that girl left that room laughing, happy, almost gay! Ask her employers, ask the other servants, on this point. For the next week she was a happy girl; for, day by day, the miracle was renewed —"

"Mistah Prentice, sir, you sho'ly puzzle me," said Squire Shaw, leaning heavily over his desk.

"Squire, I don't wish to do that. What happened to Florence was this: She was suddenly carried back to her mill town. She heard the voice of the mill she used to work in, where her friends work; where her sweetheart works and lives. And she heard his voice! His very voice! His living voice! Yes.

"Imagine it, Squire. I am puzzling you? I am sorry. But I speak the facts. One of the records used that night was taken in the mill in which Florence worked at home. The one that followed was also taken there — and it reproduced the voice of her sweetheart, and his voice was speaking of her.

"Every time thereafter that Mr. Neezle gave his lecture, Florence was present, drinking in those sounds, transported to her home — or,

rather, living in the part of her home that was thus almost magically brought across a thousand miles to her in her dark valley of exile.

"For those few days she was happy. Then she heard that Mr. Neezle was going away. She was heartbroken. I know that she asked Mr. Neezle what the phonograph would cost her, with some piteous idea that she might be able to buy it. That, of course, was out of the question. Then she tried to buy the two records. Mr. Neezle could not sell them. He is a man with a hobby; and, too, Florence did not tell him her reason. She thought it might be possible to use the records on any phonograph — and there is one, of a kind, in the hotel billiard-room. But Mr. Neezle's records cannot be used on any ordinary make of machine.

"Then came the theft.

"But Florence did not try to steal the phonograph, Squire Shaw; truly, she did not. She wanted to steal that song of home. I have found out. The idea floundering in her morbid, frightened mind was that she would keep the phonograph for some time, safely, in the disused hut in the woods — solacing herself from time to time with its wonderful song of home, with the real voice of her sweetheart; and so she would live until he came in person; for she truly felt and believed that she would die, were she to be left in the loneliness that had been her lot.

"Of the pitiful inadequacy of her methods you know. But I see that Mr. Neezle has his machine in court, and the box of records, just as they were found in the hut. Will you ask him to be good enough to play the two records I have referred to, and to repeat at the beginning of the second the explanatory words he used in his lectures?"

"Will Mr. Neezle do so?" Squire Shaw began. But the enthusiast in audible records of American life was already busy with his phonograph.

And suddenly, in that sunlit room, in the ears of the silent, thrilled people, there sounded, mute and as though far off, yet ear-filling and diapasonic, the throbbing, grinding, whirring clatter of the looms of the invisible mill — of the far-away mill in the North, that even then, across the valleys and hills, the rivers, cities, forests, and plains, was quivering to the same though louder tumult. Caught in the pregnant wax, etched there by the magic of man's science, and released now a thousand miles away, the voice of the mill resounded in the Carolina hillside house.

The girl's head was lifted; her face reappeared from the shelter of the matron's arms; her deep eyes widened and shone; her lips

parted and her breath came faster while the sound of her home town beat on the air.

Neezle's voice was heard, in the professional accents of his platform: "You will notice, I think, a musical effect, accidentally produced by the manner in which those looms resound; a peculiar yet really musical rhythm, which drew my attention on my visit to the mill, and which, after many attempts, I caught with my phonograph. The next record —" his hand moved; there was a click; the sound ceased; the cylinder began to revolve again — "the next record was one of my first, unsuccessful attempts. I had placed the machine too near one end of the room, where there was a confusion of sounds, lacking the singular harmony recorded in the one you have heard. It was too far away. It was near the office on that floor. But I did catch the dialogue you will hear; and it seemed to me valuable — a little passage, you might say, from some love story of the mills, with its beginning as unknown as its end. Now, hear."

The buzzing and throbbing of the looms began again, only still more faintly, more distantly, more broken. And then there came the sound of a man's voice; and a deep, deep flush came into the girl prisoner's face, and her eyes shone in a splendor of emotion.

The voice said: "— You see, that I don't know. Billy, I am sick sometimes. She loves me, all right, I guess; and you know how I feel —"

Another, deeper voice broke in: "Sure I do, Tim. Why don't she get onto herself, and not be kickin' an' complainin' all the time? You're doin' your best for her."

The first voice said: "Yes, and I'll keep right on. She's sick for home. She can't come home. I guess I'll have to take home to her pretty soon. . . ."

A swirling jumble of throbbing sounds drowned the voices; the machine clicked and spluttered, and ceased its drone.

Florence McCarthy had thrown her arms around the matron by her side and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

The sunshine was now streaming in broadly through one of the windows. In that spreading flood of light there was to be seen in many eyes a sparkle, a shimmer that could only be caused by the presence of tears.

Squire Shaw brought his big hand down on his desk.

"Mr. Neezle —" he boomed.

"Your Honor!" shrielled the enthusiast, hopping on one leg in his excitement, "I withdraw my charge, for my part! But I do wish I could have secured a record of this case!"

# THE TAMMANYIZING OF A CIVILIZATION

BY

S. S. McCLURE

FOR a thousand years the Germanic races have built up, slowly and laboriously, the present civilization of the West, the great and complicated structure that now lifts the whole race above barbarism and bestiality, and gives the individual the guaranties of security and justice and decency that make civilized life more worth living than savagery. The three leading nations in which this development has come about have been England, Germany, and the United States. The United States had every prospect, from the traditions and motives and stock of its founders, of carrying this development to its highest point.

But for at least half a century strong reactionary forces have been continuously at work in this country to drag its inheritance of civilization down again to barbarism. The lowest point that they have yet attained is their nation-wide organization for the sale of the bodies of women, described in the article, "The Daughters of the Poor," by George Kibbe Turner, in this number of McCLURE'S. The deep-seated and instinctive disgust of every normal person for this transaction proves beyond any demonstration its essential nature. It is not a mere attack on individual morals. It aims at the disintegration and degradation of a civilization, and the social training of centuries — set in the bones and marrow of the race — revolts against it.

## *How America's Civilization has been Degraded*

This fifty years of struggle to degrade the standards and guaranties of civilization in America has come about largely through the populations of cities. This is perfectly natural. For forty years large American cities have contained great masses of primitive peoples from the farms of Europe, transported to this country as laborers, together with a considerable proportion of negro slaves liberated by

the Civil War. To this body of people — absolutely ignorant in tradition or practice of the development and operation of civilization by self-government — was suddenly given the domination of American city life by manhood suffrage. From the beginning of the shifting of power into these unaccustomed hands, the development inevitable to this class of population since and before the time of Rome has been in progress. They have been exploited on every hand, and, through them, the entire population of American cities; in the meanwhile they have been kept in control by their exploiters through systematic largesses of public wages, charity, or entertainment. In this ample field for their enterprise have sprung up organizations for the profitable debauching of populations, such as have rarely, if ever, been equaled in the history of the world.

The obvious way to exploit and degrade populations of this kind has been along two lines of strong primitive appeal — their saturation with alcoholic liquor, and the development of sexual license. The whole system has been a perfectly natural social growth — the exploiters as well as the exploited. And the incentive necessarily behind the process has been the profit that could be made by abrogating the laws so as to develop and exploit to the limit the appetites and passions of the great body of the least trained and most un-defended population.

## *Seventy Years of Tammany Hall*

The oldest and most infamous organization in America for exploiting this population is Tammany Hall of New York, which the great classic historian, Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, recently compared to the very similar organizations that were formed for exploiting the city of Rome during its decadence. For fifty years and more this body has perverted civilization in New York, using the great politically untrained population for this purpose. Its

political saloonkeepers have killed unnumbered multitudes of these people through excessive drinking; its political procurers have sold the bodies of their daughters; its contractors and street-railway magnates have crowded them into the deadly tenement districts by defrauding them of their rights of cheap and decent transportation; and its sanitary officials have continuously murdered a high percentage of the poor by their sale of the right to continue fatal and filthy conditions in these tenement districts, contrary to law. Meantime they have kept control of the population they have exploited by their cunning distribution of wages and charity.

The story of the development of this organization for the promoting of barbarism is illuminating enough to justify giving the following outline of its progress during the past seventy years, taken from Gustavus Myers' history of the society:

In 1842 Tammany organized immigrants into voting gangs.

In 1851 the Common Council first became generally known as "The Forty Thieves." The city government was thoroughly organized for "graft," from the receipt of large bribes by the aldermen for franchises, to the payment by the police of a regular schedule of prices for promotions.

By 1856 the saloon power had grown until it controlled the politics of the city. The saloonkeepers furnished cheaply gangs of illegal voters, ballot-box stuffers, and "shoulder hitters" to intimidate citizens and smash ballot-boxes.

Between 1865 and 1871 — including both city appropriations and bond issues — New York City was robbed of about \$200,000,000 by Tammany Hall under the rule of "Boss" Tweed.

In 1869 the impossibility of obtaining justice under the corrupt Tammany judiciary brought about the serious suggestion — published in a standard magazine — that a vigilance committee be formed in New York along the lines of that organized to clear up San Francisco in the days of its first lawlessness.

In 1871 the exposures of Tammany Hall rule, together with the arrest of Tweed, made its name a by-word across the earth for political corruption. It was believed to be crushed.

In 1872 Samuel J. Tilden, August Belmont, Charles O'Connor, and other leading citizens were elected Tammany sachems.

In 1874 Tammany Hall again secured control of New York City government [by the familiar plan of advancing respectable and

notable men to the prominent places in their organization]. Fully three quarters of its office-seekers in the election were connected with the liquor trade, many of them being keepers of low grogeries. Nine out of fifteen Tammany candidates for alderman were former creatures of the Tweed ring — one of them being under two indictments for fraud.

In 1884 came the Broadway street-railway scandal, which gave the word "boodle" to the language, and resulted in sending many aldermen to the penitentiary.

In 1892 revenue from vice assumed great proportions. The estimated annual blackmail by the Tammany police alone was \$7,000,000.

In 1894 the Lexow Committee's investigations showed official encouragement and cultivation of vice by the Tammany Hall administration, which astonished and horrified the civilized world.

### *Mr. Moss on the Beginning of the Political Procurer*

Myers' history closed before the development of the procurer and merchant of vice as a power in Tammany Hall was fully comprehended. However, the new development of vice in the Tammany districts of the East Side tenement section of New York was being watched and understood by competent observers.

In 1897 Frank Moss, ex-president of the New York Police Board, trustee of the City Vigilance League, and counsel of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, described conditions of life in the red-light district of the East Side in his book, "The American Metropolis," \* as follows:

"Women of all nationalities have drifted into the district, and are unable to live out of it. There has grown up, as an adjunct of this herd of female wretchedness, a fraternity of fetid male vermin (nearly all of them being Russian or Polish Jews), who are unmatchable for impudence and bestiality, and who reek with all unmanly and vicious humors. They are called 'pimps.' A number of them are on the roll of the Max Hochstim Association. They have a regular federation, and manage several clubs, which are influential in local politics, and which afford them the power to watch their poor women victims, to secure their hard- and ill-earned money, and to punish them when they are refractory. . . . They stand by each other, and by the aid of the powerful politicians of the ward, and of pro-

\* Published by the late P. F. Collier, founder of *Collier's Weekly*.



fessional witnesses, they send refractory women to the 'Island' (prison)."\*

*Bishop Potter's Protest Against Tammany's  
Exploitation of Vice*

In 1900 the moral forces of New York awoke to an understanding of the great political power of the purveyor of vice under the Tammany administration of Mayor Van Wyck. The late Bishop Henry C. Potter, who was particularly active among the Protestants of the time, summarized the existing conditions as follows:

"A corrupt system, whose infamous details have been steadily uncovered, to our increasing horror and humiliation, was brazenly ignored by those who were fattening on its spoils, and the world was presented with the astounding spectacle of a great municipality whose civic mechanism was largely employed in trading in the bodies and souls of the defenseless."

The situation was treated in great detail by Bishop Potter in his open letter to Mayor Van Wyck on November 15, 1900:

"But the thing that is of consequence, Sir, is that when a minister of religion goes to the headquarters of the police of his district to appeal to them for the protection of the young, the innocent and defenseless, against the leprous harpies who are hired as runners and touters for the lowest and most infamous dens of vice, he is met not only with contempt and derision [of police officials] but with the coarsest insult and obloquy.

"I affirm that the virtual safeguarding of vice in the city of New York is a burning shame to any decent and civilized community and an intolerable outrage upon those whom it especially and preëminently concerns.

"But I approach you, Sir, to protest with all my power against a condition of things in which vice is not only tolerated but shielded and encouraged by those whose sworn duty it is to repress and discourage it, and in the name of unsullied youth and innocence, of young girls and their mothers who, living under conditions often of privation and the hard struggle for a livelihood, have in them every instinct of virtue and purity that are the ornaments of any so-called gentlewoman in the land.

"I know those of whom I speak — their homes, their lives, their toil, and their aspirations. Their sensibility to outrage or insult is as keen as that of those who are in your own household or mine; and, before God and in the

face of the citizens of New York, I protest, as my people have charged me to do, against the habitual insult, the persistent menace, the unutterably defiling contacts, to which, day by day, because of the base complicity of the police of New York with the lowest forms of vice and crime, they are subjected.

"And in the name of these little ones, these weak and defenseless ones, Christian and Hebrew alike, of many races and tongues, but of homes in which God is feared, and His law revered, and virtue and decency honored and exemplified, I call upon you, Sir, to save these people from a living hell, defiling, deadly, damning, to which the criminal supineness of the constituted authorities, set for the defense of decency and good order, threatens to doom them.

"The situation which confronts us in this metropolis of America is of such a nature as may well make us a by-word and hissing among the nations of the world.

*"Such a Condition Nowhere Else on Earth"*

"For nowhere else on earth, I verily believe, does there exist such a situation as defiles and dishonors New York to-day. Vice exists in many cities, but there is at least some persistent repression of its external manifestations, and the agents of the law are not, as here, widely believed to be fattening upon the fruits of its most loathsome and unnamable forms.

"I come to you, Sir, with this protest, in accordance with the instructions lately laid upon me by the Convention of the Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York.

"In all these months [of protest] the condition of things in whole neighborhoods has not improved, but rather grown worse. Vice not only flaunts itself in the most open, ribald forms, but hard-working fathers and mothers find it harder than ever to-day to defend their households from a rapacious licentiousness which stops at no outrage and spares no tenderest victim. Such a state of things cries to God for vengeance, and calls no less loudly to you and me for redress.

"HENRY C. POTTER,  
*Bishop of New York.*"

*The Committee of Fifteen*

The horrible revelations of conditions under the Van Wyck administration aroused public interest to such an extent that a body of citizens was chosen to investigate the conditions of the white slave trade. This was the Committee of Fifteen; rarely, if ever, has an organization of such able and prominent men

\* That is, those who would not pay their earnings to their manager.

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## MANIFYING OF A CIVILIZATION

command the services of the ablest men in the United States; a position in its government would offer not only one of the greatest honors in the United States, but a salary as large as those paid by the greatest corporations in America. The entire government of the city, excepting only the judiciary, would be given over to five men. The second greatest city in the world would not be governed, as now, by an association of criminals; it could and naturally would expect to secure the direction of a board of men of the caliber of the following ticket.

Mayor Theodore Roosevelt.

Commissioner of Finance, J. Pierpont Mor-

Commissioner of Police, General Leonard Wood.

Commissioner of Public Works, William G.

McAdoo, the builder of the Hudson Tunnels.

Commissioner of Law, Senator Elihu Root.

The necessity of a change in the management of city affairs and the need to express its will in a single development of democracy in America adapted to the use of the city.

In this way a board of five or six members from a city at large, and gives them the entire power of government, each member is in charge of one of several general departments of the city, such as finance, police and police. There is no shirking of responsibility; one well-known man is responsible for one department. And the reports show the public what is being done.

The movement starting with Galveston, Texas, sweeping across the West and South, and a large group of cities have already adopted the new governmental plan, including Kansas City, Kansas, which has put it into operation, and Memphis, Tennessee, which is about to do so.

New York City, under such a system, could command the services of the ablest men in the United States; a position in its government would offer not only one of the greatest honors in the United States, but a salary as large as those paid by the greatest corporations in America.

The present article is printed in the hope that it may lead to a movement of national scope against the vilest and most dangerous growth of present conditions in America which it describes. Only by the most thorough and revolutionary reforms along this line is there hope for the future of American democracy.

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A board of men of this ability, according to the experience of other cities, could be elected by an overwhelming vote to take charge of New York City. Once elected, they would not only save it millions of dollars, but would entirely change the quality of its civilization.

It is clear that some change must take place soon in the government of American cities, if we are to retain the quality of our civilization. Many careless and indifferent persons may choose to doubt this. Any one who wishes a clear understanding of the barbarism of the forces that dominate the present management of our cities need only read such articles as the autobiography of Judge Ben Lindsey, now running in *Everybody's Magazine*, showing typical municipal conditions in Denver; or those of Mr. Turner on Chicago, published by us in April, 1907, and on New York in June, 1909; and, finally, that on "The Daughters of the Poor" in the present magazine. The valuable reform that Mr. Turner's first article started in Chicago has already been shown.

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taken part in the public affairs of New York, as will be seen from the following list of its members:

The late William Henry Baldwin, Jr. (chairman), Harvard 1885; president of the Long Island Railroad Company.

Felix Adler, Columbia 1870, Ph.D. Berlin; professor of Hebrew at Cornell 1874 to 1876; founder of Society for Ethical Culture.

The late Joel Benedict Erhardt; prominent business man and soldier; from 1883 to 1884 Police Commissioner of New York City; president of the Lawyers' Surety Company and a trustee of the Bowery Savings Bank.

Austen G. Fox, Harvard 1869; Special Assistant District Attorney in the prosecution of police officials after the Lexow investigation; chairman of the Committee of Nine on the Police Problem in 1905.

John S. Kennedy, prominent banker.

William J. O'Brien, master granite-cutter and a prominent labor-union leader.

The late Alexander E. Orr, several times president of the Produce Exchange and of the New York Chamber of Commerce; President of the Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners.

George Foster Peabody, prominent banker; trustee of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institution.

George Haven Putnam, publisher.

The late John Harsen Rhoades, president of the Greenwich Savings Bank and director of many banks and financial institutions.

Jacob H. Schiff, member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, bankers; director of the National City Bank and various other institutions.

A. J. Smith, professor in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania and various other medical institutions; author.

Charles Sprague Smith, educator, lecturer, and writer.

Charles Stewart Smith, ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce; director in a large number of financial institutions.

Edwin R. A. Seligman, professor of political economy; prominent in various movements for municipal reform in New York City.

### *The Committee of Fifteen on the Political Power of Vice*

This body of men published, in 1902, a book covering their investigation of the social evil in New York City. Their statements showed conditions so inconceivable that they would scarcely be credited on lesser authority. Concerning the power which the purveyors of vice had now secured in the political machine they said:

"The employees [of these disorderly houses] openly cried their wares upon the streets, and children of the neighborhood were given pennies and candy to distribute the cards of the prostitutes. A system of 'watch-boys' or 'lighthouses' was also adopted, by which the news of any impending danger could be carried throughout a precinct in a very few minutes.

"Honest police officers who attempted to perform their duties were defied by the 'cadets' and 'lighthouses.'

"For a police officer to incur the enmity of a powerful 'madame' meant the transfer of that officer 'for the good of the service,' if not to another precinct, at least to an undesirable post in the same precinct. A virtual reign of terror existed among the honest patrolmen and the ignorant citizens of these districts."

### *Committee of Fifteen Describes the "Cadet"*

The Committee of Fifteen describes the "cadet," the new political power of whom Mr. Moss had written in 1897, as follows:

"His occupation is professional seduction. By occasional visits he succeeds in securing the friendship of some attractive shop-girl. By apparently kind and generous treatment, and by giving the young girl glimpses of a standard of living which she has never dared hope to attain, this friendship rapidly ripens into infatuation. The Raines-law hotel or the 'furnished room house,' with its café on the ground floor, is soon visited for refreshments. After a drugged drink, the girl wakens and finds herself at the mercy of her supposed friend. Through fear and promises of marriage she casts her fortunes with her companion and goes to live with him. The companion disappears; and the shop-girl finds herself an inmate of a house of prostitution."

### *Committee of Fifteen on Dangers of Children in Tenements*

The committee's investigation of the condition of the tenement house showed how almost impossible it was for the children of the poor to grow up honest and virtuous under this thorough organization of vice and procuring by Tammany politicians. Concerning this it says:

"The revenue-producing power of the sale of immunity by the police seemed to make the appetite of the police insatiable. The infamy of the private house, with all the horrors arising from the 'cadet' system, did not satisfy official greed. The tenement houses were levied upon, and the prostitutes began to ply

their trade therein openly. In many of these tenement houses as many as fifty children resided. An acquaintance by the children with adult vices was inevitable. The children of the tenements eagerly watch the new sights in their midst. The statistics of venereal diseases among children and the many revolting stories from the red-light district tell how completely they learned the lessons taught them."

### *United Hebrew Charities on Jewish Conditions*

The condition of life among the Jewish people, who were subjected to the influences of this district, was described by a statement published in the Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the United Hebrew Charities of New York in October, 1901. This said:

"The horrible congestion in which so many of our co-religionists live, the squalor and filth, the lack of air and sunlight, the absence frequently of even the most common decencies, are too well known to require repetition at this writing. Even more pronounced are the results accruing from these conditions: the vice and crime, the irreligiousness, lack of self-restraint, indifference to social conventions, indulgence of the most degraded and perverted appetites, which are daily growing more pronounced and more offensive."

When it is realized that the Jewish people in New York number over 800,000, and that a great percentage of these are very poor,—so poor that from 75,000 to 100,000 persons, according to reliable authorities, are more or less dependent upon alms,—the danger arising from the tempting and exploiting of members of such a population by political procurers can easily be seen.

### *Government Reports on Present White Slave Trade*

It was the hope of the Committee of Fifteen that the system of political procuring in New York City was on the wane. But two United States Government investigations and a State investigation dealing with the problem indicate that this is far from true. The findings of the Federal investigators are not given out for publication at the time this is written, but they will soon appear. They will show a shocking condition throughout the United States, and a general drift of the merchandising of women into the hands of procurers. Students of the problem believe that at least two thirds of the prostitutes of the country are controlled by individual cadets, and that in New York City the proportion is much higher.

### *New York State Report on White Slave Trade's Organization*

The report of the Commission of Immigration of the State of New York, published last summer, treats the present conditions of the white slave trade in New York as follows:

"In the State of New York, as in other States and countries of the world, there are organized, ramified, and well-equipped associations to secure girls for the purpose of prostitution. The recruiting of such girls in this country is largely among those who are poor, ignorant, or friendless. The attention of the Commission has been called to one organization, incorporated under the laws of New York State as a mutual benefit society, with the alleged purpose 'to promote the sentiment of regard and friendship among the members and to render assistance in case of necessity.' This society is, in reality, an association of gamblers, procurers, and keepers of disorderly houses, organized for the purpose of mutual protection in their business. Some of the cafés, restaurants, and other places conducted by the members are meeting-places for those engaged in the business of importation. The organization includes a membership of about one hundred residents of New York City, and has representatives and correspondents in various cities of the country, notably in Pittsburg, Chicago, and San Francisco."

### *The Trade in Pittsburg*

The conditions existing in the three large centers of the "white slave trade" alluded to by the State Commission have been previously described in this magazine. In May, 1903, Lincoln Steffens wrote of the situation in Pittsburg as follows:

"Disorderly houses are managed by ward syndicates. Permission is had from the syndicate real-estate agent, who alone can rent them. The syndicate hires the houses from the owners at, say, \$35 a month, and he lets it to a woman at from \$35 to \$50 a week. For furniture the tenant must go to the 'official furniture man,' who delivers \$1,000's worth of 'fixings' for a note for \$3,000, on which high interest must be paid. For beer the tenant must go to the 'official bottler,' and pay \$2 for a one-dollar case of beer; for wines and liquors to the 'official liquor commissioner,' who charges \$10 for five dollars' worth; for clothes to the 'official wrapper-maker.' These women may not buy shoes, hats, jewelry, or any other luxury or necessity except from the official concessionaries, and then only at the official, monopoly prices. If the victims have

anything left, a police or some other city official is said to call and get it (there are rich ex-police officials in Pittsburg)."

### *The Large Business in Chicago*

In April, 1907, George Kibbe Turner, after an investigation of several months, described the situation of this political industry in Chicago as follows:

"The largest regular business in furnishing women, however, is done by a company of men, largely composed of Russian Jews, who supply women of that nationality to the trade. These men have a sort of loosely organized association extending through the large cities of the country, among their chief centers being New York, Boston, Chicago, and New Orleans. In Chicago they now furnish the great majority of the prostitutes in the cheaper district of the West Side Levee, their women having driven out the English-speaking women in the last ten years. From the best returns available, there are some ten or a dozen women offered for sale at the houses of prostitution in the Eighteenth Ward every week. The price paid is about fifty dollars a head. In some exceptional cases seventy-five dollars has been given. This money, paid over to the agent, is charged up to the debt of the woman to the house. She pays, that is, for her own sale. In addition, she gives over a large share of her earnings to the man who places her."

What this means to the victims is thus described further on by Mr. Turner:

"To the average individual woman concerned, it means the expectation of death under ten years; to practically all the longer survivors, a villainous and hideous after-life. There is a great profit in this business, however. Chicago has it organized—from the supplying of young girls, to the drugging of the older and less salable women out of existence—with all the nicety of modern industry. As in the stock-yards, not one shred of flesh is wasted."

### *A Chicago Newspaper Describes the Local Market*

The Chicago papers carry articles dealing with this business almost continuously; indeed, that city is now in the midst of the discussion of its perennial municipal scandal, concerning the protection of the traffic in women by city officials. On October 22, 1906, during one of the periodical outbreaks of feeling against the trade in Chicago, the *Daily News* said:

"Vice and depravity are openly traded in as a commodity in Chicago, and the streets of a district traversed daily by at least one third of

the city's population are its marketplace. The district is bounded by Sangamon, Halsted, Lake, and Monroe streets, and is known as the West Side Levee. This public emporium of immorality and degradation exists by virtue of a regularly organized 'protective association,' whose members laugh at law, successfully defy those who have tried to cope with them, and, through some mysterious influence, are enabled to continue their traffic with a license and abandon that makes of the West Side Levee an open brothel."

### *Chicago Organizes to Fight Traffic*

In Chicago, as throughout the country, the moral and constructive forces among the Jews have been greatly exercised by the appearance of the Jewish cadet and girl in the white slave trade. During the past summer a police inspector, Edward McCann, was tried for receiving money for the protection of the traffic in women on the West Side of the city. In this trial it appeared that Julius Frank, who, with his brother Louis, has been for years notorious as a leader in the business in women there, was the president of a Jewish church congregation. This revelation caused great excitement among the Jews of Chicago, and has resulted in bringing to a head a general movement to organize against the white slave trade of that city. The *Chicago News* of September 25, 1909, tells the story of this movement, which is led by Jews, and whose counsel is to be Clifford G. Roe, the young Chicago attorney who has been the most prominent figure in the local campaign against the white slave trade in Chicago during the past two years. The *News* says:

"Traffic in white slaves and pandering are to be stamped out in a wide and far-reaching crusade in Chicago, plans for which were made known to-day by Adolf Kraus, one of the guiding spirits in the movement. This vice is to be attacked in a systematic way, according to Mr. Kraus, who talked of the aims of the movement, following disclosures in the recent trial of Police Inspector Edward McCann. Big church and civic organizations, regardless of creed, are to back the move in a financial way. The B'nai B'rith, of which Mr. Kraus is president, and the Commercial Club, are two of the big associations behind the crusade.

"Clifford G. Roe, former Assistant State's Attorney, who, under the administration of John J. Healy as State prosecutor, handled the white slave traffic cases, has been engaged and will direct the obtaining of evidence to be laid before the State's Attorney in the campaign against pandering.

*Result of Article in "McClure's"*

"Mr. Kraus said he and others had been investigating this traffic for almost three years, and that the law on the statute-books now was a result of exposures that came three years ago in an article printed in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.\* This dealt with the Jewish phase of conditions, and was the first information that Jews in Chicago had that members of their race were engaged in this illegal traffic.

"Mr. Kraus and others questioned the article and asked the author to submit proof or apologize. Proof was forthcoming, said Mr. Kraus, and the fight has been on ever since, and is to be broadened now so as to take in all denominations.

"The article appearing in McCLURE'S," said Mr. Kraus, 'came as a shock to us. Two years ago a bill was drafted and sent to the legislature as the first move to remedy conditions. This measure was finally passed upon by Judge Mack, Samuel Alschuler, and myself. I went down to Springfield, and, with the assistance of Speaker Shurtleff, it was pushed through the legislature.

"There was no law on the books then whereby it was possible to punish those who engaged in so-called white slavery. The law as it has been amended is more severe now than it was as originally enacted. As there was no law at the time, we were afraid to make it too severe for fear the legislature might reject it.

"In two years the people became educated to the gravity of the situation, and it was made more severe by the last legislature by amendments.

"There is a movement now on foot by different organizations, regardless of creed, to stamp out this traffic in Chicago. The Jews have prided themselves upon the chastity of their women and their moral family life; and when the article in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE came out, many felt that it ought not to be talked about and thereby made to give more publicity and possibly create prejudice. Better judgment prevailed afterward, and it is the universal opinion that those who profit by such practices must be punished."

*"Name of God and Jew Profaned as Never Before"*

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, preaching at the Sinai Temple in Chicago on September 25, 1909, on the Jewish connection with the traffic in women, said:

\* "The City of Chicago," by George Kibbe Turner, published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for April, 1907.

"We have learned in a recent infamous trial that rich men in our race are profiting through leasing their property for purposes of evil.

"You who are here to-day have, many of you, given largely of your money for charities, but now a crisis has arisen that makes it needful that you give more than money. You must give of your souls to regenerate those of our race who have allowed their ideals to be lowered.

"Over on the West Side, the worst thing has occurred that has ever happened to our race. The name of God and Jew has been profaned as never before."

*The "Forward" on Jewish White Slave Traders*

The *Forward* made a special investigation of them atter, and devoted a large amount of its space to the situation. In an editorial it said:

"The facts that were uncovered at the trial of Inspector McCann are horrifying. Seventy-five per cent of the white slave trade in Chicago is in Jewish hands. The owners of most of the immoral resorts on the West Side are Jews. Even in Gentile neighborhoods Jews stand out prominently in this nefarious business.

"The shame would not be so overwhelming if the thing stopped there. For, after all, we could say: 'What can we do if such creatures persist in calling themselves Jews?' But we could say this only if these outcasts had remained where they belong, and had no standing in the Jewish community of this city. When these men, however, fill public offices in the Jewish community, when they parade and are designated as model citizens in certain quarters of the Jewish population, we no longer can remain on the defensive.

"One of these 'prominent' Jews is Julius Frank. Julius Frank confessed openly that he is the owner of a number of disorderly houses. He confessed that he paid protection money to the police so that his houses might not be raided.

"This creature, this Julius Frank, is president of the Congregation Anshe Calvaria, Twelfth and Union streets.

"Julius Frank, self-confessed owner of disorderly houses, is the head of a Jewish congregation!

"Can you, Jews of Chicago, conceive it fully? A Jewish synagogue, a holy temple, which should be the cleanest, the loftiest, the most beautiful place and institution in our lives—such an institution gives away its most honorable rank and post to a man who lives on the money earned by running disorderly houses!"



*San Francisco's Riot of Vice and Crime*

The situation in San Francisco was shown by George Kennan's description of the municipal scandals there, published in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* in November, 1907:

"The entire government of the city, therefore, fell into the hands of blackmailers, extortioners, and thieves; and the corruption affected the whole body of citizens simply because the whole body of citizens was brought directly into contact with it.

"Under the rule of Schmitz and Ruef, men were forced to pay for protection and privileges which they ought to have had without payment; the work of the city was badly done or wholly neglected; and professional law-breakers could buy the right to commit almost any crime short of burglary, highway robbery, and murder.

"In consequence of this exercise of unlimited power for selfish purposes by an unscrupulous municipal bureaucracy, the credit of the city was impaired; vice and crime, in their most dangerous forms, were encouraged or protected; thousands of boys and girls were tempted into evil courses; life and property became insecure; and the moral standards of the whole community were gradually lowered and debased.

"Ruef, Schmitz, and their confederates not only robbed San Francisco: they debauched it as well, because they made graft, bribery, and vice so common and so familiar that they seemed almost to be normal features of business and social life.

"At that time, according to Police Captain Mooney, the area of the Tenderloin had greatly increased.

"The saloons, generally, had thrown off all restraints of law; brothels, gambling dens, and assignation houses multiplied and flourished under administrative protection; women lured men to 'dives' and 'deadfalls' and assisted in the work of drugging and robbing them; charges brought against law-breakers were dismissed, or indefinitely postponed, by the Police Commission and the police courts; honest officers who tried to enforce the laws were transferred to quiet and unimportant resident districts; nickelodeons, disreputable theaters, and penny arcades corrupted the young; street-walking prostitutes intercepted even men who were on their way to church and gave them cards; drunkenness, immorality, and dissipation in every form became common; all-night drug-stores sold opium, morphine, and chloral without regulation or restraint; and the number of 'drug fiends' in the city increased to about eight thousand."

*Cities—Americans' Danger Point*

It is not necessary to go beyond the examples of these three well-known cities. The same political forces engaged in degrading civilization into barbarism are at work with general success in all the larger cities of the country. The fight against them is the greatest single governmental problem of to-day. As Bishop Potter well said, there is absolutely nothing on earth similar to the degraded rule in American cities. Many nations and cities have races of inferior breed or training among their population, but nowhere else is the control of the government taken over by criminals, organized to break the law, for the purpose of exploiting the appetite and criminal weaknesses of such populations for their own profit. In the meanwhile the stock of the immigrants entering the United States, and especially its cities, is growing constantly worse. Drawn first from the higher and more intelligent types of northwestern Europe, our immigration has degenerated constantly to the poorest breeds of the eastern and southern sections of the continent. We have made the United States an asylum for the oppressed and incompetent of all nations, and have put the government into the hands of the inmates of the asylum. We are now permitting the country to become the Botany Bay of the world. The most incompetent and vicious settle down in our great cities; and there an army of political criminals, like Tammany, trained by half a century of political crime, exploit, and degrade, and corrupt them, and with them our whole civilization.

*The Insecurity of Human Life*

The results of this degradation of society cannot be traced in all things, but where they are observable they show startling results. One point that can be clearly seen is the comparative insecurity of human life against murder.

Twenty-five years ago D. Appleton & Company published a *Cyclopedia of Biography* which contained 14,243 names of the most eminent Americans, the names of the men who had laid the foundations of the United States and had fought through the Civil War. Of these 14,243 names northwestern Europe contributed 14,219; the English-speaking sections of it contributed 12,519—that is, all but 1,724. At this time—in 1884—the annual murder rate of the United States was 26.7 per million inhabitants; that is, there were 1,465 murders for nearly 55,000,000 inhabitants. As years went by the murder rate increased with frightful rapidity, reaching its maximum in 1895, when 152 people per million per annum were

murdered. Since that time the average has run considerably over 100 per million per annum. The extraordinary prevalence of murder in the United States now as compared with twenty-eight years ago is shown by the following table of homicides compiled annually for that period by the *Chicago Tribune*.

1881.....	1,266	1895.....	10,500
1882.....	1,467	1896.....	10,652
1883.....	1,697	1897.....	9,520
1884.....	1,465	1898.....	7,840
1885.....	1,808	1899.....	6,225
1886.....	1,499	1900.....	8,275
1887.....	2,335	1901.....	7,852
1888.....	2,184	1902.....	8,834
1889.....	3,567	1903.....	8,976
1890.....	4,290	1904.....	8,482
1891.....	5,906	1905.....	9,212
1892.....	6,791	1906.....	9,360
1893.....	6,615	1907.....	8,712
1894.....	9,800	1908.....	8,952

### *Our Huge Murder Rate*

The immigration of people from sections of southern and eastern Europe, noted for their high murder rate, had much to do with this condition. But still more potent is the fact that, once in this country, the criminal element among these immigrants is protected by, and strongly allied with, the political criminals who manage our cities. Among the Italians of New York, for example, murder is less dangerous to the murderer, on the average, than the stealing of a five-dollar bill by a clerk from his employer. If the murderer is arrested, he is rarely convicted. The operation of the corner's court in New York in dealing with the average murder is one of the ghastliest travesties of justice in human government.

As a result of all this, the murder rate in the United States is from ten to twenty times greater than the murder rate of the British Empire and other northwestern European countries. The northwestern countries of Europe, which are the only nations worthy of comparison with the United States in their civilization, would require nearly a billion inhabitants—that is, more than half of the population of the world—in order to bring the number of their murders up to that of the United States, with its eighty to ninety millions of population. Canada would require a billion and a quarter to have as many murders as the United States has at the present time. Murder has increased many times as rapidly as population for the last twenty-five years. During the past fifteen years the number of murders in the United States has been, according to the annual records of the *Chicago Tribune*, 133,192. The entire number of men in the Union army who were killed in battle or

died of wounds was 110,070; in both the Union and Confederate forces it was 183,348.

### *Fourteen Times as Many Judges as in England*

This insecurity of life in the United States is but one indication of the lapse from civilization that the whole population is suffering, as a result of its government by criminals. The huge size of our machinery of justice is certainly due in large part to the amount of crime it has to deal with. New York and Illinois have together a population under 14,000,000; these two States require 572 judges in their courts. England and Wales have a population of about 32,000,000; over this population there are 92 judges of the same general rank as that of the 572 who serve in New York and Illinois—that is, the two American States have about fourteen times as many judges in proportion to their population as England and Wales.

### *Taft and Eliot on American Lawlessness*

The great excess of crime in this country over that in other civilized lands is recognized by all students of American life. President Taft, speaking in Chicago on September 16 of this year, said:

"It is not too much to say that the administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization, and that the prevalence of crime and fraud, which here is greatly in excess of that in the European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administrators to bring criminals to justice."

Ex-President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University said in New York on December 16, 1908:

"We are to consider how American freedom has made possible lawlessness in many forms. The defenses of society against criminals have broken down. The impunity with which crimes of violence are committed is a disgrace to the country."

These conditions have arisen chiefly for one reason: our large cities and many of our States are governed by organized criminals. But back of this more obvious lapse toward barbarism is a second still greater though less obvious disintegration of society, due to the same forces that were responsible for the first. Speaking broadly, the excessive use of alcohol and the prevalence of venereal disease are the two greatest dangers of the country to-day. The slum politicians, who, through their delivery of great numbers of votes, have a controlling grip in the administration of law in cities, have for years drawn their chief revenue

from the saturation of the population with liquor and the promotion of the public prostitution of women. To-day they are, as Mr. Turner's article clearly shows, almost exclusively responsible for the "white slave" trade in the United States. If they did not arrange to break down the laws of civilization to allow a market for the bodies of young girls, these girls would never be sold.

### *Two Chief Dangers of Civilization*

Alcohol, as is well known, has filled our poor-houses, insane asylums, and prisons for fifty and a hundred years. But the proportions of the other great danger to our population are little appreciated. An excellent and authoritative statement of this danger may be secured from the carefully edited book, "A Report on Our National Vitality," compiled by Professor Irving Fisher, and published by the United States Government in 1909. In this Dr. Prince A. Morrow, the famous specialist, is quoted as follows:

"The extermination of social diseases would probably mean the elimination of at least one half our institutions for defectives."

Dr. Morrow further says that the number of syphilitics alone in the United States has been estimated at 2,000,000, and, finally, makes this terrible assertion: "Possibly ten per cent of men who marry infect their wives with venereal disease."

The worst punishment of a mutinous regiment in the time of Rome was decimation — a word that has passed into our language as a term for fearful punishment. By this, one soldier in ten was chosen by lot to be killed. According to Dr. Morrow's estimate, decimation by venereal disease is now taking place among the wives of America; that is, one out of every ten innocent women who are married is destined to be affected with diseases as frightful in their consequences as leprosy.

Across the entire United States a standing army of tens of thousands of cadets and prostitutes, practically all of them diseased, is maintained by the politicians of its large cities for the perennial infection of the population. An army of lepers of equal size would be far less dangerous. The very existence of the present force demonstrates that it is daily infecting thousands of people with one of the most terrible diseases known to medicine.

### *The Waste of Human Lives*

It is the fashion of the time to place the chief emphasis in the fight for better city government upon financial considerations. The real consideration is far deeper than this. The

cities of the United States are not concerned merely with the stealing of a few millions of dollars by political thieves: they are fighting for their civilization. The *Evening Post* of New York on September 27, 1909, stated this excellently in response to the announcement of Otto T. Bannard, the Republican candidate for Mayor, that the fight against Tammany Hall was to be conducted on a business issue. It said:

"Mr. Bannard defines the anti-Tammany issue as 'waste.' Waste there is, but the waste of money, grave as it may be, is the least part. It is the waste of human lives that appalls — the consumptives in the 'lung blocks,' dying in dark, inside rooms, the waste of children in partly inspected rattle-trap tenements, the waste of womanhood and manhood that comes with a 'wide-open' town. No, Mr. Bannard. The chief issue is Tammany Hall in all its unspeakable vileness; with all its smattering of respectables to lend the cloak of virtue, chock-a-block with the Sullivans, with panderers to vice and vileness of every description; with its rich treasury lined by contributions of corrupt or cowed corporations, of brothels and saloons, of all the powers that prey, and also from the educated rich who pay for office or for immunity. The issue is Tammany itself, because it is still, as for one hundred years past, a league of men banded together by the 'cohesive power of public plunder,' without conscience, without a spark of civic pride or patriotism, like Richard Croker, working for their pockets all the time. The issue is Tammany, because it is a veritable Juggernaut, crushing beneath its wheels the prostrate poor it pretends to succor and befriend. A monster of hypocrisy and greed, it is a disgrace to the city, a double disgrace to the nation under whose flag it flourishes. There is but one issue, and that is whether the Imperial City shall be in chains to Tammany."

### *American Cities Made Partners With Criminals*

Besides the convincing statements of the late Bishop Potter, Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, the President of the United States, the Committee of Fifteen, and of other authorities, we invite the readers of this article to weigh carefully the few points in which statistics enable us to understand the present conditions of the United States, and to compare ourselves with other nations: The fact that murders are ten times as frequent in the United States as in other civilized countries; the fact that in the last thirteen years the deaths by murder in the United States have

equaled the entire losses by death or wounds of the Northern armies in the entire four years of the War of the Rebellion; that more than ten times as many judges are required in the United States as in England to administer justice; and that the white slave trade, pressing the sale of women to its ultimate point, has incidentally and enormously spread the most terrible diseases.

But, above all, it must be remembered that these conditions exist primarily because dominating factors in the government of most of the large cities of the United States are men engaged in the propagation of crime and in pandering to vice. This is true in no other civilized country in the world. There is crime in all countries, and the white slave traffic exists everywhere, but this is the only country in which this traffic is supported by the political forces that govern cities. It is the only country in which honest policemen have everything to fear in enforcing the law, and in which the police in general are engaged in degrading the communities that they are supposed to serve. It is principally the result of this fact that the white slave trade, with all its unnamable cruelties and atrocities, has become so fastened upon the United States. Under normal conditions, with such government as the cities of the United States have a right to expect, the number of prostitutes in the country would decrease by two thirds. It is a crowning shame to American democracy that, while the white slave trade is being driven by the authorities of the entire world, including the pioneer countries of South Africa and South America, it is growing and fattening in the United States, with the connivance of the authorities of our cities themselves.

#### *What are the Churches Going to do About It?*

The *Christian World* of September 25 makes this pertinent comment upon the situation in New York:

"It is a sad thing to hear such words as those of a Japanese recently spoken to a friend of the writer. He said: 'Christianity is greatly discounted in Japan because of its seeming impotency in your own country.' He then referred to the corrupt and pagan condition of our own cities, remarking that the missionary was completely handicapped in Japan by these revelations of the impotency of Christianity to redeem the so-called Christian countries from paganism. We presume he had been reading the *Survey*, with the disclosure of the inhuman social practices of Pittsburg, and the recent numbers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and *Hamp-ton's Magazine*, with their articles by General

Bingham on the misgovernment of New York. General Bingham has stirred the whole country by revealing the secrets of his office. His contention that New York is governed by a band of professional criminals he substantiates from incontrovertible proofs of his own experience as Police Commissioner. There is no doubt in many people's minds that he was deposed from office because he would not fall in with the corrupt political schemes of some party boss. We cannot quote from him here, but would advise everybody, especially every citizen of New York, to read these articles. As the Mayoralty campaign approaches, the question becomes vital to the churches of New York, as well as the people. What are the churches going to do about New York? Are there not enough members of church and synagogue to lift the city out of this slough of iniquity? The New York State Conference of Religion is striving to unite the leaders of all denominations in such a campaign as has never before been seen in the city. We wish that every minister might, after the Hudson-Fulton celebration, use every moment in pulpit and out in arousing people to the pagan condition of the city. If he is not already on fire with indignation, let him read General Bingham's articles."

There is one thing that will change this, and one only. The local government of cities must be taken from the hands of criminals and purveyors of vice. This is perfectly obvious. The reason it has not yet been done is that the American people have never concentrated their attention on this one main issue. The best forces in our life have, in fact, scattered their energies disastrously. The cities of the United States are filled to overflowing with organizations of all kinds to oppose crime and to dispense aid to the masses of criminals and unfortunates who are created by present conditions: law and order societies, temperance organizations, college settlements, committees to put down the traffic of women. All these work well and earnestly, but their efforts are either the work of salvage, after the great damage is done, or, at most, attempts at a very partial cure. They assist the population in very much the same way that a servant might who was hired to drive away the flies from the table of a dinner-party set upon the edge of a cesspool. What our country needs is, not more societies to remove flies, but the removal of the cesspool.

#### *The Remedy — City Government by Commission*

For this, it is only necessary to concentrate the attention and interest of the whole

public upon the one main issue — local government. This will take place just as soon as the general public is given a clean-cut understanding of present conditions, and the power to see that these are changed. There is a great deal of silly talk about city populations not wanting decent city government. This is exactly equivalent to saying that the aggregate of individuals in a community desire to be robbed, murdered, and have their daughters sold as prostitutes. The real trouble is that under present forms of city government the general public can never know the truth, and, if it does, it can almost invariably be defrauded of its power to express its will. The necessity of the time is not an incentive for a change, but a system of local government for cities that will do two things: first, give an intelligent idea of the management of city affairs; and, second, allow the public to express its will accurately and subject to no change.

Exactly such a system has been developed and well tested in America during the past ten years. It is called the Galveston or Des Moines plan of commission government.\* In reality it is merely New England town government by selectmen — the most famous and successful single development of democracy in America — adapted to the use of the city. This system elects a board of five or six members from a city at large, and gives them the entire power of government; each member is given charge of one of several general divisions of the government. In this way the best specialists in the population are chosen to manage the big departments of the city, such as finance, streets, and police. There is no shirking or shifting of responsibility; one well-known man is always responsible for one department. And careful and concise reports show the public periodically just what is being done.

This movement, starting with Galveston, Texas, is sweeping across the West and Southwest, and a large group of cities have already adopted the new governmental plan, including such large cities as Kansas City, Kansas, which has already put it into operation, and Memphis, Tennessee, which is about to do so.

New York City, under such a system, could

command the services of the ablest men in the United States; a position in its government would offer not only one of the greatest honors in the United States, but a salary as large as those paid by the greatest corporations in America. The entire government of the city, excepting only the judiciary, would be given over to five men. The second greatest city in the world would not be governed, as now, by an association of criminals: it could and naturally would expect to secure the direction of a board of men of the caliber of the following ticket.

Mayor, Theodore Roosevelt.

Commissioner of Finance, J. Pierpont Morgan.

Commissioner of Police, General Leonard Wood.

Commissioner of Public Works, William G. McAdoo, the builder of the Hudson Tunnels.

Commissioner of Law, Senator Elihu Root.

A board of men of this ability, according to the experience of other cities, could be elected by an overwhelming vote to take charge of New York City. Once elected, they would not only save it millions of dollars, but would entirely change the quality of its civilization.

It is clear that some change must take place soon in the government of American cities, if we are to retain the quality of our civilization. Many careless and indifferent persons may choose to doubt this. Any one who wishes a clear understanding of the barbarism of the forces that dominate the present management of our cities need only read such articles as the autobiography of Judge Ben Lindsey, now running in *Everybody's Magazine*, showing typical municipal conditions in Denver; or those of Mr. Turner on Chicago, published by us in April, 1907, and on New York in June, 1909; and, finally, that on "The Daughters of the Poor" in the present magazine. The valuable reform that Mr. Turner's first article started in Chicago has already been shown. The present article is printed in the hope that it may lead to a movement of national scope against the vilest and most dangerous growth of present conditions in America which it describes. Only by the most thorough and revolutionary reforms along this line is there hope for the future of American democracy.

\*A complete description of government by commission was published by Mr. Turner in *McClure's Magazine* for October, 1906. This article has been frequently republished in pamphlets and newspapers, by permission of the magazine.

"This lovely land, this glorious liberty, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for the sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eye—all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain."—WEBSTER.







"YOU ARE THE TREE OF THE NORTH, ENWRAPPED IN ICE AND SNOW."



# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV      DECEMBER, 1909

No. 2

## CHRISTMAS AT THE VILLA

BY GERTRUDE HALL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

THE *salottino* was smaller than the *salotto*, and the *salotto* than the *sala*; an ordinary seaside cottage could, however, have been accommodated in the *salottino*. Everything had been done to diminish its size, to make it cozy. Impossible! Although, in comparison with the master of the villa's own chamber, furnished principally by a fresco on the ceiling, it had the appearance of an auction-room, the multifarious furniture was persistently dwarfed by the height of the white-plastered walls. These soared in majestic bareness, closing in a fine vault, whose groins rested on stone capitals. Stone! There was another obstacle to coziness, that stone of which the old builders had been so fond. The jambs and lintels of the doors were stone; stone steps led to the great windows, which had stone sills — and strong iron bars. The floor was a mosaic of stone.

Rugs had been strewn over it; luxurious upholstered chairs and sofas substituted for the hard thrones of an earlier period; in the fireplace roared a blaze such as the youth in livery, whose duty it was to fetch the wood for it, and the pinecones, and the forms of turf, had never seen in an Italian *caminetto* till he entered this service.

Before the lordly fire in question, Maidie, the guest, found the lady of the house seated, one fine morning in the Advent-season. The lady of the house wore fur indoors. On the other hand, except for the deep and lustrous stole of black fox, she could hardly have been said to be clothed for December. Lace, no heavier than handwriting, was all that kept the atmosphere from her bosom and forearms. These looked incredibly white through the black web; her head looked strikingly fair above her inky raiment.

It was foreign mail-day. The floor around her

was strewn with newspapers. Without remark she handed the guest a New York weekly, so folded that a particular passage must readily meet her eye. The young lady read, and threw down the thing with a sound of contempt.

"Horrid!" she exclaimed. "And stupid! Perfectly stupid! I hope, Oriana, you don't let such things annoy you!"

The lady of the house said she most certainly did not.

"I don't see" — the guest, taking a footstool near her, went on to administer balm to a hurt that had just been declared to be none — "I don't see why they so invariably take that attitude toward international marriages. As if the only motive, ever, must be on one side greed for money, on the other ambition. And romance? What about romance? Isn't it obvious that something quite different from yourself, different from all the boys you were brought up with, would have an advantage in the plain fascination of the unknown? Why did the fir-tree dream of the palm, and the palm-tree of the fir? You two are just as unlike as that. You," she added, considering her friend with a little smile, "are the tree of the North, enwrapped in ice and snow."

Oriana smiled back, rather faintly, more condescending than amused.

Maidie continued: "Surely nothing could be more absurd than to look for a motive beyond the natural one for his wanting to marry you. It's very possible," she looked at the fire and shrugged, "that if you had been poor he wouldn't have done it. He literally couldn't, you know. But any one knowing him must be sure that had you had all your money, and more, and been ugly, he wouldn't have done it, either! Vice versa, Count Bosco might have belonged to a family as much older and more distinguished



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Pyrene ended back, rest of family were  
deducting than amount

[illegible]



“SHE UNCOVERED HER FACE, AND WITH A GROPING LOOK FOR HER  
RESCUER, HELD OUT HER HANDS.”

as they please—if he hadn't been the most delightful being you had met in your whole life, you know you wouldn't have had him!"

Oriana's face suggested that she really did not care to be defended against the nobodies who had printed that impertinence. Maidie dropped the subject easily, as far as open discussion of it, but she continued in silence justifying, amplifying her argument. Oriana was skimming the papers. Maidie reflected upon her. How, in the nature of things, should she not prove irresistible precisely to Count Bosco? Short men, every one knows, take to tall women, dark ones to fair. And Oriana to these qualifications added so much, so much beauty! She had what Maidie was pleased to describe as art proportions—the small head of a Greek figure, the long, round limbs. She was so white, without being in the least pale, a warm pearl inside of that black sheath. Her hair, too, though so light, was not pale, but vividly shining; it crowned her head with calm coils. She was perfect—indeed, she passed the point of perfection: there was extravagance in the degree of that fairness, in that Amazonian size. Her face, too. . . . But here Maidie made a slight reservation. She felt the mouth to be a little too small, and the eyes,—of a nameless color, neither gray, green, nor brown, but all these at once,—it was a little bare around them: as if the trees edging a pool were leafless; it made them just a trifle wintry.

Maidie tried to put herself in Bosco's place, to see Oriana from his standpoint. How he must adore her, inevitably, fatally—the more for that cold, unconquered air of hers. . . .

The guest withdrew her attention from her friend and thought of Bosco. Oriana, too, had drawn a prize. Maidie was little herself, so that the Count's low stature was not, in her sight, an inferiority. And his head was charming, that deep-colored, dusky head, with the hair like fur, the two little black flames blown back from the upper lip, the dreamy, diffused look of the dark eye, which he could call to a point suddenly keen as a poniard. There was an indescribable physical pleasantness about him such as there is about a velvety dog or horse; one could have fancied a temptation almost to stroke him, but for the fact that he inspired all the while a not disagreeable distrust, a suspicion that he was, at the same time as simpler, also subtler than the men of Maidie's country. In order to gauge him, to forecast with regard to him, one must be of the same race. But of nothing was Maidie so persuaded as that the correct and self-collected gentleman was a very volcano within; that he could make love like a rightful son of this enchanted soil,

one to whom talents in that line had been descending ever since Etruria, which enjoyed, we are told, ten centuries of civilization before Rome was dreamt of. Oriana must feel the spell of that curiosity-challenging personality, the allurements of that covered ardor—Oriana must be as much in love as he.

At the rustle of a newspaper, Maidie looked up. But Oriana had only dropped one sheet for another. Maidie returned to gaze at the fire, with Oriana's face in her eye as she had just seen it. And she fell to wondering, a shade dismayed. It was not the first time she had wondered since her arrival. But she had put away her wonder, as she had put away a suspicion leaping up within her once or twice.

She had been so happy to come. When Oriana's letter had reached her, in Paris, it had seemed too wonderful to be asked to visit in her Italian home the Countess whose bridesmaid she had been some six months before at the other end of the earth. The compliment was modified a little by the fact that, the Count's mother having recently died, they were living very quietly at their villa, out of the world. Or one might choose to see a compliment all the greater in an invitation under these circumstances. Maidie, anyway, had come full of joy and amiable intentions. The seclusion necessitated by deep mourning in a family of such great station might easily be supposed heavy to Oriana. Maidie had come prepared to be sunshine and bird's-chatter, sympathy and pastime; ready to be pleased with everything, to efface herself at the tactful moment as often as it fell; had come, in short, in the spirit of a perfect guest.

And though from her earliest poring over poetry she had been one of those for whom Italy is the Promised Land, she had found it all even more beautiful than expectation. The ancient villa fascinated her through the fancy that the air was thick with the lingering breaths of generations, charged with histories—histories passionate, histories shuddersome, histories tender or brave or sinister. Old romances were here in their very setting. In that deep window Paolo and Francesca might have sat reading from the same book. Malatesta would have stolen in by the little door there that nothing distinguished from the wall but a crack and a whitewashed bolt.

Every morning when she looked out upon the Italian world to be seen from her window, the sense of it all invading her found words in the question, "What is there one could do to-day of romantic, of significant, of memorable, to be in keeping with this dreamy scene of action?"

As she saw no way very well to work out this aspiration in her own person, she satisfied her

thirst for romance in the vicarious enjoyment of her friend's. No cavalier with feather in his cap and dagger at his belt had ever climbed a rope-ladder, who could have made a more interesting factor in woman's history than that same velvety, black-eyed Bosco. Paolo very likely was not tall.

Maidie glanced again at Oriana. To put it briefly, Oriana wore a sour look, a look of discontent. Oriana, truth to tell, wonderful as she was, was not quite in keeping with this wonderful place which time and human hands had touched with art so magical—no, even though Beauty, we are used to saying, can never spoil anything. She was not quite in the key, not quite in the picture. Did she feel it, and was that why she had turned her energies upon her surroundings, to change them? Maidie would not have dared tell her how much she wished she would hold her hand, how she shivered at the thought of restorations conducted by her, how she winced at the stamp of her wealth and taste already exhibited here and there. Maidie felt almost disloyal in thinking of it, her dislike was so uncompromising.

And so, wanting to be nice where she could, since she must be nasty where she couldn't help it, it was in her most ingratiating guest's-manner that, when Oriana brushed aside her papers, she broached a subject abounding, as she thought, in pleasant opportunities for both of them.

"It was old Pasqualina brought in my coffee this morning. I made her stay. I practised my Italian with her."

"Yes?"

"Of course, you know she has been in the family since a young girl."

"I didn't know. I only know she's one of the staff I found here."

"I got her to talk about the old Contessa. What a dear, queer personage she seems to have been!"

"You would have thought so if you had come here when all was as she left it. In that cathedral of a bedroom, the wash-bowl and pitcher,—I wish you had seen them,—a cup and saucer! And a little cracked soap-dish."

"Well, we certainly have changed all that! Where there was a saucer, there is now something more like a baptismal font, quite in keeping with the dimensions of a cathedral. . . .

But I was going to remark—how attached to her they seem to have been, her domestic staff. I should say, a noblewoman of the old school. She used to doctor the peasants herself. She had sovereign remedies, secrets for decoctions: as near as I could make out, linden tea and camomile and marshmallow and the like. And she gave the anemic ones white wine from a flask

half full of rusty nails, and those who coughed tar-water obtained by a like simple process."

"She wore night-caps," Oriana said,— "I found them; and little crocheted shawls to cross these frigid hallways. She used to lock up the sugar and coffee, and the cheese for the macaroni, and carry the key with her. The key was a quarter of a yard long; it weighed a pound."

"I know, I know—those heroic keys of theirs, forged, I suppose, when they served at a pinch to brain an enemy with. . . . You have not by any chance, my dear, failed to observe the key of what happens to be now your own front door?—the implement of war you will have to take along whenever you wish to let yourself quietly in? . . . But, to return to the Contessa herself, she must have been awfully *simpatica*, you know. Pasqualina mourns bitterly for her. The way we first came to speak of her was the servant telling me that at this season, other years, they began to make preparations for the Christmas tree."

"The Christmas tree! . . . For Bosco?"

"No, you tease! For the village children, the tots that go to learn their a, b, c's at the Sisters'; the little peasants. There were fifty or more every year."

Oriana did not look interested, as Maidie had hoped. But Maidie went on: "I had never understood Christmas trees to be much of an Italian custom; she told me, in fact, it was a German governess who started the fashion in this house when the daughters were children. It was sweet to hear her tell about it. They worked for three weeks or more, every evening, around a table together, the mistress and as many of the household as could be spared, and a few from outside sometimes, the doctor's daughters and the *parroco*—that's the parish priest, isn't it?—his sister. They made muslin bags and filled them with raisins and figs dried on the place in autumn. They gilded walnuts. They fringed colored paper to wrap around candies. They made flowers and gold-paper ladders for ornament. The Contessa knitted woolly rabbits and wristers. There were toys besides, of course, and barley-sugar animals. And a hundred candles, red, green, yellow, white. The old woman described it with a light on her face as if she had it standing right before her."

Maidie paused for Oriana to speak, but Oriana said nothing. Maidie went on, after hemming to clear her throat: "I was thinking, Oriana, that we ought to have a tree for them this year."

"Oh, my dear," Oriana spoke promptly enough now, "don't think of it! I think it would be a terrific bore!"

Maidie's face fell a little, and she was silent, occupied with warming her hands, which she



appeared at the same time to be examining attentively. She held them between her face and the fire; the glow could faintly be seen through the delicate screen. Her disappointment was in great part for the children, and for Pasqualina, who had clearly had a hope in her heart when she imparted that custom of the house to the *forestiera*. But it was in some measure for herself. She was an active body, and though, perfect guest that she was, she wished to find fault with nothing, yet at this moment, inwardly ruffled, she took note of the fact that in the week she had spent at the villa nothing whatever had been done for her entertainment; her energies had had little indeed to spend themselves upon. For the first week it was all very well — there was so much to absorb one in the villa itself; but she would be glad of something to do in the weeks to follow, since Oriana had no thought, it seemed, of taking her to visit the picture-galleries down in the city, the churches, the monuments. She considered the matter selfishly a moment, then more generously, as it regarded particularly the little ones. Before the silence had lasted more than a minute, she spoke up, half laughing in nervousness: "Oriana, you probably have for this *tutte le ragioni*, as they adroitly tell you here before they set about trying to make you alter your mind. *Tutte le ragioni!* — all the reasons, all the right on your side. You know best, of course, and any interference is impertinent. But I wish — dear me! — I'm just cheeky enough to wish you'd reconsider! It's your first Christmas here. The people around don't really know you yet. They will only see the outward aspect of the thing. It will chronicle itself among their legends in some such way as this: 'There was once upon a time an old Contessa of very modest fortune, so modest that she used a cracked soap-dish and shoe-blackening made at home. But every year she had a Christmas tree for poor children, as many as there were in her domain. She died. And her son, who had traveled to far countries, brought home a bride, a stranger, beautiful as the day, and rich as the daughters of kings. But there were no more Christmas trees.' . . . You see what I mean, dear?"

"But, Maidie," — Oriana, readily seeing, writhed in resistance while she all the time relented, — "Maidie, the nuisance of it, the abominable nuisance!"

"No, no; I will do it all," Maidie eagerly hastened, "if you will let me! Pasqualina and I. I would love it. It won't cost much. The toys were probably a few *soldi* each. And what are a little tissue-paper and muslin? There's a box of things kept from year to year, Pasqua-

lina told me — glass balls, and a big star of Bethlehem for the topmost tip of the tree." Maidie remembered suddenly that she was talking from the standpoint of a poor army officer's daughter. "But of course it's not the money you mind," she closed.

"No! Go ahead! Hang the expense!" Oriana laughed.

Maidie warmed toward her again instantly. She was good-natured, after all. Maidie tendered her the instinctive thank-offering of a little flattery. "Hang the expense! Hang the expense!" she tried to imitate her. "How you say that! It's extraordinary!"

"What do you mean? What's extraordinary?"

"That deep note you sometimes bring out, which seems to have nothing to do with the rest of your voice, or with the particular sentiment you are expressing, or, in fact, with you! 'Hang the expense!' It's thrilling. It was the Count first called my attention to it."

Oriana looked careless inquiry.

"In Washington. The evening before the wedding, you remember, you had all your bridesmaids in. We were talking away and laughing. Your maid came to the door to speak with you. You asked across the room, 'Has my coat come from Redfern's?' Count Bosco was standing near me. He put his hand to his head, and steadied himself by a table, and broke out — you know how much simpler they are than our men, how much more frankly they talk about intimate things — he said, 'She has tones in her voice that make me dizzy, *qui me donnent le vertige!*' Of course he hadn't understood what you said. 'I seem to have heard that voice I don't know where, I don't know when — in the Garden of Paradise — in the golden age — upon another planet.' . . . Of course he was half in fun, but I knew at once what he meant." Maidie paused and said to herself, informed by Oriana's expression, that she naturally had heard all that sort of thing from the Count himself. She went on, as if reflecting aloud, "Such things are queer, aren't they? A tone in your voice that doesn't belong with the rest, and that's as likely to crop up when you say, 'Pass me the mustard,' as when you say, 'Wherefore art thou Romeo?' But, do you know, since he spoke of it I have realized something in your eyes sometimes to correspond with it: a look far, far behind the rest, that is not like the rest. Who knows where you get it from? Perhaps some ancestress was entirely like what you are just in spots."

"My mother's mother was Welsh," offered Oriana.

"Ah!" said Maidie uncertainly, not grasping



this as an explanation. Then, "Oh, yes, I see! The Welsh . . . what is it about them? There were seers among them, and bards. One great-hearted warrior-woman far up your line, who used to prophesy and urge on the clans with battle-songs, bequeathed you a note of her voice!" She half rose to kiss Oriana's cheek. "You are a great dear to say I may get up the tree. Thanks, thanks a million, for myself, and for the children who have been asking in their little hearts will there be any such treat this year one of the new era. I have taught a Sunday-school class of little niggers, and I know how they feel. You there, born with a golden spoon in your mouth, what can you tell of little beggars' feelings, and the joys of having a jumping-jack picked for you off a tree?"

"What are you talking about?" Oriana asked, with an effect almost of indignation at unwarrantable patronage; she pushed Maidie lightly away, to be seen of her square in the face: "My father wasn't born a senator, my dear! I was nearly seven before he struck oil. When I was no bigger than a pint-pot, let me tell you, I used to wipe the dishes to help my mother." There was in Oriana's voice as she said this none of the quality to make a little Italian noble dream; it had an honest, good-humored, democratic American ring.

"Do you mean it? I never knew that!" said Maidie.

"My young days, I should like you to know, were spent minding a very heavy, very fretful baby brother."

"Is it possible—I never knew you had a brother!"

"I haven't. But if you imagine I don't know anything about children . . ."

"That just shows! Tell me more about it."

"No! I don't want to think of it!" Oriana got up, stretched her long arms to shake off the drowsiness of the fire, and went to the window, throwing back the words, "I believe it's warmer outdoors than in!" She opened the window to verify this. The air, in fact, was mild. "It's all the fault of this stone," she remarked; "it's that makes this mortal chill."

Maidie had followed, and stood beside her, looking through the ponderous medieval grating at the Italian scene, beautiful in her eyes, even at this season, as the incarnation of a dream. In the formal garden immediately before the window a fountain played, pale pink monthly roses bloomed. Winter made little difference in the verdure, nearly all of it winter-proof—box, laurel, ilex, and off in the country, over the hills, everywhere, the smoky olives. A creeper, overclimbing a cream-colored wall, was the only thing in sight noticeably dropping

its leaves, shreds of crimson strewing the gray gravel walk. In the garden, again, was much stone: copings marking the boundaries of the flower-beds, urns, balustrades, statues, seats, stairs—but stone all mellowed by weather, mossy stone, stone thickly embroidered with lichens. The distance, as it was seen through a great breach in a wall of black, immemorial cypresses, was opalescent, silvery: in its nest of hills, the hazy city, with springing dome and towers, winding river and bestriding bridges, sparks of ineffable light here and there where the sun smote seemingly upon some diamond in a roof.

"Oh, Oriana," broke from Maidie's expanding heart, "how fortunate you are!"

Oriana looked and said nothing. Maidie recognized that the excessively delicate do not openly glory in their possessions. But there surely can be nothing indelicate in doing it for them. She went on heartily: "To have all this for all your life! This dream, this poem of a place, this adorable, adorable old house!"

"The lizards and scorpions certainly adore it," said Oriana, adding, when her cynical tone had made the guest turn around for its meaning, "I don't say it couldn't be made habitable."

Maidie looked at her wide-eyed. "Oh, don't you love it just as it is?"

"Do you like to poke around by candlelight, and get your hot water in a can, and sit and freeze by these *caminetti* of theirs?"

"Oriana,"—Maidie hardly found breath to say it,— "you are never thinking of putting in electric light and modern plumbing and heating?"

"No—for a good reason: he won't let me."

Maidie did not dare look at her, lest her immense relief show in her eyes.

"He will go as far as allowing German stoves," Oriana continued in a dry, hard voice, "those great white porcelain monuments, you know, because he has seen them in certain other villas. And he will let me roof in the inner court with glass, and have the missing noses restored to the garden gods and goddesses, and the sponge-stone where it has dropped off in the crumbling old grottos. But he will not have steam heat, he will not have electricity, he will not let me turn the oratory at the end of my suite into a proper dressing-room."

Maidie looked at the landscape. Oriana unloaded her heart. "He's the most manageable little beast you ever knew about all the stupid affairs that come up daily, but there I can't budge him! He will go down on his knees to protest that he would renounce eternal salvation for one hour of real love from me, but let me convert the oratory into a *salle-à-bains* he will not!"

It was Maidie now who said nothing when it

was clearly her turn to speak. She continued gazing off.

"It could be done so easily," Oriana took up again in a tone of reasonable argument. "It's just a question of money. The recess where the altar stands would just hold a good big porcelain tub."

"What would you do about the fresco, Saint Francis and his Vision?" Maidie asked it very softly, with her eyes on the dim bubble of the cathedral dome down in the valley.

"My dear, whitewash it!" said Oriana, with an aggressiveness that hardly seemed called for. "Whitewash it! It's not by any means a masterpiece; he himself admits it. It's half peeled off, anyhow."

Maidie averted her face, but Oriana caught the suspicious outline of her cheek. "I can see you laughing," she said.

Maidie frankly turned. "Because it is funny, you know, Oriana! It's fantastic, dear!" she said in as disarming a manner as she could, and made an attempt to get her arm around Oriana's waist.

But Oriana refused to share her amusement.

"He can't let you! Be reasonable, dear!" Maidie continued. "Feeling as he is bound to feel, don't you see, he simply can't! He couldn't keep his own respect. It would be equal to giving up all his right to be himself, and becoming a sort of appendage of yours."

"My dear girl, what are houses for, will you tell me, but the convenience of those who live in them? In their turn, his forefathers fixed this to suit them; let me fix it to suit me, and let those who follow please themselves! His people loved to pray and did not love to wash. I want to wash and I don't want to pray!"

Maidie, after that, gilded walnuts and fringed colored paper by the yellow lamplight, while Oriana sat back in queenly idleness. Maidie had not dared to ask that Pasqualina should come and work with her as she had worked with the Contessa. They labored jointly none the less.

The Count sometimes stood, cigarette in hand, watching; as he made no comment, it was presumed he knew the purpose of those preparations. He dined nightly with the ladies, but took no other meal in their company. He spent the day in town, at his *circolo*, Oriana explained. He talked very amiably with them, but not very much. He had a special language for women, a thornless, scented, gala language, a compliment in itself, and liberally larded with frank compliments, besides every sort of complimentary intimation, which all, lightly fluent as it was, had no effect of insincerity, for it pretended nothing more than to be part of his good manners.

He would sit for a while with the ladies after dinner, puffing thin blue clouds up toward the lofty vault; not trying particularly to be good company, not knowing exactly what to do with himself, and yet loath to go; a vaguely wistful personage, somehow, and obviously a little restless. Often he would finally retire where a couple of columns marked off the dim farther end of the room, and there walk up and down, smoking his everlasting cigarettes. Once Maidie saw Oriana cross the room to him. He acknowledged her approach by a beautiful bow, drew her arm without delay through his, and led her to view the stars from the window at the end of the next *sala*.

Maidie learned one day, by merest accident, that it was only since her coming the Count spent all his time like that away from the villa. The suspicion that had been thrust aside as too unpleasant to harbor resolved itself now into a certainty. Many things she had tried, for the comfort of her visit and for the cherished sake of romance, not to see, cast a confirming illumination upon it. . . .

She could have laughed, remembering how she had thought she was invited, in part at least, for her own delight,— a kind of glorious bridesmaid's fee,— and for the rest because she was merry and adaptable, and fitted to cheer the ennui of an admired beauty condemned to a year of sequestration.

She marveled, and was not a little touched, at Count Bosco's forbearance toward her— dreadful little intruder, imported for his vexation, added inmate of his house belonging to the insolent usurping race. And he preserved a demeanor of such faultless friendliness! From a sense of duty toward Oriana, she could not let him perceive that she felt her position; still less express the need to show him good will, that rose from her plight of standing in need of his forgiveness; least of all betray the fact that she took his side in this preposterous quarrel.

How would it end, the quarrel?

She would not be there to see. She had resolved to cut short her visit on some pretext still to invent.

But she was pledged not to leave before the Christmas tree.

She marveled further at the dignity that, in his simple— or was it deeply artful?— way, Count Bosco managed to preserve in a situation that certainly tended at times to make him appear a trifle ridiculous. One evening, in the oppression to her nerves of beholding this Paolo-Romeo used in a manner that mortified her for him, she became so reckless as openly to dash over into his camp. . . .

There were callers, countrymen of Oriana's. In the shortest time, all were speaking English. Bosco listened, often with a puzzled but always a particularly civil air; he understood the language partially, when it was spoken slowly. After a while he withdrew, as so often, to the end of the room, and fell into his habitual sentinel walk. Maidie rose and joined him. "Couldn't you understand what they were saying?" she asked. "You should practise your English with Oriana and me, instead of letting us practise our infamous French and Italian on you!"

She could not detect that he was in the least irritated, whereupon confusion overtook her. She was angry at herself for her impulse; but she could not turn at once to leave. She fell into step with him, and they walked up and down, side by side, the girl chatting all the more vivaciously for being so ill at ease.

He came to a standstill at the end of a turn, and, with his head slightly lowered, looked through his eyebrows at Oriana over in the lamplight. Maidie's eyes followed his. Oriana leaned back on a brocade sofa of delicate light tone, one marble arm, visible through the thin sleeve, propping her golden head. The outline of her tapering black figure stood out clearly against the pale background, its fullness and grace enhanced by the art of dress and of posture. One of the callers, seated at the other end of her sofa, tilted his head to look at her as if he studied a picture; the other, from his chair in front of her, leaned forward while talking, as if to catch a fragrance. Maidie heard the Count taking in breath. Stealing a quick, troubled glance, she received the impression, in spite of the dimness at their end of the room, that he was pale.

"Isn't she divine!" he murmured, and quieted Maidie's involuntary throb of alarm by revealing his white teeth in a smile and look that made her think of a singer about to launch forth in an ecstatic love-song.

She remembered the occasion when he had told her that Oriana's voice made him dizzy, and she said, with an idea of offering cheer, as well as defending her friend, who seemed to her at this moment for some undefined reason to need defending: "She is the most beautiful person I ever saw! But that is not the best of her. Though all has conspired to spoil her, she is not spoiled, at bottom. She is sincere, she is loyal. She wants her own way,—one must remember that she has been used all her life to getting it,—but she is not without a sense of justice, of bounds. It is her favorite affectation to pretend she has no heart. She would be surprised herself, probably, to discover how

feeling her heart really is!" Maidie could hardly have told how she came to say all this, which she did not more than half believe; the words flowed forth as if by force of inspiration.

Count Bosco, with his head thrown back, was looking at his wife now through his lashes. He answered after a moment — and at his answer Maidie for the first time got an idea of the vast spaces dividing her, little Puritan, from this Latin. At the same time her heart quickened with a sense, full as lively, of the one same stuff folks are formed of, down beneath Latin and Puritan. That which makes the fitness of international marriages pressed upon her in the same moment as that which makes the objection to them. She felt herself lifted upon the lawless life-breath of the world.

"For each one of us," he said, with that simplicity which inclined one to hear with an equal simplicity his confidences of closely personal matters, "there is one person who holds for us the key to the garden of life—the earthly Paradise. That person may be all you say, sincere, loyal, just, warm-hearted. Or she may be capricious, cruel, and cold. What is there to be done, when she and no other has the key? . . . If she passes all bounds in unkindness, one can burst the chains" (he ingenuously made the gesture of bursting them), "one can even destroy the inhuman tyrant" (he made the gesture of firmly stabbing). "But to abandon all hope of the Paradise which she has the key to . . . if one could persuade her . . . ?" He left the sentence unfinished, suspended in the air; he closed with an undisguised sigh. And Maidie said to herself, as she watched him bending his gloomy, thirsty gaze upon the beauty, center of splendor in her circle of light, that he verily did not look the man to bring himself to it.

Pasqualina had so far made the necessary trips to the city to buy things for the tree. But when it came to the toys, Maidie wanted the fun of choosing them herself. Oriana went to town with her, for the drive's sake. She sat in the carriage while Maidie shopped. They went from door to door.

Maidie, issuing from a confectioner's, found Oriana peering into the parcels that had been left with her. The contents were cheap and humble, though all so gay in color—tin trumpets, soldiers, balls, dollies.

When Maidie next returned to the carriage, Oriana was not there. It was her turn to sit and wait. Oriana reappeared from a doorway down the street, followed by a shopkeeper bringing packages. Maidie laughed: her friend

had caught the fever, the good contagion, the Christmas spirit! In a fine outgoing of affection she gave Oriana's arm a jolly little squeeze. "Oh, what have you been getting? May I see?" Oriana indifferently granted permission. They were necklaces: corals and filigree and pearls, those small, uneven pearls the *popolo* wear. Maidie's cries of delight became a little forced, and her hand grew limp among the neat, gold-lettered boxes. "But, Oriana, these are so very grand; these will not be in keeping with the rest."

"Oh, yes, they will!" said Oriana.

Maidie looked at her and wondered, as she so often did about Oriana in these days.

In spite of this lavish buying, Oriana had not, as Maidie saw it, a truly Christmas face. But her laconic answer she promptly justified by buying surprising quantities of silver watches and chains for little boys. Maidie stopped altogether making purchases on her side, till she should have seen what Oriana meant to do further.

Oriana, in a splendid *crescendo* and *accelerando*, bought silk scarfs, silk handkerchiefs, silk aprons, silk dresses, wonderful ribbons, silver pencils, pearl pocket-knives, mechanical toys, Paris dolls, all that the shops afforded of most costly and alluring.

"But, Oriana," Maidie reminded her, "they are just little peasants!"

"All the more!" said Oriana.

The astonishing business could not be accomplished that day. Other such excursions followed. Maidie stood in involuntary admiration before the executive ability shown by Oriana in carrying out this whim. The tree already ordered was counter-ordered, while a tree, the largest that could be got into the *sala*, was sent for, to be cut down in the forest. Telegrams were despatched to Paris, telegrams to Germany; whatever was not on the spot that Oriana's ideal of a Christmas tree demanded was telegraphed for.

Maidie asked herself whether it were because she was selfish that she did not feel a more genuine joy over all this; whether she were vexed because her own plans and labors had so lightly been brushed aside. It seemed very likely; indeed, she had no doubt of it whatever; but there was more than that to the lack of enthusiasm with which she secretly regarded these preparations for a tree so different from hers and Pasqualina's and the old Contessa's.

When the housemaids and the lady's-maid and the butler, with a tall step-ladder, were helping to decorate the tree, Maidie took account of the fact that Pasqualina was not there. She had forefelt that this would be so.

She shrank from seeking out the old woman to ask the reason.

In the covered court, all carpets and potted plants, they awaited their guests on Christmas eve. The company invited to help a little with the children, and enjoy the spectacle of their enjoyment, was small: there were, as on other years, the village doctor, his lady and daughters, the *parroco* and his old sister who kept house for him; there were a few foreigners, friends of Oriana's.

Oriana had dropped mourning to-night, for the sufficient reason that she felt like it. But it would have been difficult to find fault. She was in ethereal white, inwoven with dazzling silver. Her hair, to be in keeping, had dismissed its sober system of coils: it was piled up festally, loosely and airily. At the top of it, dainty crest of pride, there sparkled a delicate, dew-beaded, silvery flower.

Maidie gloried in the sight of her. A factor in the freedom of heart that suddenly fell upon her was the frank light of pleasure in Count Bosco's eyes. He was in a fine humor, and Maidie had so feared! . . . But his face expressed a quietly brooding satisfaction. It seemed to say, "That beautiful being over there is my wife. She is shining upon others, but I am not jealous. They will have to go by and by, and I shall stay!" He gazed over at her as if abstractedly while he talked with the doctor, but the core of his glance was as far as possible from being abstracted.

At a sound of distant singing the great house door opened upon the night. It grew, it grew in volume, the Christmas anthem chanted by childish voices. A Franciscan nun appeared first in the doorway, with the tallest of the children. The long procession filed in, tapering down to little figures of six, of five, of four. . . . Last came more Sisters and a handful of shyly smiling villagers. The doors closed on the empty wind and stars and rustling of trees. Maidie ran to take off little mufflers and caps and capes.

She came running back in girlish ecstasies. "Oh, look — look at them, Oriana! Wouldn't you think they had flocked here in the wake of the Pied Piper? Aren't they touching as kittens and puppies? Aren't you glad we are having it for them? Just look down that line! . . . Aren't they ducks? Aren't they pictures?"

Oriana obligingly ran her eye over them.

"I want you to notice that one," Maidie indicated, "that tiny man in the blue pinafore, the last and littlest, the baby of the party. Isn't he remarkable? One of the Sisters just

told me he has been used as a model in groups of the Holy Family."

"He looks like my little brother," Oriana dropped casually, turning away.

Maidie's heart smote her; she figuratively bit her infelicitous tongue. Her eyes naturally sought again the little face in question, and she made the reflection that, independently of any literal resemblance, a person would be very likely to think of a little departed brother as looking like that baby over there, with the something not altogether earthly about the sweetness of his eyes.

Other things almost at once took her thoughts off this incident — which was to relate itself afterward in memory with the singular outcome of the evening.

The children were all herded just outside the *sala* door. It swung on its hinges, slowly, and the Tree was revealed.

Maidie caught her breath. She, if any one, should have been prepared, but the effect of it lighted was beyond all she had expected. She felt the foolish tears coming. It was a glimpse of fairy-land. All other trees she had ever seen had been such as could be accounted for. This was a thing of magic; this was the most beautiful tree that had ever reared itself before the round eyes of children. Every bough was fringed with silver, glittering with crystal drops; the candles were pure white. It rose, behung from top to foot with painted and spangled, rare and desirable fruits, from — seemingly — a bank of purest snow.

A soft smothered chorus of ah's and oh's rose from little and big. Maidie surrendered and did homage to the genius of Oriana, author of this masterpiece.

She looked for the impression it produced upon the others. The faces shining in the soft, innumerable light of the Christmas candles expressed an emotion of hushed wonder, a pleasure almost solemn. There was no talking. Oriana herself broke the spell by leading the way into the room.

The children approached the tree timidly at first. The bank of white vanished, the bright beads of things it had concealed came into sight, sparkling like the games, Noah's ark.

A dreamlike possession of treasures. The children, forgetting their shyness, pressed as close as they dared with their keenest desires, reaching for them as if by magic.

The girls made themselves at home, and the boys, too. The girls, sitting on the ground, the boys, standing, all were looking at the tree with a kind of awe. The girls, with their pale cheeks and bright eyes, were looking at the tree with a kind of awe. The boys, with their dark faces and bright eyes, were looking at the tree with a kind of awe. There were girls and boys and the excitement

of utter incredulity greeted the lifting of box-covers.

The voices of the children rose louder and louder; a sweet, shrill, roaring chorus it was at last, which the quietly stepping, brown-robed Sisters went about trying to quell. Maidie, as she tiptoed to reach the higher branches, was laughing with the rest.

Oriana stood aloof, watching the stripping of the tree as if from a cool, distant height. She was engaged in conversation with the United States consul. She lifted a little crystal phial to her nostrils.

It was at seeing her do this that Maidie experienced the pang that first turned toward ebb the tide of unreasoning joy excited in her by the glitter and the noise. A moment later she caught sight of Pasqualina's face, as it fleetingly appeared in a doorway from which the servants were looking on. For a second she did not understand the expression on it, so out of keeping with the general scene — the flash of angry fire in the depths of the shadow-filled eye-sockets. With a shock she awoke to its significance, and the discomfort, the scattered fears of the days before came to a head.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she internally groaned, and her arms fell nerveless at her sides. Instinctively she looked around for Count Bosco. He was not in sight.

She moved a little apart, uncertain, and all took to her eyes the aspect of a moving picture. The doctor's daughters with slender poles unhitched coveted prizes from the lofty heights of the forest tree; the *parroco* smiled and nodded and patted little heads — the high lights on his face were bright as the candles. The doctor, with a tall extinguisher, snuffed a candle that had been flaring and guttering.

"Nobody notices!" Maidie said, almost in remonstrance. "Nobody is anything but glad of their presents and delighted at the brightness of the tree. . . . That is just it," she answered herself, with a sick sinking of the heart. "Nobody remembers! Swept away among dusty by-gones, the old Christmases. Relieved, out-faced, extinguished, the fragrant, friendly past, in the glare of this soulless debauch of giving! Gone and out of mind, the knitted robe and woolly wensers of kindness! A new reign has begun! The town is how gorgeous above everything the wealth that scatters money as the wind sows wheat!" Maidie pressed her hand to her forehead and saw in her heart as she tried to turn away some burning truth. "Don't mind. We are not to have things. . . . Forgive it. You have passed beyond it now."

"It is a miracle," she moved toward looking

over at Oriana, "that she is just stupid? . . . No; this was intended, it was deliberate. All the same, she is stupid, bitterly stupid."

She again looked around for Bosco, and this time found him, quite near her. "Oh! . . . " She read the auguries in his face. "She has gone beyond the mark. Oh, there will have to be apology, there will have to be drink-offerings of blood!"

A whimsical remembrance of grand operas at home forced itself upon her fancy, and she gave a little convulsive laugh. There stood the great, expensive American prima donna, tricked out to look like a being of a different genus from the others occupying the same stage. And there, as a background and foil to her, stood the Italian chorus (the doctor's wife looked particularly Italian-chorus; she wore her clothes and carried her waist-band just as they do theirs). "And I am the insignificant contralto, the confidante," thought Maidie. And yonder was the undersized tenor, with all the dramatic possibilities of his Italian face. . . . She only wished the curtain might fall and she could go home and to sleep.

There was a perceptible lull. Maidie looked around for the reason. She saw the Sisters trying to obtain silence among the children. The voice of the priest was lifted in a little sermon. Maidie could not catch all of it, but she got the drift; she understood his injunction to the little ones to remember the occasion of these gifts, to regard them not solely for their worth, or human association, but as tokens and reminders of an eternal love! . . . Here Maidie's uneasiness reached its climax. "Oh," she thought, appalled by this new element entering into it, "His name has been taken in vain! Added to all the rest, there has been sacrilege!"

And there stood Oriana, quietly sniffing her little bottle, her head so lightly, loftily held, the silver flower trembling above it — quite ignorant, quite careless of the powers she was enlisting against her, insensible to danger, stupid, utterly stupid.

The wide double doors at the end of the *sala* parted and folded back: in a shower of light shone forth the supper-table. A frozen swan was throned in the center, in a vast nest of spun sugar. Around it loomed castles of cake, pyramids of comfits; creams frothed, jellies shook and glistened, golden custards floated islands of snow. Delicate breezes stirring about it scattered a riot of scents: almond, apricot, anise, vanilla, sugar, chocolate, wine! . . . Between Maidie's eyes and the groaning board, with its touch of Babel's insolence in splendor, there interposed, while she felt at

her heart the clutch of pity and regret, the picture Pasqualina had drawn for her: the trays passed among the company, the glasses of pink syrup-and-water, the unpretending plates of pastry. . . .

"Something will avenge itself!" spoke the superstitious fear in her breast. And while she flitted about, doing her part, seeing to the wants of this and that child, the fantastic sense persisted that it would not be allowed to pass.

She was to remember this foreboding with curiosity, and to marvel at the manner of its fulfilment. For certainly the powers that were felt demanding satisfaction were hard to define, and what did happen was so simple, so apparently casual, she would have laid it to chance but for that feeling beforehand that something must happen. It turned out, happily, a mild and magnanimous vengeance, not unfit for a Christmas eve, and not unfit to be sanctioned by the genius of the old house as it accomplished itself upon the outsider beloved of its youngest son.

He stood, the son, with his hands behind his back, evidence that he was not joining in the general genial act of feeding. His face was pale, as white heat is pale; his nostril was strained, as if breathing were not quite the simplest of functions; his eyes were midnight without a star, still, intense. He looked to Maidie noble as could be — noble and to be feared when his justice and sense of his own man's-worth took back the scepter from his affections.

Oriana approached and with a smile half teasing held toward him a foaming glass. Hatefully trivial she looked to Maidie at that moment beside her husband, distressingly, oh, distressingly vulgar!

Bosco took a step backward, fixing her steadily in the eyes; he put up his hand, palm outward, in warding off, in refusal, turned, and walked away.

The Countess was left holding her extended glass. She stood a moment, statue-still, and Maidie never doubted but that she had understood. There was a faint tightening and fading in all Oriana's face; the hollow darkness widened in her inscrutable eyes.

"Oh," moaned Maidie, "how will she ever make it right? . . . Finished! . . . " Thrown away, the key to the Garden of Life!"

"She cared, after all," thought Maidie, at the sudden silence falling over the whole person of the fair Oriana. The white-and-silver lady moved quietly to the table, set down the glass, and swept to the farther end of the room. She stood, admirably mistress of herself, talking with conspicuous animation to a man

of her own race, taller than she, blond like herself.

The company began drifting back to the cooler *sala*, where the darkened tree stood dreaming amid the odors of the forest itself exhaled. The children, bulging at every pocket, dressed in fanciful paper caps, were playing all over the room.

A voice spread, "It is time to go home!" A beginning was made of gathering the young ones together. Maidie had repaired to Oriana's side with the sisterly wish to be near her in her secret trouble—though Oriana looked as little as ever in her life in need of support.

The children, not without the exercise of considerable generalship, were got into line to come and make their adieux. At last quiet and obedience were imposed, and the procession moved. The oldest, as before, came first. A Sister instructed them in a loud whisper, when they reached the lady of the house, "Kiss the hand! Kiss the hand!"

Oriana looked around at the company with an effect of amusement, smiled, and let it happen. The children advanced in orderly succession, lifted the white hand to their lips, and passed on.

Maidie, absorbed in the faces coming into prominence one by one, as each child for a few seconds became the chief performer in the play, had been but dimly aware of a disturbance at the end of the line. There was a piping outcry, there were voices of hushing, exhortation, command. Maidie became attentive. She saw a little knot of figures looking down at something; there seemed to be urging forward, pulling back. Somebody asked, "What is the matter?" A whispered report came, "There is a child who refuses to come and kiss the hand!"

Meanwhile the line was drawing to an end. Smaller and smaller children went through the sweet and awful ordeal of kissing a hand so strange in their experience, pearl-white, pearl-smooth, odorous as violets, luminous about the finger-nails. And the little rebel had not yet been brought to reason. More and more adults joined the group urging and arguing; a gruff bass scolded in an undertone, a treble promised punishment, a baby voice talked back, baby fashion, with a single simple word. There was a sudden protesting scream. Maidie came running back to Oriana, half weeping. "Oh, Oriana, do put a stop to it! They are shaking him. They have slapped his little hand. It's that baby, the beautiful one who poses for Holy Families. He is so little . . ."

"What's that he's saying?" asked Oriana, whose ear was caught by the word "*Brutta! Brutta!*" said over and over again by the recalcitrant vassal.

"All that means is that he's afraid," said Maidie quickly. "It's his baby explanation of an objection he can't reason out. How shouldn't he be afraid? Think of the brown bosom and arms, and the old, soft, faded things of the comfortable peasant-woman he is used to kissing—and of yourself as you appear to him, unnaturally, weirdly white, probably snow-cold to the touch, all flaming with sharp silver swords. . . . Oh, he has screamed again! They have hurt him. . . . Do go and stop that revolting scene!"

"*Brutta! Brutta!*" persisted the little voice, which, having the carrying quality of children's voices, was heard, in spite of assiduous hushing, at the farthest corner of the room.

Now the effect of it was very curious. Nothing obviously could be more ludicrous than to call that glorious creature *brutta*, which, being interpreted, is "ugly." And a moment before all had been under the spell of the obvious, which demands that a person be grateful to the donor whose gift he has just joyously pocketed. And yet—alas for human nature!—the looks exchanged over this situation mingled with surprise and remonstrance an undeniable point of satisfaction. The scent-bottle had not passed unnoticed. Nor had certain other things. Nor, as a matter of fact, had anything whatever. But reflections upon it all had naturally not been to the fore while the good people were eating portions of the swan, and drinking the excellent champagne. Now the private opinion of the Italian chorus stood written large and plain on the simple face of the doctor's wife, who had no notion of Maidie's eyes fastened on her from afar. It smiled unctuously. She nodded charmed corroboration at every recurrence of the word *brutta*, even as one unconsciously keeps time to music. Maidie, who in the course of the evening had suffered much through Oriana, was now suffering as deeply for her. She wondered whether her friend felt, too, what was suddenly so palpably in the air. . . . But how could one ever tell about Oriana?

With her firm, queenly carriage she was crossing the room toward the small offender. At her approach the group melted away from him; he was left standing alone in the middle of the floor. As she bore down upon him it was half expected he would scamper off to some imagined haven of safety. But he awaited her with the calm of petrification.

He was a beautiful little fellow, ivory white among his brown brothers. To a pair of serious sapphire eyes he owed without doubt the distinction of being used as a model for the Blessed Bambino. He fixed those upon Oriana, and



moved no more than a small bird hypnotized by a great one. While all were wondering what form discipline would take, Oriana lifted his light body easily from the floor, and held him in her strong arms out before her, so that their eyes came on a level. The child hung from her iron hands without a tremor of resistance, their eyes looked each into the other's unwinkingly.

This exchange lasted perhaps half a minute. Around them reigned the silence of unaffected interest. Slowly Oriana lowered the child, set him on his feet, and, bending down, said in her deepest, warmest, most persuasive voice, "Now you are going to give me a kiss." She brought her cheek within reach of his lips, and sent a smile of gentlest invitation irradiating her face.

But he continued gazing with his wide, direct, steadfast, uncannily thoughtful look, and made no motion to obey.

Now Oriana knew she must not coax, with this rabble by to mock secretly if her wiles proved vain. Her tactics must be few and successful, or she would be ridiculous. With a pretty effect of folding herself up, she bent at waist and knee; the straight white tower crumbled at the child's feet. Again their faces were on a level, her eyes plunged into the mysterious blue meres of his. Kneeling, she wooed him silently with her face. But he gave no sign of changing his mind.

A whisper ran that the *innocente* was too scared to stir or understand anything. A murmur followed, "Little like that, and already so headstrong!" But to some these seemed shallow sayings. It was hardly terror his little person expressed, or obstinacy. It was more as if, knowing by the token of this courting that he was recognized as a potentate, he debated within his unfathomable blue eyes whether it were well, or not, to grant his favor to a suppliant of whose deserts he was so far from sure. Oriana, without taking her eyes from his, loosened the silver flower of rare and precious workmanship, fit treasure to offer a little king. She held it toward him with a smile that was just a shade pitiful, because, fantastical as it seemed, really so much depended—as she suddenly knew—upon his taking her offering.

There was a moment's suspense for everybody. He did not reach for the shimmering toy. Oriana's hand dropped slowly, the flower dropped from it.

She remained in doubt for a minute. She remembered other child-eyes that she had known very well, of which these brought back somewhat the sense, and with it the sense of a

whole world she had long lost touch with. She knew from old practice a method by which a child can be prevailed upon when all else fails. It was her last throw, and she put into it all her art. She made herself as small and forlorn-looking as she could. She dropped her face in her hands with a whimper and catching of breath, and appeared to weep. This comedy had always brought that other child to terms.

She surely was a touching, a disarming vision like that, shorn of her height, her pride, her silver flower; in the attitude of a penitent; with her beautiful neck bowed, her beautiful shoulders, the world's wonder, shaken with sighs. It was comedy, of course, but the suggestions of comedy have power upon man's heart. . . .

The child considered her very attentively with those blue eyes, wise and innocent, which looked singularly as if they could see through fraud. She could not tell how she were succeeding. But she had not felt the stir of air which would have informed her of the lightest motion toward her.

She did not know how she could lift her head, declare the game at an end, take her defeat and pretend to make light of it. She was not used to defeat. She had time for an impulse of loathing toward the malice that had lured her into this trap and made a baby her judge; she had time, while she waited like that with her face blinded, for a deep distaste of life; time for perceptions and memories inducing an utter weariness of her dreadful self. . . . She had clumsily spoiled her life, and on top of that this public humiliation. . . .

There fell upon her tension the slight, shuffling, prosaic noise of shoe-soles hastening over the stone floor. She stole a quick glance between her fingers. The child looked up at some one with a face that asked, "It looks as if she cried, but would you trust her?"

Bosco, who was never afraid of looking absurd, dropped sitting on his heels, and putting his arm around the child, said caressingly, yet peremptorily, "Kiss her, *nino*, kiss her immediately. Don't you see that she is weeping?"

Oriana, to her immense surprise, felt real tears then warmly rushing to her eyes. They welled up from those deeper depths, no doubt, that Maidie's faith had divined. She uncovered her face, and with a groping look for her rescuer—a look too difficult to analyze, let it suffice that the light sprang in his to meet it—held out her hands to the baby. And the baby, satisfied that her tears were real,—so she was not *brutta* any more, no one who weeps is *brutta*,—tendered his little face graciously for the kiss.

Underneath the same "Tsarina's Bower," some years later, the Emperor Johann Antonovich passed his joyless days. In the history of mankind there is hardly an instance comparable to the life of that unhappy Emperor. When a baby of only two months he was proclaimed "Tsar of all the Russias"; but less than a year later, in 1740, while still a child at the breast, he was deposed by Elizabeth Petrovna, the daughter of Peter I. She appropriated the crown herself, and exiled the deposed baby Emperor to the polar regions. When he reached the age of four years, the Empress, fearing in him a future avenger, caused him to be confined in a far distant northern prison. But in 1756, when the boy was in his sixteenth year, he was secretly, in the dead of night, carried away from his prison and confined in an underground cell of the Schluesselburg, underneath the tower in which the Tsarina Evdokia had met her tragic fate. The mystery with which his interment in the Schluesselburg was surrounded was so great that even the commandant of the fortress was not supposed to suspect his identity. He was referred to simply as "the said prisoner." Nobody was allowed to visit him, and his guards were forbidden to speak to him. Only three officers knew who he was, and they had strict orders from the ruling Empress to kill him immediately, should any attempt be made to release him.

After the death of the Empress Elizabeth, Peter III. visited the prisoner in the Schluesselburg, and expressed his intention of liberating him. But Peter's wife, the future Empress Catherine the Great, soon deposed her husband and prepared for him apartments in the Schluesselburg. He never occupied them, however, for the reason that two of Catherine's favorites strangled him, in the hope of gaining the good graces of the Empress. This happened on the 17th of July, 1762, and two years later the unhappy Emperor Johann was stabbed to death by his guards during an attempt that was made to release him. So ended the life of this man who had been proclaimed Emperor but had literally never made one step outside his prison walls during the whole of his existence.

The Schluesselburg, however, was not reserved for royalty and persons of exalted rank. Many persons of less importance found a grave within the fortress. As an example I will give the fate of Krugly, who had dared to dissent from the Orthodox Church. He was brought to the Schluesselburg with heavy irons upon his feet and arms. The commandant of the fortress was ordered "to put the prisoner in a cell near which nobody should ever pass, and immediately to brick up the doors and windows

of that cell, leaving only one small wicket through which each day a portion of bread and water should be passed; to attach to the cell a strong and watchful guard, and strictly to order those guards that nobody be allowed to approach the little wicket." The guards were forbidden, under pain of "severest tortures," to speak to the prisoner in any circumstances or for any reason whatsoever.

Krugly was interred in this "issueless" cell on October 21, 1745. When all the egresses of his cell were blocked, his future in the stone coffin seemed so hideous to Krugly that he resolved to put an end to his life. The only way to do so was by starvation, and Krugly began from the very first day to starve himself. The guards, following their orders, placed the bread and water daily through the wicket; but the prisoner took only the water and left the bread. Thirteen days passed in this manner. On the fourteenth Krugly ceased to take the water. During the following week the guards heard no sound whatever from the prisoner. The little wicket in the thick wall was not large enough to enable them to see into the interior of the cell. At last, on November 12, the commandant of the fortress, Bokhin, reported to the Government that "the chained prisoner takes no bread and no water, and nothing is heard of him." He therefore asked permission to break through the wall of the cell and to examine the prisoner. Five days later he received the permission. His next report ran as follows:

"Upon investigation, the prisoner was found to be dead. His body has been buried within the fortress."

The chronicles of the eighteenth century tell us of many other persons incarcerated in the Schluesselburg, among whom was the noble-hearted publisher Novikoff, who was thrown into the fortress and kept there for fifteen years by the "liberal-minded" Catherine II.

The nineteenth century, however, was that in which the Schluesselburg won its fame in Russian history. Not only grown persons but mere children of sixteen and seventeen were cast to rot within its damp, dark cells.

In the cell in which the Emperor Johann had perished, the great Polish patriot, Valerian Lukasinsky, was kept for thirty-seven years. He was arrested in 1822 for the crime of organizing a Pan-Polish Secret Society, in order to unite the three dissected parts of Poland. Till 1831 he was imprisoned in a Polish fortress, but, as it was known that a certain Grand Duke was also implicated in his plot, it was found expedient for diplomatic reasons to transfer him to

the Schluesselburg, that "he should be kept there in secret, so that his name and origin should be known to the commandant of the fortress alone." And the secret was kept so well that in 1850 the Chief of Gendarmes applied to the War Minister for information concerning the identity and crime of that "old Pole lying in the Schluesselburg."

When the Emperor Alexander II. ascended the throne, a niece of Lukasinsky begged the Tsar to allow her to visit her uncle; but this was refused her. In 1861 the commandant of the Schluesselburg reported to the Emperor that "the seventy-five-year-old Lukasinsky has nearly lost his sight and hearing, and is suffering from gall-stones, but nevertheless is still lying in an underground cell," and he begged that his lot might be alleviated. Alexander II. permitted him to be placed in a lighter cell, and to take a walk from time to time within the walls of the fortress. But another demand to see him on the part of Lukasinsky's relatives was again refused. Lukasinsky died in 1868, at the age of eighty-two, after an uninterrupted imprisonment of forty-six years. This is a unique example of a mighty constitution which, reduced to the life of a mole, could resist insanity and death for so long.

In 1869 the Schluesselburg Fortress was discarded as a political prison; but not for long. Fifteen years later a new building with forty cells for political prisoners was built, and a new chapter of horrors was opened in the history of the prison.

This chapter I will set down here as it has been related to me by the few survivors whom the revolution of 1905 released from their living death in the fortress.

## II

In the silence of the night of August 2, 1884, a ship of a peculiar and mysterious type was towed by a small steamer to the little landing-stage outside the Fortress SS. Peter and Paul, the Bastille of St. Petersburg. The capital lay motionless, asleep. Only the sentinels on the walls of the fortress paced backward and forward between the cannons which point so grimly across the river at the Palace of the Tsars. On the opposite side of the Neva other sentinels kept vigilant watch upon the vast roofs of the blood-colored Winter Palace. The ship seemed like a connecting link between the two immense buildings. It was gray in color and in shape like a pauper's coffin. In its wooden sides were several tiny port-holes which, by day, let some meager rays of light into its dark interior. The strong iron gratings

fixed across these holes added to the sinister aspect of the vessel.

Within the fortress there was an unaccustomed stir, and strange sounds broke the usual deathlike stillness. Soldiers carrying an anvil, instruments, and a heap of chains, headed by Sokolof, the governor of the prison, went from cell to cell and fastened irons upon the feet of the political prisoners.

Another batch of soldiers visited the cells soon after the first had left them; and the prisoners, one after another, were handcuffed also. Shortly afterward, on the same night, the doors of the cells opened once more with their gloomy clang, and the prisoners were taken out of the building and carried away to the mysterious vessel.

When ten prisoners were safe under lock and key, the little steamer, feebly sounding her whistle, moved away, towing the heavy vessel up the current of the Neva. The river was still sleeping, and no other craft were encountered by this silent and mysterious procession. Hour after hour passed away. At last the ship reached its destination. The "Tsar's Gates" of the Schluesselburg Fortress opened wide, like the jaws of a monster, and swallowed its victims, one after another, most of them forever.

Two nights later the same evil-looking barge was again waiting at the gates of SS. Peter and Paul, and eleven more prisoners were carried away to the Schluesselburg. This first group of twenty-one had been selected as the most dangerous among the Russian political prisoners. From various towns in Russia and from the convict mines in the remotest parts of Siberia they had been concentrated in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, thence to be transferred to the Schluesselburg, in the ship especially constructed for the purpose.

In several cases their journeys back to St. Petersburg from their place of imprisonment or exile had been attended with remarkable incidents. Schedrin, for instance, had been condemned to hard labor in the convict mines of Siberia, and for an attempt to escape from there had been sentenced to be chained to a heavy wheelbarrow. When the order came for his transfer from Siberia to St. Petersburg, no conveyance could be found large enough to contain him, the wheelbarrow, and the convoy of gendarmes. Yet, as the wheelbarrow had become a part of the prisoner, the gendarmes were afraid to leave it behind. It was therefore decided to place Schedrin with his convoy in one cart and the wheelbarrow behind in another. For several months, day and night, Schedrin and the gendarmes galloped through

Siberia upon a troika (a three-horsed cart or sledge), while another sped behind them, upon which the wheelbarrow reposed — causing the deepest amazement among the peasants in the villages through which they passed. Upon the arrival of the prisoner in SS. Peter and Paul he was once again chained to the barrow, and only after he had been six weeks in the Schluesselburg was he finally detached from it and given freedom of movement within the narrow confines of his cell.

"When they unchained me," said Schedrin subsequently, "I could not get enough movement. I wanted to run and run, and it seemed to me that I could never stop. How strange it is that men who can enjoy perfect freedom of movement never realize the wonderful happiness that is theirs!"

All the new inmates of the Schluesselburg had previously undergone long terms of imprisonment. Dolgushin, for instance, having been in prison since 1873, had undergone eleven years of imprisonment before being transferred to the Schluesselburg; Myshkin had undergone nine years; Minakov and six others had spent five years in prison; and the remainder from two to three years. The health of all was severely shaken. Some of them were suffering from scurvy or consumption, while others were bordering on insanity. They were the survivors, many of their friends having perished already in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, where they had all been kept for some time, amid terrible conditions, before their removal to the Schluesselburg.

The régime and the aspect of the new prison had been most carefully thought out and planned, being, as the ministers visiting the Schluesselburg repeatedly declared to the prisoners, intended to demonstrate to them that it was destined to be their grave. The cells were constructed in such a manner as constantly to remind the prisoners of a tomb. The stone floors were painted black and the walls dark gray. The window-panes were opaque, so that no ray of sun ever penetrated within the cells, and no trace of color from without could be caught by the prisoners. The iron bedstead was turned up by day and chained against the wall, and only a little stool, also fastened in its place, allowed the prisoners an occasional rest from the incessant stride backward and forward across the floor of the cell.

This pacing back and forth was, in fact, the only diversion permitted to the prisoners. No books were given to them except the Bible, which they had already learned from cover to cover in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul; no

work for their hands, no color for their eyes, no sound for their ears. Cut off from the living world, buried in the black stone cells, clothed in the dingy prison garb, with one sleeve black, the other yellow, they strode to and fro from corner to corner of their cage. Their food was abominable: bread, half raw, made of rotten flour; and a plate of hot water in which floated a few shreds of meat or the traces of an onion.

At night, when the beds were let down, their racked nerves drove sleep away. Every few minutes their abnormally sharpened hearing distinguished cautious steps in the corridor approaching the door, and the removal of the flap from the spy-glass, through which the hated eye of the gendarme met their fevered gaze. This spy-glass irritated them to a degree incomprehensible to people living under normal conditions. Schedrin, the prisoner of the wheelbarrow, soon became completely insane. He imagined that the gendarmes had made it their object to "sap out his brains," for which purpose they constantly peeped at him through the spy-glass. Then he began to imagine that one half of his head had already shrunk away, but that the other half and one eye still remained to him, and that he must preserve it at all price by concealing it from the view of the gendarmes.

Schedrin's terrible shrieks resounded at night throughout the prison, bringing the other prisoners to a state bordering on delirium. The governor of the prison, Sokolov (he was named "Herod" because of his brutality and cruelty), punished the unhappy madman for his cries and insubordination. The guards, rushing into his cell, overpowered him, and, thrusting a gag into his mouth, bound him in a strait-waistcoat upon his bed. For seven years the authorities refused to alter the conditions of his life. And only in 1891, when his madness had turned into apathetic idiocy, did they cease to restrain him. For five years more, however, he was kept in his cell, and only in 1896 was removed to a lunatic asylum.

Life under such conditions became more and more unbearable. Being prevented from speaking, the prisoners endeavored to communicate with one another by raps upon the wall, during the intervals when the spy-glass was covered. They were thus able to interchange a few ideas. But "Herod," obeying superior orders, strove to preserve the system of absolute isolation, and when a prisoner was caught knocking upon his wall he was treated in the same manner in which Schedrin had been for his disturbances. The slightest noise in the prison resounded with tenfold force because of the absolute stillness,

and the sound of the ill-treatment of one of the prisoners brought the others to a state of exasperation. To protest against the outrage upon one of their number, they filled the prison with the sound of shrieks and blows upon the doors of their cells. As a result they were, one after another, severely ill-treated, gagged, and bound.

who had passed five years in a solitary cell before being brought to the Schluesselburg, decided to starve himself unless he were allowed to have books and intercourse with his fellow prisoners. When, after several days of voluntary starvation, his strength gave out, the doctor was brought into his cell to feed him



During the first three months of their incarceration many of the prisoners came to the conclusion that they had been reprieved from hanging only to be submitted to a slower and more terrible death. They decided to protest against this by the only means within their power. Immediately after their arrival at the Schluesselburg the regulations of the fortress had been brought to them to read. In these it was set forth that any offense offered to the authorities was punishable by death. Minakov,

artificially. Minakov struck the doctor, demanding execution according to the regulations. A few days later he was tried by court martial and condemned to death.

It was proposed to him by the governor that he should write an appeal for mercy to the Tsar; but he rejected the proposition. On the day of his execution he asked permission to write a letter to his parents, but permission was refused him. Then the other prisoners heard the measured steps of the convoy in the



MME. VERA FIGNER IN HER YOUTH

After three years of solitary confinement, he was tried, and in his defense pronounced a speech of such force and inspiration, from beginning to end so scathing an indictment against the methods of the Russian Government, that it became famous over all Russia. For this speech he was condemned to ten years' penal servitude in Siberia. On his way thither, one of his fellow prisoners died, and Myshkin at his funeral made another speech.

"Upon the soil that is fertilized by such blood as thine, beloved comrade," he said, "will spring up and blossom the tree of Russian Freedom."

For these words his term was prolonged, by administrative order (without trial), to twenty-five years. He subsequently succeeded in escaping from the convict mines, and safely reached Vladivostok (a distance of two thousand miles), where he hoped to find an English or a Japanese steamer. But the police, who had been warned by wire of his arrival, arrested him and conveyed him back to St. Petersburg for life-long imprisonment in the Schluesselburg. These two speeches were Myshkin's only crime; and for these crimes a life which would have been glorious in any other country ended in an unknown grave beneath the walls of the Schluesselburg.

corridor, and they listened to what followed with strained attention. The convoy entered Minakov's cell, and the voice of "Herod" was heard: "No need for the coat. Give him the cap." Then Minakov's voice was raised. "Good-by, brothers," he cried. "I am going to be shot." And a few minutes later the sound of a volley in the courtyard reached the ears of the prisoners.

A few days after this another prisoner, Klimenko, hanged himself in his cell, and shortly after, on Christmas day, the prison silence was suddenly broken by the sound of a tin plate dashed against the wall. Then followed the sound of hurried feet, and a loud cry from the famous prisoner, Myshkin:

"I demand execution!"

The listeners were frozen with horror. They understood that Myshkin had thrown his plate at "Herod" in order to be court-martialed.

Myshkin was tried, condemned, and shot.

Myshkin was a man of wonderful eloquence and lofty mind. In 1875 he journeyed to eastern Siberia, disguised as an officer, in order to arrange the escape of the great Russian economist, Chernyshevsky, who had been imprisoned in Siberia since 1863, alone, in a prison especially built for him. Myshkin was recognized, arrested, and brought to St. Petersburg.



MME. VERA FIGNER AT ABOUT TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF AGE, JUST BEFORE HER LONG IMPRISONMENT



MME. VERA FIGNER AND HER SISTERS (MME. FIGNER STANDING)

Minakov, who was executed before Myshkin, had an even smaller record of crime than Myshkin. He had wished to teach socialism to the workmen, and, though himself of a rich family, he left the University and entered a factory in Odessa as a simple workman. An agent-provocateur who affected a great friendship for him denounced him, and Minakov was court-martialed and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. While in Siberia he joined Myshkin in his attempt to escape, but was caught and sent to the Schluesselburg. He was executed five weeks after his arrival.

### III

Meanwhile the sinister barge resumed its journeys between the two fortresses. On a cold, bright October night in 1884, the little police-steamer again towed the barge to the landing-stage of SS. Peter and Paul. The unusual stir was again noticeable within the walls of the fortress. The huge oak doors of one of the cells opened, and an old gray-headed guard approached the iron bedstead. He bent down toward the sleeping prisoner with a strange

expression of pity and restraint. The prisoner was a young and beautiful woman. She lay beneath the ragged convict blanket upon some coarse sacking, covering some rotten straw, and her loose black curls streamed over a pillow of the same coarse substance. In spite of the cold and the extreme discomfort of her bed, youth had conquered, and the young Ludmilla Volkenstein slept so soundly that the harsh grating of the key in the lock and the footsteps of the approaching guard had not awakened her.

The old man touched her gently on the shoulder, and she started from her sleep, opening her large dark eyes in bewilderment:

"What has happened!" she exclaimed; but, on seeing the old gendarme, the only one of her jailers who treated her kindly, she grew calm.

"Nothing has happened," he said; "but they are going to take you away from hence. You must get up and dress."

The girl began to tremble with delight.

"Where am I going, Little Grandfather?" she asked him eagerly. She always gave him that name because of his kindly old face and his gentle treatment of her.





MME. FIGNER AS SHE IS AT PRESENT  
SHE HAS BEEN OUT OF PRISON FOUR YEARS



LUDMILLA VOLKENSTEIN  
SHOT BY SOLDIERS AT VLADIVOSTOK

"I don't know," he answered. "But get up, and I will bring you some clothes."

He brought her own underlinen and dress, and left the cell.

"I could hardly see the clothes for my joy," she says in her reminiscences, which were found twenty-five years later, after her death.

"I was going away . . . my own clothes . . . that meant a journey. . . . To Moscow? . . . to Siberia? . . ."

"I was hardly dressed, when a huge sheepskin and a pair of felt top-boots were thrust into my cell. I was so agitated that I could not get my feet into the boots, and the 'Little Grandfather' put them on for me. I thanked him warmly for his disinterested kindness. Though the service was small, it meant a great deal to me, because the other guards had all become completely brutalized. When I put on the sheepskin, my arms suddenly disappeared, because the sleeves hung down half a yard below my finger-tips, so the 'Little Grandfather' was obliged to fasten the belt around my waist."

The youthful prisoner felt happy because she hoped that now she would see her mother and her little son again.

Only a few days before this young woman

had been condemned to death in the famous trial of fourteen prisoners, of which the central figure had been another woman, also young—Vera Figner. Mme. Volkenstein had never been a revolutionary leader, and in the charges brought against her there was not one that would be considered criminal in any free country. She was accused of being a member of the revolutionary party, "the People's Will," and this she proudly admitted, while refusing to defend her case. She was the daughter of a Russian nobleman, and finished her studies brilliantly in Kieff, the central town of poetical Little Russia. The girl had a kind and noble heart, and when sixteen years of age she resolved to devote herself as a nurse to alleviating the sufferings of the peasantry.

She married early a doctor of medicine, who sympathized with her ideas, and they lived together happily with their little son until the police and spies began to make her life and work among the peasants an impossibility. She detested violence of any kind; but after several years of hopeless attempt to help the people by peaceful methods she finally threw in her lot with the party of active struggle against the government, "the People's Will."



MME. FIGNER, AFTER TWENTY-TWO YEARS IN THE SCHLUESSELBURG, ON HER WAY  
FROM HER EXILE IN ARCTIC RUSSIA TO CONFINEMENT ON HER OWN  
ESTATES IN THE KAZAN PROVINCE. SHE WAS AT THIS  
TIME ABOUT FIFTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE



*Drawn by George Tobin, from a photograph*

MICHAEL NOVORUSSKY  
ONE OF THE PRISONERS OF THE SCHLUESSELBURG,  
IN PRISON GARB

Her husband refused to follow her along this path, and so she was obliged to leave her family. Before many months she was arrested, together with Vera Figner, upon the denunciation of a traitor. The Government, irritated by her proud courage and fearless bearing, ordered the judges to condemn her to death, together with Vera Figner and six men, of whom five were military officers.

During the trial Mme. Volkenstein was allowed to see her mother and her little son, to console the former and to caress the latter. But immediately after the sentence she was taken back to the fortress and clothed in the most loathsome convict rags of the ordinary criminal type. Soap and a comb were refused her, and this impossibility of keeping herself clean and tidy was, she says, to her, a woman, more difficult to bear than the death sentence. But her severest trial was the refusal of a last

farewell meeting with her mother and little son.

"Could I only have seen them once more," she says, "to impress the image of my little son more strongly on my heart, and to comfort my dear mother!"

She refused, however, to appeal against the sentence, or to sign the petition for reprieve which was laid before her by the governor of the fortress.

"My death," she thought,— "the death of a woman,— will serve the cause of freedom."

A few days later the commandant of the fortress informed her that the death sentence had been commuted to one of fifteen years' penal servitude, and once more she was filled with the hope of seeing her beloved ones. But, eight hours later, with heavy irons upon her wrists, she was carried in the prison ship to the stone cells of the Schluesselburg, never to see her mother or child again.

Vera Figner was also transferred to the Schluesselburg, and, at about the same time, nine other prisoners



*Drawn by George Tobin, from a photograph*

JOSEPH LUKASHEVICH  
A FAMOUS RUSSIAN SCHOLAR AND  
FELLOW PRISONER OF VERA FIGNER



*Drawn by George Tobin, from a photograph*

VALERIAN LUKASINSKY

THE POLISH PATRIOT WHO DIED IN THE SCHLUESSELBURG AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-TWO,  
AFTER FORTY-SIX YEARS OF IMPRISONMENT IN AN UNDERGROUND CELL

arrived there. But their conveyance was always accomplished with such mystery that not one of the prisoners was aware of the identity of the others.

Vera Figner is perhaps the most remarkable

of the many heroines of the Russian revolution. In many respects she differed from Mme. Volkenstein. Also of great personal charm, she was slenderly built and hardly of medium height, while Mme. Volkenstein was of robust

and healthy appearance. Yet this slender, delicate girl was at one time more feared by the Autocrat of all the Russias than any of the Great Powers of Europe. Mme. Volkenstein was strong-minded, but the main features of her character were purely feminine—extreme kindness, and devotion to the alleviation of human suffering. The predominant feature of Vera Figner's character is one that is most characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon—doggedness.

"I was always conservative by nature," she said to me not long ago; "that is to say, I could never change my plans in a hurry. But when once I had come to a decision, I stuck to it till the end."

Her father, like Mme. Volkenstein's father, was a nobleman, and a Government inspector of forests. But his estates were situated, not in the mild and seductive surroundings of Little Russia, but in the severer atmosphere of the Kazan Province, in eastern Russia. In this province Vera Figner was born, and already in her childhood her imagination was awakened by the strange stories she heard from the old family nurse about the Russian heroes of olden times, and about her own ancestors. Two of these had been hanged in 1773, during the famous Pugatcheff insurrection, by the riotous insurgents. The wife of one was a Chinese



HERMAN LOPATIN AS HE IS NOW, AFTER HIS LAST IMPRISONMENT OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS IN THE SCHLUESSELBURG



*Drawn by George Tobin, from a photograph*

COLONEL MICHAEL ASHENBRENNER  
ONE OF MME. FIGNER'S FELLOW PRISONERS IN  
THE SCHLUESSELBURG

woman, and during the riots she was locked into a cellar by her servants to save her from the insurgents. When the mob had passed on, the servants hastened to unlock the cellar door. They found their mistress dead, just delivered of a little daughter, who was still alive. This little girl was the grandmother of Vera's mother. Vera's grandfather took the lead in the guerrilla war of 1812, started by the Russian nation against Napoleon. His patriotism and successful leadership won him fame and the epaulets of a general. Vera's father was a man of spotless honor, and much respected in the neighborhood for his intellect. But his character was austere, and he held the domestic reins with unbending discipline. From his six children, of whom Vera was the eldest, he demanded absolute veracity, regardless of penalties that it might bring upon them; and this rule was also strictly applied to the mother, who was a mere child of sixteen when she married him, and was powerless to oppose the stronger mind of her husband. But her feeling of protest against his despotic nature united her to her six children, of whom Vera was the eldest.

When Vera reached the age of nineteen she married, but her mind was already filled with

the idea of helping and enlightening the peasants, who in the province of Kazan are more down-trodden and miserable, perhaps, than in any other part of Russia. Her father died soon after her marriage, and his iron grip was removed from the family. Vera decided to go to Switzerland to study medicine, in order better to be able to pursue her desire of helping the peasantry, and she remained abroad for four years, at the end of that time returning to Russia.

Her first impressions upon her return were not encouraging. Her sister was in prison in Moscow; and almost the whole circle of young people with whom she had studied in Zürich were in prison, in solitary confinement.

Mme. Figner settled among the peasants as a medical help, and endeavored with her medical knowledge to cope with the evils brought upon them by their poverty and ignorance.

"In no other country save Russia would I have been prosecuted for my activity," she said to the judges at her trial; "in fact, I would have been considered as a not useless member of society. But, as it was, very soon a whole league was formed against me, at the head of which was the Chief of Nobility and the district Chief of Police, while the ranks were filled by such small fry as the village clerk and policeman. All sorts of legends were spread about me: I lived without a passport, my diplomas were forged, etc., etc. When the peasants refused to work for paupers' wages, it was put down as my fault; when the salary of the village clerk was lowered, I was the cause of the evil. The police invaded the village and several of the peasants were arrested. They began to fear to seek my medical help openly, doing so only by stealth. I began to ask myself, 'Of what use am I here?'"

She tried to settle in another village, but immediately the impenetrable wall of police and spies arose once more to separate her from the peasants. For over a year she struggled against these obstacles; and only when she learned that her arrest was imminent did she relinquish her plans. She had come to the conclusion that in order that the people might be helped, help itself must be made free, and this could be accomplished only by the destruction of the autocratic régime. Unable any longer to live under her own passport for fear of arrest, she joined the party of "the People's Will," and for six years lived under various assumed names. Little by little she came to believe that government by violence can be overcome only by violence, and having once made this decision, she acted upon it till the end.

Without committing acts of violence herself, she nevertheless supported every project of the Party. The Party claimed political and civic liberties, and declared that as long as their members were being hanged or done to slow death in prisons or in Siberia for having tried to teach the people, they considered themselves justified in retaliating upon the head of the despotic Government—"striking at the center," as their motto was. In spite of all precautions taken by the Government, the Party became so daring, their readiness for self-sacrifice so boundless, that the stronghold of the Tsars seemed shaken to its very foundations. Bridges and railways over which the Tsar was expected to pass were undermined; the very Winter Palace was blown into the air; and at last, on March 13, 1881, the Tsar Alexander II. fell, in broad daylight, in the heart of his capital, surrounded by troops. The Party then expressed their readiness to lay down their arms if the new Tsar, Alexander III., would grant a constitution. He wavered; but his ministers promptly hanged six of the persons accused of regicide, among them being a youth of nineteen and a young girl, Sophie Perovska, herself the daughter of a Minister of the Interior. The execution of another woman, Gesse Gelfman, was postponed because she was expecting to become a mother. As soon as her child was born in the prison, it was taken away from her, and she died of a broken heart. Her husband shot himself.

The war between the Party and the Government was resumed; but this time the balance turned in favor of the Government, and Alexander III. resolutely applied himself to reaction. One by one, the leaders of the Party were arrested and either hanged or sent in exile to the convict mines. Vera Figner alone, always vigilant and resourceful, remained in freedom. She went from town to town, reorganizing the scattered forces of the Party, enlisting numbers of followers by her superior intelligence, eloquence, and invincible charm. Persons of high military and social rank and literary fame, working-men and -women, flocked around Vera Figner wherever she appeared. In all classes she found recruits for the dangerous work of the Party. Her own existence was hedged in by perils, anxieties, and the greatest discomfort. She was constantly being forced to change her name, her appearance, and her passport. And this anxious life lasted for six years, during which she was on the brink of arrest many times, and avoided it only by hairbreadth escapes. She cared little for her personal safety. Her one great object was the reconstruction of the Party. She succeeded in forming a large



organization of military and naval officers who literally worshiped her. But this in the end brought about a catastrophe. One of their number, named Degaeff, turned traitor, and gave away the whole organization, together with Vera Figner herself.

When Vera Figner had been arrested and lay in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul awaiting trial, General Sereda was ordered by the Tsar to investigate her case. When he entered her cell in his gorgeous and imposing uniform, he took the prisoner's hand and kissed it.

"Vera Nikolaevna," he said to her, "you are the most beautiful, the noblest, and most courageous of Russian women. If only you had had children and this had never happened!"

Minakov and Klimenko were already dead when the two young women, Vera Nikolaevna Figner and Ludmilla Volkenstein, were brought to the Schlüsselburg. Soon after their arrival two of Vera Figner's friends, the officers Rogacheff and Baron Stromberg, were executed; but she did not learn of this until many years later. Myshkin shared their fate in the manner already related. Several of the prisoners had lost their reason. Tikhonovich and Yuvacheff had become possessed of religious mania, and Aronchik believed himself to be an English "milord." The rest, seeing nothing but slow death before them, resolved at least to die fighting. They tried to work out a common plan of action, communicating it one to another by the rapping method. No ill-treatment, no strait-waistcoats, could daunt them. At times all the prisoners were bound to their beds, with wooden gags in their mouths. But the rapping was immediately resumed on their release. Then "Herod" invented a novel plan. He ordered the gendarmes to beat upon brass trays in order to drown the sound of the rapping. A competition in the most frightful noise commenced between the prisoners and the gendarmes. The former hammered upon their walls with all their power, while the latter kept up a brazen accompaniment upon their trays. This pandemonium would last for hours at a time, sometimes the whole night through, until both parties were brought to the verge of madness; while "Herod," with a face of indescribable fury, rushed from cell to cell, shouting:

"I'll strangle you!"

To which the prisoners responded:

"Go to the devil!"

"Herod" would gladly have hanged them all; but he had received no orders to that effect, and dared not even report the case, for fear of damaging his fair fame as a capable jailer.

The two young women joined in the warfare with "Herod" as dauntlessly as the men. But they had trials of their own which are unknown to men. The constant and absolute exposure to the prying eyes of men was a terrible affliction for them; and every Saturday a new trial awaited them, when "Herod" came into their cells with a woman whose duty it was to search them. These searches were absolutely aimless and exceedingly painful. Nothing could possibly be concealed upon them, because of the constant espionage to which they were subjected. Nevertheless a thorough search of their persons, even to their hair, was regularly carried out. "Herod" watched operations through the spy-glass, and when the prisoners, noticing this, raised a protest, he answered them brutally:

"Have we never seen a naked woman before?"

After a few months of such life not one of the prisoners was in a state of health. Scurvy was prevalent, and many of them became ill with lung-diseases and began to spit blood. Vera Figner described to me the horror she felt when, during her short solitary walks in the courtyard, she saw the traces of this blood upon the snow. The few minutes of exercise in the open air became a torture to her. Her own nerves were so unsettled that the slightest noise caused her to tremble all over, and yet she continued to rap upon her wall to cheer a down-spirited fellow prisoner or to support a general protest against "Herod."

When the prisoners, one after another, were stricken with disease or madness, it appeared that not the slightest care was to be taken of them, and no hospital was prepared for them. Those who suffered from scurvy, their teeth becoming loosened, were unable to chew hard food. Yet they were given the same coarse rye bread as before; and the consumptives were treated in the same manner.

The two exhausted women lay upon the cold stone floors of their cells, and they, moreover, were more lightly clothed than the men. Mme. Volkenstein became dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs. Some medicine was prescribed for her by the doctor, but nobody attempted to nurse her, and nobody entered her cell save for the purpose of bringing food or searching her. For weeks she could not move from her bed.

Death haunted the prison perpetually during these first years. The insane Tikhonovich was among the first to succumb. His dying shrieks were frightful. Malevsky, Butzevich, and Nemolovsky died one after another, all from consumption. Dolgushin succumbed from sheer



exhaustion. When death was near, in order to hide the knowledge of it from the other prisoners, the dying were carried away to an old building called the "stable," in which the cells were exceedingly damp, dark, and cold. In this appalling solitude they breathed their last.

At the end of 1887 Grachevsky, unable to stand his life any longer, struck a guard in order to be executed. But the commandant of the fortress declared him to be insane and therefore exempt from punishment.

"Then," said Grachevsky, "it remains for me but to kill myself." He was taken to the "stable" and kept there under most vigilant watch.

"One night," related Ludmilla Volkenstein, "a terrible, inhuman shriek was heard. Footsteps hurried toward Grachevsky's cell. Feeble groans followed, and then his door was quickly opened, and it was evident that something terrible had happened to him. Smoke and the smell of burnt clothing and flesh pervaded the building and hung about it till the following day. We then knew that Grachevsky had burnt himself alive. He had soaked his clothes and bedding with the oil from the little night-lamp, and, rolling himself up in his blanket, had set it on fire. For several days beforehand he had disarmed the suspicions of his guards by exceedingly rational behavior, so that they had relaxed their watchfulness a little and enabled him to commit the dreadful deed."

#### IV

This tragedy brought about a new régime in the Schluesselburg. "Herod" was dismissed for having "allowed" the prisoner Grachevsky to burn himself." "Herod" upon his dismissal was seized with a paralytic stroke.

At last it became evident to the authorities that if no change were made in the conditions of the fortress, all the prisoners would soon be dead. Such a contingency was not desirable, it being necessary to uphold the institution in order to preserve the many posts and salaries attached to it. A new governor was appointed, and conditions now became milder. In the courtyard several tiny allotments were given to the prisoners, in which they were at liberty to cultivate flowers and vegetables. Each tiny plot was surrounded by double wooden walls four yards high, and in each two prisoners were free to work. The women were also given a little plot.

"My nerves and constitution," says Vera Figner, "were shaken to the bottom. I was physically weak, and mentally almost abnormal.

And here, suddenly, a friend was given to me; and that friend was the incarnation of tenderness and love. When some calamity had happened in the prison, when our friends lay dying in agony, we met, pale, trembling, and silent. We avoided each other's eyes, but, embracing each other, we silently walked along the little path, or sat silent side by side upon the ground. On such days the mere physical proximity, the mere possibility of grasping the hand of a friend, was a blissful relief."

However, even this consolation they were soon forced to relinquish. They learned that it had not been accorded to all of them, and, thinking it unjust to be privileged above the others, they refused the daily meeting.

For a year and a half they endured this voluntary privation, until at last, impelled by more deaths among the prisoners, the authorities gave in, and all the prisoners enjoyed equal privileges and were allowed books to read. But these privileges which they had wrested from the Government at such terrible cost were never stable. In 1889, five years after their imprisonment, after a visit from the Chief of Gendarmes, General Shebeko, the allowance of books was suddenly discontinued. These books were their only instruments of self-forgetfulness, and the prisoners resolved to commence a "famine strike" rather than to lose them. For ten days no food was taken by the prisoners; but as this was ignored by the authorities, they resolved to abandon the "famine strike" in favor of some more effective measure. The strike had hastened the death of several more of the prisoners.

Of the fifty-three persons brought into the Schluesselburg between 1884 and 1889, nine were executed; five went mad; sixteen died or committed suicide; and three were removed to Siberia. Less than half the number survived the first five years, and only in 1890 was a decided improvement made in the conduct of the prison. The isolation from the outer world was as complete as before, but the prisoners were given opportunities of meeting one another, and more books were given to them; little workshops for carpentry, etc., were opened; their gardening plots were extended, and the wooden walls separating them were lowered, so that the sun could shine upon them and the prisoners could see and speak to one another during their work.

This régime lasted for twelve years, till 1902. And in their little forgotten island the prisoners showed of what they would have been capable had their energies been given free play. The little plots were transformed into wonderful plantations. Even tobacco was cultivated in

them, and the astonished gendarmes beheld the prisoners smoking "real cigarettes." The most artistic objects in carved wood and iron were turned out in the little workshops, and the prison authorities gladly took possession of them. The breakages in musical and other delicate instruments belonging to the prison authorities were always skilfully repaired in the prison workshops. Most interesting collections of minerals, insects, and plants were arranged by the prisoners. One hundred and fifty of these collections were purchased by one of the St. Petersburg museums through the medium of the prison doctor.

Thanks to the vegetables grown by the prisoners, their food became more varied; and the long hours of work in the open air partially restored health to those who were not beyond hope of restoration. At the same time, through the constant addition of new books to the prison library, the intellectual activity of the prisoners became intense and systematic. There were among them men of high education in science, economics, history, etc., such as Lukashevich, Morosov, and Lopatin. Regular courses of lectures were established, and each prisoner endeavored to develop his store of knowledge to the utmost. This was not because of any hope that a day of freedom might dawn for them, or that their knowledge might be of use to mankind. It was simply to satisfy the natural craving of the brain. Their days were more or less occupied. "But," said Colonel Ashenbrenner, "it was not flowers or vegetables or workshops that were necessary to us; what we really needed was — freedom."

Vera Figner was the natural center of this prison life. She herself took to carpentering, making wardrobes, tables, chairs, binding books, painting on wood, boot-making, and arranging collections. She made, among other things, a tin coffee-pot, and a straw hat which became an object of much pride to the fellow prisoner to whom it was presented. She was a great reader of science, literature, and philosophy. She studied the English and Italian languages in her cell, and translated much of Kipling into Russian. Her love-longing heart also found some outlet. She brought up some orphaned swallows whose nest had been blown down from the prison roofs by the summer storms. The little creatures were intelligent and affectionate. They followed her about in her cell like little dogs, fluttered on to her lap, and frequently in the early summer mornings they nestled upon her breast and awoke her by their chirping. When they grew up she let them fly — herself remaining alone behind the bars of her prison. She was the center of the prison life

as, when free, she had been of the revolutionary party.

"Energetic, intrepid, ever ready for self-sacrifice," says Ashenbrenner of Vera Figner, "she was always to the fore, and no wonder that in great as well as in small matters all eyes instinctively turned toward her, awaiting a word, a sign, an example."

She had frequently been incarcerated in the dreaded "black hole" for six days at a time, with no food save dry bread and water, and no resting-place but the damp stone floor. But this had never bowed her dauntless spirit. And she had had other bitter griefs with which she had fought alone and uncomplaining.

In 1888 Uri Bogdanovich, the dearest friend of her life, who for so many years had fought side by side with her in the revolutionary struggle, lay dying of consumption in the third cell from her own. When, a month before his death, the General of Gendarmes visited the cells, she, for the first and only time, stooped to ask a favor of her jailers. She asked that she might be transferred to a cell next to that of her dying friend, so that she could speak to him at least through the dividing wall, and that his last moments might not be so utterly lone and friendless. Bogdanovich joined her in this petition, but it was refused. She could hear his dying moans, but could not soothe them, and she knew that he died alone and unattended. His death was such a bitter sorrow to her that for several months afterward she shut herself up in her cell, refusing to leave it even for exercise, and beseeching her fellow prisoners to leave her in peace and not to endeavor to communicate with her. When at last she emerged from her cell and joined in the prison life once more, no trace could be seen of her terrible and lonely struggle.

In 1896 the companion of Vera Figner's walks, Ludmilla Volkenstein, finished her term in the Schluesselburg and was transferred to the island of Sakhalin; there she was immediately joined, after fifteen years' separation, by her husband.

Vera Figner thus lost the only person with whom she was allowed freely to consort. The men could meet one another, but Vera Figner was kept apart from them. She could hear their voices, but could not see them. She worked alone, in her little garden, in her workshop, in her cell. Only some years later was she allowed to see her fellow prisoners through the little wicket in the door of her workshop.

In this way eighteen years of prison life passed away. A few of the prisoners at the end of their terms were transferred to places

of exile. Janovich was sent to eastern Siberia, but the contact with the outer world was overwhelming to his shattered nerves, and he shot himself. Martynof, also transferred to Siberia, shot himself for the same reason. Polivanov, in 1902, after twenty years of imprisonment was exiled to Central Asia. He escaped from there and went to Switzerland. There he met Aseff, the traitor of hideous fame, who persuaded him to return to Russia with a bomb, and even accompanied him to the shores of Bretagne to test its explosive force. On his way to Russia, Polivanov stopped in a French town, and shot himself, leaving a note which ran:

"No strength is left in me to live."

A few weeks before Polivanov's release from the Schluesselburg, a new change had taken place in the prison régime. The revolutionary movement in Russia had grown very powerful, and in order to suppress it such towers of reaction as Sipiagin, and after his assassination Plehve, had been placed at the head of the Government. Plehve ordered many of the privileges won during the previous years by the prisoners of the Schluesselburg to be denied them. But those few who survived after twenty years felt that a return to the old order of things would be worse than death to them.

Vera Figner, without informing her friends, decided to die for them. When the governor of the fortress entered her cell, she, by a sudden unexpected movement, tore the epaulets from his shoulders and flung them in his face. She expected to be court-martialed and shot for this action, but believed that it would at the same time restore to her friends their former privileges. When the other prisoners learned of what had happened, they immediately informed the governor that if Vera Figner were touched they would all imitate her action, and die, by one means or another.

For this reason, or because of other considerations, Vera Figner was left unpunished. And, more than that, by a curious stroke of fate, it even turned to her advantage. Her mother somehow learned of the danger that threatened her daughter. During their last meeting, in 1884, on the day of Vera's condemnation to death, she had extracted from her mother a promise that she would never ask a favor from the Government for the purpose of bettering her daughter's lot. For eighteen years the mother kept this promise; but when news of this new danger reached her, she could resist no longer. She appealed to the Tsar—her son is one of the greatest Russian singers and the chief singer of the Court. The Tsar

ordered that Vera's sentence should be reduced from life-long imprisonment to detention for twenty years. Eighteen years had passed since her trial, but she had been kept two years in prison awaiting trial. The mother therefore hoped for her daughter's immediate release; but Plehve ordained that it should be otherwise.

"There is still too much life left in her," he said, and ordered that she should remain two years longer in the Schluesselburg.

The mother, in the meantime, became incurably ill, and counted the days that brought her nearer to her child. But not before the full term had elapsed was Vera Figner released. It was too late. Her mother's death had occurred a few weeks before. To this day, Mme. Figner cannot speak of her mother without a burst of tears.

Several months ago, four years after her release, I was walking with Mme. Vera Figner in London. After a few minutes' walk she was so tired that she was obliged to take my arm. She was telling me of her impressions since her release from the Schluesselburg.

"When I think," she said, "of those past long years, it seems to me as though they were a nightmare. To be here now, in this great city; to be free and to watch the whirl of life . . . I often ask myself, Is it really I? Am I not dreaming still? Am I really living?"

A heavy cart suddenly rumbled by. Mme. Figner let go my arm and, pressing her hands to her ears, began to tremble all over.

"It was the sudden noise," she said in explanation, still very pale. "But I am gradually getting stronger. At first I could not bear the slightest noise."

Mme. Figner was not set free immediately after her release from the Schluesselburg. She was first kept in the Fortress SS. Peter and Paul for a month, and afterward transferred to another prison in the town of Archangel in the most northern part of Russia, where she remained for another month.

"You see," she said ironically, "the authorities considered that a sudden great change might be bad for me. But the delays were exceedingly exhausting."

At last she was sent to her place of exile, a tiny village close to the polar regions.

"They considered me a very valuable piece of State property," she said, "and took the greatest precautions. First the police were sent in advance to examine the whole stretch of the river Pinega, to see if the ice were strong enough to bear me. Only when they returned with a satisfactory report, was our procession

allowed to start. Our *avant-garde* was formed by a three-horsed sledge drawing the Chief of Police himself. Then came another troika, occupied by me and my sister, who had joined me in exile. Behind us came the sledges of the convoy. We caused the greatest sensation wherever we passed, and a legend spread among the population that the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna had fallen into disfavor with the Tsar, and was being carried to exile. When in the Archangel prison, I frequently corresponded with the Princess Korsakova, and perhaps my letters addressed to 'Her Highness' gave birth to this rumor.

"The little Duchess is going about asking the peasants how they live," said the people. 'She writes it all down in a little book, and she is going to ask the Tsar to help them.'

"When I was brought to the village that was to be my place of exile, this story caused me great discomfort, as the peasants constantly besieged me with requests for help and all sorts of complaints. From far distant villages came letters with various demands.

"Only after I had spent nine months in this village was I allowed to settle on our Kazan estate," she said. "When I took the steamer at Ribinsk and saw the Volga again, I felt for the first time that I was free. We passed through the scenery which I knew so well and for which I had longed for a quarter of a century. But still, even now, I was not left in peace. Two police officers in plain clothes, especially selected for their loyalty, were fastened upon me, and I was obliged to pay their passage and even to make them a daily allowance.

"The authorities said to my sister, 'We know she won't run away, but the Party may abduct her by force in order to have her in their hands.'"

When at last Vera Figner arrived on the family estate she was the mere shadow of a human being. She suffered from insomnia, and the slightest sound at night, even the fall of a button in the quiet country house, caused her to shriek aloud, terrifying all its inmates. When her brother, the great court singer, Figner, at her request began to sing to her, she burst into tears and hurried from the room. Her relations constantly feared that she might commit suicide.

"The first year and a half," she said, "it was very difficult for me to live in freedom. I had no desire to live at all. I was like a plant suddenly uprooted from the ground and left to wither in the air. The appetite for life had left me, and I could find no object in living. I felt no desire to overcome obstacles, or to clear a path in life for myself. And, note, the others

felt the same after leaving the Schluesselburg. Even Lukashevich, the powerful giant, only forty years of age, told me that he felt the same, and Surovsteff told me that he desired to enter a monastery in order to get away from life. Ludmilla Volkenstein said that her feelings were the same."

Poor Ludmilla Volkenstein! She was put out of her sufferings by the benevolent authorities. After having passed through thirteen years in the Schluesselburg, she was sent to the convict island of Sakhalin, and there she spent another seven years, living, as she wrote in her letters, in conditions of "indescribable horror." Only in 1904 was she allowed to remove to the continent of Asia. She wished to settle in the town of Vladivostok, but the commandant of the fortress of that town refused to allow it, and proposed that she should settle in some uninhabitable corner of the Amur wilderness. But the cholera broke out just then in Vladivostok, and there were not enough doctors to cope with it. Mme. Volkenstein's husband, who was a doctor, was asked to remain in Vladivostok, and he agreed to do so on condition that his wife remain with him. For a year they worked together side by side, tending the invalided soldiers and the population. Then came the time of revolution. On January 10, 1906, the commandant of the fortress having arrested the doctor most popular among the soldiers, Lankovsky, a deputation headed by the military governor of the town went through the streets to the commandant to ask for the doctor's release. Mme. Volkenstein was one of the deputation. When it turned the corner of one of the streets, it was met by a volley of bullets from the fortress. Forty persons were killed on the spot, and among them fell Ludmilla Volkenstein, pierced by several bullets. It was a great and noble heart that ceased to beat — the heart of a woman whose whole life had been one long self-sacrifice.

But her leader, Vera Figner, is still with us. She was at last allowed to go to Italy for a cure. Here freedom, the southern climate, the beauty of nature, and the tenderness of her friends wrought a miracle. Vera Figner is again active, filled with a desire to live in order to help the innumerable victims of Tsardom in the Russian prisons and in exile. Quite unexpectedly, she has developed an unusual gift of oratory, which is the more impressive because of her extraordinary self-restraint, simplicity, and modesty. She is now addressing crowded meetings all over Great Britain. Her nervous system is still extremely delicate, and she frequently returns home nearly prostrated by the excitement of those meetings; but her indomitable

will and determination overcome physical weakness.

One of the Schluesselburg prisoners, Nicholas Morosov, had always retained a strange, never-failing belief that their release was near. He had been condemned to penal servitude, and had been in the prison ever since 1881. Every winter he assured his fellow prisoners that the next spring they would be released; and when the spring passed, he again assured them that release would come next autumn; and so on, from year to year, for twenty-five years. In October, 1905, while he was taking his exercise in the yard with another prisoner, the gendarme suddenly summoned them to the commandant.

"What can he want us for?" asked Morosov's companion.

"Why, to release us, of course," said Morosov, with conviction.

And this time he was right. A few days

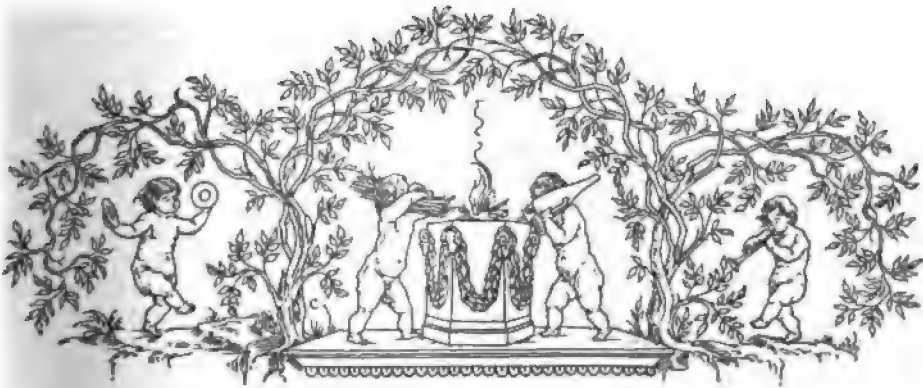
before, a revolution in the form of a general strike had broken out in Russia. The gates of the Schluesselburg opened and set free the remaining eight prisoners.\*

Beneath the walls of the Schluesselburg, on the narrow strip of land touching the water, there are eight and twenty graves of the Schluesselburg prisoners. In the dead of night the gendarmes had dug them, and had covered them with green turf, hoping to hide all trace of them forever. But Nature has frustrated this design. In the course of years the graves have sunk below the surrounding level, and twenty-eight green indentations mark the spot where the Martyrs of the Schluesselburg lie sleeping.

\* The political prison in Schluesselburg was emptied in 1905, and thrown open for public inspection. It was announced that the career of this most terrible of bastilles was at an end. But a year later, after the triumph of reaction, the emptied cells were re-peopled, and now they are filled to overflowing. The eight veteran prisoners who were released by the amnesty have been replaced by three hundred prisoners, political and criminal, and these are crowded together in conditions that defy description.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind—  
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art!  
 For there thy habitation is the heart—  
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;  
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,—  
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,—  
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

*From Byron's Sonnet on Bonnivard*



# THE CRUSADER'S MASS

BY

PERCEVAL LANDON

MILBANK of the *Daily Press* had been out in the direction of Sanna's Post on the day following the Kornspruit disaster, and was now retreating with General Colville upon Bloemfontein.

But the work of the Nineteenth Brigade in covering the collection of the wounded, and the operations of the mounted troops on the right to protect the withdrawal, drew him some distance to the south before Macdonald reached Bosman's Kop on the return journey.

He attached himself to three men of Rimington's Guides, who were reconnoitering a few miles out in the direction of a farm that flew a white flag. After making a hurried inspection of the house, and finding nothing except a stolid Dutchman, who showed them, with a grim smile, that his house had been ransacked and pillaged by both sides, the guides turned back to the flank of Smith-Dorrien's brigade, while Milbank parted company with them, intending to work back upon Bloemfontein by himself, and hoping to strike the retreating column about four miles east of the capital, at or near Springfield.

But he had hardly gone a mile when an instinct for which he could scarcely account made him wheel round under cover of a fold in the ground and halt; after a moment's hesitation he made a quick detour and returned to the farm he had just left.

He tied up his horse behind the kraal a hundred yards away, and stealthily approached the house, till through a side window he was able to command a view of the bare, dirty little room in which the Boer had received them a few minutes before.

"I'll have those papers, please."

The window crashed in, and Milbank was inside. Van Zyl turned, with an oath. Had he known that the correspondent was unarmed, he would have shown fight; but Milbank's right hand lay in an ominously bulging pocket, and the man was taking no risks. He stood aside from the grimy packet of despatches without a word, but his catlike brain was working, and

he was almost ready to snatch them and make a bolt for it. Milbank's horse whinnied outside and he saw the uselessness of it.

Milbank looked at the first of the papers, and would have given much to have learned Dutch more thoroughly during the time of waiting at Modder River. He saw, however, that the papers explained the general plan of operations that had been begun so successfully at Ladybrand and Thaba 'Nchu. A little farther down, the repetition of the name of Reddersburg made him examine the paragraphs more closely, and he suddenly realized the importance of his find.

The Boer stood sullenly aside. Milbank had placed himself between him and the door, and the Dutchman's little eyes ran nervously over this self-possessed intruder, who seemed to belong to none of the corps with which Van Zyl had taken some pains to make himself acquainted in Bloemfontein.

Milbank turned up the second paper. It was a roughly drawn map of the country round Mester's Hoek and Reddersburg, and it contained dates and directions. Now, he knew well enough that Lord Roberts expected a counter-attack as soon as the Boers should have discovered that neither the Zand River nor Kroonstad was defensible, but the north-western approach to the town that the British were holding was notoriously the easiest point of attack, and there Milbank knew that the Field Marshal was more than ready for any advance. But this was a different thing, and he realized the importance of conveying at once to headquarters the news that the affair at the Water-works was but part of a well-considered and brilliant counter-stroke. In brief, the intention of the Boers seemed to be to continue their advance toward Edenburg and cut the railway south of the Kaffir River, holding both that place and Jagersfontein Road station until the bridges over both the Riet River and Van Zyl's spruit had been destroyed, their retreat being secured by the capture of Mester's Hoek and the Beyer's Berg.

This scheme entirely altered the military

situation, though it was one that twenty-four hours' notice would be amply sufficient to frustrate, as Gatacre and Clements were both within easy striking distance of Reddersburg, a fact evidently unknown to the Boers.

But, beyond this first realization, the ruling pride of his profession touched him, and he flushed with excitement to think of the magnitude of the scoop he had secured.

The third paper was apparently a hastily written scrawl on a leaf torn from a notebook, granting a commission, and signed "pprinsloo."

Milbank folded the packet up and put it in his pocket.

"You damned scoundrel, I know you! You were among the first to sign the oath of allegiance." It was a shot in the dark, but it told. The Boer shifted uneasily. "This—er—commission of yours will be—" He was watching the small blue eyes of the coffee-faced Dutchman as he faced the light from the window, and saw something that made him turn his head sharply.

"Friends of yours, I see," said Milbank. "You'll come outside."

Two mounted figures appeared a mile and a half away, and moved cautiously forward, reconnoitering the house, near which the white square of calico hung motionless from the truck of the flagstaff.

Milbank happened to know the trick that had already lost his side many men at one time and another, and determined to use his information as his only chance.

"Pull down that flag!"

The Boer started, but did not move.

"I'll count three," said Milbank, and his hand went back into his pocket. The flag dipped like a swerving bird before two was said, and the approaching burghers reined in their horses.

"Up with it again till I tell you to stop."

And the white flag pointed its way up the pole until it hung three feet below the pulley at the top. "Stop!" And the Boer, frightened as much by the knowledge of his captor as by the suspected revolver, tied it so.

The pair of horsemen vanished like magic into the veldt, for the sign of British occupation of a neutral house was well known—far even beyond the frontiers of the republics.

Milbank felt that not even so was he out of the wood. He had, indeed, scared off the scouts of the enemy, but he knew that Van Zyl would not have been given a commission without being supplied with a rifle and ammunition, and these he had neither time nor opportunity to find. Getting away would be

the difficult thing, he knew. The two men eyed each other. Milbank recognized the necessity of acting at once. Ordering the man into the middle of the kraal, he bound the strap of his jacket round Van Zyl's eyes, and forbade him to move. Then he moved a few paces, and waited, creeping back to his prisoner in time to press the cap of a fountain-pen into his neck as he made a sudden movement to tear off the bandage, believing that Milbank had gone. Then the latter moved slowly and steadily toward his horse, swung himself into the saddle, and set off. It was impossible to conceal his intention any longer, and Van Zyl, after a moment's hesitation, heard the thud of the retreating horse on the veldt, tore off his bandage, and leaped into the house.

"Now, old lady, you've got to go for all you're worth!" And under his voice and spur the country-bred pony of thirteen hands tore across the veldt like a stumpy whirlwind.

"It's the most jumpy thing I've ever been in," thought Milbank, expecting the first bullet every yard. But there must have been some delay in disinterring the rifle, for he was seven hundred yards or more from the house when the first shot touched the veldt ahead of him with a scream like a siren. Forty yards on, another whipped into the dry, sandy grass still nearer. "God, he's a good shot!" muttered Milbank, wondering how far he was still from the left wing of Smith-Dorrien's brigade, and making a sharp detour to avoid giving the Boer a practically stationary target. Just as he was beginning to fear that—

Milbank slowly recovered consciousness, to find himself in a heap on the veldt, his shoulder bruised, his back aching, and a bullet-hole in the front of his tunic, just in the ring of unfaded cloth that was usually protected by his belt.

He was in less pain than he expected to be, and, indeed, was thankful that his leg, which had been twisted under him when he fell, seemed all right and gave him no pain.

But he was losing a little blood, and found himself very weak. Quite calmly he decided to use one of his putties to bind himself up with; of course, he hadn't the first dressing with him—no correspondent ever has, after the first action.

He slewed round a little in his cramped and doubled-up position so as to move his body as little as possible, and reached for the string at his knee. There was something odd, he felt, in what he was doing, and the quaint thought came into his mind that it was like taking off some one else's putty.

At the thought that followed, the pupils of



his eyes contracted to pin-points, and he stared vacantly at the string in his hand; then, like a man in a dream, he felt for and opened his pocket-knife and deliberately struck it an inch into his leg above the knee.

It dropped bloodstained from his hand, and he watched the responsive red outflow matting the cut edges of his breeches in silence, a silence that was only broken by the whirling and blazing of wheels and wings within his head. He saw nothing in the darkness that encompassed him, nothing outside a two-foot circle of which the cut in his breeches was the center.

There had not been a twinge of pain, and he knew well enough what that meant.

He said quite slowly, "So my spine's broken!"

He played idly with the dry twigs of the sage-bush that pushed its thorns and sharp elbows deep and painlessly into his thigh.

"I've got a few hours yet," he said; "I must see about those papers."

Pulling the Boer despatches from his pocket, he wrote a note explaining the urgency of the news they contained, and especially ordering that any one who might find his body should take them instantly to headquarters before even reporting his death.

Outside the package he wrote in the largest letters he could: "Most urgent: to be given to Lord Roberts at once."

More than this he could not do, and he lay still and reconsidered his position. At any rate, he had done his duty to the army. For his editor he then wrote out a short telegram in his note-book: "Mortally wounded Lyons acting temporarily."

Then he remembered that the cable people counted words of more than ten letters as two, and he altered the last word to "interim," wondering, with a smile, whether the censor would disallow it as being in a foreign language. Then he saw that he could save a word, and scratched out both the last words, and wrote "substitute." He signed it and placed it between the leaves of the packet containing the despatches, and then leaned back into the bush, waiting — waiting.

He knew exactly the effect that would be caused by the news of his death among the other correspondents; he even felt that he could almost write the very words they would use in their letters home. Cartwright would note in cold blood that the unofficial work of a correspondent was at times of service to an army in the field, and would without doubt twist the affair into a "further proof, if, indeed, any were still needed," that the intelligence department should in time of war be recruited

from civilians — an ever-present hobby of his; Britton would be full of inaccuracies as to the facts, but the story would have just that golden touch that no one else could apply, and that made his stuff worth precisely four times the amount paid by his shrewd editor at home; Emmelin would say nothing about it at all in his letters home, and would in Bloemfontein deprecate the wholly unnecessary prominence given to a press casualty; Farmer, whom no one trusted a yard, would write a dainty little paragraph about his own personal loss; Gregson would recall a similar incident in 1881.

Milbank's mind moved rapidly. He wondered whether the best of the whole corps, Roberts himself, would mention that his loss would be regretted. He felt that that would be all he could wish or hope for. Lyons, of course, would have to report his death formally to the paper. As he meditated, an idea came. Why shouldn't he write his own account? There wasn't much else to do — only one thing, and that he meant to put off to the very last.

So he set to work, and, as he wrote, his horse, after a riderless gallop of three or four miles, came back to him. She moved her head painfully, and Milbank saw that the bullet that had struck him had pierced the side of her neck and made an exit near her windpipe.

She snorted and smelt her way up to him, and whinnied when she saw that he took no notice.

"Poor old lady!" said Milbank. "If I could only make sure of your being found by our own side, I'd send you off with these. But the odds are that you would go galloping off straight into the arms of my friend over there; wouldn't you, you old idiot?"

She came up and shoved an impatient and insistent nose against his shoulder. Milbank smoothed the velvet skin with his pencil.

"No, it's no good, Kitsie; I've got to stop here for some time."

He wrote quickly and easily; the Sanna's Post affair took him only half an hour, for he had had the story told him in outline clearly enough by a man of Q Battery. Then he briefly described the morning's work, and the retreat to Bosman's Kop, of which he had seen the start with many misgivings. He ended with the short comment: "I was fired upon and wounded while riding away from Van Zyl's farm to the south of our late position."

When he had finished his letter, he overhauled his pockets. Now that his public work was done, he set to work to put his own house in order before he died.

A bullet thee-e-eu-ued over his head near his mare, who stood a few yards away, pecking uncertainly at the dry sage-brush of the veldt. Milbank smiled. He remembered that the Boer, although he might by this time have established communication with his friends, was not at all likely to approach a man, whom he believed to be armed with a Mauser pistol, over the absolutely coverless veldt. Milbank had a small but quite sufficient patch of brush at his back, so that the only target offered was the horse, which, of course, could be plainly seen from the upper window of the farm-house. Evidently Van Zyl hoped to destroy the only means of escape for Milbank, of the extent of whose wound he could have no knowledge, and trusted to recover the papers by rushing him in the dark.

Milbank picked up a stone and threw it at his horse. He missed her by a strange distance, but she moved away with a start, just as another bullet pecked up the dust near her. Would no one ever come?

He began to despair of ever getting the information to Lord Roberts. He had a fair knowledge of projected movements on the line of communication, and realized to the full the importance of getting the two grimy documents to the Residency; also, he knew that unless help came by nightfall there was not the slightest chance of withholding them from the Boer, whose eyes, as he knew well enough, had been watching all the day. But the inertia that was paralyzing more than his physical powers was attacking his energy, though his brain remained as clear as before—perhaps clearer: his conscience was at rest; he could do no more.

An extraordinary brilliancy of memory possessed him, and he lived in a rapidly changing panorama of incidents, facts, and perceptions, many of which had previously faded completely from his memory. He wondered idly if this could be the reliving of the past that so many who have been near the gates of death have described. Anyway, he stood aside and watched the workings of his own brain as a spectator, and rarely had he known anything more intensely interesting.

The kaleidoscopic variety of his recollections was their only importance. A blot in a copy-book was as important, neither more nor less, as a change of dynasty, and a wrinkle in the scalp of his Cape boy passed across the stage of his mind as deliberately as the pacing ritual of a Christmas mass in Rome. It seemed to him that he was unable to forget a detail of anything he had ever seen. Once he thought of recording his sensations up to the last mo-

ment, but gave up the idea out of sheer laziness, a fact that did not prevent him from actively recalling the exact words of another man who had done so—or said that he had; for he did not much believe that it could be a genuine account, so utterly willing was he himself to lie at rest and do nothing. It was the beginning of the end, he knew well enough, but he didn't very much care.

Merlin's disguise and the double railway out of Genoa, the tongue of a sick woodpecker, Grimm's law and the l. b. w. rule drifted in natural and orderly sequence through his brain without his seeing, or indeed much wishing to see, the connection. But the next vision, a pale face at Lord's glancing back quickly at him through a silver-gray veil, followed naturally enough, and he accepted it as a warning.

He recalled himself, moved one hand stiffly to his pocket, and pulled out a letter-case, one corner of which stuck tiresomely in the lining. It seemed to him a little unfair that at such a moment he should have to deal wearily with a spiteful little mischance.

He took out a letter, and, after letting his eye fall over the first page, tore it up into very small pieces with his weakening fingers; then, recollecting, he sorted out with infinite fatigue and weariness the pieces that contained the name, and put them into his mouth.

It was all he could do, and he remembered wistfully that, do what he might, the news could not be broken to her. She ought never to have been so much to him, though, indeed, he had nothing to reproach himself with, except that he was humbly in love with another man's wife. And she was only a child, a disillusioned child of twenty. Not that the man in question cared, or had ever cared at all; only, he knew of it. He used it at times to hurt his wife with. Milbank could well enough see him reading the news out to her casually from behind the newspaper to-morrow morning, and watching her face closely as he did so. He would be careful to do it while the servants were in the room.

Milbank remembered what she had said to him when he left England, and had always hoped that it might be for him, in case of accident, the last of all human remembrances.

He wrote a note to Emmelin, whom he knew he could trust, to burn all letters and papers he could find, locked or unlocked up, except the *Daily Press* accounts; also, he left him the curio number of the *Friend*, which he knew Emmelin coveted. He added: "Do this even if you have to break the law. You might suggest afterward that the testamentary powers of

a testator under martial law expressly include the case, and say it's Savigny or Montesquieu or Eldon — they won't know the difference. By the way, if you come across a half-written article on the matter, send it in to the *Friend*."

The pen dropped. His thoughts flashed home, but he wilfully kept them from the woman who was going to be so desolate to-morrow.

The sunset was beginning, spreading wide in the western sky, and Milbank, lying huddled up and almost unable to move, faced it full. He could watch the gorgeous belts of incandescent color, flecked with the light hurricane of sudden flakes, orange-crimson and gold, that flamed in his eyes. His fast-tiring gaze fixed dilated pupils on the molten horizon, which lighted with clear fire a face that bore no trace of fear.

It was all over for him. But still the world would do its daily work, and still the gray, orderly columns of the northern Abbey would upbear the dim vaultings in the ocherous half-lights of London; still, as he lay there and for a thousand years after, the lamp of repentance flickered and would flicker high upon the sea-turned wall of St. Mark's; and still the thin, high tinkle of the aerial bells of the Shwé Dagon would filter downward to the moving crowd below — what matter if he were dead, he, Milbank of the *Daily Press*?

It couldn't last much longer. The heat of the sun parched his mouth, and he was now sorry that he had thrown his water-bottle away. The pain of his wound was but slight, and the loss of blood had ceased, but his power of movement seemed going fast in the upper part of his body as well. He cared very little now, and a drowsiness settled down over him.

Then a long-extinct memory of the "Crusader's Mass" came quaintly into his head, and he felt beside him weakly on the veldt for the three necessary blades of grass.

And three brown, dry grass-bents, pricking up like thin bristles, he found by feeling on the ground. As he picked them, he realized that it was the last movement he would ever be able to make.

Painfully crossing his hands over his breast, helping one with the other, he managed to reach his mouth, and, one by one, he put the blades of grass between his lips.

"In Nomine Patris . . . et Filii . . . et Spiritus . . . Sancti."

As he moved his teeth, the tiny morsel of paper that protected Her mingled on his tongue with the grass, and a feeling, first of incongruity and then of appreciation, swept through him. In one sense, perhaps in the

right one, certainly in no poor one, he had been faithful unto the end.

Then, with his Mass between his lips in the quickly fading light of the dying day, she, the only deep source of work and faith that life had held for him, brooded more and more deeply over his sinking consciousness. He knew that life would be a little — it could only be a little — more lonely and bitter for her henceforward, but his weakening senses allowed him little poignancy in his grief.

His ears were drumming with music now — deep-swelling chords that he recognized now and again, though they were not especially the sequences that had most deeply impressed him before; he could not imagine why they had not done so, for he did not doubt that he had heard them all before, somewhere; and always, behind every change in this sweeping harmony of sounds, a dull, fulfilling chord as of a heaven full of waters falling through rainbow light supplied the ground bass.

His tongue still moved the bitter grass and paper in his mouth, and, as he had wished, her words came again into his mind with a feeling of quiet triumph more than anything else: "If you don't come back, I'll try to go through with it alone for the sake of the best man I ever knew."

He waited with a little apprehension for the actual end — that last struggle of the heart against the grip that was to paralyze it, that was already tightening upon its greatest vessels; he knew that would hurt him a bit. Clear and magnificent, the thundering "Adeste fideles" was filling the heavens above — he had always thought it the finest tune that man had ever written. . . . "Venite adoremus." . . . It rolled and wailed in his ears, louder and still louder, and he smiled. "Faithful?" And God, in His utter mercy, saved him from the end he mistrusted, for Van Zyl, in an hour's wary stalk, had come up to within three hundred yards, and a bullet crashed into Milbank's brain even as the words and music he loved were floating through his tired mind.

The Boer uttered a guttural cry of thanksgiving for the good God's exceeding favor, and leaped forward to rifle Milbank's pockets, finding the packet he sought in a moment. Then he gazed for one instant on the bullet-broken face of his victim, where even in the instantaneous shock of death there had been time for a weary flash as of disappointment after great hope, and he raised his hat almost in shame.

Then he crawled back to the farm-house, unseen by the scouts who dotted the horizon on the flank of the still moving brigade.

# THE LIGHTED HOUSE

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLANCHE GREER

**A**LTHOUGH hardly any one knew little Mrs. Sinclair,—she had moved into the place only two months before, and had never been out of the door since,—everybody going down to the village on the afternoon of Christmas eve had noticed her sitting at the second-story window of the big double house fronting directly on the snowy street, the folds of a blue curtain behind her, and her small face, with its fair hair, pressed closely against the pane, looking down at the children who went past in twos and companies, most of them scarlet-coated or scarlet-capped, their heads turning upward as if pulled with a string as they passed underneath her window; they were used to seeing her smiling wistfully at them.

There was a Christmas tree this afternoon at the other end of the town, and the children going to that took hands along the narrow, slippery white pavement, the older leading the younger; their eyes had almost the expression of infantile holiness that children wear coming home on Sunday morning from Sunday-school, when they are very clean and dressed in their best and are still filled with the wonder of being so very good. It was the wonder of the Christmas party that filled them now. The thin winter sunlight was already beginning to be gathered into a red glow in the west, leaving the world damply colder, before the glow suddenly faded out, and there remained only the white snow and the black of the lamp-posts, with the yellow flicker of the little flames against the growing darkness, while Mrs. Sinclair still sat there for all to see.

Young Mrs. Hartwell, tearing along toward the village with a friend in tow, a little earlier than this, looked up at the window, as so many others had done, and, smiling, waved her hand impulsively.

"I don't really know her; I haven't called yet," she said, "but, dear me, on Christmas eve! Doesn't she look pretty?"

The hand that Polly Hartwell waved was incased in a glove that was flappingly unbuttoned at the wrist; her black-winged hat tipped insecurely on her rumpled brown hair as she

tore ahead—it had evidently been snatched up at the last minute and fastened to her coiffure by the single jab of a hat-pin; her eyes were surrounded by deep, haggard lines,—although their expression was eagerly undaunted,—and on the back of her black cloth walking-skirt a white thread lay clingly in long loops and spirals. Mrs. Center, her companion, though much older, showed equal signs of haste and disorderliness, reflected in the aspect of the other women who were abroad, every self-respecting person being immersed on Christmas eve in that last, ever-increasing whirl of "things to do" that made a conventional appearance impossible. Ranville kept its Christmas with enthusiasm. Mrs. Center half unconsciously retrieved an unhooked and dangling belt ribbon as she responded to her friend's remark, after a glance across the street.

"She doesn't see us—she's looking at the children. She's perfectly crazy about children—*they* know her, even if we don't. I haven't called on her yet, but I'm going to, of course, after—What did you say? No, it's not expected for two or three weeks. Did you hear that they'd been married for ten years, and this will be the first? They count everything on it. Mary, the doctor's wife, says she's not at all strong—he's very anxious about her. Mary says she's a perfect darling. Mary sends little Gordon in there every morning"; Mrs. Center paused an instant; "she says Mrs. Sinclair loves to squeeze him."

"She must be sweet. I'll let Robin go over to-morrow, and Juliet, to wish her a Merry Christmas," said Mrs. Hartwell, with a little break in her voice. In Ranville Christmas was not so much the festival of a Child as a festival of children—it was the children themselves that counted; they were of paramount importance. For this one day, at least, the houses in which there were many vaunted the fact; where there was but one child, whole outlying families grouped themselves triumphantly around the solitary chick; but even toward the households where there were none there was a feeling that at this season children really belonged to all who loved them. In that joy of

spending one's self for "Christmas" one got back to something unexpectedly dear and divine that was the child heart in one's self. People unconsciously proclaimed the loss of what was theirs by right when they complained that they no longer enjoyed Christmas. Polly Hartwell went on:

"Oh, I do *hope* she'll get through all right. Perhaps by another Christmas — goodness, I nearly knocked over that child!" She swerved around a light-haired infant standing stockily in the middle of the pavement. "Why, it's the baker's little boy! Run home, Otto! I do hope there'll be nothing to interfere with this Christmas. I think it's so dreadful when things happen then. Isn't it interesting when children get big enough to really appreciate things — but your children are grown up, of course, Mrs. Center."

"Your own children are never grown up," said Mrs. Center contentedly.

"You see, Juliet is eighteen months old, and Robin is three years! I'm furnishing a doll house for Juliet, like one I used to have, and Robert is working on a perfect model of a boat for Robin — of course, after the children are in bed — every part of it is exact. He says he wants Robin to have the right idea of a boat, to begin on. Robert fools with it himself every night before he gets to work on it — that's what takes him so long! but he's going to finish it to-night, if he sits up till morning. I've got to get some more ribbon for those dolls. I just thought I'd dress a big one for the new washer-woman's little girl — I didn't know she had a little girl until this morning; and I have the dearest little bit of a doll with two long braids — it's so sweet I want to play with it myself — for — you won't tell?"

"No," said Mrs. Center.

"Well, it's for little Alma Kenny. She wants a doll, and, what do you think, she's ten, and the family think she's too big for toys. She's to have a mahogany bedstead and a dressing-table instead. Some people have the strangest ideas! So I'm going to dress the doll for her. I can't bear to think of a child's being disappointed — I can't bear to think of *anybody* disappointed on Christmas day, can you? I wish Mrs. Sinclair could be out having a good time, don't you? Oh, here's Townley's. I must get my ribbon — No, you've got to come in too; we *always* go around together on Christmas eve. I like to do *everything* on Christmas the way we've done it before."

"Well," said Mrs. Center, yielding. It is the oldest custom that is the dearest at Christmas. Woman of fifty though she was, the plea was valid, although every minute was precious.

That long opera-cloak for Elinor, made out of an old velveteen skirt, for which the inspiration, as usual, had come at the eleventh hour, would take most of the night for completion. That was the trouble, that, no matter how forehanded you were about present-giving, you always thought of more and more things you wanted to do as the time lessened. Townley's lighted interior was full of women supplementing with the "last things" which they had meant to buy in town and hadn't — even Miss Grayson, who never gave anything but her exquisite little iced cakes, was buying more tissue paper to use in the wrapping of an extra couple of dozen. It was almost like a tea, you met so many people that you knew under the green festooning over the ribbon-counter. There was a cheerfulness, a lightness about the whole thing — the stress of preparation was really almost over, the holiday of Christmas eve already begun.

Mrs. Hartwell hurried home to get back before her husband came from the station. He had promised to leave town early, but, after all, he did not arrive until long after dark, with his arms delightfully full of bundles. The children were already in bed and asleep, but she dramatically reproached and forgave and kissed him all at once — dragging him in to look at the pendant stockings, while he smiled down at her, — he was a good-looking young man, — before he had even brushed the snow off his overcoat.

"We'll get to work just as soon as you finish your dinner," she said happily. "Is it snowing very hard?"

"Yes; very quietly, but very fast — the air is thick with flakes. You can't see anything in the street but the double house on the corner below — it's lighted up from top to bottom. Are they having a party?"

"What house do you mean?"

"Why, the one those new people moved into — Sinclair, the name is. I met him the other day — nice fellow. He seemed rather anxious about his wife."

"And that house was all lighted up?" There was an arrested note in Mrs. Hartwell's voice. In Ranville there were only two occasions when every room in a house was lighted — for an entertainment, or for a fight with death. She pressed to the door to look for herself. Yes, the house down the street wore a fearsome illumination — every window blazed out brilliantly even through the softly falling snow. It was very still — so still that far away one could hear a strange, low, recurrent murmur that was the rolling of great waves upon the distant shore. It was an eerie sound. Mr. Hartwell

put his arm around his wife as she stood there. The next moment somebody ran up the steps — a large woman, with a cloak over her head.

"Let me in just a minute, will you? It's Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Hartwell — I thought you didn't recognize me at first." She brushed the snow from her hair. "No, I can't sit down — they want me down at the house — at the Sinclairs'. I thought perhaps Mr. Hartwell would see about delivering these — they're all marked." She laid down a pile of oddly shaped red tissue-paper parcels, tied with holly ribbon, on the hall table. "Why," — she looked at the evidently uncomprehending faces opposite her with astonishment, — "why — don't you *know*? Hadn't you heard, Mrs. Hartwell? You saw her sitting by the window this afternoon, didn't you? — Mrs. Sinclair, I mean. Emily Center said you nearly tumbled over little Otto, the baker's child, in the road there. Well, it happened just after we all came home from Townley's. Emily Center just turned the corner in time to see it. That child was standing out in the street in front of Stetsons' automobile — that fool boy was running it, and he had his head turned t'other way, talking to some one. Mrs. Sinclair threw up the window like a flash and leaned out and called, 'Come to Santa Claus, little Otto, *quick!*' Emily said her voice was so sweet and clear — and he ran, and the car just grazed his blouse, no more. That fool boy went right to pieces when he saw; they had to take him into the drug-store and fix him up. Land, he's nothing but a young one himself! And then Mrs. Hanssen came out and grabbed Otto — she was so busy fixing his tree, she'd forgotten all about him — But when they went upstairs to *her*, she was lying on the floor in a dead faint — and oh, my, my, she'd been hoping so, before, that everything would go all right. She knew it was just a chance, her having a real baby of her own, but she'd been so careful, for its sake. She'd been *hoping* so! And now —" Mrs. Fowler's voice trembled; she had to stop for a moment before she went on: "There's just a *chance*. The doctor's sent for two more doctors, and they can't get 'em. Mr. Sinclair, he's 'most crazy. He found these things in her room — they're for the children — he said he knew she'd like to have 'em sent out now, by to-morrow — Oh, doesn't it seem the worst *ever*, on Christmas eve!"

Ranville long remembered that night. The snow fell so fast and so thickly that it broke down the telegraph wires; far-off screeching, abortive train-whistles shrilled through the stillness at unscheduled intervals from shunting cars on sidings; passage from house to house became unexpectedly difficult; people who had

intended to go out for more "last things" left them off the list, and made what they had do. The cold grew bitter; husbands made up the fires while their wives trimmed trees and tied up parcels. Yet none were so busy that they did not go to the window every little while and look up or down the street or across the fields to the double house that, with all its lights blazing, shone hazily through the falling snow. There was no lessening of the illumination. Each house burned a light in some room until a late hour, but that was the only one that had lights in all the rooms, that no one might hasten into one of them for some need and meet the delay of darkness. The other houses were alight for pleasure, but this one for sorrow — a fight with death, where one must keep all one's weapons handy. There was a woman there fighting for her own life and that of a child — and a helpless man who, while other people had so much, was like to lose all he had. In spite of the enshrouding snow and the bitter cold, word went from telephone to telephone of what was happening; figures ran here and there, cloaked or overcoated, on errands made necessary by the disabling of the telephone in the double house itself. Polly Hartwell, running upstairs betweenwhiles to put another stitch into the clothes of the little doll with the light braids, — for a child mustn't be disappointed on Christmas day, no matter what sorrow was abroad, — had twice buttoned up Robert's coat for him, at a telephone summons — after the pathetic delivering of Mrs. Sinclair's little parcels — and sent him plowing knee-deep through the drifts, once with a great bottle of alcohol, and once with a bulky kerosene stove. Twice he had gone out, at his wife's entreaties, to remonstrate with the family two houses below, whose dog would keep howling in a manner that curdled the blood, though, as Polly bitterly pointed out, he hadn't even the excuse of a moon to howl at. And for a fifth time he had rushed out, without any coat, to help Mrs. Center as she went staggering along with that big pot of hot coffee. The Farringtons had sent over hot biscuits and stuffed eggs for the workers in the lighted house, whose strength needed to be kept up through the night — Mrs. Fowler, good soul, had stayed there, wringing her hands, all this terrible Christmas eve, as a means of communication with the outer world. The Stetsons' automobile had been run untiringly, in the intervals of conveying children to and from the Christmas tree, taking the two long-cloaked nurses to the house before the festivities, and dashing up and down with supplies. Every one knew by telephone the exact moment when it brought the doctor from the

long-delayed train from town. Every one knew when the word went around that there was a chance. Every one knew when the greatest doctor of all was expected to reach there. The Stetsons' automobile brought him, after a long, long time. The last that could be done was done now.

Then the trains seemed to stop running; the whistles ceased, except very far off. It was growing late indeed. As Robert and Polly sat there in the nursery, with the pretty tinseled tree in the corner of the room, his fingers ploddingly adjusting the blocks and tackle of the "model" boat, and hers taking stitches in the doll's hat with its bit of scarlet feather, there was a growing sense of awe; in the stillness the dull, muffled, recurrent sound of the ocean could be heard. Polly shivered — death seemed to be coming very near. Many people had died on Christmas eve, on Christmas day, and that fact had always seemed to give an additional pang to bereavement. Suddenly, in some way, it seemed instead to bless it, as if to bring heaven and earth so near at this holy tide that it made little matter on which side you stood, you were in touch with those you loved anyway.

The children stirred in their sleep, and she went in to cover them, her rosy darlings, her treasures — and after a minute Robert came and stood beside her. Juliet lay with an old doll in her arms. Robin opened his blue eyes as his father and mother looked at him, murmured, "Santa Claus!" and shut them. The two who stood there were so rich — it was almost as if they had no right to be so rich; that longing woman yonder had never put her arms around a child of her own, that agonized man — Oh, was there *nothing* to be done for them now but to wait — and wait — for the end?

"Hartwell!"

There was a hoarse whispering call from the stairway.

"Yes!" whispered Robert, tiptoeing out, with Polly holding fast to his hand.

"I knocked, but you didn't hear," said the newcomer, a dark-haired, stocky young man from the opposite house, which had kept in telephone communication during the evening. "I found that the door was unlocked, and I knew you were up, so I walked in."

"That's all right, Bowley," said Robert. "You're out of breath, aren't you — been running?"

"No," said Bowley.

"You haven't heard anything —"

The other checked him with a gesture. "No — oh, no. The fact is, my wife wants to know,

Mrs. Hartwell, if you can put on your overshoes and wrap something around you, and come across the street for a moment. I'll get you over all right. Lucy's about crazy looking at the lights in that house since Doctor Armstrong got there. She's got such a cold herself, I can't let her out, or she'd come over to you."

"Yes, of course I'll go," said Polly, fumbling hastily in the closet. "What does she want me for?"

"She thinks, you know — she says — well, 'when two or three are gathered together in His name' —" Mr. Bowley lowered his voice in the embarrassment that an unwonted expression of a religious sentiment is apt to bring. "You know the rest of it. Of course, there *are* two of us, but I've got the worst kind of a mind; if I want to really fix it on anything, I always think of football instead — so she thought perhaps three would be better. She's looking up the right prayer out of the Prayer Book. It can't do any harm —" His voice pleaded for leniency.

"No, it can't do any harm," said Robert, with prompt indorsement. He lingered irresolutely after carrying his wife bodily down the steps.

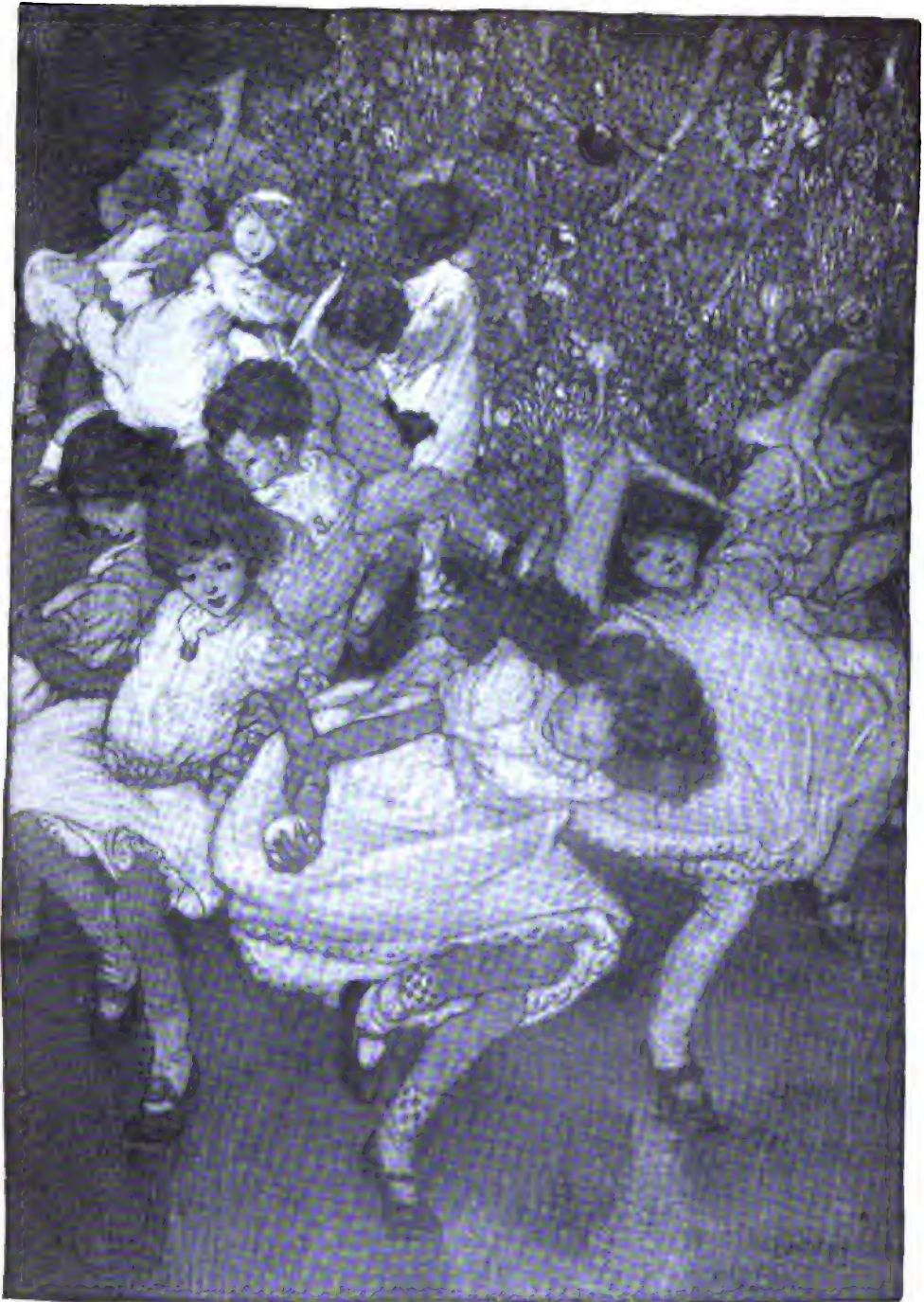
"I'd come over myself — I would indeed, but I don't like to leave the children to-night, when Polly's out. Besides, I can't seem to let go of a cigar to-night — mouth's so dry!" He took a last furtive look down the street. The dampness of the snow gave the illuminated house a larger nimbus.

It was very, very late — so late now that it was early — it was near morning. One knew it was near the dawn, for one of Mrs. Center's roosters was crowing, but it was still very dark. There had been so many things to finish, after all the interruptions, that the Hartwells had not gone to bed yet — they were just finishing when the door opened once more quietly below. It was a woman's voice this time that said softly, "May I come up?"

"It's Mrs. Fowler," said Polly apprehensively. She turned pale and clutched the table, while Robert ran downstairs, coming up the moment after with a supporting arm around Mrs. Fowler's broad figure. For a large, heavily built woman, Mrs. Fowler looked extraordinarily unstable — she seemed to rock where she stood, and to crumple up inertly as she sank into a chair. Her face was white, with great dark marks under her eyes, which were full of tears, yet there seemed to be a light behind them.

"She needs something to drink," said Hartwell authoritatively, but Mrs. Fowler waved the suggestion away.





"IT WAS THE WONDER OF THE CHRISTMAS PARTY THAT FILLED THEM"



"IT WAS GROWING LATE, BUT ROBERT AND POLLY STILL  
SAT IN THE NURSERY"

"The doctor gave me something — I'm all right — I just came in to tell you —" Mrs. Fowler burst into a fit of weeping, her face hidden in her hands, and then raised it, to add in a shaky voice of triumph: "I ain't given way like this till now. You can get your presents ready — and put blue bows on 'em. What do you think? She has a little boy! I knew you'd be glad — a little boy!"

"Oh," said Polly, her eyes brimming over. She sat down suddenly because she couldn't stand. "Did she — was it —"

Mrs. Fowler nodded her head, with a shudder coming over her; her face seemed to grow white and damp with the horror of remembrance. "Awful. The doctor he thought — well, we thought at one time that she was —

gone, but that's all over now. I waited until morning to be *sure*. Why, the way she's coming up is *wonderful*! The doctor says he never saw anything *like* it. And a little boy! Why, she ain't remembering anything she's gone through, lying there looking at him. And you never in your life saw a little boy that looked so *like* a little boy — his feet and hands —"

Mrs. Fowler broke down and wept unreservedly, her face emerging like the sun after a heavy fog.

"What do you think Mrs. Fair did? She doesn't know Mrs. Sinclair, but she ran home a few minutes ago and got a little Teddy bear she'd bought for Hubert — he's got two besides — and she tied a blue ribbon around its neck and sent it in for a first Christmas pres-





"JULIET LAY WITH AN OLD DOLL IN HER ARMS"

ent, and the nurse let Mr. Sinclair take it up to her—though his hands shook so he could hardly hold it. She's forbid to speak, but the nurse tied it to the footrail of the bed, so's she could see it. She's lying there—they say you never in your born days saw any one with such a look as she has, with the little boy on her arm, and his own little Teddy bear at the foot of the bed. Mr. Sinclair, he gets out of the way when he sees me coming, but land, I don't mind a little thing like that. He'd like to be able to act as if they'd been accustomed to having a baby every week or so; it sort of rakes him all up to be feelin' so *much*! He's been writing a whole pile of telegrams already. Mrs. Gracie, she's got a little tree, and she's going

to dress it up and send it around to-morrow afternoon—everybody can send things to put on it, if they want to. The nurse, she's real nice—she says if any of the children come around she'll give 'em a peep at the little boy."

Mrs. Fowler rose to throw her arms around Polly. "Oh, my dear, ain't it just *grand*!"

The windows were all darkened at the double house down the street in that darkness of the dawning, save where one peaceful glimmer came from the window of that upper room. The oldest Christmas story is always the dearest. Every one in the village seemed to touch something of the divine spirit of the first Christmas in this old, old, commonplace joy of welcoming a little child into the world.

## THERE IS NO MORE ANY PROPHET

BY SAMUEL McCOY

WE that are weak are lonelier to-night,  
For all the learned—  
The men of knowledge, those who might  
Have warmed the world's worn heart—have turned  
To unending things;  
And those who yearned  
For God's great gift of vision, and the wings  
Of mighty Truth, have each one spurned  
The life of sacrifice, and service meet  
For sorrow's feet.  
And hearts,—not dead, not living,—that once burned  
As mine does now, are cold.  
Do they forget the meek?  
Shall those who might be bold  
To stoop and gather all the poor and old  
In an immortal happiness, be weak?  
Oh, ye that are endowed  
Beyond us who are frail,  
Whose hands cannot avail,  
God calleth you aloud,  
Through His innumerable people's prayer—  
Like theirs that find the desert's whitened trail  
And reach the shallow well—but find no water there.

# A CHILD'S WORLD



A SERIES OF PICTURES  
BY  
JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

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## THE DARK

# THE NEW GERMANY—AN OBJECT LESSON

BY

RUDOLF CRONAU

SINCE, in the eventful years of 1870 and 1871, the new German Empire became an established fact, its remarkable rise as a military, naval, and commercial power has been viewed by all other nations with astonishment, nay, even with suspicion and fear. Great Britain, the mighty ruler of the oceans, seems to be especially alarmed, and many of her journalistic scaremongers are exerting themselves to point out that Germany strives for nothing less than the hegemony of Europe as well as the supremacy of the sea. Not understanding the true motives of the German nation, they attribute to it all kinds of aspirations and aggressive tendencies. Decrying Emperor William II. as a "war lord," as a permanent menace to the peace of the world, they hold him responsible for the fact that "humanity is groaning under militarism"—notwithstanding the declarations of such responsible men as Chancellor von Buelow and Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, and many others, who have frequently stated in public speeches that Germany is absolutely free from aggressive motives.

"But if the German nation has no such tendencies, for what reason does she keep so enormous an army and develop her fleet?" the reader may ask.

If he will only look at the geographical location of Germany and take a glance at her past, it will not be difficult to find the answer.

## *Why Germany Has a Powerful Army and Navy*

Occupying the greater portion of central Europe, Germany is, in political respects, the most unfavorably located country in the world. Nowhere protected by such natural boundaries as large rivers or high mountain-ranges, which would block the way of enemies, but easily accessible and vulnerable on all sides, Germany has been, since remotest times, the object of hostile assaults. For a period of four hundred

years the German tribes were compelled to defend their independence from the Romans. Later came the horrible invasion by the Huns; the piracies by the Northmen; the frequent attacks by the Magyars, Mongols, and Turks. During the Thirty Years' War Germany served as the great battle-ground for Spanish, Swedish, Italian, and Hungarian troops, who reduced the population from seventeen to four millions and made the country an almost uninhabitable desert. In Saxony, during the two years 1631 and 1632, 943,000 persons were killed or swept away by sickness. In Württemberg over 500,000 lost their lives, and 8 cities, 45 towns, 65 churches, and 36,000 houses were burned. The Palatinate, having at that time a population of 500,000, suffered a loss of 457,000, and in some parts of Thuringia more than ninety per cent. of the population perished. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries brought the frequent raids by the French, who left the ruins of hundreds of beautiful castles on the Rhine, Moselle, and Neckar as lasting monuments of their visits. The beginning of the nineteenth century saw the onslaught of that monstrous adventurer Napoleon I., by whom Germany was humiliated as never before. The imperial mantle was torn into shreds and stamped into the dust. The German kingdoms and states were given by Napoleon as presents to his relatives and favorites, who made the German cities ring with their gay life.

Would any nation ignore the lessons taught by such an unhappy, terrible past? The enormous losses she had suffered pressed Germany to take steps by which a repetition of such dreadful calamities might be prevented. Luckily for Germany, throughout all the times of unrest, wars, and depression the enormous vitality of the nation never failed to produce such patriotic and high-spirited men as Fichte, Arndt, Jahn, Scharnhorst, York, Blücher, Gneisenau, Hardenberg, and, above all, that splendid statesman, Baron vom und zum Stein. This fore-



runner of Bismarck was practically the first man to see the urgent necessity of German unity under the leadership of Prussia. To realize this, he coöperated zealously with Scharnhorst in the reconstruction of the Prussian army. With York, he aroused the eastern provinces to take arms against the French, and called the Landwehr into existence for the first time. By his masterly reforms, by abolishing serfdom and eliminating the distinctions of caste, by abrogating the feudal restrictions upon the free disposition of person and property, by the conversion of Prussia from an absolute monarchy into a free representative state, he paved the way for that great master spirit, Otto von Bismarck, who, in the second half of the nineteenth century, not only made Prussia the leading power of Germany, but made Germany, the former Cinderella among the nations, one of the leading powers of Europe.

To attain these astonishing results would have been impossible even for Bismarck without the support of a splendid army and a corps of such brilliant men as von Moltke, von Roon, and others; for the disposition of Germany's neighbors was often anything but friendly. In 1864 the Germans were compelled to resist the oppression of Schleswig-Holstein by the Danes; and in 1867 the demands of Napoleon III., who held himself entitled to Belgium, Luxemburg, the Palatinate, and a part of Hesse as a "compensation for Sadowa." In 1870 the German troops were forced to restrain the French army from its proposed "promenade à Berlin." And after that it was the attitude of the "Revanche party" in France and many other circumstances that taught Germany the necessity of an effective army for its defense. It is well to remember that on October 7, 1905, the Paris *Matin* revealed to the world the news of a proposed dual alliance between France and England for the purpose of combining their forces and wiping out the German navy and German commerce. This alliance was negotiated on the French side by the Foreign Minister Delcassé, without the knowledge and sanction of Minister President Ruvier. When that gentleman received the news of the proposed alliance, he, foreseeing the terrible consequences of such a treaty, urged at once the retirement of Delcassé, saying that he deserved to be put to the wall and shot as a criminal.

In order to enforce peace at any price, Germany made her army the most powerful the world has ever seen. In 1908 the standing army amounted to 621,000 men. The reserves added, but without the Landsturm, the war strength amounted to 2,549,918 men.

In July, 1909, the new Chancellor von Beth-

mann Hollweg added to that already enormous defensive power two and a half to three million well-trained men, by allowing the members of the 27,676 unions of former soldiers to practise with the modern army rifles upon all military shooting-grounds. In this way, every former soldier belonging to the Landsturm is kept acquainted with such reforms and weapons as may be introduced in the active army.

Amounting in all to about five and a half million well-trained men, led by able officers, this enormous force spells the warning to all opponents that it is a dangerous risk to assault Germany and to interfere with her interests.

### *The Navy a Necessary Instrument of German Expansion*

The blockade of the German coasts by the French fleet in 1870, the unreasonable holding up of German mail-steamers during the South African war, and, finally, the establishment of colonies in different parts of the world, awakened Germany to the necessity of an effective navy for the defense of the German coasts and the protection of her merchant marine and the colonies.

Plans for the formation of a navy had been in existence since 1873. But it remained for Emperor William II. to carry out the program. It was he who expounded to the nation that, to secure peace and some place in the sunshine, it must work to get a fleet. His urgent requests awakened in the hearts of the German people a resounding echo. The Flottenverein sprang into existence and spread all over the Empire. East and west, north and south, the cities and the country, rich and poor, combined their endeavors and contributed so freely that the German navy, amounting twenty years ago to only a few insufficient vessels, to-day ranks third among the great navies of the world. In 1908 it had 132 vessels, with a total capacity of 624,390 tons, besides about 155 torpedo-boats. The personnel amounted to 50,323 men, and there was a reserve of about 120,000 men. So, making army and navy the strong foundations upon which the structure of the new Empire could safely rest, the German nation began to develop the country in a thousand directions at the same time. By grasping all opportunities, by spurring the abilities of every individual, the nation succeeded in building up a state that in many respects may serve as an object lesson to other nations.

### *The New Policy Transforms Germany from a Poor to a Rich Nation*

Before the reign of William I. Germany was a poor country struggling under most adverse conditions. The many wounds inflicted by the

Thirty Years' War and the assaults of the French were slow to heal. The meager soil, especially of northern Germany, allowed to its occupants only a frugal existence. The industries were undeveloped and their situation unfavorable, as almost all raw materials had to be imported from other countries at great cost. The commerce with foreign lands was handicapped everywhere. Germany was without any natural harbor, and the few ports were often frozen for many weeks. Those upon the Baltic were cut off from the ocean by Denmark, which, until the middle of the last century, levied "sound dues" upon all vessels entering and leaving the Baltic Sea. And, last but not least, Great Britain tried to scare the Germans from the ocean by refusing to acknowledge a German flag, and by giving the warning, in 1849, that she would treat it as the flag of a pirate.

But commercial expansion was a necessity to prevent national stagnation. The country became unable to sustain the ever-growing population. And so, after the new Empire had been established, the Government took steps to extend industries and trade far enough to enable the people to live. The magnitude of this task becomes clear when we state that in 1871, the year of the founding of the Empire, Germany measured only 208,830 square miles, or 56,950 less than Texas. Upon this limited space it had to sustain a population of forty-one millions. Since that time the population has increased to more than sixty-three millions, and is growing almost at the rate of a million a year.

But Germany was so fortunate as to possess a large number of patriotic men of all classes, willing to devote themselves to the interests of the nation. First, there were many excellent scientists, who carefully studied the opportunities of the nation and taught the people to make use of them. Then, there was a large corps of brilliant statesmen and well-educated officials, forming perhaps the most scientific and expert governmental organization in existence. Not subjected to the dictations of political parties and bosses, entirely free from graft and corruption, they worked solely for the benefit of the nation. Directing their minds and energies to a solution of the many difficulties, these men overcame them so successfully that Germany, poor before, is at present one of the wealthiest countries on the globe, and perhaps the richest in Europe, not excepting France and Great Britain.

Authorities in national economics, as Professor Delbrück, Sydow, and Steinmann Bucher, estimate that the national wealth of Great Britain amounts at present to 300,000,000,000

marks, while that of Germany is about 350,000,000,000 marks. This result, almost beyond belief, was reached within the short space of an average lifetime. Let us see how the Germans did it.

### *How the Germans Have Increased Their Forests*

First of all, by making wise use of the natural resources of the country, such as forests, water, soil, and minerals. These means, compared with those of other countries, especially of the United States, are not abundant, but limited. This fact compelled the nation to apply the same methods of business economy to the use of these resources that are applied by a wise merchant to his operations in trade. The importance of the forests to the welfare of the entire country being realized, the greatest attention was paid throughout the Empire to forest culture. Originating from tribes that from remote times dwelt in forests, the Germans of to-day are a tree-loving people. Fully understanding the significance of the situation, they assisted the Government in its efforts to save a proper amount of forests. And this explains the fact that Germany has a far greater proportion of woodlands than any other State in western and southern Europe. Its forests cover approximately 35,000,000 acres, of which 31.9 per cent belong to the State, while 68.1 are private property.

From a leaflet distributed a short time ago by the United States Department of Agriculture I quote the following:

"Forest experts of all nationalities agree that Germany is in an enviable position as regards her lumber supply. No nation in the world makes more thorough utilization of its forest resources. German forestry is remarkable in three ways: it has always led in scientific thoroughness, and now it is working out results with an exactness almost equal to that of the laboratory; it has applied this scientific knowledge with the greatest technical success; and it has solved the problem of securing, through a long series of years, an increasing forest output and increasing profits at the same time. Starting with forests that were in as bad shape as many of our own cut-over areas, Germany raised the average yield of wood per acre from twenty cubic feet in 1830 to seventy-five cubic feet in 1908. During the same period it trebled the proportion of saw timber secured from the average cut, which means, in other words, that through the practice of forestry the timberlands of Germany are of three times better quality to-day than when no system was used. In a little over half a century it increased the

money returns from an average acre of forest sevenfold, and to-day the forests are in better condition than ever before."

The kingdom of Prussia alone gets out of her cultivated forests over 100,000,000 marks net a year.

### *No Deserted Farms in Germany*

The policy of conservation that made German forestry such a success is applied also to agriculture. As we have stated before, Germany is not at all a land flowing with milk and honey. In enormous parts of northern Germany the soil is decidedly poor. With that of the United States it cannot compare at all. But proper care did wonders. While the methods of farming used by many Americans have resulted in the utter decline of good land in a comparatively short time, the farm-lands of Germany, even though they have been under cultivation for centuries, bring forth rich crops year in and year out.

Mr. James Hill, one of the most noted experts on land affairs, at the famous Governors' Conference, made the remarkable statement that the soil of America, once the envy of every other country, gave during the ten years beginning with 1896 an average yield of 13.5 bushels of wheat per acre, while Germany produced 27.6. For the same decade the yield of oats was in America less than 30 bushels, in Germany 46. For barley the figures were 25 against 33, and for rye 15.4 against 24.

Deserted farms, which, as a result of soil exhaustion, can be found all over the eastern half of the United States, are absolutely unknown in Germany.

A number of years ago Germany also began to cultivate its hitherto unproductive waste lands, such as marshes, heaths, etc., of which it has about 12,000 square miles. It has been so successful that in time it will by this peaceful conquest not only double its present area of wheat-land, but also provide ample living for many hundred thousand families. The Lüneburg Heath, an immense tract of moorland in northeastern Hanover, has already to a great extent become a thing of the past. Its former monotony has given place to pleasant vistas of flourishing little farms, that nestle upon the banks of clear brooks among beautiful trees.

In mining, the Germans take great care to reduce the waste to a minimum. In America it has been customary to remove only the best parts of the total deposits of coal and minerals, while inferior qualities and such portions as can be less easily mined are never touched. Very frequently the lowest, richest beds are taken out first, in consequence of which the overlying

strata cave in, which makes subsequent mining forever impossible. By these methods from forty to seventy per cent of the total deposits are left unmined.

### *German Mines Saved by an American Invention*

Nothing of this kind happens in Germany. Everything is removed. And, to prevent cave-ins, every worked-out mine is filled up with sludge, tailings, and sand, mixed with water and pumped through pipes into the exhausted places, where they harden into a compact mass and support the overlying strata. By the appliance of this "flushing method"—an American invention—the miner is able to remove all pillars of coal or ore, which formerly he was obliged to leave standing as a support for the upper strata. He may also attack lower beds without fear of being killed. Germany, wishing to make use of its mines as extensively as possible, and to preserve the prosperity of mining for the future, applies this flushing method everywhere, while the Americans, in their eagerness to get rich quickly, make only a limited use of their own invention.

In using the most valuable of all natural resources, water, Germany is, of course, not behind any other progressive country. It has already numbers of *Talsperren* for the storage of drinking water as well as water for the use of power. In the great industrial region of western Germany, in the valleys of Rhur and Wupper, over twenty were in existence in 1907. Many others in all parts of the Empire are under construction, and will produce millions of horse-power for industrial purposes.

The utmost care has been given to the proper use and development of waterways. Hundreds of millions of marks have been spent in regulating navigable rivers and in connecting them by canals, which might induce traffic. Hundreds of millions have been expended also in acquiring the railways of Germany, almost all of which now are owned or controlled by the Government. Devoted to the interests of the entire country, these waterways and railroads co-operate in harmony. Conditions such as prevail in the United States, where, to satisfy their own selfish interests, the railroad companies purposely kill (by discriminating tariffs, adverse placement of tracks and structures, by acquiring water-fronts, terminals, competing vessels, and in many other ways) all water traffic, are absolutely unknown in Germany. Her rivers are crowded with craft of all kinds, that profitably transport such freight as it would be unprofitable to carry by railroads. To what extent river transportation has become a figure in the life



and economies of the Empire may best be seen on the Rhine. In 1907 that river carried more than 21,000,000 tons of freight; 14,000,000 of it, mostly raw materials, passed upstream into the heart of Germany, while 7,000,000 tons of finished products were sent down to foreign countries. As all means of transportation and communication, the post, telegraph, and telephone, are owned by the Government, there are, of course, no discriminations in tariff, no tariff wars, nor excessive charges, such as are extorted from the people of the United States.

*Some Facts about Germany's  
Commerce*

The Germans have developed their industries and commerce with the same energy and scientific thoroughness that they have applied to the development of their national resources. While in former times the majority of the population was engaged in agriculture, to-day the industrial and commercial classes have a preponderance of almost three to one. The enormous increase of commerce is best illustrated by the following figures. In 1872 the value of imports amounted to 3,468,480,000 marks; of the exports to 2,494,620,000 marks. In 1908, although it was a year of depression, the figures for the imports were 8,720,000,000 and for the exports 6,841,000,000, making a total of 15,561,000,000 against 5,963,100,000 in 1872.

Some of Germany's industries have become world-famous. The cutting implements from Solingen, the tools from Remscheid, the heavy cannons and armor-plates from Krupp in Essen, the beautiful velvets from Krefeld, the embroideries from Elberfeld and Barmen, the gloves, laces, and hosiery from Saxony, and many other German products are found everywhere; and by their splendid quality and reasonable prices they hold their own.

The chemical industry of Germany, not much older than thirty years, is already the wonder and the fear of the modern commercial world. Keeping nine thousand factories with over two hundred thousand laborers busy, it has revolutionized and overthrown whole branches of foreign industries. It practically drove indigo, cochineal, and the dye-woods from the market, just as the sugar-beet products of Germany were a heavy blow to the sugar plantations of the West Indies.

If you visit the principal sites of the chemical industry, Höchst, Mainkur, Elberfeld, and Düsseldorf, you will be surprised at the enormous mass of different products and wonderful colors that are extracted here from tar, coal-oil, and other unassuming matter. But if you wish to see the Germans at their best, you must

study the famous coal-and-iron region at the Rhur and Wupper, the two most important tributaries of the lower Rhine. The Krupps, August Thyssen, and others are kings here, with enormous armies of workmen at their command. Everywhere you hear the thundering reverberation of powerful hammers, the rattling and stamping of tremendous machines. Everywhere you see regiments of miners emerging from the bowels of the earth or ready to delve into them. In the daytime the sky is dark with smoke, in the night-time it is aglow with the lights of thousands of furnaces, foundries, and smelting-works — a German edition of Pittsburg, on the same scale and with the same impulsive hustle and deafening noise.

When, last spring, I traveled through this region, I had the impression of being in the busiest part of America. Throughout the length and breadth of the land I met with new surprises. Vast stretches of former farm- and wood-land, over which twenty years ago I had wandered, I now found occupied by big cities, the names of which were utterly new to me; and towns familiar to me I found expanded to astonishing proportions. My native town, which, in the days of my youth, numbered but 15,000 inhabitants, had, during the three decades of my absence, increased its size and population five times. Others, unimportant before, had swelled to cities of 150,000 to 200,000 population.

In the industrial districts of Westphalia, Saxony, and Upper Silesia I noticed a similar wonderful increase of people, factories, mills, iron and color works, mines, tanneries, and hundreds of other establishments, and also the unmistakable proofs that the German nation has become wealthy and lives in much more comfortable circumstances than ever before.

This enormous development of German industries, and the increase in wealth, explain the astonishing shrinking of German immigration into the United States, which in 1882 amounted to 250,630 individuals, and has since that time steadily gone down to only 32,000 in 1908. The surplus population formerly compelled to emigrate now finds plenty of work at home or in the colonies the Empire has established in many parts of the world. Not willing to lose such enormous masses of strong and capable individuals, and stimulated by the desire to provide for them new outlets under the German flag, the Government began a colonial policy in 1884, with the acquisition of Angra Pequena. Since then it has acquired — not by conquest, but peacefully — Kamerun, Togoland, great parts of East and Southwest Africa, the northeastern third of New Guinea, the Bismarck Islands, Samoa, the Caroline, Salomon, Marshall, and

Ladrone Islands, having, in all, 2,657,204 square kilometers and a population of twelve millions.

These acquisitions, as well as the rapid growth of the German industries, of course called for an adequate merchant marine. Conditions for the establishment of such a fleet were not at all favorable. In the matter of shipbuilding Germany was again handicapped by nature, for her supplies of tough wood and iron, the materials for construction, were very limited. Nor did the country possess any great natural harbors. But by placing the import of shipbuilding material upon the free list, and by spending many millions for dredging, the difficulties were overcome. With the construction of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, a communication between the Baltic and the North Sea was established. By granting subventions the Government encouraged new steamboat lines to all the colonies. As these vessels call at many important harbors in Africa, Asia, and Australia, new fields of trade were tapped.

In 1872 the capacity of the German merchant marine amounted to only 982,000 tons. It had increased to 4,076,175 tons in 1907.

#### *Germany's Care for the Working Classes*

During all these times of enormous activity the nation never forgot other important problems it was obliged to solve. Above all, the social conditions of the working classes called for reforms.

Wages before 1870 had been low, and many of the evils that developed in other industrial countries had spread over to Germany. Discontent and socialism were increasing, in spite of all repressive measures taken by the Government after the attempt by the socialist Hoedel, in 1878, to kill Emperor William I.

Seeing that repression would never settle the question, and believing that the working classes have a right to be considered by the State, Prince Bismarck resolved to cut the ground from beneath the feet of the socialistic propagandists by bettering the conditions of the working classes. And so, with the Emperor's message to the Reichstag on November 7, 1881, opened the era of "State social politics," which brought about an enormous change in the situation of the working classes. Besides many reforms in regard to the length of working time and women's and children's labor, this "State socialism" provided for three important institutions: first, a compulsory insurance against sickness; second, a compulsory insurance against accidents; third, a compulsory insurance against invalidity and old age.

To the funds of the first class, the *Krankenkassen*, of which at present 23,214 are in existence, all laborers earning less than two thousand marks a year must pay two thirds and the employer one third of the weekly premiums. In case of sickness, the insured person receives half the amount of his wages for twenty-six weeks. Doctors, hospitals, and medicines are free. At present about thirteen to fourteen million laborers are in this way protected. Up to the end of 1907 more than 2,997,000,000 marks had been paid out to sick laborers. Besides, seven to eight million marks are paid every year to poor mothers, who are supported for several weeks before and after confinement. To prevent sickness, especially tuberculosis, the institution supports numbers of sanatoriums and recreation homes, where thousands of people, who would perish otherwise, regain health.

#### *More than Five Billion Marks Paid in Public Insurance*

The insurance fees against accident must be paid entirely by the employers. In case of an accident, it is not the employer in whose factory it happened who is held responsible, but the whole group of employers of the same branch. Every group is compelled to establish an insurance company, of which, in 1907, 114 were in existence. About twenty to twenty-one million laborers are thus protected by 150,000 employers. An injured laborer receives, during the time of his disability, two thirds of his wages, also free medical treatment. In case of his death, the family receives at once fifteen per cent of his annual wages and an annual support of sixty per cent. Up to the end of 1907, 1,486,000,000 marks in all had been paid out. As the employers naturally wish to keep the amount of expenditures as low as possible, this kind of compulsory insurance has greatly stimulated the invention and institution of measures by which accidents may be prevented.

The premiums for the insurance against invalidity and old age are paid half by the employees and half by the employer. Support is given to invalids without regard to age, and to persons above seventy years; also to the widows and orphans of insured persons. To every lawful pension the Government contributes fifty marks. At present about fourteen million persons are protected by this insurance. And 1,501,000,000 marks had been paid out up to the end of 1907.

In all, 5,984,000,000 marks have been distributed among needy people by these three branches of insurance. This enormous amount would be increased by several hundred million

marks, if we considered the similar institutions that protect the miners of Germany. The splendid results of such compulsory insurance have induced the Government to prepare also a special insurance for widows and orphans. It might be mentioned that the management of these insurance companies lies entirely in the hands of the working classes and the employers.

The German nation applies an enormous part of its present wealth to the sanitary improvement and the beautifying of its cities and buildings. These measures are not confined to the quarters of the rich, but extend also to those of the working classes. Besides preserving and restoring as far as possible all interesting features and monuments of the past, able architects adorn the cities with magnificent municipal buildings, museums, libraries, school-houses, theaters, churches, and domes. Expert landscape-gardeners provide beautiful parks and squares for recreation-grounds and fit surroundings for the statues of the great men the nation has produced. The triumph Germany has achieved in improving its cities must be clear to every one who has had the opportunity of comparing the great modern German cities with those of other countries.

That in regard to public education Germany leads among the nations, that in literature, music, and arts it marches in the very first rank, is a fact too well known to necessitate the giving of details.

And so the modern German Empire presents itself, as Mr. Robert J. Thompson, United States consul at Hanover, said in a contribution to the New York *Herald*, "as a modern organization of the most efficient character, calculated to fit the times, and operating, from His Majesty the Kaiser down through the Reichstag to the humblest manufacturer, with a singleness of purpose to capture her full share of the markets of the world. It is no dream, but one of the greatest realities of modern history."

### *Is Germany a Menace to the World's Peace?*

That such a "great reality," looming up on the horizon, must cause uneasiness among competing nationalities is only natural—especially when this "reality" is powerful enough to fight everything that might be adverse to its intentions and interests. It is the fear for their own security, for their own commerce and interests, that makes certain European nations look at Germany with anxiety and suspicion. But if these nations will be just, they must agree that Germany, in spite of her military supremacy and many provocations to the contrary, has been for the thirty-eight years of the existence

of the Empire nothing but the safeguard of peace to Europe. Her readiness to submit all problems of the Morocco question to an international tribunal, her attitude on the Balkan question in 1909, have made clear that the policy of Germany has been decidedly pacific.

And the Emperor?

Although he is ambitious and stands at the head of the most powerful army of the world, during the twenty-one years of his reign he has directed his vigor, not to an aggrandizement of the Empire by conquest, but to the peaceful development of commerce, industries, and arts. Indeed, nobody can fail to acknowledge that it is one of the most significant characteristics of Emperor William II. to remain on friendly terms with all his neighbors. This wish he has manifested not only in his many speeches and by his frequent visits at the European courts, but also by his ardent efforts to bring about a better intercourse between Germany and France. His endeavors in this last direction have been, as many Germans believe, almost too frequent.

That army and navy are purely defensive institutions has been explained by the German authorities often enough. On March 29, 1909, Chancellor von Buelow declared emphatically, in the Reichstag, that Germany has no aggressive tendencies nor the intention to compete as a naval power with Great Britain. But as, up to the present time, there has been presented no basis, practicable and just to all nations, for negotiations on the limitation of armament, the Empire knows no better way than to follow the advice of George Washington, who said in his political testament: "If you will secure peace, prepare for war."

Emperor William himself made on September 11, at a gala dinner in Karlsruhe, a significant speech, in which he said: "So long as there are human beings, so long will exist enemies and hostile tendencies, against which we must protect ourselves. There will be always wars and threatening situations. We must be prepared for everything. My army stands ready to defend the honor of our country and to secure its peace. It bears its armor for nobody's joy and for nobody's harm."

And the Germans themselves? Absorbed in the solution of the many peaceful problems before them, they have neither time nor wish to think of war. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand would regard a war as a dreadful calamity, by which everything might be risked and the end of which nobody could foresee. Most assuredly, any measure that would guarantee peace would nowhere find stronger advocates than among the German people.

# MY BOY CHARLIE

BY ORR  
KENYON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
HANSON BOOTH



THE tides of war were at the flood when the surge reached the home of Martha Winthrop, away up on the Kennebec River in the old State of Maine. Abner Winthrop had called her "Mother" ever since their boy was born, and she had grown so used to it that she readily answered to the name, even when some of the neighbors caught the habit from the father and son.

Martha read in the weekly farm paper the call for volunteers, and gave a queer little gasp that caused the rather slow Abner to look up at her in wonder.

"What is it, Mother?" he managed to ask, as his potato hung suspended on the three-tined steel fork.

"Don't you go an' tell Charlie. You hear me, Abner Winthrop?"

"How kin I tell him, when I don't know what's up?" queried Abner cogently.

"It's the President," said Martha gravely. "What he says goes, you know, Abner. An' Charlie just worships the ground his feet stand on."

"What does Mr. Lincoln say?" inquired Abner, helping himself to another mess of savory country-fried potatoes. "I ain't hitched onto your thread yet, Mother."

"The President has issued a call for volunteers; wants 'em for three years. Think of it, Abner. Oh, sakes alive! If——"

The foreseen possibility was too much for Martha Winthrop, and she threw her apron over her head and rocked back and forth in her chair with a faint moan. This unusual demonstration was not lost upon Abner, but he never permitted anything seriously to interfere with his meals, and therefore calmly proceeded with that important function.

"I'm 'mos' certain he'll go," almost wailed Martha, taking her apron from her face. "Heavens above! Abner, what will I do?"

"Who'll go? Our boy Charlie?" asked her husband in surprise. "They want men; they don't want boys."

Martha looked at him with curling lip. Sometimes Abner's density got on her nerves.

"My soul! Abner Winthrop, can't you recollect telling Jennie Sykes last week that Charlie could foller the plow with any man in the country? Oh, I know what was runnin' through your head. You was a-thinkin' of Jennie's Cynthy. You always was forward at match-makin'. But that's all a waste of time. Charlie don't care fer her. Not a bit. He thinks more of that city gal that was up last summer than he does of all the Cynthys in the



"IF MR. LINCOLN WANTS YOU, CHARLIE, I'LL LET YOU GO"

land. More fool him, I know, fer she's likely forgot all about him long ago. An' it don't make a bit of difference now; he'll go an' volunteer for three years, sure's he knows Mr. Lincoln wants him to."

A quick step came up the garden path, and Martha turned eagerly to greet her son. Her fears were alert, and the glow of excitement in Charlie's face struck her dumb. Her lips moved thickly, but no words came.

"Well, Mother, have you heard the news? President Lincoln has called for volunteers. Lots of the boys are going, and I ——"

He stopped abruptly at the sight of his mother's face. Never had he seen such an ashen pallor on her florid cheeks.

"Why, Mother! What is it? What's the matter?" he inquired anxiously.

"You hain't been so foolish, Charlie! Tell me you hain't." The words were almost a cry.

"No, Mother, I haven't enlisted — yet."

"Yet? Oh, Charlie! Then you're going?"

"Not unless you say so, Mother." The reply came, clear and decided.

Martha Winthrop clasped her hands gratefully.

"That's like my boy!" she exclaimed. "But, Charlie, what made you think you ought to go?"

"Mr. Lincoln wants me," replied the youth simply.

"How do you know that?"

"He says the young men of the country should rally round the flag, and sweep the enemy from the field, and give peace to the land. I'm one of 'em, Mother. You know that."

"Don't you be a 'tarnal fool, Charlie," broke in Abner, at last waking up to the seriousness of the situation. "You better stay to home and take care of your Mother when—well, when I'm laid by."

"Now, Father," replied Charlie brightly, "you ain't laid by, not by a considerable. You're here to take care of Mother. Somebody's boy must answer that call from Mr. Lincoln; and it seems to me if I don't do it I'll be a sneak and a coward."

"Do you feel that way, Charlie?" asked Martha in a hard, strained voice.

"Yes, Mother, I do, for sure."

"An' you won't enlist unless I say so?"

"No, Mother, I won't. But—but, Mother, I—I think somebody's mother has got to say go, or the country's lost."

Martha Winthrop swallowed hard and rose to her feet. She laid one hand on her son's shoulder and said calmly:

"All right, Charlie. I love you, my boy, better'n anything in this world; but God's given us this grand country of ours, and I ain't goin' to play traitor. If Mr. Lincoln wants you, Charlie, I'll"—her voice caught in a sob—"I'll let you go."

## II

Martha Winthrop and Abner never forgot the last good-by as the military train pulled out of the station at the State capital: the crowded cars, with soldier boys leaning from every window and crammed on the platforms; the multitude of friends, relatives, and well-wishers at the station; the waving flags; the rather cracked horns attempting to play "The Girl I Left Behind Me"; the tear-dimmed eyes and the aching hearts. With dry lips they tried to cry, "God bless you!" as their Charlie's sad but resolute face looked over the shoulder of a comrade on the rear platform, and his clear voice rang out in a final, "Good-by, Mother! Good-by!"

The little home was very quiet and very desolate as the days dragged by. There was no one to call in the upper room, though Abner caused Martha a sharp pang by forgetting this when, on the next morning, he went to the foot of the stairs and called out, "Charlie! Time—" He did not finish the familiar words. "Blamed if I ain't forgot!" he muttered apologetically, while Martha buried her face out of human sight and wept many bitter tears.

In the evening, when the chores were done, Martha went out and watched Abner water the stock, drive the few sheep into the barn-yard, and put up the bars. This had been Charlie's work for many a year, and the very animals missed him and gazed around with plaintive calls. When old Robin, the large white horse, who had carried Charlie as a little boy on his back, temporarily refused to notice his oats, raised his head, and whinnied long and loud, Martha turned and went into the house, while Abner suspiciously wiped his eyes on his red cotton handkerchief before he locked the stable door and followed his wife to the kitchen, where the two sat silently, as Martha knitted, with many a smothered sigh.

Day by day Martha bought a paper at the village store, until the days turned into months and her frugal mind suggested the economy of subscribing to the daily *Argus* from the city. At first she had been unwilling to admit that Charlie was to be absent very long. It soon grew to be a habit for the pair to spend the evening, after the supper dishes had been carefully washed and put away, in absorbing the story of the great war as given in the day's despatches from the front. Martha read, and Abner listened, his mouth drawn in curious shapes as his emotions were stirred by the narrative. And so the second year added its months to the first, and Charlie's regiment was with the Army of the Potomac in front of Fredericksburg.

Letters came at very irregular intervals, though Charlie said he tried to write once every week, at least, and the old couple had come to recognize these delays as among the necessary incidents of war. But Martha always expected several at once whenever the time passed beyond a month, and, with patient finger on the big map of Virginia, she followed the regiment as best she could, leaving a little pointer lying constantly on the spot that had been named in the last letter.

## III

"Mother," said Abner slowly, "how long has it been?"

"Five weeks," replied Martha, with a grave nod.

"An' there's been a big battle nigh Fredericksburg," continued her husband uneasily.

"Yes. The rebels have got the city."

"So they have. H'm!"

Abner was silent a few minutes; then he looked at his wife across his big "specs" and inquired:

"There's been time since the battle to hear? Eh, Marthy?"

"Yes, Abner."

"What d'ye think, Marthy?" Of late Abner had sometimes called her by the old name of their courtship.

"The Lord is good, Abner."

"H'm!"

The dinner dishes waited on the table. Abner rose and walked to the door.

"Hello!" he called. "There comes the post-man."

"For me, Jim? Yes? I don't know the writin'."

"Here, Abner Winthrop, let me see," demanded Martha, taking the letter from his trembling

grasp. She tore it open hurriedly and read:

"Near FREDERICKSBURG,  
Sunday morning.

"MR. WINTHROP: There has been a big fight. We're whipped off for just now, but we'll get in at them again. Charlie was hurt —"

"Oh! oh!" The cry went straight from Martha's bursting heart. But she went bravely on:

"Charlie was hurt in the last charge. We had to run, but I promised him to let his mother know. Tell my folks I'm all right."

"JAMES BARTON."

Abner's voice failed him utterly when he tried to speak. He looked at his wife in dumb terror. But she only moistened her lips and whispered hoarsely:

"My boy Charlie! My boy Charlie!"

Then she shook herself and began a hasty inspection of her wardrobe. From the closet she took down her best plum-colored dress and brushed it carefully. Then she reached up and brought out the big bandbox containing her Sunday bonnet; and then produced her knit



HENRY DODGE

"SHE TORE IT OPEN HURRIEDLY AND READ"

gloves and her best shoes. Abner watched her with dilating eyes.

"Mother!" he said at length, "what be you goin' to do?"

"What am I going to do, Abner Winthrop? I'm goin', of course."

"Goin'? Goin'?" repeated her husband. "Where?"

"I'm goin' to Charlie."

The thin lips shut tightly, and Martha went into the next room and shut the door upon herself and her preparations, while Abner sat in despairing wonder. Presently she returned, attired for her journey.

Producing an old, thin "carpet-sack" from its

hidden retreat in the attic, she said sharply: "Abner, don't set there gaping at me. Go down to the store an' buy me a place in the stage for Augusta. It starts at four, an' it's 'mos' three now. D'ye hear?"

Abner heard and obeyed. When he came back, his wife sat on the little porch, carpet-sack by her side, gazing down the road where the stage would be first seen. At last he ventured a remonstrance.

"Mother!" She did not heed. "Mother! don't you know it's mighty far to Boston, an' Charlie's a long ways from Boston?"

"Yes, I know."

"Mother!" after a minute. "Charlie's a big piece from New York. Don't ye know?"

"Yes, Abner."

Her husband waited a while, and then mustered his forces.

"Mother! I reckon this here Fredericksburg's a hundred miles from Washington, even. It's a terrible journey, an' you've never been fifty miles from home in your life."

"My boy Charlie!" sighed Martha, apparently not hearing her husband's voice.

Abner got on his feet and went over to her



side. Putting a trembling hand on her shoulder, he said finally:

"Mother! it costs a heap to go to Washington. An' you can't travel for nothin'."

Martha looked at him sharply. Her voice had a ring in it that Abner knew belonged only to special occasions.

"I know it, Abner," she said. "I've got all the money in the old stocking that I've been savin' for a rainy day ever since we was married. Lord have mercy! I reckon it's rainin' as hard this day as it ever will." Her lips closed tightly.

Abner looked at her steadily.

"I hope the good Lord won't let it rain any worse!" he ejaculated gravely.

Then the stage came.

#### IV

On the way from the village to Augusta, Martha Winthrop made the acquaintance of a kindly old gentleman, and naturally told him of her undertaking. Her new friend advised her to make some effort to secure letters of introduction, and asked if she knew any one of influence in Portland or Boston.

"No, not one," said Martha sadly.

"Governor Andrew has a big heart," remarked the old man. "Suppose you try to see him in Boston. Just possibly he may help you to see the President in Washington."

Martha gasped.

"That's just what I was a-dreamin' about," she confessed, "but I couldn't see any way. I'll try the Governor."

Massachusetts' famous "War Governor" was at breakfast next morning, when his bell rang decidedly. The butler, opening the door, saw an elderly woman in very modest dress, and at once began to say formally:

"Governor's at breakfast; can't see ——"

"My boy Charlie is dying down there in Virginia,"

exclaimed the woman in a strained voice, pushing past the astonished butler. "I've got to see him!"

The way to the dining-room was straight ahead, and in another moment the door was flung open and Martha entered. The Governor sat with his face turned partly toward her, and in an instant she spoke, holding out both hands imploringly:

"Governor Andrew, my boy Charlie is dying down there by Fredericksburg, and I've come all the way from Augusta. I must go to him, Governor. Won't you help me?"

The sad, earnest face, the tearful eyes, and the touching appeal in the broken voice went to the Governor's heart.

"My dear madam," he said gravely, "if there is anything I can do, I will do it. But, let me ask, is it wise for a lady of your years to undertake this journey?"

"I'm going, Governor, if I have to walk."

Governor Andrew smiled approvingly.

"I think you will get there," he said. "All I can do is to give you a note to the President. If any one can help you reach your son, Mr. Lincoln is the man."

He rang for paper and ink and hastily wrote a brief letter which he addressed to the President at Washington.

The thanks that Martha gave him were of the sort that are not soon forgotten, and there was a mist before John A. Andrew's eyes as he sat down again to finish his interrupted meal.

From Boston to Washington seemed an endless distance to the troubled mother, but she pressed Governor Andrew's precious letter in her hand, even while she tried to sleep through the tedious hours of the night.

"I must not get played out too soon," she said warningly to herself.

Washington was



"HIS WIFE SAT ON THE LITTLE PORCH, GAZING DOWN THE ROAD"



"'YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT, IF YOU WILL. I'M GOING TO MY BOY,' SHE SAID"

reached in the morning, and Martha soon found herself standing on the steps of the White House, a feeling of awe in her breast, but with courage undiminished.

"Can't see the President, madam. He is in a Cabinet meeting." The stately official waved his hand with finality.

But Martha pushed resolutely on, saying in a high key:

"My boy Charlie is dying down there in Virginia. I will see the President. I ——"

The first official and another had started forward and grasped the offender against rule, their voices raised in emphatic denial. A door opened at a short distance, and the President looked out inquiringly. In an instant Martha recognized the sad, kindly, furrowed face, and held out an appealing hand.

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln!" she cried in tense tones, "my boy Charlie is dying down by Fredericksburg, and I've come all the way from Stag Hollow, in Maine, to save him. Won't you help me?"

The man of the great and sorrowing heart stepped out into the corridor and closed the door behind him.

"Come with me," he said kindly, taking her arm and drawing her into another room. "The Cabinet can wait a little."

She looked up at the gaunt, tall figure in amazement, but with the instantaneous confidence of a child toward one whose mien inspires it.

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln," she gasped, while the

tears flowed freely, "is it true? Can you help me find my boy?"

"Where is he, madam?" asked the President.

"He was hurt nigh Fredericksburg last week. Jimmy Barton wrote they had to leave him when the rebels drove 'em back."

Mr. Lincoln shook his head doubtfully. Martha saw it, and cried:

"Don't say no, Mr. Lincoln! Charlie wouldn't enlist unless I said he could; but he kept a-tellin' me that Mr. Lincoln wanted him, an' he said if somebody's mother didn't say go, the country was lost. Then I weakened. I couldn't stand that."

The tears stood in the President's eyes. He leaned his elbow on the mantel, towering far above his companion.

"What did you tell him then?" he asked.

"I said, 'Charlie, if Mr. Lincoln wants you, you can go.'"

The President's hand covered his brow for half a minute. Then he sat down at a table and wrote a brief note, and after that another, then tapped a bell. An orderly appeared, and Mr. Lincoln gave him one note, saying:

"Forward that at once to General —— at the front."

Handing the other to Martha, he said gravely:

"I am afraid, madam, that I cannot do all you wish; but I will do all I possibly can, and back you with the Army of the Potomac, if necessary. I have written the general in command to get you as near your boy as he can,



"'MOTHER! I KNEW YOU'D COME!' HE CRIED"

and this letter will pass you along to Fredericksburg. The ground where your son was wounded is now in possession of the enemy; but you shall go just as far as we can send you."

He paused a moment, while Martha's thanks choked in her trembling throat. Then he added:

"God bless you! I wish there were more mothers like you. Give my love to the boy who was ready to go when I called for him."

Another orderly led her away and put her on a train bound for the front. But Martha Winthrop saw nothing but a lined, grave face bending over her, and heard nothing for several hours but the echoes of that kindly voice.

## V

"Halt! and give the countersign!"

The sharp command rang out on the quiet air. But Martha Winthrop pressed on, apparently unheeding. She had been conducted

to the extreme outposts of the Union Army, and shown a hill in the distance as the probable place where her son had fallen. The officer accompanying her urged her not to go, stating that some exchange might be made in a few days, and her boy included among those sent back. But she would not listen. A moment's delay was terrible to her mother's heart. So now, when the Confederate sentry challenged her, she pressed right on till his second order and leveled musket arrested her attention.

"Halt, woman, or I will shoot!"

Without slackening her pace, Martha cried, as she waved one hand distractedly:

"I tell you, young man, my boy Charlie is dying over there on yon hill. I'm going to him. You'll have to shoot, if you will. I'm going to my boy."

"Why didn't ye shoot, Randall?" queried a companion round the camp-fire that night.

"I just couldn't, Tom," answered Randall. "She looked too much like my old mother I

left down there in Georgia. Blank it all! She couldn't do any harm."

On the crest of the hill Martha found an improvised hospital camp. Everywhere the men lay thick, under slight shelters of boughs and scraps of tent-cloth. Groans and cries of anguish saluted Martha's straining ears as she eagerly scanned every face, but all were strangers. At length a negro woman, acting as an attendant, answered her repeated request for news of her boy by saying:

"Mebbe he's ober dar, down in dat corner, Missus. Dar's a mighty sick sojer dat's allus callin' fer his mammy."

Under a scrap of tent-cloth, in the extreme corner of the rude camp, Martha Winthrop fell on her knees with a great, hungering cry, grasping one thin, sunburned hand in both her own:

"My boy Charlie! My boy Charlie!"

The light of reason conquered the fiercer fires of the fever, the eyes turned upon the loved face, and the boy saw what, in the twenty-five years of his subsequent life, he never forgot. Stretching up both feeble arms, he cried, with all his heart and soul in his voice:

*"Mother! I knew you'd come. I knew you'd come!"*

## BUT ONE LEADS SOUTH

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTER

SO many countries of the earth,  
So many lands of such great worth;  
So stately, tall, and fair they shine,—  
So royal, all,—but one is mine.

So many paths that come and go,  
Busy and freighted, to and fro;  
So many that I never see  
That still bring gifts and friends to me;  
So many paths that go and come,  
But one leads South,—and that leads home.

Oh, I would rather see the face  
Of that dear land a little space  
Than have earth's richest, fairest things  
My own, or touch the hands of kings.—  
I'm homesick for it! When at night  
The silent road runs still and white,—  
Runs onward, southward, still and fair,  
And I know well it's going there,  
And I know well at last 'twill come  
To that old candle-lighted home,—  
Though all the candles of heaven are lit,  
I'm homesick for the sight of it!

# TRAPPING WILD HORSES IN NEVADA

BY

RUFUS STEELE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**U**PON the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas, in a harsh region embracing parts of Eureka, Nye, Lander, White Pine, and Elko counties, Nevada, lies the last wild-horse pasture in America. The place is a fit desert stronghold. The only railroad that crosses the State is a hundred miles away. It is three days' ride from one ranch to another. In this barren and nearly inaccessible territory, the wild horse has made his last stand against captivity.

In Nevada there are to-day not less than fifty thousand wild horses. There may be one hundred thousand, for their habits are such as to make any exact count impossible. It is easy to believe that their ancestry goes back to the Arabian horses that strayed from the camp of Coronado in 1540, for they have the fine head, the slim legs, and the flowing mane and tail characteristic of the Arabian stock. There are bays, albinos, chestnuts, red and blue roans, pintos, sorrels, buckskins, and milk-whites. The mares average eight hundred pounds in weight, and the stallions frequently weigh three hundred pounds more than that; they stand from thirteen to fourteen hands high. Their endurance is phenomenal, and as for agility, the marks of their unshod hoofs are found at the summits of monumental boulder-piles which even a mountain goat might reasonably be expected to cut out of his itinerary. They keep to an elevation of from six to nine thousand feet, descending to the plains hardly at all. The water-holes are from twenty to fifty miles apart, but when the taint of man is upon a drinking-place, they will turn aside from it, even in midsummer, and wander on until instinct leads them to a spring that man has not defiled. In winter the water-holes may be solid ice, but the horses are not inconvenienced — they eat the snow. Bunch-grass is their sustenance in summer; then the first frosts cure the white sage, and that becomes palatable; they paw through the snow to reach it, and keep fat throughout the winter.

In extremity they gnaw at scrub pines and cedars, the sparse chaparral, greasewood, and rabbit-brush, and, with starvation ahead, they eat the bitter brush of the black sage.

## *Big Profits in Capturing Wild Horses*

When a man has once mastered them, these horses yield complete submission. They make wonderful saddle-animals, sometimes race-horses. Geronimo, a celebrated quarter horse of the Elko race-track, is an example of this. They are not heavy enough for draft work, but many thousands of them are to-day drawing farm-wagons, buggies, and delivery-wagons in the States of the Middle West. The average value of one of these horses, after it has been shipped to North Platte or Kansas City and slightly broken, is one hundred dollars. Men spend all winter planning campaigns against them in the hope of making big profits, and all summer in proving that most of these plans have flaws in them. Not infrequently the novice finds, at the end of the season, that the saddle-horses he has ruined in the chase outnumber the wild horses in his corral.

Any good bronco-buster who perseveres on the trail and waits his opportunity can get among a grazing band and rope his single prize. But roping wild horses one at a time — and not the best of the bunch — is not a profitable game. How to take the wild horse in numbers — that has been the problem for two generations.

The man who seems to have been most successful in solving it is Charles ("Pete") Barnum, a native of South Dakota, who in six years — he is now thirty-two years of age — has shipped from Nevada to Middle Western markets more than seven thousand splendid horses. Seven thousand head is probably two thousand less than he has caught, for about twenty-five per cent are killed in the process of breaking. I have tried to set down Mr. Barnum's story of his work — the most exciting outdoor trade in the West to-day — as nearly as possible as he tells it.

You may be riding along carefully among



towering mountains when, quite suddenly, you come upon a band of wild horses feeding or standing half asleep in the shade of rocks or stunted trees. One of the band sees, hears, or smells you, and instantly all are alert. If you rein in your horse and remain motionless, the wild stallion will advance toward you with extreme caution. At last he halts, throws up

place in the lead is taken by a crafty old mare. During long runs I have witnessed this change in leadership many times. Often it spells defeat for the "mustanger."

*How the Wild Horse Outwits the Mustanger*

To catch the wild horse is a real problem. A man may have worked around the mustangs



CHARLES ("PETE") BARNUM  
WHO IN SIX YEARS HAS SHIPPED FROM NEVADA TO THE MIDDLE  
WESTERN MARKETS MORE THAN SEVEN THOUSAND  
WILD HORSES

his head, emits a mighty snort, and instantly he is away at full speed, with his band at his heels. Down the mountain-side they go, with never a trail to follow. They leap, scramble, tumble, crash through old dead timber, and when they strike a bit of good running ground, their hoofbeats come back to you like the roll of a drum. If they are pursued, the thick-necked, thin-legged, many-scarred stallion continues to lead. If no pursuer appears, the stallion drops to the rear, to be on the alert against surprise, and his

for years, may be an expert, fearless rider, a sure shot with the lariat, may know the range perfectly, may have schemed and toiled unremittingly in arranging to take his captives, assisted by men of experience equal to his own, only to have a wily stallion or a sagacious old mare outwit him and escape.

Yet these mustangs are caught, not by twos and threes, or by scores, but by hundreds. I have made this my business for six or seven years. To many men the catching of these



SADDLING WITHOUT THROWING THE MUSTANG



DOWN ON THE RIDER'S LEG





THE FIRST TRIAL WITH HARNESS



A WILD HORSE IN THE ACT OF THROWING HIS RIDER THROUGH A GAP IN THE STOCKADE



ONE OF THE SADDLE-HORSES USED IN CATCHING WILD MUSTANGS

horses is a source of livelihood. They live among mustangs, they think mustangs, they measure in mustangs. I have worked from dawn until dark felling trees and dragging them to some mountain pass where I had previously watched long strings of mustangs file unsuspectingly back and forth to water or a favorite feeding-ground. In such passes my men and I have erected strong stockade corrals, from the gates of which we would build long brush fences, or wings, so that the outer opening would be half a mile across. Then a trained man would be sent to ride, walk, and crawl, until he had a bunch of wild horses between him and the corral. He would start the horses in a terrified run for the pass. A second rider would dart out from behind a rock or tree and lash his horse after them. Other men would join the chase, appearing suddenly as if from the ground itself, their object being to sweep the horses at top speed into the wings of the corral and straight down into its hidden gate. Do they race into the trap? Not always, nor nearly always. More often a sense that we cannot define warns them of danger. Over rocks, through pines, cedars, and mahoganies, even over mounted men, they tear their way to liberty! The stockade corral was carefully hidden, the trails were not disturbed, yet they would not go that way. Our combined efforts were unavailing. The horses would not be caught.

#### *Pursuing a Band by Relays*

When the country is sufficiently open and level, five or six experienced men, if well

mounted and properly stationed, can sometimes keep a band of horses running in great circles, and, by relieving each other at regular intervals, they can in time wear out the wild horses and corral those that do not give out during the run. The distances these horses will run when thus pursued by relays of riders are almost beyond belief. I have known instances where bands that had run twenty miles would take a spurt and outrun fresh horses. Bands that have been chased a few times discover that the pursuers are not after individuals, and the horses quickly learn to drop away from the band one at a time and escape. At length the pursuers find that they are trailing only one or two horses, and give up in disgust.

When a band is started, they will race away for a short distance, then halt and face about at the crest of the first ridge, like a line of soldiers. If they see the pursuer coming, they will snort, wheel about, and start on the long, long race. Immediately the mustanger begins his work. Should the horses start off in the direction of his trap, he will follow at such speed as to keep close to them without crowding them. Should the leader attempt to take a new direction, the mustanger must force his own horse up to the stallion and fight him, for the "drags" and "tails" will follow their leader blindly. The mere appearance of the enemy at such close quarters means increased speed on the part of the mustangs, but the rider must show such speed and determination that the leader will acknowledge defeat and turn away from the rider—turn back in the direction



A GROUP OF HALF-BREED HORSE-TRAPPERS

the rider wishes him to take. This is usually the vital moment of the chase. If the stallion can be turned, the capture of at least part of his band is almost assured. But experience or instinct has taught the wild leader not to turn. Seven out of ten bunches of wild horses will strive to go just the way you do not wish them to go, and all that one can do will not turn them. I have ridden neck and neck with these game old stallions; I have beaten them across the nose with my quirt until their faces were drenched with blood, only to have them slacken sufficiently to dodge behind my horse and thence to continue on their contrary way.

#### *Trapping a Wild Band with Tame Horses*

Of the older methods of capturing wild horses the most successful is the *parada*. A number of gentle horses are driven to a section where wild ones abound, and are concealed in a natural runway. Sharp-eyed men scour the neighborhood for mustangs, and, having found a bunch, start them in the direction of the *parada* of gentle horses. Relays of men are stationed out of sight along the course that the wild horses are expected to follow, to keep them to the right direction. At length the running band tears into the little valley where the gentle horses in small bunches are feeding and moving slowly about. The wild horses mix with them and, in theory, at least, come to a halt. Suddenly men appear on all sides. The gentle horses are not excited, and this quiets the wild ones, so that the entire reinforced band may be driven away intact to a corral.

Thousands of wild horses have been captured in this way, but in most parts of the wild-horse country the method is played out. The horses have grown wise. If they cannot evade the relays of riders and go off in a new direction, they will dash into the *parada*, through it, and away, before the men hidden near at hand can stop them. Sometimes they excite the gentle horses and carry them off also. Or else, when the men begin to hem in the band, the wild ones, one at a time, will make a dash for liberty, knowing full well that if they slip away singly they will not be pursued. Strangely, it is only the stallion that can be induced to return to a *parada* from which he has escaped. Often the stallion will dash to liberty outside the circle of men, but, if his mares are held, he will return to them if the men remain quiet. Horses that have escaped from a *parada* never forget the lesson. When pursued again, they will avoid any band of horses.

It has always been the weaker and poorer horses that were caught in largest numbers: the cream of the herds — the strong, the fleet, the capable and crafty — escapes. The elimination of the poorer stock has improved the breed, and the standard is higher among these wild horses to-day than among domestic animals.

#### *The Canvas Corral Revolutionizes Wild-Horse Catching*

We had long believed that if corrals could be erected quickly in passes much traveled by them, the horses could be caught and held. We wasted many months in erecting stockade corrals in different places, but the noise and



**A BIG CATCH OF WILD HORSES AT A FENCED-IN WATER-HOLE**



**A STUBBORN MUSTANG LIES DOWN WHEN HE HAS FAILED TO THROW HIS RIDER BY BUCKING**





WITH ONE FORE LEG THUS BOUND UP, THE WILD HORSE  
CAN BE DRIVEN TO THE HOME RANCH



ONE WAY OF SADDLING A WILD MUSTANG

disturbance — even the presence of mounted men upon the range — would cause the horses to forsake the range or refuse to run in the direction we wished. Timber is very scarce and must be hauled many miles. Often we could not get it to the place where we wished to build a trap. We tried heavy woven wire. Not only did its weight and bulkiness prevent its being taken into the rough places, but having once been stretched out to form a corral, the wire could not be taken down and used again elsewhere.

It was only after long, costly experimenting that my inspiration came. It must have been an inspiration, for the development of that idea has revolutionized the trapping of wild horses in Nevada. Observation had taught me that wild horses seldom try to jump anything they cannot see through or over. So I figured that if a corral could be devised that should have some strength, with walls that the horses could not see through or over, and that had little weight, the problem would be solved. The corral would have to appear to the horses to be a great deal stronger than

it really was, so that they would not try to break it down, and it would have to be so light that it could be packed in sections upon the backs of pack-animals and moved quickly to this or that pass and erected before the wild

horses observed us or suspected danger. I decided to try canvas. I obtained two pieces, each long enough and wide enough to make a circular corral fifty feet in diameter and seven feet in height. In weight the canvas was nearly

as heavy as belting. The experiment worked well — the canvas corral, easily shifted from point to point and quickly and noiselessly erected, proved at once the best sort of trap that had ever been tried on the wild-horse ranges. We loaded the canvas corrals upon pack-animals and carried them to

the wildest and least accessible parts of the mountains. The corral could be set up in two hours. As the canvas began a foot above the ground, the wall had a height of eight feet. In these corrals we have caught the wildest

horses, old veterans that had been escaping for years. We learned how to select the right place for the corral trap and how to get it into position and ready so that the horses would suspect nothing until too late for them to turn back. We would then start out early in the morning and move up to the point where

the trap was to be set. A few hours' work sufficed for the erection of the corral and the cloth and bunting wings. Everything ready, the starter would slip away and start the nearest bunch of horses. If he saw them running



A WILD HORSE TRYING TO UNSEAT HIS RIDER BY RAPID TWISTING



ONE OF THE CANVAS CORRALS ORIGINATED BY CHARLES ("PETE") BARNUM

toward the trap and into the hands of the outlying men, he would go farther back to start another bunch, and still another. I have seen separate bunches totaling thirty head coming into the corral within a hundred yards of each other. They were all corraled and held, though the riders had a very busy time of it.

### *The Water-hole the Strategic Point*

South of Eureka, water is very scarce. Here I have caught great numbers of wild horses by trapping them when they came to drink. It must be understood that the only water the mustangs can get is at the mountain springs, which are not numerous, and which are often twenty miles or more apart. Some years ago I fenced in a number of these springs, making small fields, with a wide opening for a gate at the front. At the far end of these little inclosures I built corrals of woven wire, then left them. At first sight of these fences the wild horses invariably ran away, but in the heat of summer they had no choice — they must enter or die of thirst. Although it took many months for them to become accustomed to these water-traps, it has proved a most satisfactory way to catch them; for, instead of crippling and killing good saddle-horses in terribly exhausting runs, and incidentally taking chances on broken bones and serious accidents ourselves, we merely lie in wait in a place where the wild horses cannot see, hear, nor smell us. We either construct a shelter on top of a ridge that commands a view of the gate, or dig a hole close to the entrance, large enough to conceal two men and their bedding. This hole is roofed over with brush and dirt, and a dead tree laid on top of it all to give it a natural appearance. We have found that if a man is thus hidden the horses will not get his scent readily. This is a very important consideration, for we have lost more horses through their scenting us than in any other way.

### *Getting the Captured Horses to the Railroad*

The reader may wonder how, when we have a corral full of wild horses, we ever manage to get them to the home ranch or to the railroad, which may be a hundred and twenty miles away. Just there lay problem Number Two. By most methods a certain percentage of the horses are lost in the moving. My own method is as follows: Each horse in the canvas corral is lassoed and thrown, and one of his front legs is firmly bound up at the "elbow." When the horse is released, he springs up on three legs and charges about at first. But when we begin to drive the bunch, they find that they can-

not run very far away on three legs. The going is painful and their stubborn spirit of resistance is broken down. Presently a horse grows weary and lags behind. That is the sign that he surrenders. We rope and throw him, remove the rope that binds up his fore leg — and find that we can now drive him along without great difficulty. At night we put the bunch into the corral that we have brought along with us. By morning the spirits of the horses may have recovered, and they are ready to renew the dispute. Again they are thrown and bound and driven along on three legs. After a few miles they begin to drop back, to have the leg-binder removed. They are pacified. Subjugation is somewhat slow, but usually sure, and after a while the horses will cease to fight.

### *"Sontag," the Outlaw Stallion*

Five years ago there were thousands of horses in the mountains bordering Fish Creek valley. From the peaks on either side one could see bands in every direction, peacefully grazing. Here we caught many magnificent horses; the feed was excellent, and they seemed to thrive in winter as well as in summer. One big brown stallion was the cause of many an exhausting run. He was powerfully and faultlessly proportioned, weighing close on twelve hundred pounds. His band numbered fourteen head. The beauty of the leader and the variegated coloring of his swift band marked them out from the wild horses everywhere around. The stallion was so wild, so alert, and so game that some one declared, one day, that he was as much an outlaw as Sontag, the noted California bandit. The allusion gave the stallion his name; always after that he was "Sontag."

Early one spring we were bringing about two hundred head to the railroad for shipment. Wagon Johnnie, a half-breed Shoshone, who was riding in the lead, signaled us to stop. He rode back and told us that Sontag and his band were feeding about two miles ahead of us, in such a place that it would not be difficult to get behind them and drive them into our semi-gentle bunch, or *parada*. I gave my men their positions, and we began to move. An Indian named Philip Arrowtop made a wide circle and got behind Sontag and his bunch without being seen by them. The mustangs were so close to us that the only way to get them inside the circle of our men was to "fog" them from the start. Fog them the Indian did. I saw him dash at them, enveloped in a cloud of dust. He charged among them on his big white horse, swinging a bright-colored serape above his head as he bounded through the brush. Sontag



fled instantly, followed by his bunch, straight toward us. The relay men closed in in perfect order, and, before they realized the situation, Sontag and his herd, after a terrific run of two miles, were turning and twisting among the two hundred horses of our band. A crowd of yelling riders beat them back whenever any of the wild ones approached the edge of the drove. The old leader was surprised. He circled through the strange herd, neighing as he went and trying to reassemble his followers. In this he was not successful. He began to run about. Suddenly he darted straight at me. I sent my reata curling at his head, but he dodged it cleverly, found himself outside the hateful circle, and away he raced to the hills, minus his herd of followers.

Within a week Sontag must have fought and conquered another stallion, for the old leader appeared with a new band. Three months later two of my saddle-horses escaped and joined Sontag's flock. I planned to run down the entire band, believing that when thoroughly exhausted they could be driven, with gentle horses, to a corral that I erected in the foothills. Our run was a success, though we made a ten-mile circuit twice instead of once. Each man did his work well, and for a second time the old stallion was ours—almost. His sides heaved from the long exertion, and vapor rose from his body in little clouds, but his head was still high and his eye full of fire. He looked at me, advanced a step, and I unswung my rope. Like a flash he dashed between me and a young Indian on my right. I anticipated the movement correctly and got my lariat over him neatly. When he felt the rope tighten about his neck, he surged against it with all his strength. In the long race the cinch of my saddle had become loose, and the sudden strain jerked my outfit upon the withers of my horse. My horse "stayed," and so did I, but I knew that something would have to go soon. Old Sontag continued to rear and plunge, and was gaining his freedom an inch at a time when an Indian rode in between my struggling horse and the stallion, grabbed my rope, and shouted, "Let go!" I did so; the Indian attempted to fasten the reata about his saddle-horn, but missed his turns, and in an instant Sontag had torn the rope from the Indian's hands and was leaping off to the hills, dragging my twelve-dollar reata in the dust behind him.

Two years later we caught Sontag and a new band at a water-hole that we had fenced in. This time we succeeded in getting him safely to a field where we were holding about sixty other horses. They had plenty to eat and drink, and we left them there for ten days. When we

returned to our corral it was absolutely empty. There was a gap in the heavy wire fence, and the broken ends of the wire were covered with blood and hair and flesh. Two mustangs lay dead there. A terrific onslaught, led by a horse of far more than average intelligence, had beaten open that door to liberty. It was easy to believe that we owed the loss of him and of sixty other good horses to old Sontag. I have never seen the proud and splendid stallion since.

### *An Adventure with Wild Horses in a Cañon*

Last summer unusual numbers of mustangs frequented the range of mountains that separates Antelope Valley from Fencemaker Wash, in Eureka County. Our work necessitated crossing the range frequently. We noticed that when the horses were scared they would strike out down a long ridge toward the foothills below. This course took them through a cañon that had perpendicular walls of granite. The only possible escape from the cañon was by two trails fifty feet apart. The trails passed through veritable rock gates. If these gates were closed by trees laid across them, running horses would be swerved squarely into a natural rock corral of considerable size, as perfect a corral as we could possibly build. We felled some pine trees and laid a good-sized tree across the boulders, thus blocking each of the trails. We agreed that our barricade was perfect.

Soon after daylight one June morning, we set out to try our rock corral trap. In the vicinity the mountains were exceedingly steep and rough. Viewed from a distance, they seemed in many places to be almost perpendicular. The mountain-sides were embedded with large flat stones jutting out at every angle. This was the country through which we must ride at break-neck speed; so every man chose for his mount the horse he believed to be most sure-footed and agile. I rode a wiry, nervous, four-year-old mule, who could run through seemingly impassable places with ease. By my side rode Allison, an Indian with thirty years' experience among wild horses. Allison had an almost miraculous eyesight. He reined in and pointed toward the filmy summit of Nine Mile Mountain. I reached for my glasses, and soon discerned what he had already seen—a band of about thirty horses quietly grazing. They were miles away and thousands of feet above us. It was an ideal spot from which to start them: they must surely come down that long slope and race into the cañon where lay our trap.

Allison's son, a lad of sixteen, light in weight, fearless, of good judgment, was sent around the mountain with instructions to get above and behind the band and start them toward the cañon. The rest of us took up stations on high ridges, where, out of sight, we could watch the movements of the band. I had a fine stand. Far away above me I could watch the mustangs through my glasses. Back of me, out beyond the foothills, was Fish Creek valley, wide, hot, barren. From its far side arose other mountains. Still farther east were the snow-capped Rubies.

For nearly three hours I waited for the Indian boy to appear on the mountain above the mustangs. I had become impatient, and my eyes ached from the strain. To ease them I watched a column of ants laboriously dragging little twigs across the rock on which I was seated. My mule, standing lazily by, suddenly raised her head in the direction of the mustangs. I looked. A mile below the spot they had occupied, I saw the advancing end of a ribbon of dust. Leading it were flying objects that seemed no larger than the ants at my feet. Back of the mustangs, through my glasses, I could see a small black object that appeared to be falling downward through space. It was the half-breed boy riding down the mountain like a fiend. My mule was nervously pawing, scenting the excitement. Every moment brought them nearer, but until the leader crossed the ridge on which I sat there was nothing for me to do.

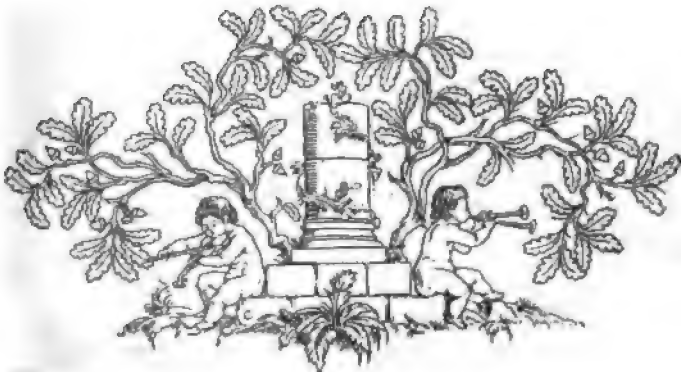
The mustangs were coming exactly as I wanted them to come; the pace was terrific. The leader, a fine big sorrel stallion with light mane and tail, crossed a few hundred yards below me. Stringing out behind him, came the rest, their sides heaving, their coats dripping water. I had tightened my cinch, and now climbed into the saddle. The mule, keen for the run, champed the bit. My legs were pressed hard against her sides and I could dis-

tinctly feel the pounding of her heart. The mule leaped out even before I could give the word.

"Whoop! Whoop!" I yelled. The last mustang was about a hundred yards ahead of me. The yelling and the sight of the long-eared creature I was riding added to their terror, and with renewed energy the wild horses flew down toward the cañon and the corral. I sent my mule galloping after them. At every bound we cleared rocks and dead timber. I felt a lurch and knew I was falling. I tried to "clear," but was not quick enough. I struck among the stones and brush, and down upon me came the mule. A spur had caught in the saddle and I could not free myself. Together we rolled down the hill, but, by one of those miracles of the wilds, neither of us was badly hurt. Though somewhat dazed, I clung to the bridle-reins, and when the mule lifted herself off my body at the foot of the hill I pulled myself into the saddle again.

In another moment we were racing down the mountain again. The wild horses had disappeared from sight, but a blind man could have followed the broad trail they left. I rode into the cañon and on at top speed to the corral. There I saw two little colts running about excitedly, and an Indian who had been stationed near was sitting motionless and rather stupidly on his pony. There were no horses in the corral nor in the cañon. I could not understand it, and called to the Indian, "Where are the mustangs?" He pointed to the trails we had blocked with trees and said, "He go that way."

Then I saw that the leader had blindly followed one of the two trails. At the last moment, unable to check himself when he saw the tree barring his accustomed way, he had lowered his head and crashed into the barrier. With a mighty lurch he had struggled forward and lifted the tree from its place in the rocks, thus removing the barrier entirely. Every one of his band had followed him and escaped.



# THE UGLY MAN

BY

J. O. COBB

**W**E were delayed five hours in St. Paul by a snow-bound train on the Soo line. The immense room was filled with immigrants, waiting, like ourselves, for west-bound trains.

As we promenaded slowly up and down, stopping here and there to read the notices on the walls, the train schedules, and all the other advertisements, we noticed a family of Russian Jews huddled together in the midst of innumerable boxes and bundles, upon which the man kept a sharp eye. The poor sick mother, worn and exhausted with the long journey, half reclining on the bundles, paid no attention to the others. A little boy of about five, wrapped in his father's ragged overcoat, lay upon the floor, and a scrawny infant, too ill to cry, was held close in the arms of the eldest child, a girl of ten, the most beautiful child I have ever seen. Her long, wavy brown hair was wonderful in coloring, for ruddy, burnished gold tipped the crest of each wave. The father, too, was remarkable — tall, erect, and handsome, with the same beautiful color in eyes, hair, and long flowing beard. His features were gentle and Christlike, but in his eyes there was the hunted look of the hungered and oppressed.

I never look back upon this day that the eyes of the Jew and his daughter do not appear before me in mute appeal. His look of suffering and the motherly anxiety shown in the little daughter's face as she walked back and forth with the sick child haunt me even now, though at the time I passed them by, I fear with repulsion and indifference. This feeling did not come altogether from hardness of heart, but rather from a state of mind that had been gradually bred in me by constant contact and close familiarity with want and suffering. What I saw here was a daily and familiar picture at Ellis Island, where I had been stationed for the last four years, inspecting immigrants. Not an immigrant can enter this country until he has passed the physical inspection of the Government doctors, and it was while doing duty

on that detail that I became hardened — no, not hardened, but inured — to the harrowing sights of poverty and distress.

As we walked up and down, back and forth and across, we noticed one other person particularly. He was so repulsive that one could not fail to mark his every feature with loathing and fear. It was not a face that one would care to meet when alone in the dark, on some lonely roadway. His face was pockmarked, and covered with a stiff beard which grew high on his prominent cheek-bones, almost reaching his eyes. His eyebrows were very heavy, and fell downward, nearly covering his small pig eyes, which were close together and deep-set in their sockets. His hair grew well down on his forehead; it was coarse and black, except in patches, where there were locks of gray. His ears were big and stood out from his head like purple conch-shells. His chin was heavy and square, protruding beyond the perpendicular line of his forehead; and his thick and sensuous lips, when parted, showed that two front teeth were missing. The only good feature he possessed was a big, well-shaped nose. His legs were short and bowed, and his gait was swaggering. When he turned and came close to me, I saw that one eye had been knocked out, and the grayish, shiny stump seemed to stare at me in a menacing way. The angry purple scar across his left cheek showed that this man had faced cold steel, and that scar gave me an interest in him, though at the time I was not conscious of it.

"Well, what do you think of Uncle Sam's imported cattle?" he snarled, twisting his thick, bluish lips into a sneer; and then, continuing his speech without giving me time to answer him, "They are a fine breed," he said, waving his arms in a sweeping gesture, so as to make me comprehend that he meant the immigrant passengers. "Russian Jews — the dirty dogs; Dagoes in garlic; Germans smelling of sauerkraut and limburger; square-heads — well, they are the worst, the stupid, how I hate 'em! And they come daily by the thousands, the same ignorant cattle. If you should come to this station tomorrow, there would be no change in type, and

you would wonder whether they were the same you see to-day. It's all fine words, nothing else, this talk we make about the land of the free and the home of the brave. Puh! Never can be free from political bosses and official thieves as long as such cattle are allowed to come in. The standard of morality is being lowered every day," he said, coming to a halt. He reached to his hip pocket and drew forth a whisky flask, presenting it to me with an invitation to drink. When I declined, he made no comment, but turned the bottle up to his lips and took a long swig; then, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, he startled me by saying suddenly, "Now, what do you think?"

"Oh, I, er — I don't think," I stammered.

He looked at me quizzically for a moment, saying, "Oh, I see; you have opinions, but do not care to express them. Is my conversation objectionable to you?" he blurted out.

Of course I had to assure him that it was delightful and instructive — in fact, I was beginning to be fascinated with the man.

"For, if it is, we'll take a drink and call it off," he said, transfixing me with his eye. "I am a disagreeable cuss, and my voice is like a Hadlock log-saw, and my ideas scatter like a load of birdshot. But I am honest," he said, without a semblance of a smile. "It's the God's truth, though no one would believe it — tried myself lots of times. And my opinions — no, not my opinions, but my instinct and my mental perception, have invariably been correct. It's a kind of a gambling intuition with me. Now, notwithstanding the wonderful progress of our country, especially the Western States, my instinct points unerringly to the time when these poor, down-trodden immigrants shall have produced an economic crisis that may cause me to slay you or you to slay your best friend. That cloud is arising, the nimbus is forming; in time it will break, and that means the maelstrom of bloody strikes, the blackened ruins of the centers of industry — maybe civil war. It will be class against class, the scab against the union, you against me, gold against want, the white, taper fingers of the pampered against the hardened hands of labor; and when that time comes, I'll lap your blood like the thirsty wolf, for I will fight with the oppressed, while your ancestry calls you to those who will win, for your class holds the purse-strings. They will cause division and dissension in the ranks of the laboring man; that's their game. All this will come about because of the lowering of our moral standard, as I said. This influx of the scum from Europe means overcrowding, sickness, woman labor and child labor, all the rest that follows in the train, ever downward, always

down. There, now," he cried out savagely, bringing his fist down into his other palm, "isn't it so?"

"And why do we still permit them to come in, practically without restriction? Why doesn't the laboring man rise up in his wrath and his might and demand that immigration be restricted? I'll tell you why. They are blinded by the wonderful progress of the nation. They don't see the incoming immigrant reaching for the morsel that they are carrying to their mouths. In time it will be snatched, and then? Why, there will be hell to pay, and blood will flow, and — I'll — lap — your — blood —" he said between puffs of his pipe, as he held the lighted match to the tobacco. "And one laborer will be turned against another, farmer against farmer, section against section. And why? Because of these cattle," he said, waving both hands about. "Such as these, such as these!" he said in a sad voice. The pipe was nearly out again, and he had to suck rapidly a number of times at it to make it burn.

"All aboard, passengers west-bound on the Soo and Canadian Pacific," cried the station-master, and the Ugly Man instantly knocked the ashes out of his pipe and began to run about among the immigrants, talking, gesticulating, and swearing. He demanded their tickets as if he had authority, and they gave them up without question, for by some occult power he made them understand him. Soon he had gathered together all those going on our train, and, with his arms loaded down with their bundles, he made his way to the gate, followed by his "cattle."

All the time he kept up a continuous volley of oaths against the Government for allowing immigrants to come into the country. At the gate he had a controversy with the ticket examiner, but he had his way and got through with his load without showing his tickets. When he reached the inside, he put the bundles down and went back and showed his tickets. By that time the crowd was pushing and shoving, all trying to get through at once. The Ugly Man saw a poor woman being squeezed, whose condition called for protection. Instantly he jumped in among them and began butting and pushing and striking out. In a moment's time he had forced them back, leaving the woman plenty of room to walk in with her little child. As he pushed the crowd back he encountered the big Jew with the brown eyes, and he held on to him until the woman had passed through safely. The Jew was supporting his sick wife, and was frantically holding on to numerous bundles. The Ugly Man stooped and picked the woman up as one would pick up a child, and, taking the little boy

by the hand, led them through the gate to their car. All this time he was swearing as if some one had done him a great wrong.

It was nearly night when we pulled out, and I did not see the Ugly Man again until we reached Moose Jaw. Here we were delayed, waiting for the Overland from Winnipeg, and most of the passengers were stretching their legs, walking up and down the platform in the cold, crisp air. I was well forward on the platform when the conductor called "all aboard" and the passengers came running from all directions. The Ugly Man had been in a near-by saloon; but he had been warned in time, and it seemed that we were not to lose him, for he came into the smoking-car with a flask of whisky in each hand, his coat pockets full. In this car were some miners, and he entertained them with stories about Alaska, all of them drinking his Scotch whisky meanwhile.

The man's knowledge of the country was astonishing, as was his stock of rough stories and oaths. It was very interesting to hear him talk, for he had suitable language with which to express himself to all classes understandingly. He was miner, sailor, priest, lawyer, or gentleman, as occasion required, though one's attention was caught by the frequent outcropping of scientific expressions, which showed more than a passing acquaintance with books. Occasionally he used expressions that showed that he was familiar with the language of the Western Indian tribes.

I listened to his stories for a time, then walked back through the long train of tourist sleepers and Pullmans. I noticed the Jewish family, and I thought that the man looked appealingly at me. The Ugly Man stayed in the smoking-car, drinking, playing cards, and swearing at the immigrant cattle, and it seemed that he never went to sleep. Every time he saw me he pulled out a flask of whisky and offered me a drink.

Finally the foothills began to loom up before us, and we left the flat barren plains to the rear. The next morning we were at the Divide, making ready to plunge down the western slope. I had a permit to ride on the forward locomotive, and soon we ran out of the siding, down the mountain-side. I leaned out of the cab window, entranced with the scenery. All too soon for me we were down in the timber-lands, with the rain steadily falling.

At that time the Canadian Pacific sent its south-bound passengers by steamer from Whatcom to Tacoma. As the boat ride was to be by daylight through those beautiful islands, most of the passengers welcomed the change from the cars to the steamer. A few moments after the *Snobomish* glided out of Whatcom Bay, the

Russian Jew came and stood near me by the rail. I noticed that he was there, but attached no importance to it; but the Ugly Man did, for he saw that the Jew wanted to communicate with me. The Jew went aft; soon I heard a roar, and from the harsh voice I knew that something had disturbed my Ugly Man, and I walked back to see what the trouble was. He was coming forward to hunt for me, his arms flying about, and he was swearing dreadfully.

"Isn't that hell!" he kept repeating. "And you riding along with your stomach full, and you actually threw away a big box of lunch; I saw you." He was cursing and calling all kinds of names, and I was wondering what on earth I had done. He grabbed me roughly by the arm, crying out, "Come and see — come and see what we have allowed in this land of plenty! That Jew has nearly mustered up courage a number of times to speak to you in German, as you look like a Dutchman. He wanted to tell you that his food and money had been stolen, and that they have not had a bite to eat since they left New York; but he feared he would be punished if he spoke to you. They have a baby, but the wife is so sick that she can't nurse it, and the child, like the rest of them, is starving. Here!" he cried, dropping two silver dollars into his own hat and holding it out to me.

In a few moments' time he had a hat full of money, for now the story was known among the passengers and every one was eager to contribute. The meal-hour was over on the boat, but when I sent my official card to the captain and told him the story, he ordered the steward to get milk, bread and butter, and cold meats, and oh, the poor famished beings! All this time the Ugly Man did not cease swearing except to hear the Jew's story of cruelty and punishment, as he told it in his poor German, the Ugly Man being interpreter for the crowd.

In our excitement we had overlooked the starving infant. It could not eat, and the beautiful little girl who was acting as mother to it had not yet eaten a bite. She timidly touched the Ugly Man's sleeve and pointed to the child. Instantly the rough man comprehended, and he broke away from us and ran across the saloon to a buxom young German woman who was nursing a baby. He took her baby out of her arms and gave it to its father, and led the blushing young woman over to where we stood grouped about the Jewish family. He plumped her down, and took the sick child from the little girl and laid it against the young mother's soft breast. At first the child was too nearly gone to notice.

"Drink, you little Sheeny, drink!" the Ugly Man cried out, dancing from one foot to the

other in his excitement. "Drink, I tell you! — And to think you threw away a box of lunch!" he said, giving me a vicious shake, "and that I drank seven flasks of whisky! — Didn't I tell you to drink? There, hurrah!" he shouted, loud enough to be heard all over the boat. "It's sucking, it's sucking!" he cried, giving me a snatch toward him and then shoving me back. "Drink, I tell you! More! More, I tell you! Is it good? Is it? Answer me!" He pointed his finger at the child; but it did not seem to be afraid of him and reached out its little skinny hand and grasped his big, stubby, cracked finger and held on to it. And it drank and drank, and we saw its life blood rising in a pink glow again to its lips.

"There, that will do for the present; you mustn't be a pig just because you're in the land of plenty," the Ugly Man said, taking the child in his arms. He made the little girl eat, while he walked up and down with the infant. But before long he gave the child to the young woman to nurse again.

Presently we reached Marrowstone Point, and the Ugly Man said he was nearly home. He insisted that the baby be fed once more before he left, and gave each of the children a silver dollar. The boat ran around a point of land and blew the whistle. We were entering a beautiful bay which projected back into pine-covered hills, overhung with majestic mountains, seemingly within a stone's throw. At the head of the bay was a big saw-mill, and we could see the giant firs being ripped up by massive saws. There was the usual crowd on the wharf, and as soon as we came within hailing distance the Ugly Man climbed on to the rail and shouted as loudly as he could, while he waved a large doll. As the boat drew closer he shouted again and held the doll out. Then I saw a little girl fly about and wave her hands. The man sprang down from the rail and gathered up his bundles, bidding us all good-by and patting the young German mother affectionately on the shoulders before he went below. I watched over the side for him to come up the gangway, and out he came with his hands full, the doll dangling

by one foot. As he stepped to one side to leave the gangway clear, a little brown girl ran to him and snatched the doll from his hand.

"Come on, Ma!" the child cried, and we saw an Indian woman coming with her stately tread to greet him. She smiled and patted his arm and he patted her shoulder, much as the Spanish do in greetings. There was no other token of affection between the man and woman; yet one knew in a moment, from the actions of the child and the look in the mother's face, that this man was husband and father and that they loved him and were proud of him.

The little girl then began to go through his pockets, emptying package after package on the wharf, while he stood there with his arms raised, swearing at those who collected around him. They all knew him, and every one turned aside to pass a banter with him and shake his hand and slap him on the back. Even the dogs slipped in between the numerous legs to greet him, and of course the children pressed around him, and he had presents for every one. Not once did he smile or show any sign of pleasure; but he swore at everybody, and they laughed and seemed to like it.

Finally the boat-hands had run down the last truck-load of freight and the steamer whistled to be off. They were ready to haul in the gangway, when we saw the beautiful Jewish girl slip quietly to the Ugly Man's side, and before he could comprehend she grasped his big rough hand and imprinted upon it one kiss after another. She wore a string of amber beads, and she slipped them off and placed them around the little brown girl's neck; then, stooping, she kissed the astonished child and ran rapidly down the gang-plank, back to the boat. The Jew was standing by my side, and when he saw what his daughter had done, the tears rolled down his cheeks. He laid his hand gently on my arm, and pointed aloft to our flag and then to his heart. A smile of confidence overspread his features, smoothing away the hunted, hungered look, and there was that in his face which said, "I see how it is now; under that flag I am a man."





# TWO EXPLORERS AND A LITERARY PARSON

BY

WILLIAM H. RIDEING

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**B**EFORE I met Henry M. Stanley, uncompromising, silent, humorless, inscrutable, I had talked with men who had been under him in his African expeditions, and all they told me about him:

was more or less appalling. He was not inhuman, but in desperate straits he spared neither man nor beast, nor would he defer to the counsel or the pleas of others, or have any patience with less than instant and unquestioning obedience to his orders under all circumstances. He would not forbear under arguments or excuses, or relax his severity by any familiarity or pleasantries even when his object had been gained. He was both despot and martinet; stern, exacting,

"I cannot say we loved him," one of his lieutenants said to me; "we were all afraid of him: but we all believed in him. When he hadn't his rifle in hand, he had his Bible, and no matter where our camp was, or how long and distressing our march had been, he never missed his bath and shave in the morning."

What details to inspire an imaginary portrait of him! The silent man in white, imperturbable in the heart of the African forest, his words restricted to commands, which his followers, recognizing their destiny in him, leaped to obey!

I had not met him in my old newspaper days, when he was a



HENRY M. STANLEY AS A YOUNG MAN



HENRY M. STANLEY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT TWO YEARS AFTER HIS RETURN FROM  
THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION

reporter on the New York *Herald*, but after his return to America from his successful search for Livingstone, he came to one of the monthly dinners of the Papyrus Club in Boston, that Bohemian gathering of "literary" and "non-literary" members that Howells describes in "A Modern Instance." Prominent in it in those golden days of its adolescence were John Boyle O'Reilly, Charles Eyre Pascoe, Robert Grant, John D. Wheelwright, Alexander Young, Frank Underwood (founder of the *Atlantic*), and Frank Harris, dramatist and physician.

A list of the guests would include not only the vanishing or vanished generation of Bos-

ton's Augustan age, in which Motley, Holmes, Emerson, Parkman, and Lowell were preëminent, but also almost every celebrity who ever came to that city.

None of them were received with excessive deference; nor did their presence, however exalted they might be, restrain the customary chaff and exuberance that noisily sped the dinner. I think that when it was announced that Stanley had accepted an invitation, it educed more awe than had ever been seen in the club before, and that others visualized him, as I had done in my mind's eye, superhuman rather than human, for whom one's admiration was necessarily qualified by a certain degree of fear.

Then he appeared, closely-knit, broad-shouldered, and below, rather than above, medium height, with a face whose natural pallor had been overlaid by exposure, and whose expression was more of intellectual problems than of the physical problems the solution of which had made him famous.

Probably those who came to entertain him never had a more difficult task. Unusual compliments were paid, and questions asked, apparently without moving him to pleasure or interest. Whether he sat or stood, he fidgeted and answered in monosyllables, not because he was unamiable or unappreciative, but because he — this man of iron, God's instrument, whose word in the field brooked no contradiction or evasion, he who defied obstacles and danger and pierced the heart of darkness — was bashful even in the company of fellow craftsmen!

His embarrassment grew when, after dinner, the chairman eulogized him to the audience; he squirmed and averted his face as cheer after cheer confirmed the speaker's rhetorical ebullience of praise. "Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Stanley, who," etc. The hero stood up slowly, painfully, reluctantly, and, with a gesture of deprecation, fumbled in first one and then another of his pockets without finding what he sought.

It was supposed that he was looking for his notes, and more applause took the edge off the delay. His mouth twitched without speech for another awkward minute before, with a more erect bearing, he produced the object of his search and put it on his head. It was not paper, but a rag of a cap; and, with that on, he faced the company as one who by the act had done all that could be expected of him, and made further acknowledgment of the honors he had received superfluous. It was a cap that Livingstone had worn, and that Livingstone had given him. The others left their seats and crowded about him for an explanation,—not all knew the meaning of it,—and after a dry, stammered word or two, he sank with a sigh of relief from a terrifying predicament into his chair.

Years afterward I often met Stanley in London at his fine house in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, at parties, and at the House of Commons. He had finished his work in Africa meanwhile, and, with reason to be satisfied with what he had done in opening that continent to civilization, he had settled down with a beautiful, accomplished, and adoring wife. She would have made a society man of him, but he never looked happy at social functions. The only complaint she made against him was that he would stand aside instead of asserting him-

self in a crowd. Whenever there was a rush for seats in a train, all the better accommodation would be taken before he made any effort to provide for her or himself, and so elsewhere. He would allow himself to be trodden on without remonstrance; never was there so patient a lion. So, when he entered the House of Commons, he was never as conspicuous as he should have been on his merits.

"There are only one or two subjects on which I should care to speak," he said to me one afternoon at "tea on the Terrace." "For instance, when African questions have come up, I have thought my knowledge of that country sufficient to be of service; but, somehow or other, another fellow is always on his feet before me, and though he may never have been in Africa, the Speaker gives him the floor."

That was the only time I ever heard him bewail his ineffectiveness in Parliament, the only murmur of discontent. Knighthood, the freedom of great cities, and the highest degrees of the universities and learned societies had been conferred on him. His table and sideboard were loaded with caskets of silver and gold holding tributes to his achievements, which his wife loved to display. She herself, a woman of wit and beauty, was the painter and exhibitor in the Royal Academy of the best portrait of him. But he hardly seemed at home or at ease in his own home, among his own guests. It was not the real man that we saw in London, but one out of his element and as distraught as he had been at the Papyrus so many years before. The real Stanley was only seen and known by his comrades in the field. In tamer scenes he vanished altogether, or could be perceived only as a plaintive shadow.

What a contrast between him and Du Chaillu — "I, Paul," as he usually spoke of himself. He reminded me of the old story of the Marseillaise and the Gascon. "I," said the former, "love art — music, poetry, painting." The latter declared, "I love sport, always sport, nothing but sport." He then described his recent experiences in Africa.

"Ten lions in twenty minutes — not a bad record, eh? After breakfast I went out again. Lighted a cigarette. Heard a noise in the bushes to the left. Another lion. Bang! Killed him! Went a little farther, took a sip from my flask. Noise in the bushes to the right. Another lion. Bang! Killed him! Had a nap and a sandwich, getting tired of it. This time a sound in the bushes right ahead. The biggest lion you ever saw — thirty feet from his muzzle to the tip of his tail, every inch of it. Leveled my gun and aimed."



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

The Marseillaise could stand it no longer. "See here, if you kill that lion I'll kill you."

The warning was promptly taken. "Bang! Missed him!"

Du Chaillu claimed too many lions, and listening to him one had the not unpleasant feeling of reverting to childhood and sitting in the lap of the amazing Münchhausen. He was dark, small, volatile, and voluble, and no matter how a conversation with him drifted, it was almost sure to end in the tropical bush, among gorillas and beasts of prey. With fierce gesticulations and a flashing eye, he pictured the scene dramatically. "Bang! Another lion!" or a mammoth ape, excelling in temper and strength all the monstrous prodigies that had already been introduced to us.

I remember his account of his first lecture in Boston.

"Bah! I had ten gorillas behind me on the platform, stuffed, and about twenty in the audience before me, unstuffed. I, Paul—I—I—I!"

His habit of rodomontade discredited him. He was like a braggart boy who has done something and so obviously exaggerates it that he is deprived even of the lesser glory his actual

feats should earn for him. He might have desired to refrain from romancing and embellishing, but his imagination rode him like a highwayman and spurred him into many flights through the moonshine of the unauthentic and illusory. When his work was winnowed, the bulk of it preserved substantial values to science and geography. What had to be cast aside could be attributed, not to intentional imposture, but to that rough rider of temperamental exuberance that risks its neck without other motive or goal than the diversion of spectators. So many admirable qualities had he—he was so genial, so vivacious, and so witty—that I disquiet my conscience in mentioning his foibles at all, and question whether the consciousness of what I have said may not aggravate rather than extenuate the unkindness of it.

I must throw away a taking title for a play, a novel, or a series of articles, in speaking of John Watson (Ian Maclaren), the author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," "Kate Carnegie," and other stories of Scottish life. I want to call him "The Man Who Looked Like Himself." I insist that the people to whom it would apply are few, and that those of ability, genius, and

individuality differ extraordinarily from what would be appropriate and from what they ought to be. Let a man be much above the average, and within as without he is unaccountable and inexplicable.

To this John Watson was an exception. He "looked like himself." There could be no mistake about him. His qualities were all visible in his person. I should say that his predominant trait was a phenomenal transparency of character which was never afraid or ashamed of itself.

As he appeared he was, one of the sanest and most normal of men, essentially wholesome and reasonable, utterly unaffected and without vagaries; not subtle nor eccentric, but of the kind whose conduct in any given circumstances can be predicted to accord with the sober judgment of the wisest of his fellow men. I do not imply by this complaisance of character or the conscious or unconscious plasticity which out of sheer amiability or politic adjustability follows the line of least resistance. He could be angry, disputatious, and stubborn,—Highland blood was in his veins,—but never unfair, irrational, or bigoted. The impression he made was of physical and intellectual equipoise; of a sound constitution, carefully preserved, and of an outlook that contemplated and measured spiritual perfection in its relation to human limitations and deserts. Health glowed in him; he was great at golf, great in stature, clear-skinned and keen-eyed, a big, vigorous, rugged man, with a plain, earnest face in which seriousness and humor interplayed. His voice was rather stri-

dent, and rose like the skirl of his native bag-pipes, but his talk was fascinating; he made the listeners laugh without laughing himself. In the quietest way he dramatized any trifling incident that amused him.

Once, when I was lunching with him at his house in Liverpool and he was preparing to resign from the Sefton Park Church, he speculated as to how he might be estimated after his departure. In an instant the table and those around it vanished, and we were listening to two elders with whispering voices discussing a retiring minister.

"A good man, a verra good man," one of them was saying.

"Ay, he was that. There'll be nobody to deny it. But awm thinking—weel, no, I'll no say it."

"Awm thinking the same mase!'. Was he no a bit off in his sermons lately, did ye say?"

"Weel, perhaps."

"And no so fraish as he used to be."

"Puir man!"

"Ay, he did his best, nae doot."

"Ye minded him in the Sabbath school? Strange, verra strange hoo the attendance

dropped. I canna account for it. What'll you be thinking?"

"I've heard criticism, ay, severe criticism; no that I agree with it, or disagree with it. Mackenzie was telling mewe'll be lucky to be rid of him, and Campbell that he was ruining the kirk."

"Ay, and Ferguson was saying—but I'll no speak ill of him."

"Puir man!"

"Awm thinking it's for the best he will be going."



PAUL DU CHAILLU



DR. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN LIVERPOOL FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

"Maybe. The new man's fine — another John Knox, Mackenzie was saying."

One could hear their undertones, as they damned with faint praise and condemned by innuendo; one saw them in their decent blacks, askance, timorous, insinuating. I wish I could repeat the dialogue in the Scots' vernacular, as Watson spoke it, with a humorous, familiar mastery that R. L. S. himself could not excel: no other dialect is so vividly expressive, so irresistible in appeal. His features hardly moved, nor had he recourse to gestures. He did not act the little scene, but seemed to visualize it to us by hypnotic suggestion as he sat there and conjured us into it.

In the same way he described a "heresy hunt" of the kind that shakes Scotland to its foundations. He described the stir it makes in the silence of the hills and the recesses of moor and lochs. Every tongue in the land is loosened by it; the taciturn break their habit and become voluble. Two shepherds in adjoining pastures who have been estranged for years in sullen enmity draw together once more to argue it; and in less than a fortnight the

Duke of Argyll — not the present Duke, but his father — "is out with a pamphlet." The late Duke, a tireless controversialist, was always out with pamphlets, and that detail in this case, as inevitable as rain at all seasons and heather in autumn, was indispensable to the picture, which no elaboration or expansion could have made more complete.

Afterward, in his library, we talked of men, women, books, and theaters. His views were generous, his tastes catholic. Learned as he was in theology, he did not despise the lighter pleasures and interests of the world. He could enjoy a glass of wine, a big cigar, a new novel.

"I am not boasting or exaggerating," he said, "but I can usually get all I want out of a novel in three hours. I have been reading one, however, to which I have given three weeks, and I am going to read it again. Guess which it is."

I had been enchanted by Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay," and offered it as a solution.

"Pretty close, but not it. It is 'The Queen's Quair,'" he replied, naming Hewlett's later story, which has Mary Queen of Scots as the principal figure.



"I don't take as authentic Hewlett's interpretation of her, but it is amazingly ingenious and daring, a satisfying picture to the imagination, though not historically veracious."

Modest he was, and yet hypersensitive to any reflection on the fidelity of his own drawing of Scottish character. I ventured to say that in my opinion his pictures of life in Drumtochty were too idyllic, and that they would have been stronger if he had not excluded the grimmer strain which, without being as prevalent as in "The House with the Green Shutters," does not hide itself in the people themselves. He would not have it so; he was out of his chair at once, storming me with instances to the contrary. It was plain that he took himself for a realist, he who in these amiable little stories milked the cow of human kindness until it tottered.

When he was in New York on a preaching and lecturing tour, I invited him to luncheon at one of the gayest uptown restaurants. I and David Munro, of the *North American Review*, who had been a classmate of his at Edinburgh University; called for him at the old Everett House, and he came downstairs to go with us in a fancy tweed suit and a scarlet scarf. I suppose there was not another man in the city that day who looked so little like a cleric as he did.

We boarded a car and put him into the only vacant seat, while we, case-hardened, hung by straps and bent over him, laughing and talking. We were absorbed in ourselves until the shrillest voice I ever heard said: "If you want to lean on anybody, lean on your friend. Ain't he big enough?" Unconscious of transgression, we were shocked and stared into one another's faces. The voice was that of an untidy, vinegarish, waspish woman seated next to Watson. "Did you speak to us?" I asked, abashed.

It repeated the remonstrance even more sharply: "If you want to lean on anybody, lean on your big friend here."

Mine or Munro's had unconsciously touched

her chaste and poignant knees. She sniffed at our profuse and humble apologies, as we meekly straightened ourselves, and we had not recovered from our shame and mortification when she, arrived at her destination, flounced out of the car, withering us with a final poisoned arrow from her eye.

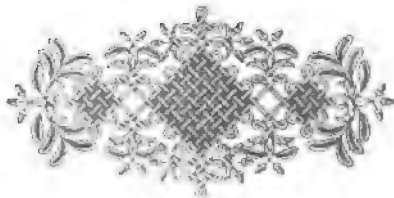
Watson's face filled with amazement. "I couldn't have believed it," he panted. "Why, I have always supposed the Americans to be the politest people in the world"; and over his cigar after luncheon he gave us an instance to justify that opinion.

"As I was coming over in the *Teutonic*, I sat down in the library one afternoon, when the ship was rolling and pitching a good deal, to write some letters. Almost immediately a diffident-looking young man dropped into a chair by the desk, and fixed his eyes on me. An hour or more passed, and he was still there, returning my occasional and discouraging glances at him with a foolish, ingratiating smile. I was inclined to be annoyed. I had a suspicion that he was a reader of my books, perhaps an admirer — God only knows why I have admirers! — or an autograph-hunter. He could wait. They are always with us, like the poor. But at last he rose, swept the air with the cap in his hand, and spoke:

"Excuse me, Dr. Watson; I'm real sorry to disturb you, but I thought you'd like to know that just as soon as you left her Mrs. Watson fell down the companionway stairs, and I guess she hurt herself pretty badly. The surgeon's with her now."

"After I had found out that she was only a little bruised, and had had time to reflect on that young man's conduct, it seemed so considerate, sympathetic, and delicate, that I said to myself only an American could have been capable of it. Never mind that drop of vinegar. Americans are the politest people in the world."

His thoughts were not envisaged, and whether he was quite in earnest or slyly sarcastic, the reader may decide for himself.





# AN ENTANGLEMENT OF TIES

A CHRISTMAS COMEDY

BY

MARGARET AND ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

**T**HE home presents had all been distributed. The two little girls were trailing back and forth from parlor to dining-room, spilling almonds and chocolates out of their stockings of pink mosquito-netting. Wally had already broken the little blade of his new knife. Big sister Het, with no attempt whatever to conceal it, was watching for the postman. And Wash, three years her junior, was also watching for him — with every attempt to conceal it in the world.

When finally his ring came, they reached the door almost at the same moment — long before Mr. White, in slippers, had waddled out to extend his dollar bill and the compliments of the season. Het got the bundle of parcels into her hands, and was for rushing off with a large and heavy something of her own when she observed precisely the same impulse on the part of that younger brother; from his pocket were sticking two flat packets, limp and ribbon-tied.

"Now, Wash," she crowed, "open up! Don't be afraid! We won't tell Chant!"

"Open up yourself!" he retorted, flushing savagely and endeavoring to push back and out. But the little girls were each clinging to a knee. To them his legs, no longer in knickerbockers, were still of the nature of highly humorous phenomena.

"Open up, Washington," said his mother, with the same inward relish she had experienced when, three months ago, he had

begun to make his first flimsy excuses to leave the family pew for the evening services and sit in the rear of the gallery, remote from all domestic observation.

Wally also attempted to bar his retreat. Some ten weeks back he had been given the freedom of Wash's tool-shop, on the Monday morning after he had surprised him walking home with Helma Young. But Wash treated him with no such thoughtful consideration now. He thrust him out of his way, twisted from the clutches of the little girls, and retreated burning to his den in the attic.

There he undid his parcels. Each had an inner wrapper of crêpe tissue-paper, one of "gray nun," the other of myrtle green. Each contained a crocheted silk "four-in-hand" — it was the year when such things raged; and both of those four-in-hands were of a deep maroon. If one were possibly a shade darker than the other, that might be merely as the light struck them.

Yet what gave Mr. Washington White pause, palpitating but glittering-eyed, was no secondary matter of coincidence in those gifts. It was that there were two of them at all!

It went without saying that on one card, pinned to the "gray nun" paper, was "Happy Christmas from Helma." At this moment, no doubt, she would be exclaiming over the scrollwork pen-rack he had sent her. But that other tie — it was from Verbena Rittenhouse!



Now, in the first place, what Het had made her usual silly allusion to was this: If he walked home from church with Helma now, she had formerly walked with Mr. Chantry Harrison, his particular Achilles. But wherein Het showed such pitiable ignorance, what indeed no woman could understand, was how lofty had been Chant's attitude in that affair. Wash knew there had been no question of winning Helma away; Chant had, by the most tactful of withdrawals, accorded her to him. True, his own principal affections had by that time, as they had many times before, passed on to *some one else*. But no matter for that. Chant's greatness of spirit showed itself in the fact that, wholly without resentment, he had seen Helma's affections, in *their* turn, transfer themselves. In this matter he had preserved the same quietly impassive mien that so distinguished him when in the pitcher's box. It was that imperial something that had brought many girls to call him "Mr." a year before he had got into "longs."

As for Wash himself, for years he had been imitating Chant in his vocabulary, in the cut of his clothes, in his hats and shoes, in the hue of his neck-gear; maroon was Chant's favorite color, therefore was it his also. . . . Yet, now, as he stood gazing at those two Christmas four-in-hands, in his conscience was the sickness of suggested treason. For the Verbena Rittenhouse from whom had come that second tie was the same one else upon whom Chant had settled his regards when they had passed from Helma!

He had felt that it was coming, too. From the first afternoon he had served with Verbena on the Closing Day decoration committee, she had shown him the most indubitable favor. Nor had it availed him to pretend to his heart that she did it in a kind of sisterly manner, on account of his position as Chant's chum.

Nay, worse than that, over his secret meditations had already gone the trail of the serpent. Putting the ties back upon the ledge of his desk, he opened it, furtively groped under some old exam papers in the corner, and brought out a page from a last term's note-book. On the upper half he had bracketed his name, in full, with Helma's; below he had repeated it with that of Verbena. With both pairs he had tried how many letters would cancel out. Between him and Helma there were only six in common. In the case of Verbena there were ten. . . . And supposing, too, that Verbena felt for him one of those unconquerable infatuations you so often read about, would it be right for him, even as Chant's chum, to reject and repulse her? He surveyed himself long in his looking-glass,

and wondered just what particular thing it was, anyway, that attracted women to him like that. As Chant had once confessed of himself, it was probably a kind of magnetic influence that a fellow often enough couldn't put his finger on. . . . Again, from the nether depths of his soul, as from the bottom of a well, there came up a smile which, however guilty, would not be denied.

One thing was to do, though. Although, ordinarily, evening visits were as yet forbidden to them, etiquette required that he should call upon both young ladies that night and express his thanks. In the case of each he must wear the proper tie. And, it occurred to him, he would not have time to come home and change between calls. But his pocket-mirror and some deserted park lamp would serve his purpose. He would have to be most mighty careful, though, not to get those two ties mixed. He turned back to his desk — and realized that they were already mixed.

At that moment, as at the sudden on-creeping of an eclipse, he had the sensation of something novel and malignant that had thrown its shadow over him.

It was to Helma's that he first directed his steps. He was wearing that four-in-hand which seven heads to three tails had proved must be hers. The other one was in his ulster pocket. Likely enough, he kept telling himself, she would never know the difference, anyhow. But, at the last moment, there came to him the sagacious idea of saying nothing about the tie at all until he found out from *her* how things stood.

He found out. Helma had not the positive temperament. She was of those meant to be printed upon. Nor, for that matter, did the presence of her mother and two highly interested elder sisters give her much opportunity to say anything. But, from the moment of his entrance, the slow wonderment, reproach, and pain that mounted to her eyes were evidence enough.

She waited, though, until she was showing him out through the vestibule before she tremulously came to it. "I guess you didn't get the necktie I sent you?"

"Yes — yes, of course I did! It's a peach, too! I'm — I'm keeping it for Sunday, you know. You'll see me in it *then*."

The nauseating weakness of the explanation all but choked him. He said good-by and got away as best he could. And, as he passed out of the gate, it was as if from the blackness of the night some wing, impalpable but saturnine, had swooped and smitten him with an exulting jubilation.

He had but one idea — to get the rest of it over with as soon as possible. He made for his park lamp half running, feverish in spirit, roweled by reawakened conscience. From down the second side-path there came to him the secluded gleam he sought. And he had that wrong tie off before he reached it. But scarcely had he got the other out when he caught sight of a couple swinging toward him from Ivy Gate. He crowded the yard of silk back into his pocket, pulled his scarf over his shirt-bosom, and rushed huntedly on again.

By the time he had gained another lamp, isolated behind the band-stand, it surged in upon his comprehension that he should never have changed at all. He felt for the first time once more, and brought out both together. Both, too, were equally crumpled. . . .

He ended by shutting his eyes and drawing the first his fingers closed upon. And he reminded himself that, by the law of chance,— which old McCordel said was ruled by the infallibility of mathematics,— it ought to be the turn of the other one.

When he had rung the Rittenhouse bell his mental eccentric

once more came round full circle, and again he realized that it should not have been the other one. And again, too, even before he entered, he had the feeling of a wing that swooped, of a buffet, this time upon the other side, and of that silent yet hateful burst of laughter from the darkness.

The law of chance worked with its mathematical infallibility, and it was the other tie. . . .

Wash remembered even less of that call than of the preceding one. Of one thing, though, he was more than conscious: Chant was there, and he also was wearing a crocheted maroon silk four-in-hand. Verbena, with that hardihood of which her years and sex alone are capable, had not hesitated to put her badge, and the same badge, upon both young men!

Mr. White was not thinking of her hardihood at all. With a mental eye numbed by agony, he was watching her rapidly arrive at a definite certainty that the silk knotted beneath his collar had never passed through *her* fingers. She said nothing at the time, but he could already hear some of the sarcasms her scorn would utter when the moment came.

He was home by half-past nine; and he let himself in by the back way. With the hard, grating laugh of melodrama he took note, from the sounds in the parlor, that it was still Christmas and a day of gladness!

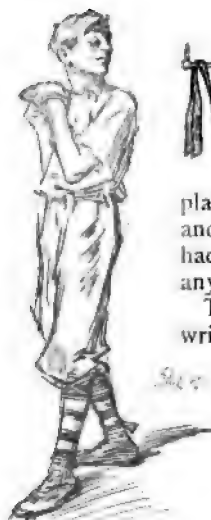
About midnight, when his whirling thoughts at last began to move more slowly again, it flamed before him like a burst of sulphurous fire, that his

experience with Verbena had given him his second chance to separate those four-in-hands. Now they lay in his bureau drawer twisted together again more inextricably than two Medusa serpents. He knew then, beyond any remaining hope or doubt, that the hoodoo was indeed upon him. And all through his dreams, above his head those harpy pinions flapped themselves together in a hideous transport.



"HE WONDERED JUST WHAT PARTICULAR THING IT WAS THAT ATTRACTED WOMEN TO HIM"

## II



"THE IMPASSIVE MIEN  
THAT DISTINGUISHED  
HIM IN THE PITCH-  
ER'S BOX"

**M**R. HARRISON, still wearing his maroon-colored favor, came in early next morning. And he displayed the greatest eagerness and curiosity to know "what had been chewing" Mr. White, anyway, the night before.

The latter, to his credit be it written, did not now for one moment hesitate. He did what was dictated alike by basic wisdom and true honor. Taking Chant up to his den, he brought forth his pair of Christmas gifts and disembosomed himself of the whole torturing affair.

And, to Mr. Harrison's credit, it must equally be set down that, if he

listened to its beginnings with an excusable aloofness and reserve, he received its twofold dénouement with a brightening generosity which arose in the end to shouts and yells of joy.

Wash had been infinitely relieved at first. He now felt that Chant needn't consider it so *blame* funny. He hadn't supposed he had told it in that way.

"And, Washie, old man" — Mr. Harrison switched off in a burst of confidence — "I'll bet you were afraid Verb was getting a little stuck on you! Now, don't you have any fears about that. She was only hitting back at *me* for something or other. The truth is, she don't even like you; and I'll tell you how I know that. Away back weeks ago, when she'd hardly seen you, she gave me a burnt-leather photo-frame; and when I told her I'd put your picture in it, I could see her get the hump right off. Women'll take streaks like that, you know."

This was undoubtedly a great truth. But it was one which, if anything, added intensity to the misanthropy of Mr. White.

His Achilles cackled his hilarity for some time longer; then he reached down the boxing-gloves and threw one at Wash's head. In silence they began to divest themselves of their upper and exterior raiment for the bout that was always the wind-up of a conclave in the den.

These bouts were commonly brought to an end by the knocking over of one or several small pieces of furniture. In the present case

it was the turn of the little round table. Upon it Wash laid out his spiritually entangled neck-gear. And Chant had set down his beside it — taking the precaution, though, to fold his tie inside his collar. Now, however, along with "Ardath," "The Christian," some fancy newspaper, and a patent manicure set, they were all on the floor together.

For a moment Mr. Harrison might seem to have experienced the slightest catch and chill of nervousness; but he immediately threw it off again. He knew his own tie, because his dignity did not permit him not to know it. "Yes," he said, carefully setting himself straight again before the mirror. "It's a queer thing about me, old man, but I've a kind of *eye* for anything I've once worn. It's something you couldn't explain, but I've always noticed it."

"Well, if you're sure, of course —"

Chant waved back a hand at him from half way down the attic stairs. "Don't you worry about *me*! And say, if you like, I'll just tip Verb a few words of explanation and fix you up with her again. If she started out with a hump against you, that's no reason for it's getting any worse."

"Thanks awfully," — Wash still lacked all enthusiasm, — "but I'd just as soon you didn't. You see, I don't know exactly where I'm at in it just yet."

That was Saturday. And on Sunday evening he would be given a third opportunity to find out. For it was then that he must undergo his second test with Helma. In his folly, he had had to tie himself to that!

She was at church, over on the other side of the gallery with Lona and Nina Livingston. Throughout the sermon he looked at her again and again, and at every look his fears grew greater. . . . Per-  
vading him, too, was the knowledge that, at the Presbyterian, the same test was awaiting Chant. If he could only stall things off until he heard how it had come out with him! It wasn't that he wanted to take any contemptible advantage of Chant; but, considering that he was always so mighty lucky anyhow —

Generally he waited till he had flagged Helma on the gallery



VERBENA

landing before he put his ulster on. Now he got into it during the closing hymn; and, with a sort of dryness of the mouth, he crossed his scarf much higher up than was his custom.

The Livingston girls, in their progress down the aisle, were discreet and dropped behind Helma. She was able to accept Wash's proffered escort without embarrassment. She did it, too, with almost her former smile. Yet under the big arc light in the vestibule she took one swift survey of him; and all too plainly she noted the unwonted elevation of that scarf.

Her smile gradually departed. To Wash's miserable floundering for easy conversation she answered little. But when they were in the lee of the park palings, she began to slacken her pace. In the throat of her cavalier, fear mounted like a second Adam's apple.

"You said you'd be wearing the tie I gave you to-day. I can't see whether you have it on now or not." She came close to him, closer than she had ever been before; and her own lips tightened as she had her answer from his wabbling countenance.

Yet she was a young lady of thoroughness in her quest for truth. "If you can't speak, then perhaps you'll open your coat and let me see for myself." She slowly but firmly parted his scarf with her own fingers. "All right — and thank you for being so frank and straightforward about it. I can go the rest of the way home myself. And when I get there, I'm going to write to you."

Twenty minutes later Wash plunged up to his den again. He had freed himself, while still upon the stairs, from that throttling four-in-hand. The other smiled at him from the top of his upper bureau drawer. He balled



"I GUESS YOU DIDN'T GET THE NECKTIE  
I SENT YOU?"

them together with fingers that twitched and quivered. "Mix, then, blame you, mix — *mix!* But don't think I care a blankety blast any more! You've played it on *me* for the last time!" In his fury he was near enough to tears.

The first mail next morning brought him the Silurian-gray billet he was expecting. But Helma was not wholly flinty. She was at least conditional. "She had *intended* saying it was all over between them, *and of course he would not care at all for that*. But she had felt afterwards that it would perhaps be only her duty to herself to give him one more chance to explain. And if he was really acting frankly with her, there was

nothing to hinder him doing it by return of mail. Perhaps in *that* case she might *still* go to church next Sunday. As for that necktie she had made him, she knew it was a poor, crazy thing, but if he could wear another one almost exactly like it, which in several ways, as any girl could have shown him, *badn't been made anyway near so carefully*, too, she felt it was only her right to *expect* some slight consideration from him. She couldn't help but *expect* it." If there was an unnecessary "s" in those "expects," their underlining imported none the less surely and balefully for that.

He was still regarding the blankness of the wall opposite, when there came a ring at the front door, the maid called up, and Chant mounted to him.

Under his customary and outward jauntiness he carried a preoccupied gravity that was not at all customary. "Say," he said, "you know, this is your tie, *after* all. It's a sort of a queer thing how you got them all fazed up that way." There was a certain plaintiveness in his note.

"Did she light into you?"

"N-no," after some thought upon it. "I'd better have my own again, though. It's only right to her, in a way, you know."

Wash pulled out the drawer. "You can take your pick."

Mr. Harrison examined them at length. His eye for things he had once worn seemed altogether doubtful now.

"Look here," he ventured obliquely; "I should think *you'd* be almost dead sure to hit it right next time— after being soaked twice like that."

"Yes," said Wash. If Chant was going to regard it in that way, he did not feel it necessary to go further and own that he had now been passed through the third degree.

Mr. Harrison abandoned the suggestion. "Gad," he said, with a leaded buoyancy, "it skins *me* all right!"

He had taken off the tie he had come with, but this time, as he fascinatedly compared it with the other two, he kept an unloosened grip upon it.

"Oh, you might as well give it up," said Wash. "They're the same width, and they've got the same kind of stitching in them; and I don't know now but what my two *were* exactly the same color; I dare say all the silk came from the same box at Jordan & Jones'. And yet, they can spot their *own* all right!"

Mr. Harrison still insisted upon proving his coolness by "the philosophical observation." "Yes," he said. "Anybody'd say that girls are blinder'n bats in most ways. But if it's anything they've had a hand in themselves, they don't seem to be anything *but* eyes!"

"They've put their trade-mark on them, somehow or other."

"And what gets me in particular," went on Mr. Harrison, falling from philosophy into gloom again, "is that it looks as if Verb could tell *her* two apart. Darn it, that's running the thing a little *too* fine, you know!"

He rose, picked out and put on one of the two untried, and prepared to take his departure. "But just give me time, old man, and I'll bring you out all right, yet. It's only that I didn't quite get hold of it, this first go-off."

Wash looked after him, and wondered if, by any miracle of human confidence, he could really be speaking what was in his heart; if he had not yet been made to realize a hundredfold that between women and all things chancy and uncertain there was the most intimate of connections; that through them, as its chosen vessels, did the hoodoo delight in doing its most demoniacal work.

And he was given one more proof of that before the week was over. He could not write

any letter to Helma; but at least his heart-wretchedness should not blind him to the rights of others — and he had knotted the tie brought back by Chant about the gas-bracket. When he had had *his* second throw-down he would, at any rate, be certain for the third time.

On Friday he rather expected a visit from Chant. But when he went up to the den again, after an afternoon in his tool-shop, he was glad from his soul that Chant had stayed away. The maid had been in his room, and, under Het's direction, had given it its semi-monthly "thorough redd-up." All the neckwear loose in his drawer — and along with it that four-in-hand looped about the gas-bracket — had been neatly folded and arranged in his tie-holder.

### III

**A**ND next Sunday evening, that power of darkness had a chance to swoop and strike once more.

Wash went to church, and he sought his regular place in the gallery. He did not really hope that Helma would be there; the reasoning part of him scoffed at him for going on the chance of it. But his soul yearned for her. Now that she seemed so lost to him, he could understand with all the fullness of great truth that it was for her alone that he had really cared. Verbena had been a mere momentary fancy. Her conduct, in point of fact, had come mighty close to pure flirtation. But that, of course, was altogether for Chant's consideration.

Helma was not there. And, anew, despair took hold of him. He left before the benediction, and took the long way home, around by Maple Crescent.

As it happened, this brought him past the Presbyterian when the crowd was still thick before *its* decorously emptying portals. Caught up by the hunger of his lonesomeness, he was drawn into it by a familiar voice. But, once in, he would willingly have been out again. For Chant and Verbena were just in front of him.

The latter was speaking now; and if her accents were not loud, they were highly concentrated. "All I know is that *that* one isn't mine!"

"Well, *how* do you know?"

"Ask me that again, now, do! And, the first time, you told me it was some sort of *joke*!"

"And it *is* a joke — a corker, too! And you never know a joke, Verb, you know you don't. *No* woman does."

"Maybe I don't, but I know what *isn't* a joke. I suppose you think you're a boy of honor!"





"THEY WERE ALL ON THE FLOOR TOGETHER"

"I tell you, I'll wear it next time, *sure!*"

"You gave me your solemn oath you'd wear it *this* time. Now, I don't care *what* you wear next time. I'm finished with you. I thought at first it was Washington White who was at the bottom of it. I know better now. And I'm going to tell you some *more* things about yourself, too, Mr. Chantry Harrison!"

Wash got himself back out of hearing of them — though to do so he had fairly to buck the lines behind him. He wandered about in the park for a time. Then, because there was nothing else to do, he turned his way homeward again. He found Chant waiting for him in that attic refuge.

And with Mr. Harrison it was evident that it had not been any mere blows of the harpy

wings; there had been sunk deep into him both claws and beak. He was full of wounds and the anger of wounds. Yet in the beginning he still bravely dissembled.

"Oh, no," he said, desperately putting on the casual, "it didn't just happen to be the right one this time, either! But it's nothing to *worry* over. I only ran in to get your 'Prose Tales' — the one with the 'Gold Bug' in it. I thought it would be kind of interesting to try to work it out the way he does — just for the curiosity of it, you know."

"You mean by the law of chance?"

"Yes — 'probabilities,' or whatever it is they call it."

"You can send *that* back to the bench," said Wash, with a finality of pessimism that allowed



"CHANT AND VERBENA WERE JUST IN FRONT OF HIM"

of no further questioning. "I tried it once myself."

There was silence for a time. "I'm afraid she turned the blow-pipe on you pretty fierce, didn't she?" asked Mr. White at length.

"N-no, not that. I don't let girls turn the blow-pipe on me. But she forgot herself a lot, so to speak. And it looked as if she was trying to run me. Once you let a woman start *that*, you know— Verb's a mighty nice girl in most ways; I'll tell you this, between us, Wash: I've always felt she had them all beat in a walk. But I may have to make up my mind to drop her, just the *same*."

This statement of the situation might have gone some way toward alienating a tempered sympathy. But to the ears of Mr. White, who knew only too intimately what of misery was beneath it, nothing could more truly have expressed the tortures of a manly pride.

They sat on the bed together, and blinked into outer darkness. "It knocks *me*!" they kept saying— because they felt the need of saying *something*.

Finally Chant got to his feet. "Well, at any rate, I know now the one Verb made for *me*."

And then there fell upon him his second ax-blow for that night. Wash delivered it with innumerable self-accusations. "I should have locked it up some place where they couldn't have got hold of it even on redding-up day. But, Chant, I *dead* forgot it was Friday! Gosh, for the last week or two I couldn't hardly have told you what *month* it is! I know I'm an awful clam, old man, but I tell you what I'll do. I'll put on one of the pair in the drawer there, and wear it till I find out which it is, if I die for it!"

"Oh, hang it, now!" cried his Achilles, with a swift return to at least the outward expression of his ancient spirit; "I'm not the kind of chap to rub it in, you know. And, darn it, as far as that goes, we're neither of us *leery* of a blame crocheted tie! I reckon we can go ahead and wear them if we want, no matter *who* made them!"

"If we *did* do that," said Wash, with a hankering encouragement, "it might bring us out of it *yet*, all right."

"*Sure!* That's exactly the how to take hold of it. Where we've been making the mistake all along is in sticking to the *single* tackle. We'll go in *double* now."

## I V

THEY made their mutual pretense of trust renewed. They assumed, for the moment, a cheerful spirit. But no longer could they deceive their souls. In the story of the Cretan Labyrinth, the twisted clue given to young Theseus by the maiden led him forth once more into full daylight and sunshine. *Their* silken skeins— with a fatal certainty did they feel it now— could only enmesh and maze them ever deeper in catacombic night.

The following day was the first of the new term. They were leaving the High School gates after the morning session, when they saw nearing them from Liberty Square a familiar gray hat and cloak. They were Helma's. It was on one of the forbidden blocks, but her pace grew slower as she approached them. And under the unalterable urbanity of Mr. Harrison's salutation she came finally to a full stop. For

the first moments she met all his politeness with a glacial stoniness. But after a space her nervously glancing eyes came to rest just below his collar. *Then* she responded for a time only by an almost gasping silence; then by accents that melted by degrees through the whole gamut of amazement, doubt, belief; and, in the end, a fully comprehending tenderness! . . . And if to Mr. White she had in the beginning accorded at least the necessary monosyllables of street civility, she now parted from him without a syllable of any sort; but she gave him such a look — at once of enlightenment too long delayed, of flaming triumph, and of measureless contempt — as sent both youths three blocks farther on their way before they could reëngage in even the most faltering and husky converse.

Once more they climbed to the den, and let themselves down side by side upon the bed. This time any explanation would have been mere sickening verbiage.

"Well," said Chant at last, "we've got *her* anyhow." The plural form, if full of jeers and mockery for both of them, came at least from an unconquered tactfulness.

Wash looked haggardly at his companion. "I guess, as it is now, you'd better hang on to that one — till we can fix things up."

"Yes," said Mr. Harrison. If he was in any way grateful to the gods, he was fully able to conceal it. "I wonder if she'll tell Verb."

"No, I don't think they ever speak now," replied Wash, from the depths.

More than a year before Chant had confided to him, from his own experience, that "in every man's life there is bound to be some woman, who, once he meets her, he's got to freeze to for the rest of his existence." As he thought of Helma, he realized that now — when *his* existence was no longer of any value to him!

And it was even the realization of that which led to something else; for one more blow could make no difference to him either way. "I'll see Verbena myself," he said. "By getting her second knock on this tie, I can straighten it out for *you*."

Mr. Harrison's eye gleamed up with hope, in spite of him. "Oh, no; really, old man, I couldn't let you. But, of course, there's *this* about it; if you *did*, I could be jollying Helma along for you in the meantime —"

"That's all right," said Wash. "It's nothing at all. I'll see her to-morrow, after four."

It was for all the world to see, too, that he was going to go through with it intrepidly. He ate his regular luncheon, and ate it almost heartily. During the afternoon he spoke several times to Chant, and always with a quiet cheerfulness. And when the last hour was over, he said good-by in the cloak-room, and walked with firm steps to the interview.

It was at the beginning of the park palings that he overtook Verbena — where, indeed,



"'IT KNOCKS ME!' THEY KEPT SAYING"

only eight days before Helma had taken leave of him. And the shock he was now to receive was not less staggering. For before he had reached Ivy Gate with her—before he had even entered upon the initial stages of diplomacy—Verbena was one beaming flutterment and incoherent twitter. One might have said that she found it necessary to tell her heart-flattery and delight to the trees and birds themselves.

"Y o u—y o u dear boy!" she murmured. "What made you do it, though? How did you get it from him?"

"I—I don't know," he answered, feeling himself flung a-swirl through time and space.

"But where is your own? He hasn't it, has he?"

"No, it's at home. It's in my drawer." After that his tongue stuck completely to the roof of his mouth.

Nor did she say much more herself. It was enough to show him that she understood. When they had turned into Maple Crescent he tried one last resort: he reminded her of how she had felt when Chant had put his picture into a photo-frame she once had made for him.

"And did he tell you *that*? Why, you sweet, simple, ridiculous boy! Well, shall I tell you what I've a good mind to do now, Mr. Washington White? I've a good mind to make *you* a photo-frame—and then see whose photograph *you'll* want to put in it! And perhaps, if you'll tell me when your birthday is, I might even have time to make you another tie."

One evening, some seven weeks later, Achilles and his Patroclus sat on the end of Thompson's

Wharf. There was still snow on the stringer, the night was bleak, and they ran the best of chances of getting inflammatory rheumatism. It would only have gratified them if they had.

"I've noticed," Mr. Harrison was saying, with a hungry wistfulness, "that I generally used

to kind of get all there was out of a girl in about two months. . . .

Verb's a good deal like me in most ways. Perhaps it'll be that way with her?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. White, and sighed long; "she seems to be going on just the same. And, for all I talk you up, sometimes I think she cares for me even more than she did at first."

Mr. Harrison fell into a sick silence again.

"How is it with Helma now?" asked Mr. White, in his turn, and gulped.

Mr. Harrison shook his head unhopingly. "You see, too, it's different with her. When a woman takes hold a second time, she's liable to keep it up for years."

The moon again passed behind a long gray bank of cloud. They rose and took their way listlessly up into town once more.

Near the driveway entrance to the park they parted.

"Well, there doesn't seem to be any mortal way out of it. . . . I suppose we'd better just go on the way we are. . . . And anybody'd say we're doing our *duty*, so to speak."

"Yes, we're doing *that*, anyhow."

It was that note of lofty resignation which—noble minor in a world of discord though it be—gives to the greatly tragic its final poignancy.



"VERBENA WAS ONE BEAMING FLUTTERMENT AND INCOHERENT TWITTER"



## SO, NOW IS COME OÛR JOYFULST FEAST

**S**O, now is come our joyfulst feast,  
Let every man be jolly;  
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,  
And every post with holly.  
Though some churls at our mirth repine,  
Round your foreheads garlands twine;  
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,  
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimnies smoke,  
And Christmas logs are burning;  
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,  
And all their spits are turning.  
Without the door let sorrow lie,  
And if for cold it hap to die,  
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,  
And evermore be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetched his bands from pawn,  
And all his best apparel;  
Brisk Ned hath bought a ruff of lawn  
With droppings of the barrel;  
And those that hardly all the year  
Had bread to eat or rags to wear  
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,  
And all the day be merry.

*George Wither, Juvenilia*



# DIVORCE AND PUBLIC WELFARE

BY

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THE divorce rate is much higher in the United States than in any other American or European land. Indeed, our people have had this distinction for more than two centuries and a half. Twenty years ago we first became aware, from statistics, of the exact situation that existed; and recent research has proved that before Milton penned his essays favoring civil marriage and self-divorce, the New England colonists had initiated the most liberal divorce policy that then could be found anywhere in the civilized world. Year after year since the birth of the American nation this policy has become broader and broader. To-day only Japan — for peculiar reasons which do not now concern us — has a higher divorce rate than we; and in this race even Japan has been far outrun by some counties in our Western States.

Clearly here is a big social fact. What is its meaning?

To those who believe that divorce in itself is an evil — and such is the prevailing belief; to those who hold that a swiftly increasing divorce rate spells national degeneration; and to those who on ancient authority solemnly announce that the remarriage of divorced persons is a sin, the special Government report on "Marriage and Divorce," recently published for the Director of the Census, will bring only grief and dismay. In these two bulky quarto volumes, guided by the "Bulletin" prepared by Dr. Joseph A. Hill, one may find set forth in full detail and in luminous summaries the "movement" of divorce in the United States for the twenty years 1887-1906.

Scientifically, the report of Director North is a very creditable achievement, considering the shameful imperfection or total lack of registration of vital statistics in most of the States and Territories, and considering that the facts presented had to be gleaned, by special agents of the Census Bureau, mainly from the manuscript decrees of some 2,800 divorce courts; which decrees, of course, were not framed to suit either the statistician or the sociologist. Taken together with the earlier report of Commissioner Carroll D. Wright for the two decades

1867-1886, it establishes a continuous record for forty years — the most important statistical contribution in this field ever made by any government. Here the student of American society will find a rich mine for exploitation during many years to come.

## *One Divorce to Every Ten Marriages in the United States*

This paper will search the mine only for the evidence bearing on a single question, but that the supreme question of all, the question most talked about and least understood: the ethical or social meaning of increasing divorce. In the outset, a formidable array of figures is not needful. The salient fact established by the new report is that, on the average, in the United States divorce is now nearly three times as frequent as it was in 1870. Look at the figures from any point you please, and this fact strikes the eye. First, compare the numerical increase in divorces with the growth of population, calculating by five-year periods, and it appears that in 1905 marriage was nearly three times (2.8) as likely to be dissolved by divorce as in 1870; while, at the same rate of gain, the year 1910 will produce more than a triple ratio (3.3). The same goal is reached through a comparison based, not on the total population, but on the number of married persons; for by this route in 1900 we find 2.5 as much divorce as in 1870, and, precisely as before, the ratio is quite sure to rise to 3.3 in 1910.

Even more striking to the popular imagination is a divorce rate derived from comparison with the number of marriages in a stated period; but a similar story is told. During the twenty years covered by the present report, 945,625 divorces were decreed to 12,832,044 marriages celebrated: about 1 decree to 12 weddings; whereas it is believed that in 1870 the ratio was about 1 to 34. One marriage dissolved by divorce to 11 terminated by death is sufficiently tragic; yet even this ratio, according to one of the first statistical experts of the country, falls short of the reality. By Professor Walter F. Willcox it is computed that not far

from one tenth of all marriages in the United States are now ended in the divorce court.

*The "Divorce Colony"*

For a vast and mixed population like that of the United States general averages fail to tell the whole truth. The story must be vivified by reference to the local variations in the divorce rate. As Dr. Hill in his "Bulletin" has suggested, these variations are due to many factors, such as the "composition of the population as regards race or nationality; the proportion of immigrants in the total population, and the countries from which they came; the relative strength of the prevailing religion, and particularly that of the Catholic faith; the variations in the divorce laws and in the procedure and practice of the courts"; and the "inter-state migration of population, either for the purpose of obtaining a divorce or for economic or other reasons."

Thus, according to John Lee Coulter, before the law of 1899 requiring a year's residence of the plaintiff in a divorce suit, instead of ninety days, North Dakota was a "veritable Garden of Eden for whoever desired speedy and easy separation." Flourishing "divorce colonies" existed at Fargo and Mandan; and the local courts "enjoyed" an enormous traffic in decrees. At Fargo in 1899 there was 1 divorce to 2.3 marriages; while in the same year Mandan produced the astonishing ratio of 1 divorce to 1.1 weddings: nearly five times as bad a showing as Japan now makes. Nevertheless, the present report shows that in 1900 North Dakota had an annual average rate of but 268 per 100,000 married population, whereas Kansas reached 286, Missouri 281, and Illinois 267. Again, in the same year South Dakota had a similar rate of but 270, although, until the referendum of this year requiring a proper term of residence for the plaintiff produced a "depression" in the business, the foreign trade in divorce at certain favored marts waxed amazingly; whereas Indiana, not so famous for colonization, actually achieved a rate of 355, the highest east of the Mississippi. Yet even Indiana is outclassed in the South and West: 391 is the figure for Texas; 399 that for Arizona; while Washington reaches the highest mark of all with a rate of 513, closely followed by Montana with 490, and by Colorado with 409.

The best showing is made by the States of the North Atlantic division; yet, on the same basis of 100,000 married population, between 1890 and 1900 the average annual rate for the nine States of this group taken together advanced from 81 to 100. Maine, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island show an astonishing

acceleration in the movement during this decade; Massachusetts, like New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, does much better; while Connecticut, with a rate of 130 in 1900 as compared with 171 in 1890, has the high honor of being the only commonwealth in the Union for so long a period to check the rise of divorce. However, if we take the general rather than the married population as the basis and compare the figures for 1880 with those for 1900, Utah must be accorded a share in that credit; for in the twenty years her rate sank from 114 to 92 in the hundred thousand, the latter also being precisely the ratio for 1870. If only the five years between 1902 and 1906 be considered, several States show a decline. During that time, as compared with the preceding quinquennium, the number of divorces fell 12.8 per cent in California; 15 per cent in Rhode Island; 15.8 per cent in North Dakota; and 46.7 per cent in the District of Columbia.

*America's Divorce Record Unique in History*

Decidedly, our country is a land of liberal divorce. Of that the foregoing summary leaves no room for doubt. In the outset, let us clearly seize the broad meaning of this fact. In a rising civilization a divorce rate trebling its velocity in the short space of forty years — less than the present average span of human life in the United States — is seemingly a moral paradox absolutely unique. It is unique, however, only in degree. In Europe, too, while the number of divorces is relatively small, the rate is gaining. The freer dissolution of marriage is a world phenomenon, huge, portentous. How should it be interpreted? Assuredly it signifies somewhere the action of sinister forces, vast and perilous. Doubtless here we are face to face with an evil that seriously threatens the social order, that menaces human happiness; an evil to overcome which challenges our deepest thought, our ripest wisdom, our most persistent endeavor. It challenges, too, our highest moral courage. For here, as in the case of some other grave social problems, to follow the truth at all hazards in the full light of modern day may lead straight to a breach with ancient authority; the rejection of sanctified traditions; the renunciation of false but fond ideals.

*Martin Luther the Father of Modern Divorce*

A thorough and fearless answer to the initial question points to such a moral crisis. What is divorce? Is divorce the evil or the symptom? the cause or the effect? the disease or the medicine? An appeal to origins may prove enlight-



ening; for one of the strangest facts in recent discussions of divorce, particularly on the part of the clergy, is the almost utter neglect of the clearest lessons of history. It should not be forgotten that liberal divorce in Christian lands is the fruit of that phase of the renaissance in thought that we call the Reformation. For in its origin the prevailing modern doctrine of divorce, like the prevailing modern conception of the form and nature of wedlock, was shaped by the brain of Martin Luther. It was a righteous revolt against the absurdity, cruelty, and wickedness of canon-law theory and practice in matrimonial causes. Luther's famous dictum that marriage is not a sacrament, but a "temporal, worldly thing" which "does not concern the church," led the mind of the western world gradually but surely to sanction civil marriage and its counterpart, civil divorce. It involved, in fact, a new theory of social control, of the function of the State, which ought to be of deep interest to sociologist and political scientist alike. In effect, as interpreted by the ages, this dictum declared:

That since marriage is a "worldly thing," a social institution, the State ought to assume sole authority over it; and, if it is deemed best for human happiness, the State ought, as a remedy for social evil, to sanction the dissolution of wedlock through absolute divorce.

Each branch of this declaration has borne fruit. On the one hand, in the western world the extension of the sphere of secular legislation to the whole province — the whole outward or legal province — of marriage is a fact of transcendent value. In this regard the Reformation marks the beginning of a social revolution. The real trend of evolution has not at all times been clearly seen or frankly admitted; but, from the days of Luther, however concealed in theological garb or forced under theological sanctions, however opposed by reactionary dogma, public opinion has more and more decidedly recognized the right of the temporal lawmaker in this field. In the seventeenth century the New England Puritan gave the State, in its assemblies and in its courts, complete jurisdiction in questions of marriage and divorce, to the entire exclusion of the ecclesiastical authority. For nearly three quarters of a century the clergy were forbidden to solemnize wedlock, while, at the same time, marriages were freely dissolved by the lay magistrate. Definitively, the State seems to have gained control of matrimonial administration.

#### *Divorce "a Medicine for the Disease of Marriage"*

On the other hand, the theory of divorce as a right and proper remedy for matrimonial ills

has kept even pace with this evolution. According to the Reformation fathers, "just divorce" is sanctioned by God for "amendment in wedlock," as a healing "medicine for the disease of marriage"; and by "just divorce" they meant absolute dissolution of the nuptial bond, with the right of taking another spouse. For four centuries this Reformation doctrine of complete divorce as a social medicine has dominated Occidental thought. The New England Puritan and Separatist acted upon it with characteristic thoroughness. Logically they instituted civil divorce as the counterpart of civil marriage. In old England the Puritan statute-book was silent; but Puritan thought produced the boldest defense of the liberty of divorce that had yet appeared. According to Milton, divorce is a "law of moral equity," a "pure moral economical law . . . so clear in nature and reason, that it was left to a man's own arbitrament to be determined between God and his own conscience"; and "the restraint whereof, who is not too thick-sighted may see how hurtful and distracting it is to the house, the church, and the commonwealth." Spurning a narrow theological definition of the proper causes of divorce, in the spirit of the modern humanist he exclaims: "What are these two causes [adultery and desertion] to many other, which afflict the state of marriage as bad, and yet find no redress? . . . What hath the soul of man deserved, if it be in the way of salvation, that it should be mortgaged thus?"

Truly, with all its intolerance, Puritanism was one of the great liberators of the human spirit; and clearly Milton believed that soul-liberty should embrace freedom of divorce. His idealism carried the Reformation doctrine further than his age could follow. Yet more and more that doctrine has determined the course of history. From Milton and Bucer to Condorcet and Humboldt, from the Code Napoléon to the statesmen who have shaped the laws and molded the juridical theories of the twentieth century, always and everywhere, the prevailing dictum is that divorce is prescribed as a remedy for a social malady. This is the justification of the divorce policy of the western world. If divorce in itself is a sin, then the laws sanctioned by modern civilization are altogether wicked, and the American lawmaker has sinned more deeply and persistently than any one else.

Now, is this time-honored doctrine of the State as a wise and good physician administering divorce as a healing medicine for social disease a false teaching? Is divorce, except perchance on the one "scriptural" ground, im-

moral, and therefore the fountain-head of the malady that afflicts us? It may be so; for often the sanction of traditional belief has sustained a dangerous error for centuries. By the same token, let us beware of too easy faith in the opposite dogma of sacramental wedlock and sinful divorce, although it has existed several centuries longer. We must not beg the question. The time for dependence on mob-mind, ecclesiastical or other, is past. The hour has come earnestly to search the facts and honestly to read their meaning.

### *Better Laws Cannot Materially Check Divorce*

In searching for the basic causes of the increase in divorce, it may give a strategic advantage if the problem be first attacked from the negative side. It seems needful in the outset to clear away certain popular errors and superstitions in order more easily to reach the heart of the matter. For him who has an eye to see, each step in the search is lit up by the facts revealed in the two great Government reports. These facts disclose a truth of first-rate value. They enable us with confidence to state a generalization which on wider grounds the enlightened student of social life will be prepared to accept:

A federal or other uniform divorce law would neither much lessen the aggregate number of divorces in the whole country nor much change the local variations in the rate; for imperfect legislation and faulty judicial procedure are not a principal cause of the divorce movement.

It has long been the popular view that the swiftly rising tide of divorce in this country is due mainly to lax legislation and to the conflicting laws of the States and Territories. Probably this is still the prevailing opinion among all classes, even among lawyers, statesmen, and reputable writers on the subject. The demand for a uniform and more stringent law as a sovereign remedy is in the forefront of nearly every discussion. It is accented by the Washington-Philadelphia divorce congress of 1906, and by the message of President Roosevelt in 1905, urging Congress to make new provision for the collection of divorce statistics. Very recently a distinguished clergyman of New York, who calls divorce for any cause a sin, hopeless of controlling it through church or society, in his despair appealed for aid to a national divorce law.

Now, it is certain that in large measure this view is wrong. It rests on an utter misconception of the real nature of the divorce problem. In the main, the earnest men and women who seek relief in this way are doomed to bitter dis-

appointment. Only in the main: for it must be confessed that a certain, though not a large, percentage of the divorces granted is due to bad law and to faulty administration. In other words, if divorce be looked upon as a remedy, the disease that it seeks to cure may actually be spread through the mal-application of that remedy by our legislatures and by our courts. Better laws and more careful procedure are worth striving for. Emphatically it is possible to have "good divorce laws," just as we may have good charity laws, good laws for the check of contagious diseases, or good laws in any department of remedial social legislation. In this field it is needful that the laws be simple and certain. They should not, from their very nature, become a dead letter, or an encouragement to domestic discord by offering opportunity for evasion, collusion, or lax interpretation. That would tend to destroy the reverence for law itself. In the case of divorce, and even more in that of marriage, there is a sphere of useful activity for the lawmaker. He cannot, it is true, reach the root of the matter: the fundamental causes of divorce, which are planted deeply in the imperfections of human nature—particularly in false sentiments regarding marriage and the family—and which, as presently will appear, may be removed only through more rational principles and methods of education. He may, however, render the external conditions, the legal environment, favorable to the action of the proper remedy. Good laws, for instance, may check hasty impulse and force individuals to take proper time for reflection. For this reason the adoption of the decree *nisi* should be encouraged; while the sanction by the States of the sane recommendations of the divorce congress of 1906 would help to create the healthful legal environment just mentioned.

### *America's Divorce Record Does Not Indicate Low Domestic Morality*

Still, when all is said, law, whether bad or good, is of relatively small moment in this field. Besides, our divorce laws are not as black as they are sometimes painted. The question is, Has American social liberalism regarding divorce, as in so many other respects, increased the sum of human happiness? If, on the average, American legislation is more liberal than that of England, Germany, France, or even Switzerland in extending the enumerated grounds of divorce, surely it would be rash to assume that they are the worse on that account. Does any one really believe that domestic life is less pure in America than in European lands? Is there any good reason for believing that what De Tocqueville said more than fifty years ago is

not true to-day? "Assuredly," he declared, "America is the country in the world where the marriage tie is most respected and where the highest and justest idea of conjugal happiness has been conceived." "It is remarkable," says Lecky more recently, "that this great facility of divorce should exist in a country that has long been conspicuous for its high standard of sexual morality and for its deep sense of the sanctity of marriage." Bryce, though he does not like our divorce laws, gives similar testimony as to the high "level of sexual morality" in the United States.

In a word, that the highest divorce rates, with the one exception, are found in two of the most enlightened and democratic nations in the world, Switzerland and the United States, may well give us food for serious thought. Besides, a detailed analysis of the entire output of divorce legislation in all our States, Territories, and districts since 1886 reveals a vast improvement in form and substance. More and more in their essential features our laws are duplicating each other, and they are becoming better. More stringent provisions for notice to the defendant have been made, longer terms of previous residence for the plaintiff required, the divorce *nisi* sanctioned, and more satisfactory conditions of remarriage after divorce prescribed; while the more dangerous "omnibus" clauses in the lists of statutory grounds have been repealed.

All this thought and toil have not been utterly in vain. Nevertheless, during the two decades the divorce rate has gained a threefold velocity. This result tends to prove, if proof be needed, that the real grounds for divorce are far beyond the reach of the statute-maker, and to sustain the well-known dictum of Bertillon that laws extending the number of accepted causes of divorce or relaxing the procedure in divorce suits have little influence "upon the increase in the number of decrees." It may, indeed, be impossible to measure exactly the effects of lax or stringent legislation. Still, the reformer need not despair. Without the new laws the divorce rate might have been higher, and their general effect on social life has been uplifting. From all the evidence available, it seems almost certain that there is a margin, important though narrow, within which the statute-maker may exert a morally beneficial, even a restraining, influence. On this subject the report of the Director of the Census may throw some light.

#### *Are We Moving toward Free Divorce?*

Under the sway of popular sentiment in the United States, is there a tendency toward free divorce at the will of the parties?

At home and abroad American divorce courts are severely criticized for laxity, even negligence, in the trial of divorce petitions. It cannot be denied that quite generally our judges are in sympathy with a liberal divorce policy. Very recently Justice Brown has spoken strongly in favor of divorce as a just means of securing public welfare and the "preservation of domestic happiness." Doubtless many grave mistakes and serious wrongs are committed; but in the main our courts are careful and conscientious in the trial of suits. For the years 1867-1886 Colonel Wright estimated that "in about thirty per cent of the cases of petition a decree has been denied." This led him to believe that "instead of being careless" our "judges exercise a reasonable care" in the performance of their trust. Although statistics are not available, it is probable that the percentage of petitions denied is now greater than in 1886.

On a closely related point the report is significant. Only 15.4 per cent of the divorces granted during the two decades 1887-1906 were contested; and "probably in many of these cases," we are told, "the contesting was hardly more than a formality, perhaps not extending beyond the filing of an answer, which often has the effect of expediting the process of obtaining the divorce." The percentage of contested cases is slowly rising; and, except where the cause is adultery, the wife more than the husband is likely to resist the granting of a decree. Divorces on the ground of cruelty are most frequently and those on the ground of desertion least frequently contested. When notice is personally served, 20.4 per cent of the cases are contested, while only 3.2 per cent are resisted when notice is by publication. Usually, says Dr. Hill, the latter form of notice is "confined to those cases in which the residence and address of the libellee are either unknown or are outside the State in which the suit is brought," implying, "therefore, an existing separation either of considerable duration or of considerable distance or both."

Now, what is the meaning of this situation? Does it not in actual practice reveal an astonishing leaning toward a freer granting of divorce than that implied even in the enumerated statutory grounds, however ample the list may be? In effect, though not in theory, do not these figures disclose a tendency toward dissolution of wedlock by mutual consent or even at the demand of either spouse? For good or ill, is American society actually moving toward the ideal of free dissolution of wedlock at the will of the contracting parties? That was Milton's ideal, except that, like the ancient Jews, in effect he would have placed the exercise of the right of

self-divorce solely in the hands of the man; and it is now the ideal of some serious-minded persons. A short time ago, before the Maryland Bar Association, even Henry B. Brown, former justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, is reported to have said, "It is not perceived why the partnership created by marriage should so far differ from a commercial partnership, that one may be dissolved at pleasure while the other is absolutely indissoluble." Moreover, according to the interpretation of divorce below suggested, it does not follow that, should this ideal ever be frankly accepted by the American people, the divorce rate will thereby become higher. It *might* become much lower. When that time comes, if it ever does come, we shall know more than we now know of human society and its claims; and we shall be less likely to abuse individual liberty to the injury of our fellows.

#### *Do Liberal Laws Invite Divorce?*

The census investigation enables us to test another popular objection to the modern divorce policy. In effect, does not the very existence of liberal divorce laws constitute an incentive to unstable or otherwise bad marriages? Are not risky, temporary, or immoral unions deliberately formed in full view of their easy dissolution?

The man on the street and a good many persons in the office, the study, and in the pulpit unhesitatingly say "yes" to this question. Yet statistics, though inconclusive, afford little or no ground for an affirmative answer. It will surprise many to learn that the average duration of divorced marriages is ten years; while 60 per cent of the total number of such marriages last less than ten years, and 28.5 per cent of them less than five years. During the first year of married life are granted 2.1 per cent of all divorces, or 18,876 in the whole country for the two decades. The number rapidly increases until in the fifth year the maximum of 73,913 decrees or 8.2 per cent is reached. "From this point on the number steadily diminishes year by year; but it does not fall below the number granted in the first year of married life until the eighteenth year." There are nearly twice as many divorces in the twelfth year of the wedded life as in the first. On the whole, these figures disclose a stability of the marriage bond hardly to be expected if easy divorce were in mind at the time of the wedding ceremony. When we consider that probably there are more people in the first than in the eighteenth year of married life, and that, as will soon appear, we have more cogent reasons to explain the laxity of the marital tie during the early stage, we are

scarcely warranted in assuming that liberal divorce laws are perceptibly weakening the nuptial bond. At any rate, the burden of proof is on those who so affirm.

#### *Do People Seek Divorce in Order to Re-Wed?*

On the other hand, if people do not get married in order to be divorced, do they get divorced in order again to be married?

The man on the street is quite sure that such is the case. As evidence he can always point out one or two notorious examples. Doubtless such cases exist. Yet in this instance, too, the popular judgment is probably wrong. Although, with slight exception, only foreign evidence is available to test the point, it is not likely that restrictions upon the remarriage of divorced persons in any large measure influence the divorce rate. Prussian and Swiss statistics, now too old to be very satisfactory even for those countries, show that divorced men re-wed during the first three years at about the same rate as do widowers; while divorced women remarry somewhat more rapidly than widows. Possibly our country could make as good a showing. At any rate, Connecticut and Rhode Island statistics point to that conclusion.

#### *Would a Uniform Divorce Law Lessen the Number of Divorces?*

The statistics of the forty years covered by the two Government reports enable us with more confidence to approach another question usually held to be of primary importance:

Is clandestine divorce a chief factor in the increasing rate, and therefore ought we to have a uniform law?

For nearly twenty-five years this dual problem has been under earnest discussion. Alternately three ways of securing greater uniformity have been tried. The original method, by procuring the enactment of a federal law under a constitutional amendment, has long since been abandoned by most practical workers. It is a question whether such a law is desirable, even if it could be secured. Next, an effort was made by reformers to secure the adoption by the several States of a model statute designed to prevent clandestine divorce; that is, a statute dealing mainly with procedure. Such was the character of the bill drafted in 1899-1900 by the conference of State commissions on uniform legislation. Finally, in 1906, a more comprehensive plan was initiated through the "National Congress on Uniform Divorce Law." By this body, composed of delegates from forty States, a model statute was drafted, recogniz-

ing both full and partial divorce, and dealing with both causes and procedure.

The wise provisions of this measure should be sanctioned by the States. In various ways they might have an influence for good. But would they lessen the number of divorces? The original motive which finally produced the Government report compiled by Colonel Wright twenty years ago was to get light on the extent of clandestine divorce. It was then the common opinion that the majority of divorces were obtained through secret migration from State to State in the search for "easy" laws. The result of the investigation was a surprise. It showed pretty conclusively that interstate migration for divorce does not much affect the rate. At that time, one of the foremost practical sociologists of the country, the Rev. Samuel W. Dike, of Auburndale, Massachusetts, to whose suggestion, in fact, the report was mainly due, declared that "the establishment of uniform laws is not the central point" of the divorce problem. The new report confirms this conclusion. Of the 820,264 divorces during the two decades, granted to couples known to have been married in the United States, 21.5 per cent were to those married outside the State in which the decree was rendered. Of course, this does not mean that one couple out of five whose marriage was thus dissolved migrated for the purpose of obtaining divorce. On the contrary, says Dr. Hill, "it is probable that that motive was present in a comparatively small proportion of the total number of cases, and that to a large extent the migration was merely an incident of the general movement of population, which takes place for economic and other reasons unconnected with divorce."

In fact, according to the census of 1890, 21.5 per cent, and by that of 1900, 21 per cent of the native population were living outside the State or Territory in which they were born. The coincidence in proportions is striking. Here and there, in a town or county, as has already been shown, "colonization" for divorce may be a serious matter; but, considering that the average duration of marriage before divorce is ten years, it seems clear that on the divorce movement as a whole the influence of interstate migration is almost negligible.

Still, if uniform law would not much affect the whole number of divorces in the country, would it not prevent local variations in the rate?

Of course, for the United States, no statistics are available to test this question. The experience of Switzerland, however, is enlightening. In 1876 a uniform federal divorce law for the twenty-two States or Cantons went into

effect; yet the differences in rate continued to be much greater than in our country. In 1885, for instance, the half-canton of Exterior Appenzell had forty-nine times as much divorce as the half-canton of Upper Unterwalden. Verily, law, however good, appears to be a feeble thing in some of the deeper currents of social living!

### *Liberal Divorce a Sign of Progress*

It seems reasonably sure from the foregoing discussion that the secret of the divorce problem cannot be reached by the common path. There is need of wider vision and deeper induction from a consideration of the whole trend of social progress during the last four centuries. That trend has been toward individual freedom in order thereby to gain social freedom. Of a truth, to the serious student the accelerated divorce movement appears clearly as a part of the mighty process of spiritual liberation which has been gaining in volume and strength ever since the Reformation. It has been a many-sided process. There has been a fivefold struggle for political, religious, intellectual, economic, and social freedom. In each phase of the struggle liberalism has fought with conservatism. As the cost of previous mistakes, there has been much suffering and wrong. Yet the fight has been righteous, and liberalism is winning the victory, although the battle, especially for social and economic freedom, is by no means fought out.

### *Growing Emancipation of the Family*

Now, this process of spiritual liberation has profoundly affected the relative positions of man and woman, of parent and child, in the family and in society. With respect to right and privilege and social values the sex-line is being wiped out. New ideals regarding marriage and the family are swiftly taking the place of the old ideals. The corporate unity of the patriarchal family has been broken up or even completely destroyed. There is a tendency more and more to recognize the equal spiritual value of each personality in the family-group. More and more, wife and child have been released from the power of the house-father and placed directly under the larger social control. The new solidarity of the State is being won at the expense of the old solidarity of the family. The family bond is no longer coercion, but persuasion, though too often the domestic despot still holds sway. Less and less is the family dominated by the feeling of kinship and the patriarchal desire for children, and more and more by the cultural forces. The tie that binds its members together is ceasing to be juridical and

is becoming spiritual. Essentially the family society is becoming a psychic fact. Beyond question, this process of dissolution and readjustment, although attended by some evil, is producing a loftier ideal of the marital union and a juster view of the relative shares of the sexes in the world's work. Moreover, from its very nature, the process has been of most benefit to woman. It is releasing her from the husband's power and it is making her an even member of the connubial partnership, while in the larger society it is accomplishing her political, economic, and intellectual independence. In a word, it is producing a revolution which means nothing less than the socialization of one half of human-kind.

Now, if higher ideals of the family and marriage have arisen, why should not the wedded union be more stable? Why is the number of divorces so fast increasing? It is precisely because of these higher ideals, and of their intense action in a period of general social transition. For the swiftest progress, the most visible fruits, of the whole many-sided liberation movement just mentioned belong to the last fifty years. Seemingly we are now at the height of the change from the old social régime to the new. Therefore it is not strange that there should be many mistakes, much maladjustment, frequent "mis-selection." The old forces of social control have been weakened faster than the new forces have been developed. In the family the old legal patriarchal bonds have not yet been adequately replaced by new spiritual ties. The new wine is being poured into old bottles. There is frequent and disastrous clash of ideals. The new and loftier conception of equal rights and duties has rendered the husband and wife, and naturally the wife more than the husband, sensitive to encroachment, and therefore the reaction is frequent and sometimes violent. Dr. Lichtenberger has luminously interpreted this idea:

"The popularization of law, increased popular education, and the improved social status of woman, conspire to render intolerable domestic conditions placidly endured under the régime of economic necessity and patriarchal authority." Moreover, as he adds, this spiritual revolt is quickened by the revolution in ethical and religious standards. "There is a growing intolerance of evils formerly endured. Assume that the moral status of marriage conditions remains the same and that moral perception is clarified. The result will be precisely the same as if the moral consciousness should remain undisturbed while immorality increased."

In the present experimental stage, the finer and more delicately adjusted social mechanism

is easily put out of order. The evil lurks, not in the ideals, but in the blunders of men and women in trying to live up to the ideals.

### *Women Derive the Chief Benefits from Liberal Divorce*

The theory just set forth is powerfully supported by the facts contained in the census report. As one should logically expect, they reveal the peculiar interest which woman has in liberal divorce. The wife more frequently than the husband is seeking in divorce an escape from marital ills. In large measure the divorce movement is an expression of woman's gaining independence. During the two decades 1887-1906 in the United States, over 66 per cent of the decrees were granted on the wife's petition. Among the principal causes, only for adultery was the number granted to the husband (59.1 per cent) greater than the number granted to the wife; and in this case, were social justice done, who can doubt that the ratio would be reversed? Here is a wrong due to the vicious dual standard of morality by which society still measures the sexual sins of man and woman, to the woman's disadvantage. To realize to what a frightful extent marriage is being polluted and family well-being destroyed by men, it is needful only to glance at the sickening record of the ravages of "social disease" disclosed by the researches of Prince Morrow. The mention of a single fact must here suffice. Venereal diseases are five times as numerous as tubercular diseases; and, on the average, every year not less than 450,000 young men are infected by them! Ultimately, innocent wives and children are the victims.

### *One Fifth of All Divorces Granted for Drunkenness*

The value of the divorce remedy for woman is revealed in various ways by the tables showing the relative number of decrees granted to the husband or to the wife respectively. In 83 per cent of all decrees granted for cruelty, in 90.6 per cent of those granted for drunkenness, and in 100 per cent of those granted for neglect to provide, the husband was the offender and the wife the plaintiff. That the sources of the divorce movement are bad social conditions which may be remedied is illustrated by the sinister fact that, directly or indirectly, 184,568 divorces, or nearly 20 per cent of the whole number reported for the two decades, were granted for intemperance; and in nine tenths of these cases the culprit was the man. Just think of it! More than one hundred and eighty thousand marriages dissolved and homes destroyed by the drink curse, not to mention the thou-

sands of wives who patiently endure that curse without seeking judicial relief! Surely the situation calls loudly, not for less divorce, but for less liquor and fewer saloons. The statistics of divorce place a deadly weapon in the hands of the Anti-Saloon League, which should make more use of it.

*Divorce Often the Righteous Solution of an Economic Problem*

In still another way these statistics show how vitally divorce touches the interests of the wife. The prevalence of desertion challenges our most serious attention. For this cause the number of decrees reaches the astonishing total of 367,502, or nearly 38.9 per cent of the entire number on all grounds for the twenty years. Moreover, of the whole number of divorces granted the husband for all causes, 49.4 per cent (156,283), or nearly half, were for desertion; while 33.6 per cent (211,219), or one third of all those granted to the wife, were for the same offense. Here, too, the woman is the chief sufferer and the chief beneficiary.

How may this startling phenomenon of marital desertion be explained? Its causes are complex, but there is one source, perhaps the most fruitful and least understood of all, which in a remarkable way gives signal proof of a transition phase in American society. In large part, is not the menacing prevalence of desertion due to our vast unregulated and but partially explored social frontier, urban as well as rural? The marital renegade is lured by the ease with which, under existing conditions of social control, of law and order, he may hide himself on the range, in the mines, in the lumber-camp, and amid the seething purlieus and slums of our great cities. Now, for the abandoned spouse, and especially for the abandoned wife, desertion involves the bread-and-butter question which there should be full liberty to solve. Very often, in fact, divorce seems the righteous solution of an economic problem. What, then, is the remedy for desertion? Assuredly not the restriction of divorce, but the just punishment of the deserter, and the civilization of the social frontier. Let our great cities, for instance, be taken out of the hands of corrupt spoilsmen and the allied criminals who now flourish through their tolerance or direct support.

*Increasing Statutory Grounds of Divorce Mean Rising Social Ideals*

Let us get still deeper into the rich mine that the census bureau has opened to us for exploitation. It is possible by careful search to detect the real motive of the State in sanctioning

an ever-growing list of legal causes of divorce, ranging from one in New York and the District of Columbia to fourteen in New Hampshire. In the main, making all due allowance for mistakes, does not each new ground, in effect, give expression to a new ideal of moral fitness, of social justice, of conjugal rights? Is it not a factor in the process of spiritual emancipation whose character has already been explained?

As civilization advances, the more searching is the diagnosis of social as well as of physical disease and the more special or differentiated the remedy. It is not necessarily a merit, and it may be a grave social wrong, to reduce the legal causes of divorce to the one "scriptural" ground. Adultery is not the only way of being faithless to the nuptial vow, not the only mode of betraying spouse or child or society. For instance, the most enlightened judgment of the age heartily approves of the policy of some States in extending the causes so as to include intoxication from the habitual use of strong drinks or narcotics as being equally destructive of connubial happiness and family welfare. Decidedly it is not a virtue in a divorce law, as often appears to be taken for granted, to restrict the application of the remedy, regardless of the sufferings of the social body. The need of each particular society, the public welfare, the promotion of the general happiness, is the only safe criterion to guide the lawmaker in either widening or narrowing the door of escape from bad marriages.

*Cure Marriage, Cure Divorce*

This brings us, naturally, to the heart of the matter. The great fountain-head of divorce is bad marriage laws and bad marriages. Hampered by ancient tradition, befogged by medieval modes of thought, in dealing or neglecting to deal with the marriage institution we have signally failed to develop methods of social control adequate to the new psychic character of the family. No one who in full detail has carefully studied American matrimonial legislation can doubt for an instant that, faulty as are our divorce laws, our marriage laws are far worse. Hardly a conceivable blunder is left uncommitted; while our apathy, our carelessness and levity, regarding the marriage institution, are almost beyond belief. Of the two factors as causes of divorce, bad marriage laws are, of course, less harmful than are marriages biologically or morally bad. Here, too, the power of the lawmaker is limited. Yet a bad marriage law will account for divorce in far more cases than will a bad divorce law. This is true because its function is prevention. For instance, bad marriage laws may permit, or fail



to prevent, the union of those who are unfit to wed because of venereal disease, insanity, crime, or degeneracy. They may suffer, even encourage, clandestine unions, so apt to end in the divorce court. This is why the "marriage resort," like that at St. Joseph, Michigan, is many times more harmful than the "divorce colony," such as those formerly at Mandan, Fargo, or Sioux Falls. The frivolous, sensual, or immature couples joined at the wedding resort often find their way to the colony.

There is crying need of a higher ideal of the marriage relation; of more careful selection in wedlock. While bad legislation and a low standard of social ethics continue to throw recklessly wide the door that opens to marriage, there must of necessity be a broad way out. How ignorantly, with what levity, are marriages often contracted! How many thousands of parents fail to give their children any serious warning against yielding to transient impulse in choosing a mate! How few have received any real training with respect to the duties and responsibilities of conjugal life! What proper check is society putting upon the marriage of the unfit? Is there any boy or girl so immature, if only the legal age of consent has been reached, is there any "delinquent" so dangerous through inherited tendencies to disease and crime, any worn-out or tainted debauchee, who cannot somewhere find a magistrate or a priest to tie the "sacred" knot? It is a very low moral sentiment that tolerates modern wife-purchase or husband-purchase for bread, title, or social position.

### *The Mistake of the Clergy in Dealing with Divorce*

The path of the wise reformer is thus clearly pointed out. He will concern himself with causes and not with effects. He will recognize that in a general but very real sense the divorced man or woman is a sufferer from bad social conditions. If he be a priest, he will not waste his energy in punishing divorced couples, though some of them may deserve punishment. Rather, he will strive to lessen the social wrongs of which the divorced man or woman is the victim. Let ecclesiastical councils, if they would serve society, instead of damning the marriage of divorced persons, concern themselves more with restraining the original marriages of the unfit. In fact, however well meant, the appeal to theological criteria is doing much to hinder the right solution of the problem of marriage and divorce. It is high time that the family and all its related institutions should be as freely and unsparringly subjected to scientific examination as are the

facts of modern political or industrial life. It is needful frankly to accept marriage as a social institution to be dealt with freely according to human needs.

Yet nowhere in the field of social ethics, perhaps, are our professed moral and religious leaders guilty of more casuistry or confusion of thought than in dealing with this question. In itself divorce is not immoral. True, there are wicked divorces; but there are many more that are just and righteous. No one favors divorce for its own sake, but merely as a remedy for social wrong. Probably in every healthy society the ideal of right marriage is a lifelong partnership. But what if it is not right — if it is a failure? Is there no relief? To the Roman Catholic and to some other churchmen divorce is a sin, the sanction of "successive polygamy," of "polygamy on the instalment plan," while religion is the only remedy. Very recently the author of the first of these epigrams, Cardinal Gibbons, has favored us with a typical example of canonical sociology. Referring to the alleged "plague of divorce" during the early days of the Caesars, he makes this astounding declaration:

"But now, turning from pagan to medieval Christian Europe, to the much-misrepresented, ill-understood, so-called "Dark Ages," which were really intensely the Ages of Faith, one would search far and wide for examples of divorce, sanctioned by either Church or State, or, indeed, even connived at by Christian men and women of those days."

### *The "Plague" of Canon-Law Marriage*

To the theological mind this statement may be technically correct; to the plain secular mind which values the spirit and not the letter it is not correct. Shall the canon-law dogma of indissoluble wedlock still determine the rules of modern social conduct? If any one so insists, let him frankly face one or two basic facts which historical research has firmly established. It took nearly twelve hundred years of conflict to fix the sacramental dogma. For four centuries the Bible passages were debated by the fathers and the councils before the "strict construction" doctrine of Augustine and his followers clearly prevailed. By them divorce was wholly forbidden. Yet seven centuries more passed away before this view was generally accepted. Everywhere, at least among the newly converted peoples of Europe, as proved in the most convincing way by the penitentials, full divorce with remarriage was allowed on various grounds. During this period authority had perforce to yield to expediency. Not until the middle of the twelfth century, in the

fourth book of Peter Lombard's "Sentences," is found the first clear recognition of the "seven sacraments," among which that of marriage appears.

Now, in two ways the sacramental theory of indissoluble wedlock bore evil fruit. First, it produced an enormous number of clandestine marriages, with all their attendant hardships and scandals. Secondly, it led straightway to a "plague" of divorce obtained under false pretenses. True, such divorce was called "annulment of void marriage." In the worst sense it was "immoral," for often it was obtained by bribery and intrigue. It cannot justly be doubted that by this means there existed a wide liberty of divorce in the Middle Ages, though it existed mainly for those who were able to pay the ecclesiastical courts for finding a way through the tortuous maze of "forbidden degrees" and other impediments. In a divorce procedure masquerading under the guise of an action to nullify spurious wedlock lurked the germs of perjury and fraud. Even in the days of Edward II. an English satirist complains of the "prodigious traffic" in divorce among husbands having false witnesses and "selver among the clerkes to send." Before the Reformation it had become an intolerable scandal in Christendom. No wonder that Luther and his followers repudiated the sacramental dogma! Emphatically, bad marriage law and resulting bad marriages were the chief source of the divorce evil during the Middle Ages. Has not the canonical fiction done harm enough? Shall it still be suffered to begot the popular mind and thus hinder the sane and righteous solution of the most difficult problem of modern civilization?

#### *The Position of the Catholic Church*

It is with deep regret that the student of social life sees the clergy, Catholic and Protestant, with some noble exceptions, missing a rare opportunity for larger service. I have a proper respect for the courage and firmness with which the ancient Church of Rome maintains her ideals, even her medieval ideals. In truth, from her unity, her centralization of authority, the Catholic Church to-day holds the point of vantage which sometime, under a wise and progressive head, may make her among religious organizations the leader in social achievement. But progress cannot be won by clinging stubbornly to tradition in social questions. The times are calling loudly for a dynamic or working religion, whose apostles shall be guided by the light of modern knowledge and inspired by the love of men. Truly a strange state of things has come to pass; for there is no evading the plain fact that at this moment the noblest con-

ception of religious duty, the loftiest ideal of social ethics, is found, not in the pulpit, but among the devoted men and women, whether in or out of the church, who are courageously preaching and practising the gospel of saving humanism. The great constructive work of moral and social progress is being done by expert students of the realities of modern life, especially by the trained and fearless minds who are now making our colleges and universities radiant centers of helpful and honest thought. Moreover, dynamic religion is spreading. More and more often the enlightened priest and the enlightened sociologist are standing shoulder to shoulder on the fighting line.

#### *The World Must be Taught How to Marry*

Truly it is needful that the church and the school should join hands in providing a remedy for the social evils that cause divorce. That remedy is not more stringent law, but saner education. The salvation of the family depends mainly upon a more efficient moral, social, and physical training of the young. The family and its cognate institutions must find a larger place in the educational program. Where now, except perchance in an indirect or perfunctory way, does a boy or girl get any practical suggestion as to home-building, the right social relations of parent and child, much less regarding marriage and the fundamental facts in the sexual life? The folly of parents in leaving their children in ignorance of the laws of sex is notorious. Yet how much safer than ignorance is knowledge as a shield for innocence!

Now, if the parent and the schoolmaster are guilty, what of the clergy? Are they doing their whole duty in the case? Insisting on "religion" as the only cure for social disease, solemn eulogies on "holy matrimony" at weddings, and calling divorce a "social plague" are hardly enough. Yet what larger, more constructive work can be expected until the clergy themselves are better trained for it? Though there are honorable exceptions, are our professional moral leaders rightly educated for intelligently handling the complex problems of modern social living? It is humbly submitted that less theology and more sociology in their training-schools might prove salutary. When the rightly trained teacher and the rightly trained priest earnestly take the situation in hand, the solution of our problem will be in sight. Already there are distinct signs of a great movement to "socialize" American public education. Let us see to it that the new program be broad enough to embrace the whole many-sided problem of sex, marriage, and the family.

# IN HONOUR OF SAINT JOHN

(FOR SAINT JOHN'S DAY)

IN honour of Saint John we thus  
Do keep good Christmas cheer;  
And he that comes to dine with us,  
I think he need not spare.  
The butcher he hath killed good beef,  
The caterer brings it in;  
But Christmas pies are still the chief,  
If that I durst begin.

Our bacon hogs are full and fat  
To make us brawn and souse;  
Full well may I rejoice thereat  
To see them in the house.  
But yet the minced pie it is  
That sets my teeth on water;  
Good mistress, let me have a bit,  
For I do long thereafter.

The cloves and mace and gallant plums  
That here on heaps do lie,  
And prunes as big as both my thumbs,  
Enticeth much mine eye.  
Oh, let me eat my belly-full  
Of your good Christmas-pie;  
Except thereat I have a pull,  
I think I sure shall die.

Good master, stand my loving friend,  
For Christmas-time is short,  
And when it comes unto an end  
I may no longer sport;  
Then while it doth continue here  
Let me such labour find,  
To eat my fill of that good cheer  
That best doth please my mind.

*Jeremy Taylor, Festival Hymns*



*Drawing by Wladyslaw T. Benda*

"DEAR MOTHER OF MY HART,—"

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV JANUARY, 1910

No. 3

## THE HEART OF AN ORPHAN

BY

AMANDA MATHEWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

**D**EAR Mother of my hart,—  
I hope you don't mind my putting that name on you when I aint nothing to you any more than some little cat you patted once. I don't know where you are at and you don't know where I am at so it don't matter much what I call you.

We aint all hole orfuns in this sylum. Lots of us is halves and the halves write to their whichever they got left every wensday. The holes can write too if they got anybody and a stamp. I am a hole and I aint got the stamp or anybody so I will take my pen in hand to let you know I am well and hope you are the same.

This letter will surprise you only you won't never get it so it can't surprise you much. I aint seen you for so long about 3 years I gess. I was a little girl then do you remember me in the Busy Bee Sewing Club at the coledge setelment? I sat at the end of the row and got tangels on purpus so you would come and lift them out. You had a smile on you like anything and I loved you. So did the other girls but not like me. I always knew in my hart when it was the day to sew in the Busy Bee Club.

O I would I had a picksure of you dear one and swete but why do I say that because I have your picksure in my head. You were

not old or kidish or tall or sawdoff you were just right.

Do you remember that day you went to my house that was a better day than any since. We laughed because you sat on the busted chair by misssteak. Do you remember how my mama she coffd and coffd something awfool. Well she died in 1 year and 3 weeks. There was Tony and Isabella and me. Tony died in the ospittle poor Tony. My papa died. It seemed like we had the habbit in our family. I said I wunder if me or Isabella will die next time. I do not care much for to be an orfun is a hard life for anybody but I did not die.

Me and Isabella come to live at this sylum but Isabella was pretty and little so a kind lady took her for her own. I cried and cried and said to the maytrun O keep her till I get big enuf to adop her myself but she said no you are too yung. I beged for them to let me see her not awfun but some times 2 or 3 in a yere but the kind lady said no I want her to forget you and all her passed. I no not where the kind lady has her or if she is dead by this time.

Nobody wants to adop me because I am long and black in my hair and eyes. They do not like orfuns to be long and black. I know because I heard them say when they never knew I did. Can I help that mama and papa was daygoes? I gess not. But



ISABELLA

Isabella the kind lady said was a little brunet buty so she took her for her own.

Dear Mother of my hart, I heard the maytrun tell the halves it is not polite to write about me and nun about you but what can I write of you when you went away before my mother died and I know not where you may be.

O dear mother what can I call you more than dear and swete? O dear dear dear mother I love you for papa and mama and Tony poor Tony and Isabella the kind lady took her for her own. When a family is only 2 like me and you mother we must love very much don't you think? I will close with 9,000,000,000 kisses and some more.

Your long black dawter, Giovanna.

Mother of my hart,

You will be glad to hear your dear dawter is treeted first rayte in this sylum. It is a Christian sylum, we have prayers every day and py on satterday. The peaces are small but what does that matter? I would not like to be a beggar on the street.

There are 95 orfuns counting holes and halves. The maytrun is not mean but O I want some person to love me. The maytrun can not do that no wuman can love 95 orfuns how could she?

We have school but not satterday and sunday for the Lord said let us take a rest so he hollered it. I like reading but not rithmetick, what is the good of xampels about money and apples and oranges when you have nun? I like to draw and sing. I usto hate goggerfry but now no more for when I study of any place I say who knows but the mother of my hart is there? When the teacher tells point E. and W. and N. and S. I say which way do I point at my

dear but I get no ans. My teacher does not like me too much because my temper is bad so is my writing. We must be as neat as we are able and never speak when at the table.

Why I made some potry I never knew I could.

Mother of my hart I hate my close. I know that is very bad but how would you like to look like 95 orfuns? so nobody could tell which one you are. I am long and black like I said and blue is not my culler. I feel my legs like any thing and my arms too but I think it is better than rags. I am thank full I am not a beggar on the street. So I am great full to the maytrun and the ladys of the board.

I sleep in a dormit I can not spell it with 20 orfuns no 19 it is no fare to count myself. The girls wash the dishes and spred up the beds and we have a bath in the tub 2 times a month and our neckeneres washt ever week.

Sunday asternune is for visitors only nobody comes to visit me. It aint that candy is not swete to me as to others but a loving word would give me much more joy but that is not for me I did not cry last sunday like I awfun do because I thot of you mother dear dear dear thofaraway. I played you come in the door in your pink dress the same you usto wear. A lady said onct but not to me she came to stair at the Busy Bees when we sewed. She said you hadn awt to wear a dress we could never hope to own but what is the matter with hoping anything? It dont cost nuthing even an orfun can hope. You come in like I said and when you see me you cried out why if here aint my little Giovanna and you set down cn the bench by me and I lened over to you with my head and the maytrun says Giovanna have you



"I RAN FOR THE LETTERS AND PUT THEM IN YOUR HAND"





"WHEN I GOT TO HER HOUSE I NEVER SAW SUCH A DURTY KITSCHEN"





"YOU TOOK ME ON YOUR LAP LIKE I WAS A LITTLE ORFVN"

gotta crick in your neck and you don't like her to say that so you go away.

If you love me as I love you no nife can cut our love into. I didn make that a girl told it to me.

We say our prayers at night kneeling by our beds every body at once like a big song up to God. I prayed Lord bless my dear mother but the girl next she is a half and she said shut up you hole you aint got nun so I slapt her good for I got you darlling even if you dont know it.

All the orfuns are putting up their pens and I must do the same.

Your loving long black dawter,  
Giovanna.

Mother of my hart,

Since I rote last I had a hard time. I have been out in the cold crule world. Give me a sylum every time. There was a wuman looking over the orfuns and she wanted a big one and

she found falt with me for not being bigger now what do you think of that? She wanted some body to help with the dishes and such she called it light work and the maytrun said if she would send me to school and not work me hevvy she could have me.

I didn like her looks but I thot praps she would do for sorta plane mother not the sunday mother of my hart so do not be jellus dear one I love but you and that is true and our secret.

When I got to her house I never saw such a durty kitschen and she made me clean it good and her mop was something fearce it smelt like garbige. I gess she hadn washt her dishes most never. I washt and washt and I washt and her dish rag it smelt the same.

She had a little boy and he walkt on the floor when it was wet and I told him no and he kickt me and I slapt him good and his ma slapt me gooder on the eres.

Finely she said I could go to bed and the sheets

was durty and I cried for back at the sylum but it was far on 2 street cars so I didn know the way. I cried and I cried but I said whats the use she gotta take me back if I am bad enufh. I will be bad like — no I didn say it out loud so it was no sware.

The next day I busted dishes like anything I sast herfearce and all I dun was missteaks and such. Her little boy was much a frade. She said she would brake me but she coodn. She said much more I must not write for it was sware and I can not spell it anyway. She slapt me 100 times on my head and eres but I would not cry. I bit her good and she screamed. Finely she said you durty brat I take you back where I got you and I was glad but I said nuthing for fere she wouldn.

The maytrun was not mad on me for she told the wuman I was not vishus when treeted well. The wuman wanted to trade me for a better orfun but the maytrun wouldn let her goody!

I seem more near to you mother of my hart now I am back at the sylum. I lost your picksure outa my head when I was bad. I will be good for you, darling, so you can be proud of your dawter. If I have thinks of you allways praps the thinks will fly to you like little birds. I will pray God to put wings to them.

Goodby with fond regards, Giovanna.

Swete mother of my hart,

Was it a dream you was here today? You lookt a little older and your dress was gray trimmed in pink. How funy I was that I could not speak. I guess you said she is a quere one. I was like a dum orfun they took her off to an other sylum. I was so full inside there couldn nun of it get out so you thot I did not remember you as if that could be.

I can not forget any word you said to me. You told you was happy which makes me glad you bet. You said you had thots of me and ast and ast till you come where I was. I bleve that was because I had them thots of you and God gave them wings like I prayed. I am writing all so you won't think I an dum like I ack.

Now you are a goner and praps aint coming back for you didn sav nuthing but I ran for the letters safe and tite under my matres and put them in your hand and you stuf them in your little bag made of silver chanes and you kist me goodby that is no dream.

Maybe praps you will write me a letter O there

wont be a orfun in the world happy same as me! I won't be eggspecting it and lle play I aint watching for the post man and when he comes and gives letters to the maytrun and she speaks my name lle play I aint sure she menes me and lle say did you call me maam and lle run with the letter and hide under my bed in the dormit I can not spell it and lle read and read. O you will write wont you dear dear darlling dear mother of my hart or I guess I will die I want you to so bad.

Your big old long black dawter,  
Giovanna.

Mother of my hart,

I got spots all over me from bunting in to the furnishure when lme trying to know is it true or not. I can't never tell you how I felt inside when you took me on your lap like I was a little orfun and my legs hung down most to the floor and I am too hevvy for you.

You said to think you had a dawter like me and you never knew it and I was awful chokt and couldn find my hanky and you gave me yours and you needed it too and had to swipe up your tears on the other corner.

I said I guess you will write me a leter and you said letter nuthing I was your own preshus dawter and should go with you and I cried so hard you ast me didn I want to go and I was scared for fere you would leve me agen.

You said my letters was full of puns. I am sorry but I don't see how it could be for the maytrun is very care full and kepes dope to kill them dead.

When ever I think of you down on my knees I flop and I think so awfun it would be cheeper to just walk round on my knees but it would ware out my stockings and the maytrun would be mad at me and I can't bare to make anybody mad when I am so happy.

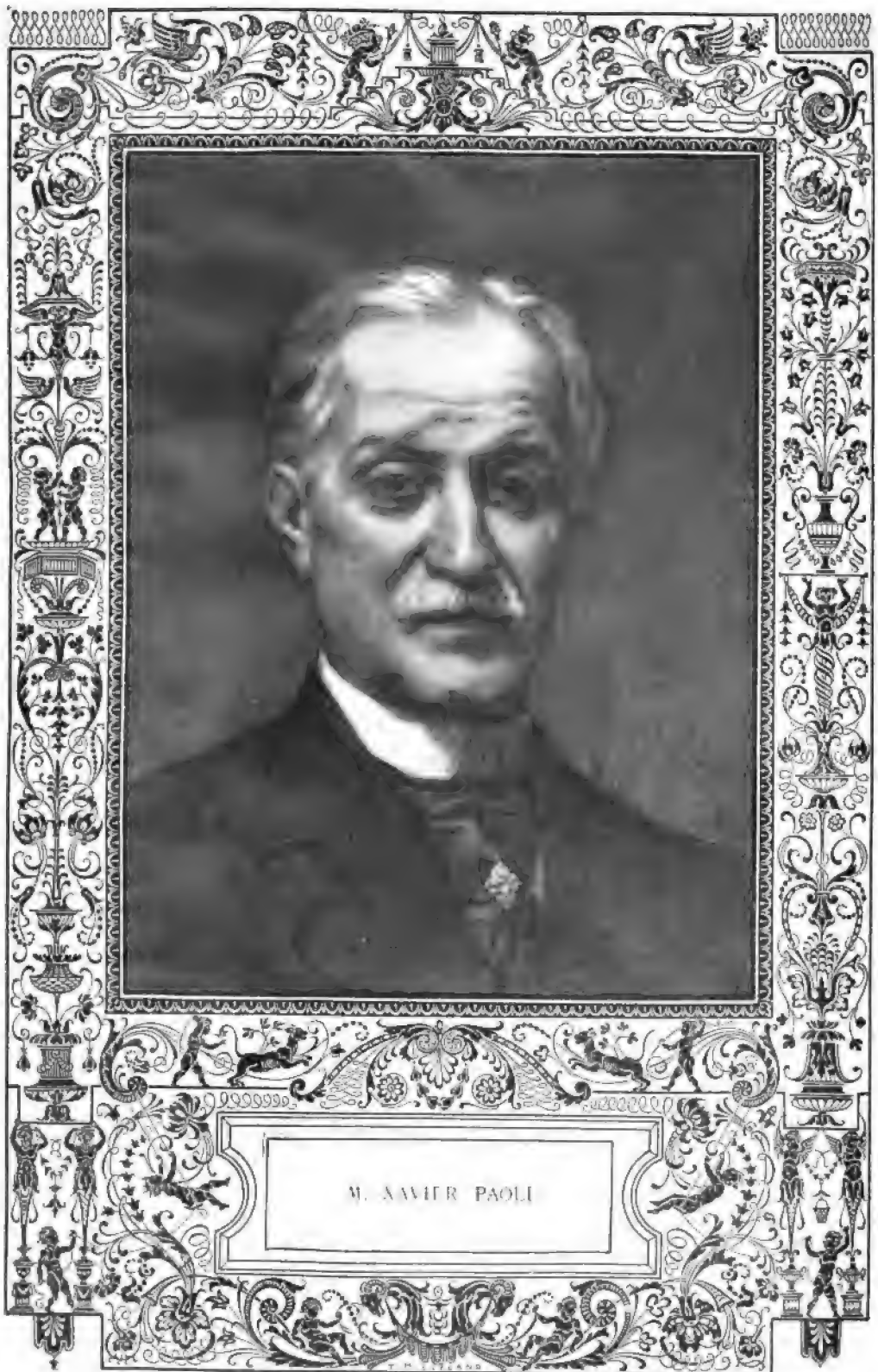
O I will be good to you mother of my hart. When you are poor I work for you. When you

get sick I sit all night by your bed. I get crazy with the clect and I like nights best for I can sleep or eles ly on my pillo and make picksures of you in my head.

O don't be long gone dear angle mother of my hart and don't let me be ever away from you one day all my life any more.

Your own dawter,  
Giovanna







# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF EUROPE

BY

XAVIER PAOLI

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE SÛRETÉ GÉNÉRALE,  
DETAILED TO ACCOMPANY ROYAL VISITORS TO FRANCE

WITH A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR BY RENÉ LARA

MEMBER OF THE STAFF OF "LE FIGARO," AUTHOR OF  
"AN HOUR WITH THE ROPE"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

FOR twenty-five years M. Xavier Paoli has been intrusted with one of the most delicate and difficult duties of the French police—that of guarding the persons of the European monarchs who come to France for pleasure and recreation. While a foreign sovereign is upon French soil, M. Paoli is responsible for his personal safety. Although M. Paoli is attached to the political police, his duties are of the highest diplomatic nature: to watch over foreign princes during their stay in France and to facilitate their relations with the French Government.

A little King of no importance—the King of Württemberg—was the first to risk himself in Republican France after the fall of the Empire. He was M. Paoli's first client.

When the Queen of England, upon the advice of her physicians, decided to exchange the damp banks of the Thames for the sunny gardens of the Riviera, it was to M. Paoli that the Government of the Republic intrusted the duty of assuring her a safe sojourn in France. He discharged this delicate task with such success that the venerable Queen desired her ambassador to write to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs that thenceforth she wished no official but Paoli to watch over her during

her visits in the South. Each year, therefore, she found him faithful to his charge, awaiting her arrival either at Cherbourg or at Calais.

From this time M. Paoli became the indispensable intermediary between the Republican Government and the foreign princes whom he escorted to the famous watering-places and sea-shore resorts of France. In the course of twenty-five years Paoli has been responsible for the personal safety of fifteen emperors and kings, half a dozen empresses and queens, and countless numbers of grand dukes and princes of the blood. He was admitted to their confidences, understood their impressions. France, indeed, profited by Paoli's friendships. "He is a model functionary; he has made the Republic beloved by kings," exclaimed President Faure one day.

For years French publishers have been urging Paoli to write his personal recollections of the sovereigns with whom he has been so closely associated, but before his retirement he was restrained by diplomatic considerations. He has at last yielded to the persuasions of an American publisher, and has written for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* his *Recollections of the Kings and Queens of Europe*.

RENÉ LARA.

# MEMORIES OF ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA

BY XAVIER PAOLI

I

"FRANCE," says a contemporary historian, "is the paradise of sovereigns on vacation."

The favor that foreign rulers have always shown toward our country lays peculiar obligations on the French Government. It becomes responsible for guarding the security of its princely guests, for surrounding them, when they come incognito to France, with a constant and vigilant oversight that shall at the same time be so circumspect as to leave them the illusion of perfect liberty. This was for twenty years my especial mission.

Whenever the Government learned that a sovereign or a prince was about to visit France, my duties at once began. I would receive a "service letter" from the Minister of the Interior, indicating the place where the expected guest would stop, the name under which he proposed to travel, the number and identity of the persons who were to accompany him, and, finally, the exact hour of his arrival on French soil. Furnished with these data, I would at once pack my valise and start for the watering-place or health resort that he was to visit. There I would immediately put myself into communication with the Prefect of the Department, the Mayor of the Commune, and the local Chief of Police, and would procure detailed information as to the persons chosen to be near the royal visitor, especially the servants of the hotel where he was to stop; I would examine the identification papers of each one of these, submitting him to a minute interrogatory. I would next undertake an inquiry as to the strangers in the locality; and, finally, I would study the topography of the country—a precaution I considered to be of the utmost importance.

When my investigations were finished, I would set out to meet our guest at the frontier station. Those little railway stations are intimately associated with my memories. Often hidden away in lonely country-sides, dull and melancholy, yet with a life all their own,—how many times have I paced their deserted platforms, watching for the sudden apparition of a white signal and a plume of smoke!

The moment the special train came to a halt, I would be asked to enter the royal car. The presentation would be brief, the reception almost always kindly, and almost

august traveler would say, with a smile, "M. Paoli, I know you already."

When we arrived at any halting-place, the agents in my service, whom I had previously posted in the railway station, would reassure me with a glance of the eye, or warn me of a possible danger by a brief word. Thus it has often happened that at the last moment, and without explaining the reason, I have respectfully but resolutely begged our royal guest to change his itinerary.

Installed at last in the hotel, I was always in daily receipt of telegraphic advices from the special commissioners of the provinces. Sometimes they would notify me of the passage through their department of a dangerous anarchist who had uttered threats against our royal visitor. I would then take my measures accordingly, turning over to the police and *gendarmerie* of the region such intelligence as I had received. Every evening I would send to the Minister of the Interior a despatch in cipher, in which I informed him in minute detail of all the incidents of the day.

As will be seen, my functions were various. The incessant activity that they required was largely rewarded by the interesting memories that they have left with me. For twenty-five years I lived in a gallery of sovereigns, and I have seen and observed them in all the intimacy of family life. The impressions that I have collected during this quarter of a century are what I desire to put down here.

If I first of all evoke the incomparably melancholy and touching figure of the Empress of Austria, it is because, of all the sovereigns to whose service I have had the honor to be attached, hers is the most striking, so truly was her life a romance, her death a tragedy.

The first time that I saw her was at Geneva. It was in August, 1895, that the French Government had been advised by the Government of Vienna that the Empress was about to visit Aix-les-Bains in Savoy. As was usual in such cases, I had received my "service letter," enjoining me to meet the sovereign at the international station of Geneva. The letter was thus drawn up:

FRENCH REPUBLIC,  
PARIS, August 29, 1895.

MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.

The Director of the General Safety to M. Paoli, Special Commissioner attached to the Direction of General Safety.



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH

FROM ONE OF THE VERY FEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF HER THAT WERE EVER  
MADE; TAKEN BY A FRIEND SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE

I have the honor to inform you that Her Majesty the Empress of Austria, Queen of Hungary, traveling in the strictest incognito under the name of Countess Hohenembs, on her way to Aix-les-Bains, will arrive at the station at Geneva on September 10, 1895, at 8.45 in the morning.

The imperial suite will be composed of the following persons:

- I. Countess Irma Sztaray, Lady of Honor.
- II. His Excellency Major-General von Berzeviczy, (Oberstabel Minister) Grand Master of the Horse.
- III. M. Mercati, Greek Reader.
- IV. M. Petrowsky, Secretary.

V. Mlle de Meissel, Lady of the Bedchamber.

VI. Mme von Henike, Lady of the Bedchamber.

VII. Five men servants.

The greater part of the imperial baggage, consisting of sixty-three pieces, will be in charge of the footman, Melchior Marz, who, having been provided by the French Embassy at Vienna with a passport and a permit, will precede Her Majesty by several hours. I commission you to secure the safety of Her Majesty during her sojourn in French territory, taking all proper measures to this end, and at the same time to make sure that her incognito be scrupulously respected.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE GENERAL SAFETY.



I confess that I took the train with a feeling of eager anticipation at the thought of meeting this woman, who already moved in an atmosphere of legend, being known as the "Empress Errant." I had heard many more or less credible anecdotes of her restless and romantic life; it was said that she spoke little, smiled seldom, and seemed always to be in pursuit of some far-off dream.

My first impression, however, on seeing her descend from the railway carriage at Geneva, was very different from what I had expected. The Empress was at that time fifty-eight years old, but she looked like a young girl, with a young girl's figure and all a young girl's lightness and grace. She was tall and slender, with a vivid color, extraordinarily bright, dark, and deeply set eyes, and abundant chestnut hair. I afterward learned that she owed her fine color to the long walks that she took daily. She was wearing an elegant black "tailor-made" costume that emphasized the slenderness of her figure, of which she was always a little vain—an innocent vanity, which she made no effort to conceal. She weighed herself every day.

I was struck also with the smallness of her hands, and with the musical quality of her voice and the purity with which she expressed herself in French, though always with a slightly guttural accent.

One disappointment, however, awaited me: her reception of me was glacial. With all the experience that I had gained in the exercise of my special functions, I could not help feeling disconcerted. My disquietude was increased when, on arriving at Aix-les-Bains, and asking for an interview with the Empress, in order to come to an understanding as to the organization of my service, General von Berzeviczy, acting Chamberlain, to whom I had addressed myself, replied dryly:

"We have no need of any one."

This reception put me in a singularly embar-

assing position. Invested with a confidential mission, I had begun by arousing suspicion in the very persons to whom my mission was addressed. Charged to keep watch, to guard against "suspects," it seemed that I was the one most of all suspected!

Nevertheless, I resolved not to be turned aside from my duty. I organized my service without the knowledge of our guests. Each morning I paid a visit to General von Berzeviczy, in the course of which I made every effort to temper his coldness. The General was at bottom a good-natured man and a charming companion. I would give him the news of the day, the doings in Paris, the gossip of Aix. I would advise him as to excursions, falling back on my special knowledge of the country in order to act the part of a Baedeker—and when I carelessly asked him how the Empress intended to spend the day, he would so far forget himself as to tell me her plans. That was all I wanted.

By the end of a week we had become the best friends in the world. The Empress expressed her appreciation of my courtesy in daily sending newspapers and magazines to her table. Little

by little she became accustomed to seeing me appear upon the scene just in time to anticipate her wishes. The game was won, and when, later, curious to understand the causes of what had seemed to me a misunderstanding, I one day asked General von Berzeviczy to explain the secret of my disconcerting reception, he replied:

"It was because, in general when we travel in foreign parts, the functionaries who are sent to us under the pretext of our protection simply terrorize us. They come before us like Banquo's ghost, solemn-faced, restless-eyed, seeing assassins on every side. They poison all our pleasure. That is why we were at first so suspicious of you."

"And now?"

"Now," he replied, smiling, "experience has taught us. You have broken the vexatious



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH  
IN HIS YOUTH





THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH  
AT THE AGE OF SIXTY

tradition. In you we forget the functionary and see only the friend."

11

In the course of three visits of the Empress to France between 1895 and 1898 I had abundant opportunity to study that little wandering court which was dominated by the melancholy and touching figure of the sovereign.

She led an active and a solitary life. Rising at five o'clock in winter and summer, she began her day by a plunge into a bath of tepid distilled water, followed by an electric massage, after which, even if it was still dark, she would go out, without disturbing her household.

Clad in a simple dress of black woolen stuff, with laced boots on her feet, sometimes wearing a straw hat trimmed with black, sometimes wrapping her head in a scarf, she would rapidly pace the alleys of the garden, or, in case of rain, the long galleries of the hotel. Frequently she

would venture out along the roadside, seeking some high rock from which she might watch the sunrise.

She would be back again by seven o'clock, would breakfast lightly upon a cup of tea and a single biscuit, and would disappear into her own room, where two hours would be consecrated to her toilet.

The second breakfast was at eleven, and consisted of a cup of bouillon, an egg, and one or two glasses of meat juice extracted every morning from several pounds of filet of beef by means of a special apparatus which went with her on all her travels. Immediately after this meal she would walk out again, this time accompanied by her Greek Reader.

The Greek Reader was a personage of importance, and accompanied her on all her travels. He was selected from among the young pundits of the University of Athens, often being designated by the Greek Government, and was changed every year. I myself knew three. Their office was to converse with the Empress in Greek, either modern or ancient, both of



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH IN  
BALL-ROOM COSTUME

which she spoke with equal facility. The Empress took a passionate delight in the study of Greek art and antiquity, and the conversation of the young Greek savants seemed to afford her a refuge from her intense melancholy. She always took her Reader with her on her afternoon walks, which frequently lasted till twilight, and generally covered from fifteen to twenty-four miles. She invariably dressed in black, and carried in all weathers a sun-umbrella and a fan. In the last twenty years of her life she had obstinately refused to be photographed; as soon as she saw a camera leveled in her direction, she would quickly unfurl her fan of large black feathers and hold it before her face, showing only her great eyes, melancholy and unforgettable, in which there still shone the splendor and flame of former days.

The Greek Reader always carried a dark-colored skirt on these walks, for it was the habit of the Empress to exchange the heavy skirt that she wore on setting out for another of lighter material. She would disappear behind a rock or a tree, while the Reader, accustomed to this rapid manoeuvre, waited by the roadside, discreetly gazing in the opposite direction. The Empress would then hand him the skirt that she had just taken off, and the walk would be continued.

On returning to the hotel she would eat a frugal dinner, sometimes merely a bowl of iced milk, or raw eggs in a glass of Tokay — an almost barbarous diet, to which she confined herself in order to preserve that slender figure of which she was so proud.

Of her various places of resort in France, the Empress was most fond of Cape Martin, lying between the Bay of Monaco and that of Mentone. She went there three successive years, stopping at the immense hotel that stands at the end of the promontory, amid great pines, fields of rosemary, and groves of myrtle and arbutus. The Empress Elizabeth occupied the ground floor of the right wing, her apartment consisting of six rooms, reached by a private passageway.

The royal apartments were furnished with extreme simplicity, in the English style; the bedroom of the Empress was like any other hotel bedroom — a bed of gilded brass, surmounted by a mosquito-curtain, a mahogany dressing-table, and a few etchings on the walls. Though she was not generally exacting, she was extremely rigorous in the matter of cleanliness; in particular, she could not endure that water should be brought her, even for her toilet, in anything except decanters with crystal stoppers. She was waited upon exclusively by her two women of the bedchamber, Mlle de Meissel and Mme von Henike.

In addition to her apartments, one other room was always reserved for her use on Sunday — the billiard-room.

On that day the billiard-room was transformed into a chapel. When the Empress first came to Cape Martin she asked about a church, for she was extremely pious. There was none in the near neighborhood, and the Empress therefore decided that a chapel must be improvised for her in the hotel, and selected the billiard-room, which she could reach unobserved. But the laws of the Church require that any room in which divine service is to be celebrated must first be consecrated, and only the archbishop of the diocese is qualified to perform the consecration. Such a service in a hotel, and of all places in a billiard-room, would be not a little embarrassing.

The difficulty was overcome in a most curious and unexpected manner. It seems that there is an ancient rule of the Church, never rescinded, that the high dignitaries of the Order of Malta enjoy the privilege of rendering sacred any room in which they may drop their mantle. It was suddenly remembered that General von Berzeviczy occupied one of the highest ranks among the Knights of Malta. He was therefore begged to drop his mantle in the billiard-room. Thenceforth, every Sunday morning, the Empress' footman would set up a portable altar before the great oak chimney, place gilded chairs in order before it, and the old curé of Roque-brune would come to celebrate mass.

The Empress was extremely generous, and her generosity was manifested in the most delicate ways. Wherever, on her walks, she found a humble cottage hidden away among the olives in some corner of the mountain, she would enter, question the peasants who lived there, take the little children on her knee, and, fearing that the bold offer of money might wound her hosts, she would think up some charming subterfuge: she would ask to taste their fruit, and would then pay royally, or she would buy several quarts of milk or dozens of eggs, asking to have them brought to the hotel the next morning.

By degrees she came to know all the walks about Cape Martin and the region around. She would go out every day, accompanied by the Greek Reader, sometimes clambering over the rocks of the shore, sometimes mounting the steep hillsides, climbing "up to the goats," as the shepherds say. She would never tell where she was going, and this gave me much disquietude, although I had had the whole region thoroughly explored in advance.

"Calm your anxieties, my dear Paoli," she would say to me, laughing; "nothing will hap-





pen to me. What would any one want to do to a poor woman?"

All the same, I was never easy, so long as she obstinately refused to permit one of my men to follow her, even at a distance. Once, however, having learned that the Italian laborers who were mending the road to Mentone had spoken in a threatening way of the sovereigns who were always coming to the country, I begged the Empress to be kind enough not to walk in that direction. She was much displeased.

"Always afraid!" she exclaimed. "I say again that I have no fear of them — and I will promise nothing."

I was as determined as she. I doubled my watchfulness, and took it upon myself to send over the Mentone road one of my Corsican



M. BARKER, THE GREEK READER  
OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH

agents, dressed like a road-mender, but thoroughly armed beneath his clothes, with directions to mingle with the Italian laborers. Wearing a pair of velveteen trousers and a cotton jumper, and "made up" to look old and wrinkled, he was quite unrecognizable. As he spoke Italian fluently, he disarmed all suspicion, his companions taking him for a newly hired comrade.

He was breaking stones as well as he could, when suddenly a well-known figure appeared at the turn of the road: darkness had begun to fall, and the Empress with her Reader was returning to Cape Martin. The false road-mender waited anxiously. When she came opposite his group, she stopped, hesitated a moment, then, singling him out, no doubt because he seemed



THE HOTEL OF CAPE MARTIN  
WHERE THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH STAYED DURING MOST OF HER VISITS IN FRANCE.  
THE EMPRESS OCCUPIED THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE RIGHT WING,  
SHOWN IN THE PICTURE



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AT ABOUT THE AGE OF FORTY

to be the oldest, she approached him, saying gently:

"That is a hard trade of yours, my good fellow."

Not daring to raise his head, he stammered a few words in Italian.

"You do not speak French?"

"No, Signora."

"You have children?"

"Yes, Signora."

"Then here is something for them," and she slipped a gold piece into his hand. "Tell them it is from a lady who loves children very much."

And the Empress walked on.

That evening at the hotel, she came to me with laughing eyes.

"Well, M. Paoli, scold me! I have disobeyed you! I have been on the Mentone road. I have talked with a road-mender, and I am still alive, you see!"

I never dared to confess to her that the worthy road-mender was my faithful Corsican.

One day, on her return from her morning walk, she sent for me and said:

"M. Paoli, you are to be my cavalier to-day. You are to take me where I have never been — to the Casino at Monte Carlo. For once in my life I must see the inside of a gambling-room."

We therefore set out, the Empress, Countess Sztaray, her lady of honor, and myself. When we arrived at Monte Carlo, she desired to go at once to the Casino, and we entered the roulette hall. She watched the strokes, as full of wonder and delight as a child with a new toy. Suddenly she drew a five-franc piece from her reticule.

"Let's see if I have any luck," she said to us. "I believe in No. 33."

She laid the silver piece upon No. 33. At the first turn she lost. She tried again, and again

lost. At the third turn No. 33 fell, and the croupier with his rake shoved over to her one hundred and seventy-five francs, which she gathered up. Then, turning joyfully to us, "Let's go away quick," she exclaimed. "I never earned so much money in my life!"

The Emperor joined the Empress three times during her visits at Cape Martin, generally spending a fortnight with her on these occasions. While the Emperor was there the Empress would emerge to some degree from her rigid isolation. They would go out together, sometimes walking, sometimes driving, would receive such princes as might be visiting the Riviera, especially the Prince of Wales, the Czarevitch, the Prince of Monaco, the King and Queen of Saxony, and the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowitch. Sometimes they would make visits, either upon the Queen of England, who was at that time at Nice, or upon their neighbor, the Empress Eugénie. It was like a section of the Court of Vienna transported to Cape Martin.

Francis Joseph, always faithful to his habits, used to rise at five and work with his secretaries, at half past six pausing long enough to take a cup of coffee, and resuming his work until ten o'clock. The telegraph lines between Cape Martin and Vienna were kept almost continually busy. Between ten o'clock and noon the Emperor would saunter along the alleys of the park in company with the Empress, and one might almost have taken them for a young couple on their wedding journey, so young did they both seem — she graceful, slender, fragile, he wiry, alert, elegant, his figure still that of a cavalry lieutenant, emphasized by the cut of his blue suit and the way he wore his black felt hat, slightly tipped over one ear.

I was present at a memorable meeting on the



THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON  
THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH'S SISTER, WHO  
WAS BURNED TO DEATH IN THE  
CHARITY BAZAAR FIRE IN PARIS

day that Francis Joseph quitted Cape Martin after his last visit there with the Empress. Both were leaving at the same time, he for Vienna, she for Corfu. Their carriage had started from the hotel and was rapidly crossing a pine grove, when suddenly there appeared before them at a turn of the road, under the green plumes of a palm tree, a woman in mourning, erect under her white hair, and still bearing traces of great beauty. Leaning upon a gold-headed cane, she appeared to be waiting for them; in fact, she made a sign to them. The Emperor and Empress at once got out of the carriage, and the Emperor, taking off his hat, bowed very low and kissed her hand. Then they took a few steps in the heather, conversing the while. Finally the Empress kissed her with tender respect, the Emperor once more bowed, and the carriage rolled rapidly away, while the old lady stood motionless, leaning on her tall cane, and followed them with her eyes until they had disappeared from sight.

It was the Empress Eugénie, who never dreamed that in the kiss of the Empress Elizabeth she had received a last farewell.

### III

The singular nervous restlessness from which the Empress suffered, far from yielding with time, as had been hoped, seemed to become more inveterate and agonizing as the years went on. Little by little her health gave way. She had no particular malady; she simply felt an infinite lassitude, a perpetual weariness. She fought it with wonderful energy, continually keeping up her active life, her constant travels, and her long daily walks.

She had a horror of medicines, and was con-

vinced that a simple and sound hygiene was better than any doctor's prescriptions. One day, however, seeing her more languid than usual, I begged her to let me procure for her a few bottles of vin Mariani, of which I had myself experienced the strengthening virtues.

"If it will please you," she replied, smiling, "I consent. But, in return, I shall present you with some of our famous Tokay wine. It is equally strengthening and far more agreeable."

Not long after, in fact, Count Wolkenstein Trostburg brought me, in the name of the Empress, a superb liquor-case, containing six flagons of Tokay. I was proposing to myself to take it after dinner as a simple dessert wine, when the Count said:

"Do you know how valuable a gift this is? The wine comes directly from the Emperor's estates. Just to give you an idea of its worth, I may tell you that at a recent sale at Frankfort six bottles brought eleven thousand francs. There's none like it."

I at once ceased to look upon it as an ordinary Madeira. The hotel proprietor, who meanwhile had heard of the royal present, offered me five thousand francs for the six flagons. Naturally I refused. I still have four of them, and I shall keep them.

During the last days of 1897, while she was making a visit to Biarritz, the Empress, who was more restless and melancholy than ever, resolved to take a Mediterranean cruise on her yacht, the *Miramar*. But she wished first to spend a few days in Paris.

An apartment had been taken for her in a hotel in the Rue Castiglione, and naturally she desired to preserve the strictest incognito. Still, it was known that she was in Paris, and the service of protection with which I was charged had to be only the more rigorous. She was out from morning till night, going on foot to visit churches, monuments, museums.

Then, about four o'clock, she would invariably stop at a *laiterie* (milk depot) in the Rue de Surène, to drink a glass of ass's milk — her favorite beverage; after which she would return to the hotel.

One day we had a great fright: seven o'clock had come and she had not yet returned. In great anxiety, I sent to the residence of her sister, the Queen of Naples, whom she liked to surprise with a visit. She had not been there. The worst of it was, she had managed to elude the watch of the detective who was charged to follow her. We had lost the Empress in Paris!

I was about to set out myself in search of her, when suddenly she appeared.

"I have been looking at Notre Dame by moonlight," she observed, with the utmost calmness. "It was exquisite! I came back to the hotel by way of the quays. There was a great crowd of people hurrying home, and no one noticed me."

I remember that her Greek Reader (at that time M. Barcker) having confided to me that he would like to see the picturesque and characteristic features of Paris, I took him one evening to the Halles Centrales (Central Market). The visit ended, I invited him, according to custom, to partake of onion soup in one of the little restaurants of the quarter.

Enchanted with this modest dissipation, he described his excursion to the Empress the next morning, especially praising our famous national soup, which she had never tasted.

"M. Paoli," she exclaimed, all enthusiasm, "I positively must know what onion soup is like. M. Barcker has given me a most tempting description of it."

"Nothing can be easier, Madame. I will speak to the hotel people to have some made for you."

"Not for the world! They will give me some curiously made concoction which will certainly not have the same taste as yours.



AN EARLY PICTURE OF CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH'S ONLY SON, WHO SHOT HIMSELF IN HIS HUNTING-LODGE BECAUSE OF AN UNHAPPY LOVE AFFAIR



I want some brought from the restaurant where you were last evening, and served in the same dishes. I want all the local color."

Here I must make a confession. As I am personally very tenacious in questions of patriotic pride, and would not have had the sovereign disappointed in the soup, I judged it prudent to apply to the hotel people, who, lending themselves most amicably to my innocent subterfuge, prepared the onion soup, and procured at the nearest bazar a tureen and soup plate of "local color," in which our imperial visitor so greatly delighted. The illusion was perfect; the Empress found the soup excellent, and the dishes—which we had nicked a little—deliciously picturesque.

The Empress left Paris on the 30th of December for Marseilles, where her yacht awaited her. When, on New Year's morning, I presented my wishes for a long life, she seemed to be sadder and more preoccupied than usual.

"I too," she said, "wish happiness and health to you and yours." Then, with a sudden expression of infinite bitterness, "As for me, I have no confidence in the future."

I had received orders to meet the King and Queen of Saxony at Nice, and at San Remo I was obliged to take leave of the Empress and my pleasant traveling companions.

"Good-by for a short time, for I shall return to France," she said as I left her. And while the yacht's launch was carrying me ashore I gazed back at the figure leaning against the rail, standing out against the red sunset, until, little by little, it was lost in the distance and the night.

#### IV

Seven months had passed when I learned through the newspapers that the Empress had returned from her Mediterranean cruise, and was at Caux, a picturesque summer resort south of Montreux. I at once hastened to write, at a venture, to M. Barcker, her Greek Reader, to ask about her, and on the evening of September 9 I received M. Barcker's reply:

CAUX, September 8, 1898.

MY DEAR M. PAOLI: I was very happy to receive your esteemed favor of the 6th instant, for which I heartily thank you. Her Majesty proposes to pass the month of September at Caux, but after that I do not know what Her Majesty will do. Her Majesty greets you cordially and charges me to say to you that she will be happy to see you here, in case business calls you to Geneva. Her Majesty intends to go to Nice (Cimiez), the first of December, and she hopes that the Ministry will attach you to her personal service.

I must thank you now for all the news you have given me concerning yourself. As for myself, I am very well, and enjoying our stay at Caux.

Her Majesty will go to Geneva to-morrow, where she expects to spend two days. Countess Sztaray accompanies Her Majesty to the Hotel Beau Rivage; General von Berzeviczy remains at Caux with me.

I do not know whether I have written you that the General has lately been created Field Marshal.

Begging you, dear M. Paoli, to greet your amiable son from me, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

FREDERIC G. BARCKER.

The Empress, M. Barcker said, was to spend forty-eight hours in Geneva. As I was on leave of absence, I determined to pay my respects to her, since she had so kindly expressed the wish to see me. The next morning I took the express train for Geneva. I had calculated that by arriving in the evening I still had a chance of finding the Empress at the Hotel Beau Rivage, but, if not, there was nothing to hinder my going to Caux the next day. There I should be sure of seeing her, and at the same time could grasp the hand of General von Berzeviczy and M. Barcker.

Arriving at the Geneva station, I observed an unusual stir on the platform. There were groups in animated discussion; consternation was on every face. Yet it all made little impression upon me, for I was in haste. I hailed a carriage and gave the order:

"To the Hotel Beau Rivage."

We had not gone twenty yards when the driver, turning, said:

"What a terrible crime!"

"What crime?"

"What! You don't know? The Empress has just been assassinated."

"Assassinated!"



COUNTRESS SZTARAY  
WHO WAS WITH THE EMPRESS AT THE  
TIME OF HER ASSASSINATION

Pale, terrified, I hardly heard the man's story. The Empress had been struck to the heart by the dagger of an Italian anarchist at the very moment when she was about to take the boat for Territet. She had sunk down upon the Mont Blanc quay. It was thought that she had merely fainted; they carried her to the deck of the boat, and when they looked at her, she was dead.

Dead! It was true, it was indeed true, or else why this great, silent crowd motionless on Place Brunswick? It was innumerable, that crowd; it increased all through the night, gazing fixedly, unweariedly, upon the windows with closed blinds.

I sprang from the carriage at the door of the hotel, rushed into the hall,—thronged with people,—flew up the crowded staircase, and found myself in a corridor where English, German, Russian travelers, all with frightened faces, were crowding, anxious to see. Perceiving at last a servant,

"Countess Sztaray," I said.

"There," he answered, pointing to a half-open door.

I knocked, the door opened, and Countess Sztaray, greatly agitated, her eyes wet with tears, looked at me in distress; then, with a sob:

"Our poor Empress!"

"Where is she?"

"Come." And, taking me by the hand, she led me to the next room, General von Berzeviczy, who had just entered, going with us. She lay there, covered with a veil of white tulle, rigid and already cold. Her countenance, in the



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AT THE TIME OF HER CORONATION AS QUEEN OF HUNGARY

flickering light of two tall candles, showed no trace of suffering. A melancholy smile seemed still to stray around her pale, half-opened lips; two heavy braids of hair fell over her frail shoulders; her delicate features seemed emaciated; two purple shadows under her eyelashes gave emphasis to the fine outlines of her nose and the whiteness of her cheeks. She seemed to be sunk in peaceful, happy sleep. Her little hands were crossed over an ivory crucifix; half-withered roses, roses that she herself had gathered that very morning,

and which she was holding in her arms when she received the mortal blow, were scattered around her feet.

I gazed long upon her. Before her dead body my self-possession left me; in spite of myself, tears rose to my eyes, and I wept like a child.

The Empress had stopped for the night at Geneva, intending to go on to Caux the next day. She had risen at five o'clock, and, after devoting a part of the morning to her correspondence, had taken a walk along the shady quays that border the Rhone. Returning to her hotel at one, she hastily drank a cup of milk, and then, accompanied by her lady of honor, Countess Sztaray, walked with rapid steps to the steamboat landing, intending to take the 1.40 boat for Territet. She was within two hundred yards of the foot-bridge connecting the boat with the Mont Blanc quay, when Luccheni rushed upon her, and, with a three-cornered file roughly fastened in a wooden handle, struck her a violent blow in the left side, breaking the fourth rib. Death was not instantaneous. She had



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AS A GIRL  
FROM A PORTRAIT GIVEN BY HER TO M. PAOLI

strength to walk to the boat. The weapon had pierced the left ventricle of the heart from top to bottom, passing entirely through the organ. But the blade was very thin and very sharp, and the effusion of blood had at first been almost imperceptible. The drops had oozed very slowly from the heart, and its activity was not disturbed so long as the pericardium into which they fell was not filled up. Thus it was that she was able to drag herself to the boat before she collapsed.

As she reached the deck, she swooned. Countess Sztaray, who thought her simply giddy from the effect of the blow,— for no one had seen the weapon in the assassin's hand,—

tried to revive her with smelling-salts. In fact, she came to herself, uttered a few words, gave a long, surprised, bewildered gaze around her, then suddenly fell back, dead.

If the weapon had been left in the wound she might have lived much longer. The Duke de Berry, who was stabbed in precisely the same way as the empress, lived four hours, because Louvel had not drawn the poniard from the wound.

One may judge of the emotion. The boat at once returned to the wharf, and, as no bier was at hand, the body was wrapped in the sails of the vessel and carried on crossed oars to the hotel.

Had the Empress ever felt a presentiment of the dramatic death which a gypsy at Wiesbaden and a fortune-teller at Corfu had both predicted? Two singular incidents give some reason for supposing that she had. The evening before her departure, she had asked M. Barcker to read her a few chapters from a volume by Marion Crawford, entitled "Corleone," in which the author describes the abominable murder perpetrated by the Mafia in Sicily. While she was listening to the reading of these tragic incidents, a crow came and circled around her, attracted by the odor of some fruit she was eating. Much disturbed, she had vainly tried to drive him away, but he constantly came back, awakening all the echoes around with his croakings. Then she hastily left the place, for she knew that crows announce death whenever their ill-omened wings persist in flapping around a living person.

Countess Sztaray told me that, the very morning of the assassination, going, as usual, into the Empress' room to ask how she had passed the night, she had found the sovereign pale and depressed.

"I have had a strange feeling," she said. "I was awakened in the night by the moonlight which flooded the room, for they had forgotten to close the curtains. I saw the moon from my bed, and it seemed to be a human face looking at me and weeping. Is that a presentiment? I have an idea that some misfortune is coming upon me."

During the three days that preceded the removal of her mortal remains to Vienna, I remained near her, sharing with the little court the watch around her corpse. I went to see the assassin in his cell, and found a perfectly lucid

creature who boasted of his crime as a heroic act. When I asked him what motive had induced him to choose for his victim a woman, and one who as far as possible kept aloof from politics and from the throne, who was so compassionate to the humble and afflicted, he replied:

"I took the first crowned head that came to hand, it made little difference which: I wanted to make a manifestation, and I have succeeded."

The body of the Empress began its journey to Austria without pomp, but surrounded by an immense and silent multitude. The Swiss Government had not had time to levy a regiment to pay her military honors, and that was best, for her escort was a sorrowful people, and her salute the church bells of every city and village through which her funeral train passed. And I am sure that this simple and poetic homage was precisely what her heart would have desired.

A few days after the tragedy, the Emperor Joseph deigned to recall the respectful attachment with which I had served her, and ordered the following despatch to be sent to me:

WEISSBURG, September 15.

His Majesty the Emperor, profoundly touched by your sincere service, recalls with deep emotion your devoted care of the late Empress, and thanks you again with all his heart.

PAAR

Aide-de-Camp General of His Majesty  
the Emperor of Austria.

I also received from his daughters a hunting-knife of which their mother had been particularly fond. I keep it with pious care in my little museum; I sometimes look at it, and it recalls to me one of the most precious and touching memories of my life.



THE HUNTING-KNIFE SENT TO M. PAOLI BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE  
EMPRESS ELIZABETH AFTER HER DEATH

[THE SECOND ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL DEAL WITH M. PAOLI'S RECOLLECTIONS OF KING ALPHONSO OF SPAIN]



“...WHAT’S THE MATTER WID THE LIGHT?”

## THE NEW ONE

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

**I**N the Casey kitchen, shrouded in the gloom of a late November afternoon, Midget and Mollie Casey were “playin’ school” with Rachel and Rosie Rubovitz. It had been a sodden, rainy day, and the air was full of chill dampness. On the kitchen floor, and scarcely distinguishable from it in color, rolled Abej Rubovitz, the infant of the flock across the hall; and about him, in a nice, anxious, motherly way, toddled wee Annie Casey, “mindin’” him with all the superiority of her two and a half years.

One lid of the big cook-stove was off, and from the hole protruded a long piece of rotten sidewalk plank, evidently acquired by Johnny from some place where a new wooden walk was being

laid, and as evidently *not* chopped by Johnny into stove-lengths, as directed by his Ma. In her mother’s absence, Midget had replenished the fire with this stick, which she could neither break nor poke into the stove; and it stuck out, smoldering and giving forth a depressing odor.

The school was not going well. Mollie was “bein’ teacher,” and the Rubovitzes declared she gave Midget the littlest and easiest words and sums, to keep her at the head of the class—which, truth to tell, was a novel place for Midget. Protest against Mollie’s despotic rule having failed, the Rubovitzes took another tack.

“Id’s cold by your house,” said Rachel, looking scornfully at the smoldering sidewalk.

“I bet youm’s colder,” answered Mollie with

chill dignity, going to the stove and trying in vain to poke the plank in far enough to admit of the lid's going on.

"It aind't, iss it, Rachel?" Rosie chimed in shrilly. "Ve got two stoves goin'!"

"I niver seen 'em," said Mollie tauntingly.

"Ve joost a new von fer our frondt room got," cried Rachel, waxing in her excitement more Yiddish than usual.

Mollie and Midget looked at each other. There was sad, shamed silence for a second, but for a second only. Then, "We're goin' t' git wan fer our front room, too," said Mollie bravely.

"Ah, you ain't got no furn'ture by your frondt room," reminded Rosie.

"But we're fixin' t' git it — better'n yourn, too," answered Midget, coming to Mollie's rescue.

Rachel and Rosie didn't take any stock in what the Caseys were "fixin'" to do; the Caseys were always and always "fixin'" to do something and never doing it. But children think less of that than do other people; for are not they themselves always doing the same? So Rachel's retort passed this point by. "Anyway," she said, "ve ain't got no brudder by de bad boys' workhouse, like you got! An' my pa an' my ma says, s'posin' our Benny was like your Mikey, dey would vish to be dead first."

"Our Mikey's all right, an' you can just l'ave 'im be!" cried Mollie angrily. "We'd ruther have 'im be in de bean-house than have him be a Sheeny!"

"Sure we would!" echoed Midget dutifully.

"Rachel," said Rosie, "ve should to go home."

"G'wan!" jeered Mollie, "that's like a Sheeny. Irish'd stay an' fight."

"Micks is cheap fightin' peoples, an' you got nodding! Jewss is fer peace und gettin' along. Come, Rosie." And snatching the astonished Abey off the floor, she took her leave, slamming the door behind her.

"I'll pay thim fer that — fer what they said about our Mikey," declared Mollie, ready to cry with rage.

"Ah," comforted Midget philosophically, "wot do we care wot Sheenies say? What I'm carin' 'bout is, will Aunt Maggie lind Ma a half a dollar to buy us some supper wid? Here she come now," she finished, as footsteps were heard outside the back door. But an instant later a loud knock on the door startled them both.

Mollie went to the door and opened it. When she saw who was there, an expression of frank disgust came over her shrewd little face. "Ma ain't to home," she said, without waiting for the man to speak.

The man viewed Mollie with no more favor than she eyed him with. "Well," he said insolently, "I ain't callin' on yer ma! Didn't she leave no money fer the stove?"

Mollie, who was holding the door only partly open and standing staunchly in the breach, cast one anxious look behind her as if to measure the chances of the stove's "bein' took" against her protest. "No," she said, "she didn'."

There was nothing apologetic in Mollie's tone or manner: rather was it resentful. The stove man was mad. "You haven' paid in three weeks," he said sharply, "an' my instructions is to git a paymint to-day er to git the stove."

Midget began to cry. "Shut up, you!" Mollie ordered, looking at her scathingly. Then she turned again to the man. "How kin we pay wot we ain't got?" she demanded of him.

"That's no business o' mine," he retorted. "My instructions is t' git —"

"You said it wanst, an' wanst is enough," Mollie interrupted impudently.

"Mollie, don't sass 'im!" pleaded Midget, tugging fearfully at her belligerent sister's elbow.

The collector for a Blue Island Avenue emporium that sold furniture and stoves "be aisy paymints" had had a hard day: everywhere he went, tramping from back door to back door, up and down steep, dirty stairs, he had met with the same story — no work, no money. Some had entreated him; some had abused him. He was callous to both kinds of treatment, but he was not callous to what the boss would say when he got back to the store. He didn't believe all these people were as poor as they said they were. He believed they were lying to him. But lying to his boss wouldn't do him any good. He'd lose his job — that's what! "I bet," he charged angrily, "you got money in the house an' won't pay it!"

"We ain't," shrilled Mollie.

"Ixcipt th' insur'nce," put in Midget.

The collector knew all about the burial insurance of the poor — had, in fact, once been a collector of that, and often wished now that he was back at it: for the poor folk would pay their insurance money if they could pay anything at all, even if they had to starve to do it. "I told ye!" he cried, when Midget mentioned the insurance.

But Mollie's scorn knew no bounds. "I bet you'd take the buryin' money off of us," she almost sobbed, "an' l'ave us be buried be the county —"

"You ain't needin' no fun'ral, that I kin see," the man answered unfeelingly. "An' 'twon't do you no good to have a fun'ral that you don' need an' lose a stove that you do need. You better gi' me them nickels you got laid by, an' mebbe



when I show 'em to the boss he'll leave you go another week before he takes the stove. Come, now, are you goin' t' give 'em to me, or ain't you?"

"We ain't!" said Mollie promptly.

"Then you kin tell yer Ma that I'll call to-morrer for the las' time."

"To-morrer's Sunday," ventured Midget, catching gratefully at that saving straw.

"Well, then, Monday; an' if she don't pay then, I'll have the men here in an hour to take the stove." And with that he was gone, into the black November murk of the oozy yard and the narrow passageway.

Mollie made a saucy face after him when the door had closed, but it was the merest bravado; her poor little mouth was trembling pitifully at the corners. "I wish Ma'd come," she said forlornly, poking again at the smoldering sidewalk.

It was very black in the kitchen now, and Mollie felt her way to the sink and reached up for the lamp on the iron bracket. She struck a match, but the wick wouldn't light; she shook the glass lamp. "This's impty!" she said. "Git the oil-can, Midget."

Midget fetched the oil-can from the closet, shaking it as she came. "Not a drop," she said forlornly.

So Mollie lighted matches and hunted till she found a bit of candle; she had just set this, feebly flickering, on the kitchen table, when the back door opened and Dewey came in. Dewey had been christened William Francis, but re-christened, in deference to his warlike proclivities, after the hero of Manila Bay. In the dim light, the other children could see something with him, and, knowing Dewey of old, Mollie promptly asked, "Whose dog?"

"Mine," said Dewey, with a fine proprietary air.

"Wait till Pa see 'im!" reminded Mollie.

Dewey bridled. "I s'pose ye kin *hardly* wait!" he charged.

"I bet the dog'll l'ave of 'is own will when he see what kind of a place ye've brought 'im to," tittered Midget.

Dewey looked at the candle and at the sidewalk in the stove. "Wheer's Ma?" he said.

"Gone t' Aunt Maggie's t' see won' she lind 'er a half a dollar fer some supper," Mollie told him.

"I bet she don't," opined Dewey bitterly.

"I bet she don't neither," agreed Mollie.

And just then the door opened and Mary Casey came in. Four pairs of childish eyes turned to her in eager questioning. It was useless to ask, but a feeble little question slipped almost unaware from Midget. "Wouldn' she lind ye nothin'?" she said.

Mary was hanging up her shawl and "fascinator" on a hook near the door. "No," she said,

and the children wondered to see her so dispirited. Mollie and Midget dreaded to tell her about the stove man.

"Was annybody here?" Mary Casey asked; she had gone at once to the fire and was overhauling it from its foundations.

Mollie looked at Midget and Midget looked at Mollie. "The Rubovitzes was here," said Midget. Then, by a divine intuition, Mollie added: "They made shame o' our Mikey —"

Mary Casey straightened up; her eyes flashed; dejection had gone in a twinkling before righteous ire. "Thim Sheenies!" she said wrathfully. "If thim little devils comes in here anny more, I'm goin' t' t'row water on thim — an' if I do, it'll be the first that iver r'ached thim, I'll bet!"

The children giggled. They enjoyed the thrust at the Rubovitzes, and they were relieved at their mother's return to her normal mood; they weren't used to her despondent.

When she had got the fire burning, Mary set on a saucepan half full of water, and went into the pantry and brought out a paper sack that was nearly empty; in it were about two cupfuls of yellow corn meal.

"Oh, Ma!" wailed the children in chorus. They hated corn-meal mush at any time, but they hated it for supper most of all.

"Well," she answered them patiently, "what kin I do? Unless we wait an' see will Ang'la Ann git home pritty soon an' bring her wages? But she may be havin' t' work late to-night —"

It was Mollie who was struck by a bright idea. "I know, Ma," she said. "L'ave us take the insur'nce money! He won' come fer it no more to-night, an' ye kin pay it back whin Ang'la Ann come home."

"Sure," cried Mary, brightening. "I niver t'ought o' that! Ye've the gran' hid on ye, Mollie Casey — ye take after yer Pa."

She carried the despised and rejected meal back into the pantry, and down from a high shelf she brought a handleless, noseless pitcher. "Thirty-five cints," she said, counting out the nickels. "Git a little oil —"

"An' a jelly roll!" cried Dewey.

"An' a lemon pie!" begged Midget.

"An' some fried eggs! An' some bologny!" Mollie entreated.

Mary smiled. "Thim nickels is not *rubber*," she said; "they won' stretch over no lemon pies an' fried eggs. But ye kin buy a jelly roll — git yisterday's, fer half price — an' some pitaties, an' two loaves o' bread fer a nickel —"

"Oh," Mollie begged, "can't we git it frish — jus' this wanst?"

Mary considered. "If ye do, ye won' have



“‘ANOTHER DOG?’ HE SAID. ‘D’YE IXPICT HIM T’ LAY, TOO?’”

enough fer bologny,” she said. “Well, away wid ye, an’ do the bist ye kin.”

Happy, excited, arguing, the children started; but at the door Midget hung back, and when the other two had gone out, she closed the door after them and stood with her back against it, looking at her mother with distress in her big, dark eyes.

“What ails ye, child?” asked Mary.

Midget hesitated a moment. Then, “The man was here t’ c’lect fer the stove,” she said, “an’ he’s goin’ t’ take it off of us Monday unless we pay.” And, with that, she opened the door quickly and went out after the others.

## II

When Midget was gone, her mother stood staring into the gloom of the kitchen. On her face was an expression that Midget would not have understood. Darkness and cold and hunger were familiar to Mary Casey; familiar to her, too, was the threat of “being set out” for non-payment of rent and having her “things took” for failure to meet payments which, somehow, were never “aisy” except in her buoyant mind

at the exciting time of the purchase. She seldom gave way before any of these things; but to-night —

Her attention was attracted by wee Annie climbing toward the candle on the kitchen table. “No, no, darlin’!” she said, and caught the little thing, who had been a sickly baby and was “backward,” up in her arms and held her tight. “No, no!” repeated Mary crooningly. With the child hugged to her breast, she sat down close by the threatened stove, where now the damp sidewalk was burning — smoking miserably, it is true, but giving out a little heat. Annie was cold, and the warmth of her mother’s embrace was grateful, so she lay quiet. And presently something dropped on Annie’s face — something warm and wet. Baby as she was, Annie knew; the first thing in this world we know is tears. She put up a little hand and touched her mother’s rough cheek. “Pitty, pitty,” she said; “nice, nice.” Mary caught up the caressing baby hand and covered it with kisses. “Nobody know what ye mane t’ yer Ma,” she whispered to the baby; “no wan — not avin thim that’s been mothers thimselves, it seem.”

The back door opened, and for an instant a man stood framed in the doorway; then he came inside and closed the door.

"What's the matter wid the light?" he said. He seemed cross at finding his home so dark.

"We've no oil," his wife replied.

Pa hung his hat on a peg by the door, took off his coat and shoes, and drew up a chair preparatory to putting his feet in the oven. "I'm goin' t' move out o' this shanty," he said in a disgusted tone, "an' git wan wheer there's gas."

"'Twould be all the same," his wife rejoined wearily; "the gas'd niver be paid — we'd always be gittin' it took off of us."

Pa said nothing. "Git anny work to-day?" Mary asked him presently.

"No; but a man's after tellin' me of a gran' job I kin get on Monda'."

"Monda'!" cried Mary bitterly. "To-morrer! It's been to-morrer, or Monda', or nixt wake, fer twenty years!"

"Stone-cuttin'," observed Pa gravely, "have been a bad trade fer twenty years. What wid this here new-fangled cimint, an' wid bosses imployin' scabs (which I c'd niver be, though I'd staarve!), 'tis a bad trade fer anny man."

Mary had been hearing this arraignment of the stone-cutting industry for twenty years. "Theer ain' no law," she said now, "compellin' ye t' cut stone er do nothin'."

Pa's tone as he replied was full of severity. "Stone-cuttin's me trade," he said with dignity, "an' I ain' got no caard to no other trade. You'd have me work at some trade I ain' got no caard to, I suppose? Well, I'll not be a darty scab fer anny wan! I got better pride ner that! 'Tis agin my princ'ples."

"Pride?" echoed Mary scornfully. "Seems a quare pride whin a man can't support his fam'ly because he's so proud — has t' l'ave him take charity because he's so proud — has t' sind his childern t' work the minute they kin lie t' the law about their ages (an' git quare in the hid, like poor Mikey, gittin' th' paint-poisonin' in that wall-paper place whin he was elivin') because he've such gran' princ'ples. Seem like a quare pride in a man that'll l'ave his wife go to her rilatives t' beg the loan of a half a dollar to buy supper fer his kids, an' not git it because her folks say they're tired o' feedin' her *loafers*! Quare pride in a man, I call that!"

Pa took this arraignment with a gentle resignation. "'Tain't in Maggie ner Pete Kavanagh t' understan' me an' my princ'ples," he said. "No, ner in you, nayther, I'm thinkin'. But I'm not su'prised. Min wid princ'ples has niver been understood by theer fam'lies — ner by the world. The world have always gone haard wid

the best min — have always driven thim t' drink wid its onfeelin'ness."

"If ye're a sample o' thim, it was aisy drivin', I bet," was his wife's retort.

Pa smiled good-naturedly at this reference to his "failin'." "I wish some wan'd drive me up to a couple o' hot drinks right now," he said. "I'm that cold, I'm all rheumatically."

"Ye'll be colder nixt wake," she hastened to tell him. "The man was here to-day t' take the stove — it's goin' Monda'."

"'Tis nothin' of the sort," assured Pa grandly. "Nixt wake I'm goin' t' pay the whole balance on the stove an' see 'bout gittin' wan for the parlie." And his tone was so confident, his manner so inspiring, that as he went on and on, unfolding to Mary what he meant to do "nixt wake," she fell once more into the easy hopefulness that had sustained her for twenty years. Providence develops in each of its creatures, great and small, those qualities that they most need to keep them alive; and in Mary Casey Providence had developed hope and patience — perhaps they are the same thing! Under the "hope-be-gettingness" of Pa's talk, Mary gradually lost her irony; and by and by, holding the sleeping child in her lap, she opened her heart to Pa about the tears that had been wee Annie's lullaby.

"I was to see Maggie to-day," she said, "an' she's tur-ble put out wid me, 'count o' the — the new wan. She wouldn' lind me no money t' buy supper, not avin whin I promised her I'd pay it back out o' Ang'la Ann's wages to-morrer. An' after I was theer, I wint over t' the charity place wheer they've helped us sometimes, t' see could the young lady that's there maybe help me t' git a few little clo'es. An' she says, 'I mus' say, Mrs. Casey,' she says, 'it's very discouragin'. You wid all the trouble you got — not able t' kape the sivin childern you got from starvin', an' a new wan comin' — I mus' say it's very discouragin'.' I dunno if she'll try t' do anny-thin' fer me — she seemed tur-ble provoked. Seem like everybody do be blamin' me, an' I'm sure whin I t'ink o' what it's comin' to, I ought t' be weepin' tears o' sorrer fer the poor little t'ing. But I got that foolish mother heart in me that kape singin' wid joy t' think how lovely it'll be to have a new wan to cuddle an' set store by. This'll be the tinth time I've known the feel o' thim little searchin' han's on me breast, but seem like I niver looked for'ard no more'n I do now to the t'ill of it. I don' git manny t'rills in my life — seem kind o' hard folks that has none o' the pains to bear should grudge me that wan!"

Pa was indignant. "I'll have none o' theer baby clo'es!" he cried, "an' none o' Maggie Kavanagh's advice! I intind t' raise this new wan meself! I ain' got a child yit that suit me,

but I'm goin' t' take a han' airly wid this new wan an' git him started right."

Mary ignored the implied fault with her training. The candle-light was very dim, and in it the grime and stubble on Pa's face showed hardly at all; and his voice had the same Irish sweetness it had had years before when Pa was not yet Pa, and had come to court her in her fine, comfortable home where she was "workin' out" — to woo her away with his soft words, and the look in his big blue eyes, and the dimples that played round his mouth when he smiled; with his glowing word-pictures of the "little home" he was going to make for her, with his blushing hints about the children that might some day be theirs, with the awkward caresses of his big stone-cutter's hands. She had gone gladly, full of sweet, fluttering hopes — gone from her comfortable "place" to a home that was "little" indeed, and that grew more and more squalid as each year went over their heads. And she had never been sorry for going — not even in the blackest hours of her children's want and her husband's insufficiency. Always something kept her from looking back regretfully — always something kept her expectant. Perhaps it was the memory — and the hope — of those tiny

baby hands searching, groping toward her breast. Perhaps it was the memory — and the hope — of times like this, when her winsome Irish lad came back to her for a few tender moments. . . . She heard the footsteps of the returning children coming along the board walk, and as she rose to lay baby Annie on the bed, she stooped over and kissed Pa and whispered: "Ye're glad fer the new wan — ain't you, Patsy, b'y?"

"I am that," he answered her, holding her cheek for a moment close to his own, "an' I'm goin' t' do fine by 'im."

Then the door opened and the three children came trooping noisily in. They dumped their purchases on the table and began tearing open the packages. Mary took up the oil-can and was about to fill the lamp, when her glance fell on something Mollie was leading by a string. "Fer the love o' Hiven, what's that?" cried Mary.

Pridefully Mollie responded, "'Tis a hin."

"*Wheer'd ye git it?*"

"Off a b'y in the alley, fer tin cints; he said 'twas a fine *layer*, an' we t'ought it'd be gran' t' have frish iggs iv'ry day."

Mary was dubious, but she hadn't the heart to cloud the children's hopefulness. "Well, I



"'COME IN!' SAID PA. AND THE VISITOR CAME IN"

dunno," she said, "but ye kin try. What'd ye give up t' git it — the jelly roll?"

"No — the pitaties."

Mary laughed. "Fer the love of!" she cried; "ye can't live on bologna an' jelly roll an' a hin behind the stove."

"Well," said Mollie, with cheerful resignation, "we couldn' fin' that boy now no more, an' git the dime back."

"All right — I don' keer; ye kin tie up yer hin an' see what'll she do t' take the place o' pitaties."

It was while Mollie was tethering her sorry-looking fowl to a stove leg that Pa first noticed Dewey's dog. "Another dog?" he said. "D'ye ixpict him t' lay, too? Didn' I tell you I'm tired o' supportin' dogs? Maybe ye'll tell me ye bought him fer sausage?"

Pa's tone was scathing, and fearing harm to his pup, Dewey decided to offer him the cold hospitality of the back yard. "Here, Togo, Togo," he called sullenly.

"What's that?" cried Pa. "Togo? Togo? I'll have no dog in my house called Togo! Thim Jappynase is haythins — they belave nothin' at all."

"The Roosians is Sheenies," retorted Dewey, who waged a perennial war with the "Roosians" in the street and at school.

"Yer an ignyrammus!" said Pa. "The rare Roosians is Cath'lics, same's yersilf. These here Roosians on Hinry Strate was drove out o' Roosia fer *bein'* Sheenies — same's they ought t' be drove out o' iv'ry place."

"Well," muttered Dewey, "I can't call 'im no Roosian name, because I can't pernounce none of 'em."

"You can't, can't you?" Pa thundered wrathfully. "Very well, thin — ye kin call him an Amurican name, I guess. Jarge Washin'ton's a good enough name fer anny dog, I guess."

"Theer, theer," said Mary pacifically, cutting off a piece of bologna, "you take Jarge Washin'ton an' kape out o' the way a bit till yer Pa's offindid princ'ples kin raycover."

Dewey took the sausage, and was making for the door with "Jarge" when there came a rap upon it.

"Come in!" said Pa. And the visitor came in. He was a small, withered-looking, oldish man; his skin had a curious parchment look, and was almost the shade of his mode-color derby. He wore a brown plaid suit and a crimson crochet tie, and carried a book-agent's portfolio. The little man's movements were brisk, his manner was breezy.

"Good evening," he said as he came in, "good evening. Have I," bowing to Pa, "the honor to address Mr. Casey?"

Pa admitted that he had. "Won't ye come in?" he invited, and set a chair.

"Thank you, sir — thank you; I will! And is this your fine little family, Mr. Casey?"

"Part of 'em," said Pa; "the rist's not home yit."

"Well," said the agent, "I'm sure it's a family for any man to be proud of."

Pa shrugged. "Theer well enough, but theer's none o' thim as smart as I hoped they would be."

"Ah!" cried the little agent eagerly, "that's the proud, ambitious father, Mr. Casey. You aspire so high for them, it's hard for them to reach your fond expectations. That's just precisely why I called, Mr. Casey — just *pre*-cisely why I called. I know it's a little late for a business call, but I always like to catch the gentleman of the house when he's at home for supper. One of your children, Mr. Casey — this one, I think," laying his hand on Dewey's shoulder, "sent a postal to the publisher of our glorious paper, the *Daily Mercury*, answering an advertisement which said: 'Send a postal and get a book telling you how to obtain a grand education —'"

"That ain' what it said!" objected Dewey. "It had a pitcher of battleships blowin' up, an' it said, 'Sind a postal an' git a book tellin' all about the Jappynase war.'"

"So it did!" chirped the agent, "so it did! I remember! One of the ads read just that way. Well, your fine boy, Mr. Casey, sent a postal, and our publisher says to me, says he: 'You'd better see that Mr. Casey and tell him about our wonderful offer. He's evidently a smart man, or he wouldn't have a boy like that. You see, Mr. Casey, we have a new Grand Universal Encyclopedia of World Knowledge, in twenty-seven volumes, giving complete, accurate, authoritative, up-to-date information on twenty-three thousand subjects. Think of it! Suppose you send your boy to a university, Mr. Casey. What does he get? At the most, four studies a year — sixteen studies in a four years' course — at the cost of hundreds of dollars — yes, thousands! Now, for fifty cents down, and fifty cents a week for one little year, — think of it! — we will give him an education in twenty-three thousand subjects!'"

There was no mistaking the eager interest in Pa's face, and the agent took out his fountain-pen — for the joy of writing with which in the presence of his awe-struck family Pa would, had the agent but known it, have signed any paper that could have been presented to him. Pa reached for the pen, but Mary tugged at his elbow and whispered in his ear. Nodding to her to reassure her, Pa said to the agent: "Would

it be convanient t' git the first paymint on Monda', sir?"

"Certainly, Mr. Casey — most certainly." Pa looked at Mary as if to shame her for her doubts, and began the laborious business of signing his name.

"There!" said the agent, when Pa's cramped fingers laid the pen carefully down again, "I hope these little ones appreciate what you have done for them! On Monday, Mr. Casey, the twenty-seven volumes become yours and your heirs' forever. Henceforth you have but to turn

and Dewey, ignoring the girls, for whom he felt an "ixpensive" education to be unnecessary. "Now," he said, "ye heard what th' agint said about th' Prsident. I niver see annythin' in ayther o' ye, much less in Mikey, that looked t' me like a buddin' Prsident; but I'm after buyin' this here ixpensive education in the hopes that some day I may git a son that'll be like me, wid ambition t' have th' bist or none at all. Manewhile, though, you two can be learnin' off it. Soon's it git here, you, Johnny, will begin at wolume wan, page wan, an' I'arn ye a page



"PA HUNTED OUT A FOR JOHNNY AND M FOR DEWEY, AND SET THEM TO WORK"

to them to learn all you wish to know about, er — astronomy, Mr. Casey — about, er, geology — or theology — or about any one of twenty-three thousand subjects. Good evening to you all — delighted to have met you. I expect to hear of a future President Casey, rising to the highest office in the gift of the American people by his diligent perusal of the Great Universal Cyclopedia of World Knowledge. Good evening."

At mention of that future President, Pa shot a proud look at Mary, as if to see if she comprehended what he was doing for the New One. And after the agent was gone he laid down the law to his family. By that time Johnny had come in, and Pa addressed himself to Johnny

iv'ry night, an' Dewey'll do the same —"

"It'll take about t'ree years to a wolume," said Johnny, who was pretty good at figures.

"An' I'll prob'bly die without knowin' the *ind*!" wailed Dewey; "I'll niver git past Pay an' Q!"

Pa's look of scorn was scathing. "O' course ye can't l'arn iv'rything!" he said. "Who'd wish t' live wid ye if ye *did*? I don't know iv'rything mesilf! But if you l'arn up to Pay an' Q time you die, ye'll be no slouch — which is more'n I kin say of ye now. But t' avin t'ings up a bit, Johnny kin begin at A an' l'arn t' *Im* [M], an' you kin begin at *Im* an' l'arn t' the *ind*. Then, betwane ye, whin ye're growed, ye'll know it all. 'Tis the gran' princ'ple av all labor t'



pick yer job an' stick to 't, an' not meddle wid no other felly's job whativver. An' in l'arnin', be all I hear, 'tis just the same. So 'tis you," to Johnny, "from A t' *Im*; an' Dewey from *Im* t' the ind o' the book."

"I don't ixpict thim t' do much at it," he told Mary later, when he had a chance, "but they might's well be l'arnin' what they kin off of it till the new wan git so he kin rade. They've got a start of him," he admitted, "but I bet he gits caught up wid thim before they know it."

And Mary hadn't the heart to spoil his enthusiasm by suggesting that the New One might be a girl.

### III

Sure enough, Pa, spurred by pride in the new Cyclopedia, did get work on Monday; and when he came home at supper-time Monday night, there the twenty-seven volumes were, stacked upon the kitchen floor.

Out of Angela Ann's wages — three dollars and a half — Mary had restored the insurance nickels, seven of them, and paid fifty cents on the Cyclopedia, and with great difficulty managed to appease the stove collector for a few days with the payment of one dollar. Then there had been Sunday's food and a basket of coal, so that there was not much left, on Monday night, to face another week with. But when Pa came home and announced the "gran' job," which promised to be good for several weeks, the family spirits rose sky-high, and there was nothing to mar their enjoyment of the awe-inspiring new possession.

As soon as the supper dishes were cleared away, Pa set the glass lamp back in the middle of the table, hunted out A for Johnny and M for Dewey, and set them to work.

"Aw!" said Dewey, after a few moments of intense application, while his parents and sisters looked on admiringly, "this here's some furrin lang'widge." And he pointed to "Maas, an affluent of the Rhine," and "Maasin, a seaport of Leyte," and "Maass, a German classical philologist," and "Maassen, an Austrian jurist," and "Maastricht, a city of the Netherlands."

"Well, wot d'ye t'ink o' dis?" cried Johnny, inviting sympathy for himself as he struggled with "Aalborg, on the south shore of the Limfjord," and "Aard-vark, a burrowing, nocturnal, insect-eating mammal," and "Abacus, a calculating machine, occasionally employed to make the elementary operations of arithmetic palatable."

But Pa was inexorable. "'Most all l'arnin' is in furrin tongues," he said. "Sure, anny fool

kin know English, but 'tis t' know what thim quare furrin words mane that fellies goes t' college."

On Saturday, when he got his week's pay, Pa bought a book-case, "be aisy paymints" — a "mahogany" book-case, smelling quite frankly of pine through its coats of sanguinary red paint, the tears of varnish trickling forlornly in places, as if in mortification at being so poor a sham. Two dollars had to go "down" for this; and thereafter the collector would call once in two weeks for a dollar more, until nine dollars and sixty-nine cents had been paid.

And that night they had fried eggs and lemon cream pie for supper; for had not Pa earned twenty-four dollars that week?

"Ye see," he said to Johnny and Dewey, when they went reluctantly to their "iducation," "what a man kin do whin he's a scholar. That's why I want youse t' try an' l'arn all ye kin, so ye won't have t' work fer no cheap wages whin yer growed. Fer 'tis much better t' work a day now an' thin fer four dollars, ner t' work iv'ry day fer a dollar an' a quarter — like an Eyetalian. Thim cheap Guineas has no stand-in'; but, wid me! theer ain' no better trade in the country ner what stone-cuttin' is!"

But after supper Pa went to O'Shaughanessy's saloon at the corner, to tell the men congregated there about the "iducation" he was providing for his boys, and before he came stumbling home a large hole had been made in his wages. And by and by, when the "iducation" got to be an old story, Pa lost his zest for work, and things lapsed, presently, into their more habitual state of pinching poverty.

When the New One came, there were no clothes for him, and a charity doctor ushered him into the cold world blanketed in a February fall of snow. But there was no lack of warmth in the welcome the New One got. The children acclaimed him rapturously, and even Angela Ann, who had been inclined to be bitterly resentful when she knew he was coming to add to her responsibility, softened at sight of him, and "took a-hold" like a real little mother to help Mary care for him. As for Pa! He could discern from the first, in the New One, abundant promise of all those high traits he hoped for, and he carried the mite to the book-case, adjuring him to "see the l'arnin' yer Pa have laid by fer ye" — this with scathing looks at Johnny and Dewey, who had long since abandoned the pursuit of scholarship.

When he was four days old the New One was christened. His aunt Maggie Kavanagh lent a dress for the occasion, and O'Shaughanessy contributed a bottle of wine to celebrate it. An older brother who had briefly borne his father's



"HE CARRIED THE MITE TO THE BOOK-CASE, ADJURING HIM TO 'SEE THE L'ARNIN'  
YER PA HAVE LAID BY FER YE'"

name was long since dead, and now the New One was to have it, and to do it honor. So Patrick he was christened, and Patsy he was called, but, alas! he was not long to be called anything, save in memory. For on the night after the christening poor little Patsy began to "wheeze" and to burn, and in two days he was gone whither he had but just come — dead of "ammonia on the lungs."

There are people in this world who seem to think it's comparatively easy to give up a little tiny baby you've only had a few days — especially if you have seven other children; but that's because they don't know how many hopes are builded about each New One, how many fair dreams die when the little New One slips away again. There were people who thought Patsy's coming and going was just a matter of "a baby more or less" to the Caseys; but it was much, much more than that. It seemed, somehow, that when he went, the promise of splendidly better things went, too.

And, what made the going harder still, there was no money to bury him with! "Me scrimpin'

and pinchin' t' pay fer insur'nce all along," wept poor Mary, "an' whin I nade a fun'ral, 'tis fer the wan child that's not insured."

They owned a single grave in Calvary; in it were the two children that were dead these many years — little Mamie and little Patsy — and the law would allow them to put a third tiny body in with the others. But there was a coffin to be bought, and an interment fee to be paid, and somehow or other Patsy must be got to his burial.

Pa went to the priest who had christened Patsy, and told of Patsy's death. The priest was Irish — a big, kindly young fellow who had been a peasant boy in County Kerry and knew the sorrows of the poor. He went over to Henry Street an hour or two afterward, carrying a tiny white coffin in which he helped to lay Patsy; and out of the pockets of his overcoat the priest brought candles for Patsy's head and feet. They made a bier of two yellow-painted kitchen chairs, and laid Patsy in his little white coffin upon it, and lighted the tapers, and the other children knelt around Patsy, murmuring their

prayers for the repose of his soul. It was a picture — a great picture: the gloomy kitchen where the sunshine never came; the little bit of dazzling whiteness in the kitchen's shadows, that Patsy's coffin made; the tall tapers; the tear-drenched childish faces; the awe, the Mystery.

When he left, the priest said he would see what he could do about the funeral; and straight he went to another house in the Nineteenth Ward where also a son lay dead and many hopes were dead with him. It was the house of a powerful Irish politician and saloon-keeper, and the son was a young man nineteen years old and the pride of his father's heart — which was, after the queer fashion of human nature, no less tender because his conscience was full of callous spots. The priest told the saloon-keeper about Patsy, drew for him a sympathetic picture of the scene he had just left, and —

"Sure, he can come along with my boy," said the Boss. "My boy was always one to share what he had when he was alive, an' I guess he'd be more'n glad to share his fun'ral — the last thing I can ever give him."

So, back to Henry Street the priest went, and told the Caseys that Patsy was to "come along" in the rich young man's funeral. If Pa would carry him over to the church in the morning, before ten, he was welcome to share in the requiem high mass, and the hundreds of tapers, and the loads and loads of flowers, and the grand, expensive singing. He was welcome, too, to ride to Calvary in the rich young man's hearse; and there'd be two carriages for the parents and children to ride in.

When Mary heard this, her tears flowed afresh. "Poor little Patsy!" she sobbed. "Seem like he was born t' be lucky, an' he died before he had a chance t' find it out."

There was one mark of respect she could show him, though — one manifestation of her grief she could afford to make: she sent Midget to Blue Island Avenue with twenty-five cents and instructions to invest it in "th' bist black dye." And into the wash-tub, on Midget's return, went the package of dye and several pails of water, and everything belonging to the Caseys that could, by any stretch of courtesy or the imagination, be called a garment.

All night the kitchen hung full of coats and skirts and capes and pinafores, all dripping, dripping, like Mary's slow, unceasing tears. And in the morning there issued from the Casey cellar a procession as sable-solemn as anything that Henry Street had ever seen.

It was a "gran', imprissive fun'ral" that little Patsy had. And when the Caseys were at home again, and the neighbors came crowding in to hear about it, the wash-tub, still half full of dye, was standing in the corner on the kitchen floor.

"If anny o' you," said Mary, indicating the tub, "'d like t' use some o' that, yer welcome. Patsy had a fine fun'ral lint 'im, an' I'm sure he'd be glad, in 'is turn, t' lind some o' his mourmin'."

Which was how a considerable part of Henry Street may be said to have gone with the Caseys into mourning for Patsy.

The span between whence we come and whither we go is brief at best. And Patsy managed to bring with him a good deal of the tender glory of the place whence he came, and to take with him a great deal of new hope of the place whither he was gone. And, when all is said and done, what immortal spirit can, in its mortal span, do more than that for itself or for the rest of mortality?

## APPARITIONS

BY

MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

WHICH oftener, on Helena's rock,  
At midnight came, with phantom knock:  
The field un-won — the cast-off Queen —  
Which? — Waterloo or Josephine?

# THE GALVANIZING OF OLAF LARSEN

BY

DAVID HENRY DAY

**O**LAF LARSEN was six feet four, and weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds. When he moved, he reminded one of a derrick, a mogul locomotive, or a steam-shovel, both in the mighty sluggishness of his movements and in the utter absence of any apparent guiding force emanating from his own mind.

He had the stolid, insensate, stupid face of the human animal; with never a flash of intelligence illuminating it, even in moments of danger, when the dullest brains are galvanized into at least some semblance of activity.

Olaf was a deck-hand on the steamer *Marinesta*, a five-hundred-and-sixty-footer of the Cleveland Steamship Company, plying in the ore trade between Duluth and the lower lake ports. Before, he had been a north shore fisherman, and yet before that, he had helped his father haul his nets along the coast of Norway. But his utter lack of initiative and ability to think for himself had rendered his life as a fisherman an unprofitable one; and when, one day, the *Marinesta*, taking on a cargo of ore at Two Harbors, found herself short of hands, and the mate, making the round of the saloons, came upon Olaf and offered him the job, he had followed him to the boat, walking like some dumb animal at the mate's heels.

A month of work on the big freighter, and he was as much a part of her as her great triple-expansion engines, her steam winches and hoists, and he was fully as reliable and about as intelligent in his work as they.

He became known to the officers and crew as "the big Swede," although he had never been in Sweden. So quiet and unobtrusive was he that he seemed to make neither friends nor enemies. He did what he was told to do — no more, no less; and when it was done, he sat down and stolidly waited, like an engine with its throttle closed, until some one should move the levers that set him going again.

One cold, damp, foggy morning late in November, the *Marinesta* was lying at the great ore docks at Duluth, her hatches off and the

ore thundering in red streams through the spouts into her hold.

Olaf was standing at the Number Eight hatch, manipulating one of the ropes that regulated the distribution of the ore in the hold.

On the opposite side of the open hatch, three men were doing, with evident exertion, the work that, alone and unaided, he was performing with ease. At the starboard rail the second mate stood, shouting directions that came to him faintly through the thunder of the falling ore.

The captain of the boat, with a party of men and a woman, — guests of the boat, evidently, — stopped to speak to the mate, and Olaf, noting the cessation of orders, looked up, and his eyes fell upon the woman.

Now, to Olaf all women were — well, just women — just as all men were simply men. He could see no difference in them, except that some were large and some were small, some were weak and some were strong.

But this woman — there was something different about her. He, who had never looked twice at a woman before, could not keep his eyes off this one.

As she laughed lightly at something the captain said to her, and passed on aft, he wanted to follow her, to look at her, to listen to the music of her voice when she laughed again. He had never heard a woman laugh like that before. It gave him a strange feeling inside which he could not define. At first he thought it might be hunger, until he remembered that it was still a long time till dinner.

The mate thundered an order to him to slack up his line, and he hauled it in with a vigor that almost pulled the three men on the opposite side into the open hatchway. A burst of profanity brought him to his senses, and he did better for a time; but always his thoughts were with the woman who had laughed.

That night he slept badly, waking many times, thinking he heard her laugh, and wondering if the sea would be too rough for her to come aft in the morning.

He was watching for her bright and early: and, sure enough, she made the trip aft, as-

by both mates and a young man; and she and the young man went down into the engine-room, while the mates returned forward, for the sea was rising, and the decks were being swept by an occasional wave.

Olaf's duties occasionally took him to the engine-room, and always he stole a glance at her out of the corner of his sleepy eyes, as she chatted and laughed with the engineers, and watched the great engines as they rhythmically throbbed and whirled the great propeller.

Gradually the wind increased, and with it the sea. From the engine-room they could hear the waves as they thundered across the decks above. The second engineer climbed to the door and looked forward in time to see the second mate trying to make his way aft. He was going carefully along the lee rail, holding tightly to the life-lines as he went.

The boat rose on the crest of a wave, and, rolling to starboard, plunged her nose viciously into the trough of the sea, and a solid six-foot wall of water mounted her decks, and came roaring aft and to port.

The mate, glancing back over his shoulder, saw it coming, and sat down on the deck, with his feet braced firmly against the rail and both hands firmly gripping the life-line, his back to the wave, and his head drawn down grotesquely between his shoulders.

Another instant, and he was engulfed in the seething mass of water that swept across the deck and poured like a cataract over the rail.

The second engineer, standing breathless in the doorway, gave a cry of joy as he saw the mate emerge, wet and half choked, from his perilous position, and make his way back forward. Closing the door, the engineer descended to the engine-room, and went up to the chief, who was standing with his hand on the throttle, choking down the engines when they started to race as the propeller was lifted clear of the water by the gigantic seas.

"I rather guess nobody'll get for'ard — or aft, either — until this sea goes down," he said, with a half smile. "The mate just tried it, and he come within one of goin' over. Six feet of solid green water went over him, but he knew how to handle himself all right, an' he stayed."

The chief nodded silently and jammed the throttle shut with a vicious thrust of his arm as the engines started to race madly; then, as the screw took hold again, he pulled the lever out carefully, watching the engines as a trainer of wild animals watches a dangerous lion.

And still the storm increased in fury. The great boat pounded her way through the seas, rolling and staggering like a drunken sailor.

Gradually the conversation in the engine-

room flagged, and the men's faces began to show the effect of the strain. They were listening to the sound of every wave that came aboard — listening for the crash of a broken hatchway, of a gangway giving way, for any one of the many noises that mean that something has gone wrong.

And so it came at last that there were but two faces among them all that showed no concern — the face of the woman, who still laughed as she clung to a stanchion in a vain effort to keep her balance, and the round, red face of Olaf, the big deck-hand, who listened only to hear her laugh, and to wonder dully at the strange hunger that still possessed him.

The second engineer again climbed to the door for a cautious look. A blinding whirl of wet, heavy snow came in. He muttered under his breath, "That's bad." The rest of the crew were silent.

Up forward, the captain, standing on the bridge, bellowed in the mate's ear:

"It's no use bucking into this thing any longer. She'll not stand it another hour. The second mate reports that the hatchway coamings are buckling, and once the hatches are off, she's done for in this sea. There's nothing for it but to turn and run for the harbor at Duluth."

"How about Two Harbors, sir?" said the mate. "It's nearer by twenty-four miles."

"We'd never find it in this blinding snow," replied the captain, as he gave the engineer the signal to "stand by." Then, as the answer came back, he said: "Besides, we could never get her into there with this wind on our beam. No, we'll make for Duluth; and if we can't find the canal, we'll lay her up on the sand on Minnesota Point. She won't hurt herself much there. It's the softest spot I know of — and the life-saving station right at hand. I'll venture to say that many a captain to-night is picking out that same spot in which to beach his boat when there's nothing else left for him to do."

The captain signaled the engineer "full speed ahead," called for the helm hard a-starboard, and the great boat swung slowly into the trough of the sea. Tons of water went over her as she came around. She went over on her beam ends until her keel was bare from stem to stern, and it seemed as though she must roll her masts and funnel out. The spray from the seas went over her funnel, and the captain and mate were almost swept from the bridge by the gigantic combers that curled high over their heads.

Gradually, however, the good boat swung, until at last she drove full before the storm, staggering, plunging, and pitching, but, for the moment at least, safe.

Back in the engine-room, the men heaved a sigh of relief as they felt the boat come about. Thus, for the balance of the day and far into the night they drove before the storm, the woman sitting on the floor of the engine-room, curled up on a pile of blankets the engineer had brought for her, her cheery laugh still ringing out occasionally, though she was getting very tired and sleepy. The men about dozed; the engines turned tirelessly, and the chief engineer almost automatically drew the throttle out and pushed it in, as the engines raced, or caught the pull of the propeller.

The bell of the *Marinesta* clanged harshly, and as every man's eyes instantly sought the dial, the indicator flashed to "full speed astern."

Like a flash the engineer reversed her, not even stopping to shut the throttle; and the great engines answered promptly, groaning and quivering under the strain.

Then came a grinding, rending crash, and every man was thrown from his feet. Hardly had the engineer scrambled back to his post when there came a dull, jarring sound from far astern; the engines stopped dead, and then, a moment later, started to race so madly that it seemed as though they would tear themselves from their bed-plates. They were running free, like a boy's humming top, with no check upon their tremendous energy.

The propeller was gone!

"The stuff's off, boys," said the engineer, jamming the throttle tightly shut, with a muttered curse. "There's nothin' more doin' in this end of the boat. The wheel's gone."

He signaled back to the bridge, "Engines disabled," and opened the port door of the engine-room. A gigantic wave rushed growlingly over the sill, almost sweeping the men from their feet before they could get the door closed and fastened. The engineer tried the starboard door cautiously. No water came in there: it was evidently the lee side. Only a wall of blackness could be seen, with a whirling mass of snow showing in the glare of light that streamed a few feet from the open door.

The boat pounded viciously on the rocks, rapidly settling by the stern. The firemen were beginning to come up the ladders, driven from their posts by the encroaching water. The engines would soon stop, and then they would be in darkness.

The stern of the boat began to work around a little, bringing her broadside to the sea. Windows began to crash in; doors gave way, bulging inward, and then bursting from their hinges with the mighty impact of the solid seas that came aboard.

The life-boats, hurled from their fastenings,

splintered themselves against the deck-house, while the life-raft was ground to bits and disappeared, swallowed by the sea.

The men, with blanched faces, huddled about the woman, to give what protection they could against the force of the seas that ripped through the engine-room, filling it so that at times they stood waist-deep in water.

The woman no longer laughed, but clung quietly to the arm of the young man who had brought her aft that morning. Her face was white, yet she showed no fear, only hope and trust in those about her.

And now the snow, which so long had been wet and sticky, with dashes of rain and sleet, became powdery and dry as flour. Tiny icicles commenced to form along the casings of the doors and windows. The lights had gone out and they were in darkness.

The engineer spoke:

"We must get forward. If we stay here we'll freeze to death before morning."

"We can never make it," said a fireman, thinly clad in jumper and overalls, as he had come up from the furnaces below. "The sea must be running over her in a solid wall of water. No man could live in it. He'd be washed overboard by the first wave that struck him."

"It *can* be done," said the second engineer — "that is, if you know how. I saw the mate go through as bad a sea as this, this noon, and at least some of us can make it, but it'll take nerve to tackle it. I'll take the lead, and the rest of you that have got the nerve follow." He glanced out of the door. "The snow has quit for a spell, and we can see a little. We must make a dash between waves. They generally run in threes — the big ones. Keep your eyes on me, and when I drop to the deck, you all do the same. Sit down, put your feet against the rail, and grab the life-lines. Keep your head down and your back to the wave. Get down low, and hold on."

"But the woman, man — the woman!" There was agony in the voice. "How can she ever get across? No man can hold her and keep himself and her from going overboard." It was the chief engineer who spoke, and he gazed in pity at the woman, clinging trustingly to the man who, unused to the dangers of the water, could do nothing to help her, though one glance at his determined face was evidence enough that he would willingly die trying.

Then Olaf's sluggish brain awoke, and, for the first time in its history, evolved a plan of action.

"I tak care ov vomans, I tank," he said slowly. "I jyst tie her to me close in front vit rope. I beeg strong mans. She is little vomans. I tank she don't bodder me none."



"Good!" exclaimed the second engineer, quickly cutting off a piece of heaving line. "Good boy, Olaf! It's a fighting chance; but you're the only man with strength enough to bring her through."

The line was made fast about the woman's waist; then, with about a foot of slack, it was passed about Olaf's gigantic chest and firmly secured.

"Now, then," said the second engineer, speaking to the woman, "when Olaf drops to the deck, he'll have to let go of you. Then you must put your arms around him and hang on like grim death. Don't try to breathe when the water comes over you; it will only last a minute, and then you will have plenty of time to get your breath before the next wave strikes you. Keep your head, and you will be all right. Be careful not to get your arms around Olaf's neck so as to choke him. He'll need all the breath he has, as it is." Then, speaking to Olaf: "Watch me, Olaf, and do just as I do. The rest of you fellows look out for yourselves. You'll die if you stay here; so it's up to you to get forward if you can."

Watching his chance, the second engineer waited until three waves had poured over the ship, and then, in the lull, he started carefully forward across the icy deck.

Olaf, with the woman clasped in his great arms, followed carefully behind him.

For fifty feet they went almost dry-shod, and it seemed as though the sea would stay its murderous hand and let them cross in safety. Then, with a mighty impact, a wave struck, and the deck heaved under them.

"Down!" shrieked the engineer, and Olaf, gripping the life-lines in a grasp of steel, sank to the deck, his feet planted firmly against the rail, his huge bulk bent over the woman, who clung to him desperately.

It seemed an eternity to the woman while the six-foot wall of water rolled over them, tearing and tugging at them in demoniac fury, like a wild beast at its prey. At last it passed, and Olaf, gathering the woman again in his arms, stood upright, dripping.

"Down! Down, you fool! There's more coming!" The second engineer's voice rose above the storm.

Obediently, Olaf resumed his position, while two more waves passed over them. And still he stayed.

When Olaf looked up, the second engineer was on his feet and beckoning him to follow. He got to his feet slowly, and followed on.

This time they made a good two hundred feet before they were caught again.

Once more three waves went over them, and

again they rose to their feet. But, with a roar as of a thousand cataracts, a fourth tremendous sea, following closely on the heels of the third, mounted the weather-rail and rushed down upon them.

The engineer was quick, and dropped in time. Olaf, slower to act, was caught while on his feet, and, with the woman, swept over the side. Yet he had both hands on the life-lines, and he held on, while the sea whirled him straight out like a pennant in a breeze.

When the wave had passed, he drew himself up, "chinning" himself on the life-line, the woman dangling, a dead weight, at his waist.

Gasping, choking, strangling, they gained the deck, and, as he again gathered the woman in his arms, she put her face close up to his and kissed his rough cheek tenderly — and laughed!

And thus Olaf brought the woman through, just as the boat, with a report like the discharge of a siege gun, sheared the rivets from her plates, and broke in two amidships, leaving five poor fellows, who had not had the courage to try to get forward, to perish miserably on the fast-settling stern.

In the wheelman's room, huddled together, they found the rest of the crew. Here, at least, no solid water came aboard, although every sea sent the spray whirling through the windowless and doorless room, to freeze where it fell.

With numbed fingers the captain cut the rope that bound the woman to Olaf, and again she laughed as she said, her teeth chattering so that she could hardly form the words:

"I never was so attached to a man in all my life."

Olaf, not knowing what to say or do, and full of strange emotions which he could not understand, went out on the forward deck in the blinding spray and wash from the surf that was beating in a mad fury on the invisible shore.

The blackness of night was turning to the gray that precedes the dawn, and Olaf could make out indistinctly a wall of rock rising sheer above the boat — how far, he could not tell.

He went forward and peered over the rail.

Below him, he could faintly make out a shelving rock, and he could see that, when the waves receded, it was left bare, clear to the base of the cliff.

He was learning to think now. The woman's laugh had worked some miracle in his sluggish brain.

Picking up a coil of rope, he swung himself over the rail, held on until the rock showed bare, and then dropped. He fell on all fours, but got quickly to his feet and scrambled shoreward.

This much he knew: if but a single wave caught him, he would be dashed to pieces against

the rocks; and so, for the first time in his life, he hurried.

He felt the woman's soft, round arms about his neck, her warm breath on his cheek; he heard her musical laugh still in his ear; and so he clambered on, with a monstrous wave racing hungrily at his heels. It caught him just as he reached the foot of the cliff, and dashed him against it; but he dug his fingers in the crevices of the rocks and held on.

It was getting lighter now, and he thought he could see a way up the cliff, and carefully worked himself toward it, hanging on when a sea overtook him, and working his way slowly and painfully upward when the wave receded. His fingers were cut to the bone by the sharp rocks; his face was cut and bleeding where the sea had pounded him against the jagged face of the cliff; but he labored upward until at last, his great strength gone, he dropped exhausted on the level ground at the brow of the precipice.

Here he lay until a little of his strength came back to him, and then he leaned over and called to those below. But the roar of the storm whipped the words from his mouth and hurled them into space.

He picked up great boulders from the ground about him, and hurled them to the steel deck beneath where he stood; and at last the captain heard, and came out and looked up and saw him.

Olaf, weighting his line with a stone, let it down to the deck below, where a heavier line was attached, and, the woman coming first, he drew them all to safety.

When at last the captain, the last man to leave the ship, had been safely drawn to the top, the little crowd stood and looked down at the *Marinista*, beating her brains out, like some insane thing, on the rocks below. From the great rent in her side, where the plates had parted, the water was gushing, dyed red, like a stream of blood, by the iron ore in her hold. It was as though she were bleeding her life away from a mortal wound: and so she was.

A tear mingled with the spray on the captain's cheek as he turned sadly away from his boat. "Does anybody know just where we are?" he inquired. No one spoke until he repeated the question.

Olaf looked about him in the rapidly growing light. It was snowing again; but Olaf knew the north shore as a man knows his own front hall, and it was but a few moments until he had located himself.

"I tank I go to Yonson's," he said briefly.

"How far?" asked the captain, as he beat his

arms against his body to get a little feeling into them.

"'Bout half mile to Yonson's. Seventeen mile to Duloot," replied Olaf.

"Come, then," said the captain sharply; "let's be moving while we can. We'll freeze up solid if we stay here."

Many of the men were scarcely able to walk, the woman not at all; and again it fell to Olaf to pick her up in his arms and carry her the half mile to Johnson's cabin, where they found warmth and shelter, but almost no food, for Johnson was just getting ready to make his regular trip to Duluth for supplies when the storm came. But he welcomed them gladly to what he had, and his wife took the woman in charge, while the husband did what he could to thaw out the half-frozen men.

As Olaf, seated on a bench in one corner of the little room, was busily engaged in wrapping up his lacerated fingers in bits of old rags, a man left his place before the fire and came over and sat down on the bench beside him.

"Larsen," said the man kindly, laying his hand affectionately on Olaf's shoulder, "we owe our lives to your bravery and fearlessness."

"Oh, das ol right," said Olaf sheepishly, twisting the bandages clumsily about his bloody fingers.

"No, it isn't all right, Larsen. Nothing can make it all right. We can never pay the debt we owe you."

"Das ol right," repeated Olaf dully, still fumbling with the rags, and wishing the man would talk about something else.

"And my wife, Larsen — she would have been lost but for your strength and coolness. I could not have saved her — though God knows I would have tried. Only a man of your wonderful strength could have done what you did."

The man took a roll of water-soaked bills from his pocket and pressed them into Olaf's hands, saying:

"Take this, Larsen. It's nothing, God knows — but I feel as if I must do something to pay my debt to you. I feel —"

A woman's laugh, weak but musical, interrupted him.

Olaf drew a bandaged hand tenderly across his cheek, where the woman had kissed him. Then he handed the money back.

"I ban paid," he said simply, rising to his feet and starting for the door. Then, turning to the captain, he said:

"I tank I go to Duloot now," and vanished in the storm.

# THE STORY OF EUGENE AZEFF

## AN UNMASKING OF RUSSIA'S SECRET POLICE SYSTEM

BY

DAVID SOSKICE

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRETS OF THE SCHLUESSELBURG"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH DRAWINGS BY F. VAN SLOAN  
AND WALTER JACK DUNCAN

**S** EVEN months ago M. Lopukhin, former Director of Police in the Russian Ministry of the Interior, was indicted on the charge of high treason for having betrayed to the Russian Revolutionary Party the fact that Eugene Azeff was an agent provocateur in the employ of the Russian police. Azeff had been for years one of the most aggressive of the Revolutionary leaders, and had the entire confidence of the Revolutionary Party. He had organized many of the most successful plots against the Government, had planned and managed the murder of Plehve and of the Grand Duke Sergius, the Tsar's own uncle.

During all this period of his activity as a Revolutionist, Azeff was actually in the employ of the Secret Police, and was respected by them as a man peculiarly successful in winning the confidence of the Socialists. He played one party against the other to further his personal ambitions. The greater the activity of the Revolutionists, the greater Azeff's value to the police. The more plots he could reveal to the Ministry of the Interior, the more valuable he was to the Government. Azeff simplified his business by first making the plots and then betraying them.

The agents provocateurs employed by the Secret Police are spies who are expected to win the confidence of the Revolutionists by professing to be of their political faith and by assisting them, up to a certain point, in their Revolutionary activities. Through these agents provocateurs the Government actually expends money for the purchase of bombs and dynamite which are supplied to Revolutionary societies. The agents provocateurs, by offering to furnish explosives and distribute Revolutionary literature, induce the Revolutionists to commit themselves. Azeff, however, took advantage

of the opportunities of this disreputable calling to such an extent that it is difficult to say in which party he wrought the greater harm. He deliberately sacrificed the lives of some of the most prominent of the Government officials in order to furnish conclusive evidence against the Revolutionists who carried out his plots.

Azeff's principal activities came under the administrations of two Directors of Police: Lopukhin, and after him Ratchkovsky. In September, 1908, Lopukhin, then no longer connected with the police, admitted to Vladimir Burtzeff, a representative of the Revolutionary Party, that during his directorship Azeff was agent provocateur for the Secret Police. For this admission Lopukhin was tried for high treason, on the ground that he had rendered valuable assistance to the enemies of the State. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude and subsequent deportation for life. This sentence was afterward modified to life-long banishment in the Siberian village of Samodurofka.

By this sentence the Government admitted, not only that it employs such men as Azeff, but that the exposure of such a man amounts to an act of treason. Moreover, it must be inferred that ministers, and even members of the Tsar's own family, may be assassinated with the actual connivance of the agents of the Secret Police, in order that the perpetrators of the crime may be apprehended. This expensive method of bringing a few Revolutionists to justice presents no absurdity to a police department whose system is so largely made up of intrigue and compromises. The methods of the Russian police, like the character of Eugene Azeff himself, are almost incomprehensible to the American mind.—EDITOR.



EUGENE AZEFF

THE RUSSIAN SPY WHO FOR YEARS ACTED AS LEADER OF  
THE REVOLUTIONIST PARTY. WHILE TAKING PAY  
FROM THE SECRET POLICE

I AN old friend of mine, a most honored leader of the Social Revolutionary Party, who has passed seventeen years of his life in Russian prisons and in exile, came one day to my house with two Russians, and introduced them to me.

"Ivan Nicholaevitch; Pavel Ivanovitch."

We shook hands, and I regarded my new acquaintances. Pavel Ivanovitch provoked little curiosity in me. He was an ordinary type of the Russian "Intellectual," with the face of an ascetic, bearing the traces of deep thought and many privations. The other was of an entirely different type, and during our conversation I observed his face intently.

"Why do you look at me like that?" he asked after a time, laughingly, with no sign of discomposure.

"I am thinking," I answered, also smiling, "what luck it is for a conspirator to have a face like yours. I should never take you for a Revolutionist. You are a typical stock-broker or bookmaker."

I had been warned by my friend that both these gentlemen were terrorists of the deepest dye. But, while Pavel Ivanovitch in every movement betrayed the conspirator, I could find in Ivan Nicholaevitch not the slightest suggestion of the man who stakes his life for his ideals. His stout, well-nourished, well-clad figure, short neck, and broad, round face, with its very thick and sensual lips, flat nose, and carefully cropped hair, gave him the appearance of that international type of professional financier that one meets upon every stock exchange in Europe. I tried in vain to find in his eyes that expression of *Wellschmerz*

so characteristic of the Russian idealist. They bore no expression at all. Protrudent, dark, filmy, they reflected as little of his mind as do those of a fish. And yet his narrow, low forehead and heavy jaws showed great strength of will and resolution, as well as insatiable instincts.

"Ivan Nicholaevitch" was the assumed name of this man, known only to a few picked and trusted people. His real name came prominently before the public some months ago. He was Eugene Phillipovitch Azeff, the great agent provocateur, the pillar for many years of Russian despotic rule, and at the

same time one of the most trusted leaders of the bitterest enemy of that despotism, the Social Revolutionary Party.

### *Azeff's Training for His Career*

Azeff's career is astonishing and unique. There are men who, through a spirit of adventure or ambition, have participated in revolutionary activity, and who, later on, when imprisoned and threatened with dire penalties, have become traitors to the cause, and even agents provocateurs, to buy their freedom. Others there are who, in the capacity of spies





or agents provocateurs, track Revolutionists through sheer incapacity to earn their living by some honest method. Azeff belonged to neither of these categories. He was, so to say, born a traitor, ready furnished with the most precious and essential qualifications of a traitor.

The son of a tailor, Azeff was in the habit of inciting his schoolfellows in Rostof-on-the-Don to acts of insubordination, in order to denounce them afterward to the teachers. When a youth of twenty, he carefully weighed the chances of various careers in Russia, and chose that for which his nature was best fitted, and

which justly seemed to him the most promising in Russia—that of agent provocateur.

He stole a few hundred pounds from his employer, forged the necessary diplomas, and went to Germany, where he entered a polytechnic as a student of engineering and electricity. It was there that he learned to the bottom the art of bomb-making, and obtained the grade of scientific engineer. It was in Germany also that Azeff first joined a Russian Revolutionary circle, in which he soon managed to obtain a prominent reputation.

Azeff was not an orator, still less a writer





and relentless struggle against Russian despotism.

*Azeff's Rapid Rise in the  
Revolutionary Party*

During the last seven years of this struggle Azeff used intermittently the Social Revolutionary Party and the Secret Police as tools for the promotion of one end—his own career. From 1901 till the very end of 1908 Azeff took an active, often a leading part in every scheme of the Party. It would be erroneous to maintain that the Social Revolutionary Party would never have come into prominence without Azeff, or that it would not have achieved what it has achieved. Among the many thousands of its members can be found idealists ready for superhuman efforts of self-abnegation and sacrifice; and even now, after all the imprisonments and executions, there are plenty of leaders of the highest mental and moral capacities.

Yet Azeff contributed greatly to the Party's success. He perhaps beat the record in the slaying of tyrants. He was one of the leading organ-

or theorist. In fact, only with the greatest difficulty could he explain on paper the course of his ideas. He spoke little, but his rare words were significant and to the point. Having finally decided the question of his career, he became, par excellence, a practical business man with a keen knowledge of human nature, indomitable persistence and will, and a rare gift of organization. Supplied with good references by his comrades, he went to Moscow and there joined the Social Revolutionists.

He was then already in close touch with Ratchkovsky, the omnipotent Chief of the Foreign Service of the Russian Political Police. Supplied with plenty of money by Ratchkovsky, and insured by him from arrest, Azeff, with the late Gershuni, a Revolutionist of the highest moral and intellectual type, visited the chief Revolutionary centers in Russia and abroad, and in 1902 they succeeded in uniting the various groups of the Social Revolutionary Party into one strong and well-organized body, which since then has carried on a dramatic





FATHER GAPON, THE "REVOLUTIONARY POPE"

WHO LED THE PEOPLE OF ST. PETERSBURG ON BLOODY SUNDAY, AND HEADED SOME OF THE  
MOST DARING PLOTS OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS, BUT LATER BECAME A POLICE SPY,  
WAS DENOUNCED BY AZEFF, AND WAS HANGED IN AN EMPTY HOUSE  
BY HIS FORMER COMRADES



ALEXANDRA FEODROVNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

THE ANTAGONISM OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS TOWARD THE TSAR-  
INA, AND THE FAVORITISM THAT SHE SHOWS IN BEHALF OF  
THE TSAR'S BROTHER, CAUSES THE TSARINA CONSTANTLY  
TO FEAR FOR THE LIFE OF HER LITTLE SON

izers in the murders of Bogdanovich, Plehve, the Grand Duke Sergius, and many others who were killed during those seven years. And for the last five years Azeff was actually the head of that terrible "Fighting Organization" which for a whole decade held the Tsar and his camarilla in awe and in practical captivity. His nearest Revolutionary comrades, who alone knew of his activity and who repeatedly followed him into battle, cherished toward him a deep affection and boundless confidence. How could they do otherwise, when he showed such marvelous in-

genuity in the formation and execution of Revolutionary projects? His repulsive countenance was illuminated by a strangely attractive fire when he was anxious to convince or to impress, and his manners were so frank and simple that not only mere comradeship but real friendship bound them to him. In Paris and in Italy, where he passed a great part of his time with his wife and children, he lived simply and modestly, and was known as an exemplary husband and father. Azeff, who brought death upon so many youths and young girls, was himself a great lover of children.



Such was Azeff as known until last November to his Revolutionary friends. And when irrefutable proofs of his treachery were brought forward, the members of the Central Committee could not believe their senses.

### *The List of Azeff's Betrayals*

When the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party tried Azeff, it was in possession of a document proving that in 1902 Ratchkovsky, the head of the Foreign Service of Russian Political Police, wrote to the Department of Police asking for five hundred

rubles which his "secret agent" must "subscribe to the funds of the Social Revolutionary Party." The famous Minister Durnovo, in answer, requested that the agent should visit him personally. The agent therefore visited Durnovo. It was Eugene Azeff. At the request of Durnovo, Azeff delivered to him the names of the members of the Central Committee of the Party. Other documents prove that Azeff at about the same time betrayed the existence of a secret printing press at Penza, and many arrests were made. He invented and realized a plan of smuggling the



MARIA FEODROVNA, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA  
WHOSE JEALOUSY OF HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, ALEXANDRA, HAS RE-  
SULTED IN AN ESTRANGEMENT BETWEEN THE TSAR AND HIS  
MOTHER, AND HAS LED TO THE LATTER'S PARTIZAN-  
SHIP OF HER YOUNGER SON, MICHAEL



*Published by courtesy of Collier's Weekly*

#### NICHOLAS II., "MOST HIGH"

AT THE LEFT IS GENERAL TREPOFT, THE TSAR'S BODY-GUARD, AGAINST WHOSE LIFE A PLOT WAS ORGANIZED BY THE REVOLUTIONISTS, BUT WAS BETRAYED BY AZEFF

literature of the Party into Russia in refrigerators of foreign make. And when this ingenious plan began to work successfully, he denounced it to the police, and many of the Party perished.

He then organized another method of smuggling literature by placing it in cleverly constructed double-bottomed oil-barrels. A special workshop was set up in London for the construction of these barrels, and a mock trading company for their importation was established in a Baltic port. Everything went on smoothly until Azeff denounced the scheme to the police.

The Russian police were scrupulously careful to follow up Azeff's denunciations in such a manner as to shield him from suspicion in the eyes of his Revolutionary companions. In the case of the oil-barrels, the manager of the trading company was suddenly arrested upon an entirely different charge having nothing to do with the smuggling of literature. The cargo of oil-barrels, therefore, for many months remained unclaimed, and only when the term for claiming them had passed were they sold by public auction, the police still feigning ignorance of their contents. A disguised agent

of the Secret Police bought in the cargo, and some time later, as if by accident, found the literature hidden in them, and informed the police of his discovery. Then an inquiry was instituted, and various persons in Russia connected with the case were arrested. By such methods Azeff continued to escape suspicion.

In the beginning of 1904 a circle of Revolutionists, led by a young girl, Sophie Klichoglu, elaborated a plan for the destruction of the then dictator of Russia, Plehve. The group worked independently of the Fighting Organization, of which Azeff was the head. Azeff gave away the organizers of the attempt, and they were all arrested and perished.

#### *Assassination of Plehve*

A few months later Azeff himself elaborated a scheme for the blowing up of Plehve by bombs. He arranged the fabrication of the bombs and himself worked out the smallest details of the conspiracy. He personally directed the group of Revolutionists upon whom he imposed the task of watching Plehve's movements. He distributed the various functions, appointing Sassonof as first bomb-thrower,



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

PRINCE HILKOF, THE INTIMATE FRIEND OF TOLSTOY,  
WHO WAS BETRAYED BY AZEFF

while Sikorsky, Kalyaev, and Savinkov, the "Pavel Ivanovitch" I mentioned in the first part of this article, were to follow if the first bomb should fail.

The attempt took place on July 21, 1904. Sassonof and Kalyaev were stationed at their posts, both armed with their bombs, and waiting for the passing of Plehve's carriage. Azeff was awaiting the result of the attempt at Vilna, which is a few hours distant from St. Petersburg. An unexpected hitch in the traffic on this occasion stopped the Minister's carriage, and the bomb was not thrown for fear of injuring many innocent persons. Sassonof and Kalyaev immediately went to Vilna and, together with Azeff, deplored the failure, and decided to make another attempt on July 28, the day when Plehve would go to report to the Tsar. On July 28 the four Revolutionists were again upon the spot, while Azeff awaited news in Warsaw. This time Plehve was killed. But, apart from the two bomb-throwers, Sassonof and Sikorsky, who were taken on the spot, the participants in the plot escaped,

and are safe at this moment, although they have since repeatedly visited Russia.

#### *Assassination of the Tsar's Uncle*

A few months later the Tsar's favorite uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, was killed by a bomb in broad daylight. In this event, also, Azeff, as head of the Fighting Organization, played a leading part. He elaborated every detail of the attempt several months before it actually took place. He appointed the above-mentioned Kalyaev and a young girl, Dora Brilliant, as bomb-throwers. He knew the assumed names under which they lived in Moscow, and was kept continually informed of their preparations. He even provided them with the dynamite. Kalyaev was ready at his post on the appointed day, when the Grand Duke's carriage was to pass by. But in the carriage beside the Grand Duke sat his wife, the Duchess Elizabeth, and Kalyaev did not wish to kill an innocent woman. Therefore the carriage was allowed



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

LOPUKHIN, LATE CHIEF OF POLICE, NOW EXILED TO  
SIBERIA FOR DENOUNCING AZEFF IN HIS DUAL  
RÔLE OF SPY AND REVOLUTIONIST



to pass unmolested. Several days elapsed before another opportunity occurred, and this time the Grand Duke fell. The assassinator was hanged, but the other participants escaped, as in the case of Plehve's murder.

### *Attempts upon the Lives of High Officials*

Directly after the murder of Plehve, Azeff busied himself in sending denunciations to the police. He betrayed Prince Hilkof, the friend of Tolstoy, and several other Revolutionists with whom he was upon the most intimate

took no direct part in it. Ten persons, among them seven women, one of these a niece of Trepoff himself, were arrested and tried. Several attempts against the life of General Dubassoff were planned. They all failed, though in the last one, directed by Azeff personally, Dubassoff's lieutenant was killed. An unsuccessful attempt against Stolypin, made in May, 1906, was also organized by Azeff. He then left Russia, and declared to his Committee in Paris that bombs had ceased to be reliable weapons, and that new methods must be tried. He maintained that these new weapons could be nothing but dirigible aeroplanes, from which bombs, filled with a new explosive of terrific force, could be hurled down upon the Tsar's Palace and the governmental buildings, to wipe out the very nucleus of the hitherto invincible despotism.

### *Revolutionists Warned Against Azeff*

Meanwhile, in August, 1905, one of the members of the St. Petersburg Committee of the Party received an anonymous letter in which a certain "Azyeff" and a former exile with the initial "T" were denounced as betraying the Party to the police.\* It happened that when the letter arrived Azeff was in the room, together with the doctor to whom the letter was addressed, and his wife. The doctor opened the letter, and began to read it aloud. He was not aware of the real name of his guest, knowing him only as "Ivan Nicholaevitch." When he had finished reading the letter, he remarked musingly:

"I wonder who this 'Azyeff' can be."

"I am Azeff," declared Ivan Nicholaevitch.

They looked at him in astonishment. His face was deathly pale and distorted. The doctor and his wife embraced him, and with the greatest emotion endeavored to console him.

"Dear friend," they said, "don't be upset by these calumnies. They are the work of spies."

But Azeff said firmly:

"When such a letter comes, however trusted may be the person it accuses, it is the duty of the Party to make a thorough inquiry."

An inquiry was accordingly made, and a



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

GRAND DUKE SERGIUS

UNCLE OF THE CZAR, KILLED BY A BOMB THROWN  
AT AZEFF'S INSTIGATION

terms. As a representative of the Social Revolutionists, he took part in a conference of all the opposition parties, held in Paris in 1904, and immediately sent to the then Director of Police, Lopukhin, the full report of the conference, which had been intrusted to him for transmission to the Revolutionists. He then returned to Russia, and there, guarded by agents of the Secret Police, traveled from town to town, participating in various Revolutionary conferences. Then followed a number of attempts, mostly unsuccessful, on the lives of high officials. In St. Petersburg an attempt was planned against General Trepoff, the bodyguard of the Tsar. This plot was clumsily organized, and was denounced by Azeff, who

\* The author of this letter, as I now learn from private sources, was a colonel who bore a bitter grudge against Ratchkovsky, head of the Foreign Secret Police. Ratchkovsky was then enjoying great popularity and confidence at Court because of the many arrests he had made among Revolutionists. The colonel knew that all Ratchkovsky's information about Revolutionists came from Azeff, and that to expose Azeff's treachery to the Revolutionists would put a stop to Ratchkovsky's extraordinary success.

secret tribunal of the Revolutionary Party sat to try the case. Azeff furnished proofs that "T," who appeared to be Tatarov, had really, upon several occasions, betrayed Revolutionists. And in the end the trial was that of Tatarov, but not of Azeff. In vain Tatarov asserted that he was only the subordinate agent; that the real great traitor was Azeff himself. The judges would not hear these "ridiculous libels." Azeff, the fearless organizer of the murder of Plehve, that greatest of Russian tyrants! Azeff, the "eagle," who had slain the Grand Duke Sergius, Bogdanovich, and so many others! He was like the wife of Caesar—above suspicion. Tatarov was condemned to death by the tribunal; Azeff himself was the first to sign the death-warrant, and arranged the execution. One of the greatest friends of Azeff, who had taken part in all his famous assassinations, the fearless Revolutionist "Pavel Ivanovitch," was sent by Azeff to Warsaw, where he called at Tatarov's rooms, and there stabbed Tatarov to death. The whereabouts of Tatarov was re-



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

VON PLEHVE, AT ONE TIME DICTATOR OF RUSSIA, WHOSE ASSASSINATION, PLANNED BY AZEFF, GAVE THE LATTER THE COMPLETE CONFIDENCE OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

STIFFTAR, A REVOLUTIONIST, BETRAYED AND CONVICTED ON NO FURTHER EVIDENCE THAN THE WORD OF AZEFF

vealed to Azeff by his chief Ratchkovsky, the head of the Secret Police, who was probably only too glad to sacrifice the smaller fry in order to preserve the more valuable Azeff.

A year later Azeff in a similar manner "removed" a man of far higher importance than himself—the famous "Revolutionary Pope," Father Gapon.

### *Father Gapon and the "John Grafton"*

The world still remembers how the people of St. Petersburg were met on "Bloody Sunday," when, led by Gapon, they went to the Winter Palace to present their monster petition for mercy to the "Tsar—Little Father." Thousands of them were shot by the troops, and Gapon himself escaped with his life, thanks to the loyalty of an admirer of his, a certain engineer, Rutenberg.

Gapon fled abroad, burning with hatred toward the "venomous brood, the Tsar and his family," as he called them in a subsequent proclamation. Though he had formerly worked among

the laboring classes under the patronage of the police, he was, at this time, undoubtedly and absolutely sincere. He joined first the Social Democratic Party and afterward the Social Revolutionists, in order to organize an armed insurrection in St. Petersburg. But he soon had to leave both these parties; being of an autocratic disposition, he was unable to work on equal terms with other leaders. He then decided to organize a party of his own, to consist of the working classes, with himself as sole leader of unlimited powers. He was then staying with me in my London house, and kept me fully acquainted with all his movements.

A little group not belonging to the Social Revolutionary Party was just then engaged on the Continent in arming the celebrated gun-runner, the *John Grafton*. With astonishing skill, energy, and resourcefulness their leader armed the *John Grafton* with 17,000 Swiss military rifles, several thousand revolvers of the British military pattern, several tons of explosives, three machine-guns, a great quantity of Mausers, etc. Azeff, of course, was in the secret, and warmly supported the scheme. The gun-runner, according to the plan, was to rush the port of St. Petersburg, and to be met there by a few hundred armed workmen, who would overcome the resistance of the police, seize the *John Grafton*, and arm the picked crowd that would immediately gather upon the banks of the Neva. It was, however, necessary to assure the presence of a leader whom the population of St. Petersburg would obey. The Social Revolutionists knew that this leader could be none other than Father Gapon. An offer was therefore made, with the approval of Azeff, that Gapon should prepare beforehand the necessary body of reliable armed workmen in St. Petersburg, and should himself sail upon the *John Grafton* to lead the people. Gapon readily agreed, stipulating only that some concrete plan of action should be drawn up for him. This was done, and Gapon approved it.

I am not at liberty now to publish this document. Azeff, as I have said, was in the secret. The Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party later publicly admitted the fact of Azeff's participation in the *John Grafton* affair. Whether he informed the Secret Police of all the details of the conspiracy will probably never be known. The fact remains that the gun-runner arrived safely in Finnish waters, and would probably have made its way to St. Petersburg had not a storm arisen and wrecked it. The ship was lost, with some of its cargo; but the Finnish fishermen picked

out of the water a great many cases in which were arms, hermetically sealed, so that thousands of Finns became possessed of excellent rifles. This fact, which in a greatly exaggerated form became known to the Russian Government, caused the Tsar in 1905 to grant to Finland all the concessions it demanded, for fear of an effective insurrection. Gapon saved his life by swimming, and after a short stay in Finland returned abroad again.

At that time political events in Russia began to develop with such lightning rapidity that Gapon, Azeff, and even the Revolutionary parties were left behind. The whole country had turned against the Government, and several million workmen arranged a general strike. The October Manifesto followed, together with the sanguinary "pogroms" arranged by Trepoff and the Black Hundred. Witte was then Premier.

Gapon's decline then began. He was temporarily carried away by the pleasures of lay life, and gradually became estranged from the Revolutionists, who lost every confidence in him.

#### *Azeff Arranges Gapon's Death*

When Gapon returned to Russia and found that the Revolutionists distrusted him, he entered into communication with Witte and Ratchkovsky, the Chief of Police, receiving from the former 30,000 rubles for the reorganization of his former workmen's unions, to be carried on, as before, under the secret patronage of the police, and being strongly urged by Ratchkovsky to betray the leaders of the Social Revolutionists.

I doubt whether he really betrayed any one. He wrote me a letter in which he said: "My heart is breaking at the thought that you may believe the libels that my enemies spread about me. I implore you to believe that, whatever may happen, I care for nothing save the welfare of the People."

A few weeks after that, on March 28, 1906, he was hanged in an empty house near St. Petersburg, which belonged to a former police official. He had evidently been overcome after a violent struggle. His body was found four weeks later. This mysterious death has never before been truly explained, and I will give the story of it here.

Gapon's death was planned and arranged by Azeff, who, learning of Gapon's relations with the Secret Police, feared that he might become a dangerous rival, and still more that he might discover Azeff's own connection with the police. Two things were of immense importance to Azeff: that the confidence reposed in him by the Social Revo-

lutionists should be in no way weakened, and that he should remain of first importance in the eyes of Ratchkovsky and the Secret Police. These two things being assured, his position in the world of conspiracy was practically omnipotent, and, needless to add, eminently lucrative. He had been informed by Ratchkovsky that Gapon had agreed to betray him — Azeff — and another leader of the Social Revolutionists for a large sum of money. Acting on the strength of this, in the spring of 1906 he prepared a fictitious plan and laid it before the Party. Informing the Party that he had heard that Gapon had promised to betray him and another to Ratchkovsky, he proposed that Ratchkovsky should be murdered. His real object was to rid himself of Gapon. But the suggestion to kill Ratchkovsky was, of course, calculated to strengthen his prestige with the Social Revolutionary Party.

In the meantime Gapon, with the object of keeping his promise to Ratchkovsky, had approached his old and formerly devoted friend, the engineer Rutenberg, offering him 50,000 rubles to help in the betrayal of Azeff and the other leader. Gapon evidently believed that his personal influence with Rutenberg, coupled with the great devotion that the latter had formerly felt toward him, would overcome his loyalty to the Social Revolutionary Party, of which he was a member. Rutenberg, inwardly indignant, affected to agree, and, bearing in mind the proposal of Azeff to murder Ratchkovsky, suggested that the details of Azeff's betrayal should be arranged in the presence of Ratchkovsky. A meeting was therefore planned between Gapon, Rutenberg, and Ratchkovsky. Azeff thereupon proposed that at this meeting both Gapon and Ratchkovsky should be killed. But on the day of the meeting Ratchkovsky failed to keep the appointment, and Gapon alone fell into the trap. Upon Gapon's body was found a visiting card of Ratchkovsky, excusing himself for non-appearance. Needless to say, the whole thing had been previously arranged between Azeff and Ratchkovsky. Azeff's prestige in the Party was increased both by his proposal to kill Ratchkovsky and by the latter's anxiety to apprehend him.

#### *Plots Against the Tsar's Life*

During the year 1906 Azeff worked hard for the police, obviously to improve his situation in the Okhranka (Secret Police), which, with the triumph of reaction, had again become omnipotent. He betrayed a great number of Revolutionists, among them Stifitar, Ronsky, Lieutenant Nikitenko, together with his com-

rades who were supposed to be plotting against the Tsar, Karl Trauberg and many others. There were absolutely no tangible proofs against them; but they were all court-martialed, and hanged or shot, on the bare word of Azeff. In February, 1908, a little group of men and women were induced by Azeff to attempt the life of the Minister of Justice, Scheglovitoff. At the critical moment they were all taken with bombs or other weapons in their hands, tried, and hanged. A person who saw them a few hours before their execution told me that they had not the slightest notion who had betrayed them.

But warnings of Azeff's rôle as agent provocateur became more and more frequent. They always came from agents of the Secret Police who were jealous of Azeff's influence, and therefore carried little weight with the Revolutionary Party. Nevertheless, Azeff evidently began to think it necessary to play a big trump to insure his position in the Party. He returned to St. Petersburg in February, 1908, after a long stay in Paris, and began to prepare an attempt against the life of the Tsar. During earlier years Azeff had always scornfully rejected any such suggestion. "It is impossible," he used to say; "the Tsar is inaccessible." He severely criticized every plan proposed by other members, and, thanks to his great authority as the slayer of Plehve, he always succeeded in defeating them. If one may believe the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who seems at times to be inspired by Ratchkovsky, there was an understanding between Azeff and the Secret Police that, whatever happened, the Tsar's person was to be inviolate. Be that as it may, I have good reasons for maintaining that at this time Azeff found it feasible to attempt the assassination of Nicholas II. Several attempts were arranged, and, though they failed, it was through no fault of Azeff. The police did not arrest the persons involved in these plots. The last attempt, of which Azeff had full knowledge, failed exclusively through want of firmness on the part of the person who was to be the actual perpetrator. Twice he had the Tsar entirely at his mercy, and twice his courage failed.\*

#### *Factions in the Tsar's Court and Family*

Perhaps in time history will throw a searching light upon the part played by Ratchkovsky in

\* During the sittings in Paris of the secret tribunal which tried Azeff, the details of one of the attempts were revealed by a member of the Fighting Organization: the names of the conspirators were given, all the plot was recounted, and the causes were related that prevented the success of the attempt. He made it perfectly clear that Azeff was the organizer of the plot, and that he did not denounce the conspirators.



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

PRINCE KROPOTKIN

A CELEBRATED REVOLUTIONIST, ONE OF THE TRIBUNAL THAT MET IN PARIS TO TRY AZEFF'S CASE

these latest attempts upon the life of the Tsar. I personally believe that Ratchkovsky was fully informed about them by Azeff, as he was of the contemplated murder of Plehve. Ratchkovsky had been for the last two years practically the head of the Secret Police in charge of the Tsar's personal safety. Though, officially, he is only one of Stolypin's secretaries, he really occupies an entirely independent position, being responsible only to the Tsar, and having the right to try personally any political case he chooses. Without Ratchkovsky the assassination of the Tsar could only have been unprofitable to Azeff, as Ratchkovsky, his patron, would have blamed him for allowing the Party to accomplish it. And only Ratchkovsky could have informed Azeff that there was a party at Court that would not be displeased by such an event.

The relations between the Empress Dowager, Maria Feodrovna, and the reigning Empress, Alexandra Feodrovna, are very unpleasant, as are those between Nicholas II. and his younger brother Michael. In old times Nicholas was the pet of his mother, the Dowager Empress, and her influence over him was supreme. But since his marriage she has gradually become estranged from him through the jealousy of

the young Empress, who could not stand constant interference in her domestic affairs, and her mother-in-law's power over her husband. The incessant friction between the two royal ladies at last developed into open quarrels. When the young Empress at last had the good fortune to give birth to an heir, she definitely insisted upon the complete emancipation of Nicholas II. and the royal nursery from the tutelage of the Dowager Empress. When, after that, Maria Feodrovna visited the St. Petersburg "College for the Daughters of Noblemen," which is under her patronage, she did not hesitate, in the presence of the girls, bitterly to lament the fact that her daughter-in-law had forbidden her to play with her grandchildren.

*Estrangement of Nicholas from His Mother*

Thus Maria Feodrovna gradually transferred her maternal affections from Nicholas II. to her younger son, Michael. Her favor toward Michael and her grudge toward Nicholas were perhaps augmented by the exceedingly haughty manner in which Nicholas is wont to treat his brother Michael.

Though Nicholas II. is a narrow autocrat in heart and creed, and though he is not conspicuous for special gifts of intellect or appearance, or for personal charm, he is in many ways superior to his brother, who is actually dull-witted and spiteful. The exalted position of Nicholas fills his brother's heart with a jealousy he is not always able to conceal. Michael frequently criticizes the Emperor's policy toward the members of the Court, declaring that, were he in power, he would quickly apply such stringent measures as would stamp out the Revolution forever. This kind of talk agreeably tickles the extreme reactionaries at the Court, who know very well that in case of the death of Nicholas II., the heir presumptive being still an infant, Michael would become the Regent. During his Regency, who knows but what the infant heir presumptive might fall ill and die, from diphtheria or some other childish ailment?

So there is a party at the Court that would be highly contented to see Michael in the place of his brother Nicholas. The reigning Empress knows this very well, and constantly trembles for the life of her little son. As a result of this she has developed a veritable mania of persecution. Her fears were aroused

first over three years ago, by a sudden seizure of her son, which really seemed to be of a suspicious nature. During the last eighteen months she has suffered from several nervous breakdowns due to this constantly increasing fear.

Such is the position of affairs at the Court, well known to Ratchkovsky, who throughout his whole career has shown so great an inclination to fish in troubled waters. Who can tell what might have been, had Azeff continued in his dual rôle of terrorist and agent provocateur?

### *Azeff Unmasked*

Toward the close of 1908 Vladimir Burtzeff, editor of the historical review *Byloe*, and a strong member of the Revolutionary Party, succeeded in gathering together conclusive evidence of Azeff's alliance with the police and his treachery to the Revolutionists. In September of that year Burtzeff, who was returning from the Rhine, accidentally met Lopukhin in the railway train between Cologne and Berlin. When Burtzeff entered the compartment in which Lopukhin was seated, he immediately began to talk to him about the proofs against Azeff, which were already in his hands. Lopukhin had been Director of Police under Plehve, and Burtzeff was determined to get from him an admission that Azeff had been in the employ of the police during his directorship. This was the final evidence against Azeff that he needed to present before the Central Committee of Revolutionists in Paris. He told M. Lopukhin that Azeff had become head of the Social Revolutionary Party after the arrest of Gershuni, and that in that capacity the choice of both victims and perpetrators of terroristic outrages rested with him. Azeff had organized the murders of the Grand Duke Sergius and M. Plehve, and also an attempt made on the Tsar's life in the summer of 1908.

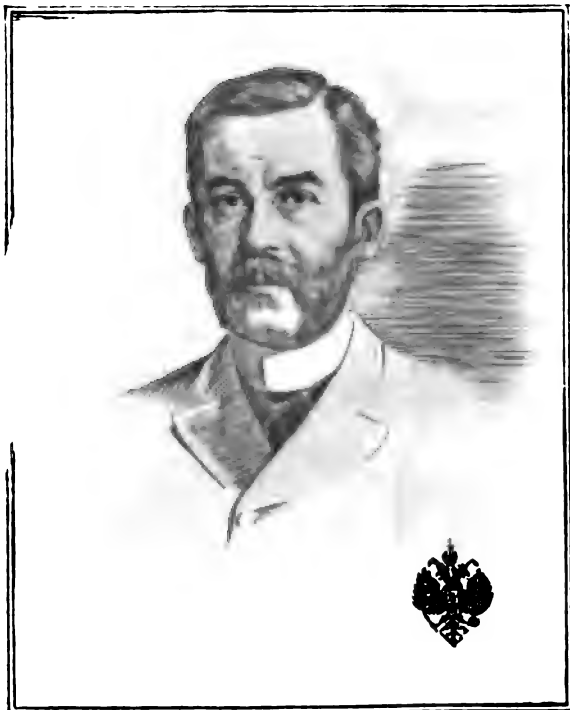
M. Lopukhin was at first skeptical regarding Burtzeff's statements, but was eventually convinced of their accuracy. Burtzeff asked him whether he knew that Azeff was an agent of the Russian police, saying that he wanted the information for himself, and not for communication to the Revolutionary tribunal. Burtzeff added that if M. Lopukhin gave a false denial he would be morally responsible for the future victims of

terrorism and the hangman. M. Lopukhin thereupon gave Burtzeff an affirmative answer, but on the understanding that his name should not be mentioned before the Revolutionary tribunal without his receiving previous warning. He also urged that Azeff should not be "executed" in consequence of his denunciation. The interview then terminated.

Two months later—that is, November of 1908—Azeff came to see Lopukhin, and begged him to deny that he had said anything about his (Azeff's) connection with the police. M. Lopukhin, in reply, promised that he would not give evidence before any Revolutionary tribunal, but he refused to authorize Azeff to cite his name in his own justification, saying that if he did so, he (M. Lopukhin) would be compelled to speak the truth.

At the end of December a secret tribunal, composed of the three most famous members of the Revolutionary Party, Prince Kropotkin, Herman Lopatin, and Mme. Vera Figner, met in Paris to try Azeff's case.

M. Gerassimoff, Chief of the Secret Police, received a letter from Azeff informing him that he (Azeff) had been finally compromised by M. Lopukhin. He was irrevocably undone, owing to the visits paid by himself and



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

MINISTER DURNOVO  
TO WHOM AZEFF MADE MANY OF HIS BETRAYALS



M. Gerassimoff to M. Lopukhin. M. Lopukhin had given the Revolutionaries an account of these visits—"our fatal error," Azeff called them. Azeff endeavored to prove an alibi, and with this object produced his alleged bill at a Berlin hotel. The attempt failed, however, owing to his inability to give an accurate description of the room in which he was supposed to have been staying. There was, therefore, no chance of his acquittal by the Revolutionary tribunal, and, with death facing him, he sought refuge in flight.

After Azeff's disappearance his wife, a faithful Revolutionist, still continued to believe in him. So did many of his old friends. It was only after Lopukhin was tried and sentenced for revealing Azeff's connections with the police that they were convinced that their friend and leader was a Government spy, whom the Government had thus avenged.

Lopukhin's trial occurred in May, seven months ago. The indictment against him charged Lopukhin with having furnished valuable information to the Revolutionists by betraying to them Azeff's connection with the Secret Police, and set forth an enumeration of Azeff's services. The Judge appointed to preside at Lopukhin's trial absolutely forbade either Lopukhin or his counsel to utter a word upon any point save the question, Did Lopukhin answer in the affirmative when asked by some political refugees whether or not Azeff was an agent provocateur? Lopukhin was anxious to prove that his only motive for revealing Azeff's rôle was one of pure patriotism, because he feared that the audacious activity of this agent provocateur was a menace, not only to all highly placed officials, but also to the life of the Tsar himself. But he was not allowed for an instant to touch upon the subject of agents provocateurs, or to hint at their connection with the Government, although these things are realities that threaten the very existence of the Russian Empire.

At the conclusion of his trial Lopukhin was allowed to address the court. He attempted to explain his motives in denouncing Azeff to the Revolutionists, but was continually interrupted by the court. Accordingly he said merely:

"I see I am not to be allowed to speak, and I therefore say these words in conclusion: It has been said that I was in coöperation with the Revolutionaries. That is a lie. My political opinions are well known. My duty was to rescue the victims of terroristic plots and save hundreds from the gallows. I affirm that even the Tsar's life was in danger, and that His Majesty would eventually have fallen a

victim at Azeff's hands. Azeff was an agent provocateur. I could not be silent. You may judge and convict me, but I know I acted in the interests of humanity."

### *Burtzeff's Exposure of Harting*

After the editor Vladimir Burtzeff had unmasked Azeff, he succeeded in exposing an equally dangerous man in Gekelman, alias Landesén, alias Harting. Harting's career is a typical product of the Secret Police, and its parallel could scarcely be found outside of Russia.

Harting's real name was Gekelman. In 1884 he was an agent provocateur in the service of the St. Petersburg police. In 1889, with the consent of Ratchkovsky and the Police Department, he provided the Russian refugees in Paris with bombs, inciting them to an attempt to murder the Tsar, then Alexander III. Harting then betrayed the whole company of Revolutionists whom he had drawn into this plot. They were tried in the French courts, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Harting was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, but he escaped back into Russia, where, under a new name, he received many rewards and decorations from the Russian Government for his valuable services as agent provocateur in Paris. This condemned criminal became a personal friend of Nicholas II., the son of Alexander III., and was charged, in 1896, with the special mission of safeguarding the Tsar during his visit to France. By gradual steps of promotion Harting became assistant chief of the Russian political police in Germany. At last he was provided with false documents by the Russian Government and appointed chief of the Russian political police in Paris. At the special request of the Tsar, he received the decoration of the *Legion d'Honneur*. Thus the responsible powers of Russia did not hesitate to place in Paris, as one of the most influential officials, a man actually condemned, twenty years before, to penal servitude in that very city.

Harting was appointed to safeguard the Tsar during his recent visit to Cherbourg, in France, in 1909, when Burtzeff sent an official letter to the French Minister of Justice, M. Briand (now Premier), formally denouncing Harting as the condemned convict, Gekelman-Landesén, and submitting proofs of his statement.

The American public has learned from the newspapers how Harting immediately disappeared from France, and how the Russian Government, unable to refute Burtzeff's revelations, formally promised to expel every member of the Secret Police from France.

*Azeff and Harting in Hiding*

The disappearance of both Azeff and Harting was shrouded in mystery. They seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. There were theories of suicide or flight to remote parts of Asia. But it seems that the Russian Government is looking after its own. Harting's whereabouts was discovered last July by the Russian writer, Komkov. Harting was then living in a house in the Italyanska Ulitza, in St. Petersburg, and whenever he went out was accompanied by a gendarme officer. Komkov succeeded at last in meeting Harting alone, and managed to get him into conversation. Harting believed Komkov, whom he had several times noticed watching his house, to be an agent of the Secret Police charged with his protection, and therefore spoke more or less frankly with him. He admitted that at one time he had called himself Landesen, and was a member of a circle of terrorists. He said that, in spite of his expulsion from France, the Government was pleased with him, and was not going to try him. On the contrary, he had received many expressions of gratitude, and a pension of five thousand rubles a year. When Komkov asked him whether he knew Azeff, he replied:

"I knew him well for many years. I knew that he had penetrated into the very heart of the Revolutionary Party, and had extensive connections there, and that he was very highly appreciated in St. Petersburg. He was my right hand."

"Is he now in Russia?" asked Komkov.

"Yes, he is in Russia, and in a good post," was the answer.

"What kind of a post?"

"That I cannot disclose," said Harting.

The Azeff-Lopukhin scandals thus came

to nothing. They resulted in no reform of the fathomless corruption of the Secret Police.

The desire to preserve the old régime, autocratic bureaucracy, oppresses every branch of the Governmental activity—legislative, judicial, administrative, and military. Even upon the battle-field in Manchuria during the last war, an Okhranka was established among the soldiery, with unlimited secret powers, under the direction of a colonel of gendarmes, Vassileff, who was responsible, not to the field marshal or military authorities, but to his chief in St. Petersburg. The evils consequent upon this multiplicity of government are a standing danger even to the lives of the ministers and of the Tsar himself. Lopukhin may have saved the life of the Tsar by causing the fall of Azeff, but the Secret Police remains.

Any Chief of the Okhranka is at perfect liberty to make any plots he likes, or to provoke any number of political crimes; nobody but himself and his agent need be any the wiser. Every policeman, every gendarme, every political spy or agent provocateur, acts according to his own discretion. The civil and political police are filled with persons ejected from every other path of life as opprobrious characters. The participation of members of the secret and common police in various murders, robberies, and criminal plots has become of daily occurrence.

Russia, more than ever, is divided into two irreconcilable camps. On one side the nation, reduced temporarily to sullen silence by gallows and prison; on the other side the Court, the bureaucrats, and the greater landowners. And the wise man who will build the bridge between the camps has not, as yet, been born.





JAMES HARTSHORN FONG

MACQUOID [*furiously*]. GET ANOTHER DRAMATIC CRITIC. I'VE DONE WITH YOU. GOOD DAY

# WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS\*

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

## CHARACTERS

SIR CHARLES WORGAN,  
Newspaper Proprietor. }  
FRANCIS WORGAN, Wanderer. } Brothers.  
JOHN WORGAN, Provincial Doctor. }  
SAUL KENDRICK, Manager of Worgans, Ltd.  
HOLT ST. JOHN, Theatrical Manager.  
SAMUEL CLELAND, His Stage Manager.  
SIMON MACQUOID, Dramatic Critic.  
JAMES BRINDLEY, Earthenware Manufacturer.

EDWARD BRINDLEY, His Son.  
PAGE-BOY.

EMILY VERNON, Widow.  
MRS. CLELAND (Henrietta Blackwood).  
ANNIE WORGAN, Wife of John Worgan.  
MRS. WORGAN, Mother of the Worgans.  
MRS. DOWNES.  
SERVANT at John Worgan's.

TIME: To-day.

## ACT I

### NOTES ON CHARACTERS IN THIS ACT

SIR CHARLES WORGAN.—Brusque. Accustomed to power. With rare flashes of humour and of charm. Well dressed, but not too carefully. Strong frame. Decided gestures. Age 40.

FRANCIS WORGAN.—A traveller, a philosopher, and something of a dilettante; rather afraid of coming to grips with life. Very well dressed, but with a touch of the unusual—for example, a quite fashionable collar with a soft necktie tied in a rather obtrusive bow. Talks quietly. Always punctiliously polite. Age 41.

SAUL KENDRICK.—Gross, stoutish, sporting. Dressed correctly, but without taste. Loud. His cigar is several sizes too large. His gestures are vulgar. Not gentlemanly, though by fits and starts he seems to remember that he is a gentleman. Age 50.

EMILY VERNON.—Beautiful; but conscious that her youth is passing. Charming. Her moods change rapidly. She is dressed with distinguished taste, but not expensively. Her face is sad when she isn't alert. She has been through sorrow and through hard times. Age 29.

SIMON MACQUOID.—The only thing to note is that he is angry throughout his scene. Age 45.

*Private office of SIR CHARLES WORGAN. Doors R., L., and back centre. Utmost possible richness of office furniture. Grand central desk, with dictaphone and telephone. Side tables, full of papers, correspondence, etc. Large date-calendar prominent. A red disk showing on wall at back. General air of orderliness and great activity. SIR CHARLES WORGAN and KENDRICK are opposite each other at central desk, with two piles of assorted magazines and journals on the desk. KENDRICK is smoking a large cigar. Time, afternoon, November.*

KENDRICK. Now, then, there's this con-founded *Sabbath Chimes*! [*picking up a periodical from the pile at his left hand*].

SIR C. Well, what's it doing?

KENDRICK [*referring to a list of figures*]. Eighteen thousand.

SIR C. It's dropping, then.

KENDRICK. Dropping? I should say it was! But it never was any real good. We bought it for a song and —

SIR C. [*interrupting him sharply*]. That's no reason! We bought the *Evening Courier* when its shares were at sixpence, and now it's earning a thousand pounds a week.

\*See page 326.

KENDRICK. Yes, but the *Courier* isn't religious. You wouldn't call a halfpenny evening paper exactly religious, would you?

SIR C. What's that got to do with it? Do you mean to say there isn't a religious public?

KENDRICK. I've never met it [*flicking ash off his cigar*].

SIR C. [*very slightly nettled*]. Now look here, Kendrick, we don't want to waste time in facetiousness. We still have quite twenty papers to go through [*fingering pile*].

KENDRICK [*very slightly more deferential*]. I'm not joking, Sir Charles. What I say is, there are two things that are absolutely U.P. in this country: one is limericks and the other is religion.

SIR C. That be damned! No one ever expected limericks to last; but let me tell you there's a lot of money in religion yet. [KENDRICK *shrugs his shoulders*.] Let's have a squint at *Chimes* [*he turns the pages over*]. Hm! No! It isn't crisp enough. I ask you—does it look snappy? . . . [*Reading from it in a startled tone*.] "Problems of the Day: Are we growing less spiritual?" [*Angry*.] Great heavens! Whose idiotic notion was that?

KENDRICK. Haliburton's.

SIR C. Well, that really is a bit too thick! You know, seriously, you ought to keep an eye on things better than that.

KENDRICK [*hurt*]. I've been giving all my time to the sporting department. Think of the trouble I've had with the *Billiard Ball* alone, to say nothing of putting the *Racecourse* on its legs. I can't attend to everything, Sir Charles.

SIR C. [*still fuming*]. "Are we growing less spiritual?" As if anybody cared a tuppenny curse whether we are growing less spiritual or not! No wonder the thing's dropping! What does the Reverend Mr. Haliburton get?

KENDRICK. Fifty pounds a month.

SIR C. Does he imagine he's going to earn fifty pounds a month *here* by asking the British public if it's growing less spiritual? Sack the fool. Where did you pick him up?

KENDRICK. Religious Tract Society. Fished him out myself.

SIR C. Well, you'd better return him with thanks.

KENDRICK. That's all very fine. Where shall we find some one to take his place? It isn't the first starving curate that comes along who will be able to run Haliburton's department. He's a worker.

SIR C. What's the good of his being a worker if he's never got the hang of our style? [*Holding out periodical*.] Look at it!

KENDRICK. I'm not defending him. I'm only saying that to find ideas for *Sabbath Chimes*, *The Sunday Comrade*, *The Pleasant*

*Sunday Afternoon Record*, *Sunday Tales*, *The Sunday School Teacher's Friend*, and *Golden Words* is none so much of a blooming picnic. I wouldn't like to have to do it myself.

SIR C. [*less angry, persuasively*]. All right; as you please. You're responsible. But wake him up.

KENDRICK. Why can't you give him a lead, Sir Charles?

SIR C. Me! You know perfectly well I have all I can do for at least a couple of months, shoving the *Mercury*.

KENDRICK. I was forgetting that for the moment.

SIR C. It must not be forgotten even for a moment that the *Daily Mercury* is the leading line of this company. It must also not be forgotten that the circulation of the *Mercury* must touch a million before the Annual Meeting—even if the country has to go to war for it. No, my boy; you've done wonders in the sporting department; and I'm sure you can do wonders in the religious department, once you really give your mind to it. [*Voices outside the door, back*.]

KENDRICK. It doesn't seem to come so natural.

SIR C. Oh, nonsense! The first thing you have to do is to make Haliburton understand what snap is. Take him out to lunch. Pour it into him. And tell him, from me, that if every one of those papers doesn't show a satisfactory profit in six months' time he will be at liberty to go into the mission field, and the farther off the better. Of course that "Are we growing less spiritual?" rubbish must be stopped in the next number. [*Turning casually*.] What's going on outside?

KENDRICK [*ignoring the question*]. Yes, and supposing he asks me what's to take its place?

SIR C. It's his business to find out [*handing paper to Kendrick*].

KENDRICK. But what sort of thing?

SIR C. Well, now. Here's a good idea. What's the series called?

KENDRICK. "Problems of the Day."

SIR C. What about this, then: "Ought curates to receive presents from lady parishioners?"

KENDRICK [*enthusiastic*]. By Jove! That's a great idea, that is! I wish you had a bit more time to spare, Sir Charles. [*Nods his head approvingly*.]

SIR C. [*pleased with himself*]. That ought to give him a start, anyhow.

FRANCIS WORGAN [*off*]. Open that door, or you are a doomed boy. This dagger is tipped with a deadly poison.

SIR C. What in the name of — [*Goes quietly to door, back, and opens it. The figures of*

FRANCIS WORGAN and PAGE-BOY are seen. *A slight pause.*

FRANCIS [*entering, a sword-cane in his hand, very quietly*]. How d'y'e do, Charlie? [*A pause.*]

SIR C. How do, Frank? [*They shake hands.*]  
Excuse me, will you, Kendrick?

KENDRICK. Certainly, Sir Charles. [*Exit KENDRICK R. PAGE-BOY closes the door from outside.*]

FRANCIS. Well, Charlie, I sympathise with you. I feel just the same as you do—very nervous.

SIR C. Nervous? What about?

FRANCIS [*shutting up the sword-cane*]. About my demeanour. How ought brothers to behave who haven't seen each other for nineteen years?

SIR C. I perceive you aren't altered. [*They sit.*]

FRANCIS. That's a hard thing to say. While I was waiting in your waiting-room I saw, in a magazine called *Golden Words*, under the heading "Pregnant Utterances of the Month": "We should all strive to do a little better every day.—Archbishop of Canterbury." That is what I've been doing for nineteen years—and you tell me I haven't altered!

SIR C. You know what I mean. I mean that you still make people wonder what the devil you will say next.

FRANCIS. You've altered, anyhow. You couldn't have said anything as clever as that nineteen years ago.

SIR C. [*pleased*]. Think so? [*Pause.*]

FRANCIS. However, physically you're astoundingly the same.

SIR C. So are you. [*A pause.*] I should have known you anywhere. When did you arrive?

FRANCIS. Yesterday.

SIR C. Then I'm the first to see you. And where have you turned up from?

FRANCIS. I've "turned up" from Japan, *via* New York.

SIR C. What do you think of New York?

FRANCIS. I don't think of it, except by inadvertence. [*Rising and going to disk, in a puzzled tone.*] What is that? I saw something like it outside the door, and downstairs in the den of the commissionaire.

SIR C. [*rising*]. That? It's an apparatus that shows whether I can be seen or not. The red disk is up now. That means I'm engaged and can't be seen by any one, appointment or no appointment! Putting it up here puts it up outside the door and in the commissionaire's room. Here's the green disk—that means that I'm engaged but can be disturbed. Blue means that I'm here, alone. Yellow means that I'm not in my office, but somewhere in the building. And white means that I'm out. Ingenious, eh? [*In a serious tone.*] Absolutely necessary, you know.

FRANCIS [*as they both sit down again*]. So that explains why I had such an exciting time in getting to see you.

SIR C. [*smiling*]. I'm supposed to be the most difficult man to see in London.

FRANCIS. Yes. I noticed the commissionaire was wearing several medals. Doubtless for valor. First he made me fill up a form as inquisitive as an income-tax paper. When I told him I had an appointment, he instructed me to sit down. So I sat down and read *Golden Words* for ten minutes. Then I thought it would be a good idea to tell him I was your brother, and not merely some one of the same name.

SIR C. What did he say then?

FRANCIS. He told me to sit down, and gave me a sceptical look, as much as to say: "You're his brother, are you? Well, so am I!" So I sat down and read *The Lad's Own Budget* for ten minutes. Then, while he was busy torturing another applicant, I nipped into the lift just as it was going up, and began wandering about passages. I managed to catch a boy. What a lot of boys you have!

SIR C. By the way, is that stick really poisoned?

FRANCIS. No. It was a notion I got out of *The Lad's Own Budget*. I was determined to see you, or perish in the attempt. I felt sure you couldn't be coming the great man over me, especially as I'd made an appointment. I'll say this for our family, at any rate—there's no affected nonsense about any of us.

SIR C. My dear chap, I hadn't the slightest notion you were in London. But how did you make an appointment? With my secretary?

FRANCIS. Secretary! Didn't know you had one! No, I dropped you a line last night, and marked the letter "Private and Immediate."

SIR C. That's just where you made a mistake. We get about five thousand letters a day here. A van brings the first post every morning direct from St. Martin's-le-Grand. [*Going to a side-table and fingering a large batch of letters.*] Our sorting clerks have instructions to put aside all letters addressed to me personally and marked private or urgent, and they are always opened last. [*Opening a letter.*] Yes, here's yours.

FRANCIS. Why are they opened last?

SIR C. It's the dodge of every begging-letter writer in England to mark his envelope "Private and Urgent." [*Throws letter into waste-paper basket, after glancing at it.*]

FRANCIS. I see. You may be said to have an organisation here!

SIR C. [*putting his hands in his pockets and smiling superiorly*]. You bet! Considerably



over a thousand people earn their bread and butter in this building, and wages run from five bob on to a hundred pounds a week. What price that, eh?

FRANCIS. Well, Charlie, we were never given to praising each other, but I'll go this far—you're a caution!

SIR C. I believe I am. In fact, I must be. I've revolutionised journalism, and I'm only forty. [*A pause.*] You're forty-one.

FRANCIS. And the staid Johnny is forty-three. I was asking the mater the other day, in a letter, what she thought of having three sons all over forty.

SIR C. Does she make you write to her every week?

FRANCIS. Yes.

SIR C. So she does me, too. I never know what to say to her.

FRANCIS. Been down to the Five Towns lately?

SIR C. No—not lately. No time, you know.

FRANCIS. And Johnny? Does he come much to London?

SIR C. Not often, I think. I imagine, from what the mater says, that his practice must be growing pretty rapidly.

FRANCIS. What's his wife like?

SIR C. Oh, very decent woman, I should imagine.

FRANCIS. Your relations with the family appear to be chiefly a work of imagination, my boy.

SIR C. And what about yours? Seeing that not a single member of the family has set eyes on you for nineteen years—

FRANCIS. But I'm different. I'm a wanderer. I'm one of those people who seem to have no pressing need of a home, or a national anthem, or relatives, or things of that kind. Of course one likes to meet one's relatives, sometimes.

SIR C. No home? But what on earth do you do with yourself?

FRANCIS. I just go about and keep my eyes open—and try to understand what I see.

SIR C. Nothing else?

FRANCIS. That takes me all my time.

SIR C. [*staring at him*]. It's you that's the caution, not me!

FRANCIS. We're getting over it rather well, I think.

SIR C. Getting over what? What *do* you—

FRANCIS. Over the awkwardness of this first interview. I hope I'm not interfering with business.

SIR C. [*heartily*]. Not in the least. My theory is that if a really big concern is properly

organised, the boss ought to be absolutely independent of all routine. He ought to be free for anything that turns up unexpectedly. Anyhow, I am.

FRANCIS. Well, I candidly confess that this business of yours is just a size larger than I expected.

SIR C. Yes, it's big—big. We own about forty different publications: two London dailies, three provincial dailies, five popular penny weeklies, two sixpenny weeklies, three illustrated monthlies, four ladies' papers, six sporting and athletic, five religious papers, two Sunday papers—

FRANCIS. What's the subtle difference between a religious paper and a Sunday paper?

SIR C. Oh, they're—well, they're quite different!

FRANCIS. Really!

SIR C. Four halfpenny comic papers, four boys' papers, and I don't know what else.

FRANCIS. I distinctly remember your saying once at school there wasn't a schoolboys' paper fit to wipe your feet on—you were always buying them to see.

SIR C. And there wasn't! It was a boys' paper I began with—*The Lad's Own Budget*. The schoolboy was the foundation of this business. And, let me tell you, our capital is now nearly two and a half millions.

FRANCIS. The deuce it is!

SIR C. Yes, didn't you know?

FRANCIS. No, and I suppose you're the principal proprietor?

SIR C. What do *you* think? Kendrick and I, we control a majority of the shares. Kendrick—that's the man who was here when you came in—gets a salary of five thousand a year.

FRANCIS. Well, this is very interesting. I've had all sorts of disconcerting impressions since I reached Charing Cross twenty-four hours ago—when I saw that Exeter Hall was gone, reason tottered on her throne. But, really, Charlie! Really, Charlie! It sounds a strange thing to say of one's own brother—but you are the most startling phenomenon of the age.

SIR C. That's what I'm beginning to think myself.

FRANCIS. Of course, you're a millionaire.

SIR C. Pooh! I was a millionaire six years ago. Surely you must have got a notion from the mater's letters?

FRANCIS. Very vague! She chiefly writes about Johnny's babies.

SIR C. [*laughs shortly*]. It's true I never give her any precise details, lest the old lady should think I was bragging. She hates that.

FRANCIS. I'm just the least bit in the world staggered.

SIR C. Well, there it is! [*Leans back in his chair.*]

FRANCIS. All this, I suppose, from Uncle Joe's ten thousand.

SIR C. Precisely. What have you done with *your* ten thousand?

FRANCIS. Nothing. Just lived on it.

SIR C. Do you mean to say you can live on the interest of ten thousand and travel?

FRANCIS. Why, of course! All an Englishman has to do is to avoid his compatriots. What puzzles me is how you can get through even a decent fraction of *your* income.

SIR C. Oh! what with one thing and another, I get through a goodish bit. You heard I bought Hindhead Hall?

FRANCIS. Yes. What did you buy it for?

SIR C. Well, I thought I ought to have a place in the country.

FRANCIS. To go with the knighthood?

SIR C. If you like. You must come down and see Hindhead.

FRANCIS. Great joke, that knighthood! What did they give it you for?

SIR C. Well, I'm supposed to be somebody.

FRANCIS. I always thought knighthoods were given to nobodies.

SIR C. [*a little testily*]. That depends! That depends! And let me tell you that the knighthood is only a beginning.

FRANCIS [*shortly*]. Ah! Only a beginning! Really! [*smiling*]. I say, what did Johnny say about the knighthood?

SIR C. Nothing.

FRANCIS. What interests me is, *how* you managed to do it.

SIR C. Do what? Get the knighthood? That's —

FRANCIS [*interrupting him brusquely*]. No. The — the success, the million, the splash.

SIR C. I can tell you this — I did it honestly. That's another thing about me — I'm probably the only millionaire in the world with a clear conscience. What d'ye think of that? People say that no one can make a million in ten years and not be a scoundrel. But I did. I've never tried to form a trust. I've never tried to ruin a competitor. I've never sweated my chaps. They have to work hard, and I give 'em pepper, and I'd sack one as soon as look at him; but they are well paid — some of 'em are handsomely paid. The price of labour in journalism has gone up, and it's thanks to me. Another thing — I give the best value for money that ever was given.

FRANCIS. Yes, but *how* did you do it? What's your principle?

SIR C. I've only got one principle. Give the public what it wants. Don't give the public

what you think it ought to want, or what you think would be good for it, but what it actually does want. I argue like this: Supposing you went into a tobacconist's and asked for a packet of cigarettes, and the tobacconist told you that cigarettes were bad for you, and that he could only sell you a pipe and tobacco — what should you say? [*He rises, excited.*]

FRANCIS. Now what *should* I say? I don't think I should be able to think of anything clever enough until I got outside the shop.

SIR C. [*not laughing, but insisting on his argument*]. You see my point, eh? You see my point? I've got no moral axes to grind. I'm just a business man [*more excitedly*].

FRANCIS. My dear boy, I'm not contradicting you.

SIR C. I know, I know. But some people make me angry. There seems to be a sort of notion about that because it's newspapers I sell, and not soap or flannel, I ought to be a cross between General Booth, H. G. Wells, and the Hague Conference. I'm a manufacturer, just like the fellows that sell soap and flannel; only a damned sight more honest. There's no deception about my goods. You never know what there is in your soap or your flannel, but you know exactly what there is in my papers, and if you aren't pleased you don't buy. I make no pretence to be anything but a business man. And my specialty is what the public wants — in printed matter.

FRANCIS. But how did you find out what it wants? I suppose it wasn't vouchsafed to you in a dream.

SIR C. [*hesitating*]. I — I don't exactly know. . . . I began by thinking about what I should want myself. *The Lad's Own Budget* was the first. I knew well enough what I wanted when I was a boy of twelve, for instance; and as most boys are alike — you see! . . . I put on the market a paper that I actually did want when I was twelve. . . . And you may believe me when I tell you that hot cakes were simply not in it, not in it! . . . And so I went on, always keeping in mind — [*Enter PAGE-BOY with newspaper and letters, etc., on a salver. Exit.*]

FRANCIS. So the red disk doesn't absolutely bar the door to everybody?

SIR C. What do you mean? Oh, the messenger! He always comes in at this time [*looks at clock*]. He's four minutes late, by the way [*looks at his watch*]. No, it's that clock [*glancing at paper and letters, then resuming his discourse*]. Always keeping in mind how I captured the boy of twelve. I've sometimes thought of having an inscription painted over the door there: "Don't forget the boy of

twelve"—[*hastily*] just for a lark, you know. At last I got as far as the *Daily Mercury*, and I don't fancy any newspaper proprietor in my time is likely to get much further. A twelve-page paper for a halfpenny and the most expensive news service on earth! What do you think? [*glancing again at letters*].

FRANCIS. I must confess I've never read the *Mercury*.

SIR C. [*astounded*]. Never read the *Mercury*? Everybody reads the *Mercury*.

FRANCIS. I don't.

SIR C. [*solemnly*]. Do you seriously mean to say you've never read the *Mercury*? Why, man, it's nine years old, and sells over nine hundred thousand copies a day!

FRANCIS. I noticed it about everywhere in the streets this morning, and so I bought a copy and put it in my pocket, intending to have a look at it, but I forgot. Yes, here it is [*taking folded paper from his pocket*].

SIR C. [*still astounded*]. Well, I said it was you who were the caution, and, by Jove, it is! What do you read?

FRANCIS. When I'm out of reach of a daily post I read the *Times'* weekly edition. Of course, my first care this morning was to get the *Manchester Guardian*. I always have that when I can.

SIR C. Surprising what a craze there is among you cultured people for the *Manchester Guardian*! I'm always having that thrown at my head. Here! [*tossing over newspaper from salver*]. Here's the fourth edition of the *Evening Courier* just off the machine. Never read that either, I suppose!

FRANCIS. No.

SIR C. [*nodding his head as one with no further capacity for surprise*]. Well, well! It's a sort of evening *Mercury*. Have a look at it! Just excuse me for two minutes, will you? I must dictate one or two things at once. [*Sits down to dictaphone and begins speaking into it*]. Mr. Cookson. Write Medways—you know, the clock people—

FRANCIS [*curious, examining*]. Hello! What's that dodge?

SIR C. It's a dictaphone. Never seen one before? Shorthand clerks get on your nerves so. You blaze away into it, and then it repeats what you've said to the clerk—elsewhere, thank heaven!

FRANCIS. How amusing!

SIR C. [*into dictaphone*].—to cancel their contract for regulating clocks. They've been warned twice. Mine's four minutes fast. Write to Pneumatic Standard Time Company, or whatever its name is, and get an estimate for all the clocks in building. Typewriter.

My dear Lady Calder: Many thanks for your most—

FRANCIS [*looking at "Courier"*]. I say, who's Chate?

SIR C. Chate? He's a convict who got ten years for killing his mother or something. Let off lightly under the First Offenders Act, I suppose. Immensely celebrated for his escape from Dartmoor Prison. They didn't catch him again for a fortnight. . . . Why?

FRANCIS. Only because of this, all across the front page of the *Courier*: [*pointing*] "Chate, now at Holloway, comes out to-morrow."

SIR C. Ah! [*He suddenly gets up and goes to door R. and opens it.*] I say, Kendrick, are you there? Just a second. [*Enter KENDRICK.*]

KENDRICK. Yes?

SIR C. Oh, Francis, this is Mr. Kendrick. Kendrick, my brother.

KENDRICK [*surprised*]. Glad to meet you, sir. [*They shake hands.*]

SIR C. [*to KENDRICK*]. You arranged about Chate? [*FRANCIS returns to study his newspapers.*]

KENDRICK. Chate?

SIR C. I told you three months ago we must have his story written by himself for the *Sunday Morning News*.

KENDRICK. Oh, yes! Well, it couldn't be done!

SIR C. Why?

KENDRICK. We found that the *Sentinel* people had been paying his wife a pound a week for years on the understanding that they had his stuff when he came out.

SIR C. What do I care for the *Sentinel* people? If they have been paying a pound a week, that's their lookout. We have got to have the story. If it's worked up properly it'll be—

KENDRICK. Afraid it's too late now.

SIR C. Too late! Not a bit! Look here. Send young Perkins with a shorthand clerk. He must take the Renault car, and be outside Holloway Prison at five-thirty to-morrow morning. Let him have two hundred pounds in gold—gold, mind! You've time before the bank closes. He must be ready for Chate. The wife is certain to be there. Let him make friends with her. Tell her the car is absolutely at their disposal. He can suggest breakfast. They're bound to accept. Anyhow, let him get Chate into some private room somewhere, out of London if possible. Then he can show the money. He must *show* the money. Roll it about the table. Explain to Chate that the money will be handed over to him after he has talked for a couple of hours about his escape and so on, and signed his name. The clerk



SIR C. [*With a furious outburst.*] 'THE CURSED SWINE.'

can come back here by train with the stuff; but Perkins must take Chate, and his wife too, if necessary, off to the seaside for a jaunt. He must take 'em out and lose 'em till Saturday morning. It'll be too late for the *Sentinel* people to do anything then. And you must begin to advertise as soon as the clerk turns up with the stuff. Is it all clear?

KENDRICK. Yes.

SIR C. Well, there's just time for the bank. Thanks very much.

KENDRICK. By the way, I find there's a silly sort of mistake in the *Mercury* leader this morning.

SIR C. Oh! What?

KENDRICK. Cettinje is mentioned as the capital of Bosnia.

SIR C. Well, isn't it?

KENDRICK. Seems not. It ought to be Sarajevo. The worst of it is that it can't be explained as a slip of the pen, owing to unfortunate circumstantial details.

SIR C. Don't refer to it at all, then. Sit tight on it. I suppose that's Smythe's fault. [KENDRICK *nods*.] Pity he's so careless—he's got more snap than all the rest of the crowd put together. I say, don't let them be too late for the bank.

KENDRICK. No. [*In a lower voice*.] I hear a question is to be asked as to us in the House this afternoon.

SIR C. [*after a little pause*]. That's good! You might send that in to me as soon as it comes along.

KENDRICK. Right oh! [*Exit R.*]

SIR C. [*after looking at FRANCIS, who is absorbed in newspapers, turns to dictaphone*]—kind invitation, which I am very sorry not to be able to accept, as I shall be out of town on Sunday. With kind regards, believe me, Yours sincerely. Typewriter. Don't type this on *Mercury* paper. Mr Cookson. Ask Mr. Smythe to come round and see me at my flat at nine to-morrow morning. Mark the appointment for me. [*Enter KENDRICK*.]

KENDRICK. Sorry to disturb you [*shutting door between the two rooms carefully, and speaking low*]. Here's—

SIR C. Have you given those instructions?

KENDRICK. Yes, yes. Here's Macquoid. He insists on seeing you, and as I know you want to humour him a bit—

FRANCIS [*looking up from papers sharply*]. Is that Simon Macquoid, the critic?

SIR C. Yes. I've just taken him on for *Men and Women*—our best sixpenny weekly. He's pretty good, isn't he?

FRANCIS. Pretty good! He's the finest dramatic critic in Europe. I should like to meet him.

SIR C. Well, you shall. Bring him in, Kendrick, will you? [*Exit KENDRICK*.]

FRANCIS. He knows what he's talking about, that chap does, and he can write. [*Enter KENDRICK and MACQUOID*.]

SIR C. How do you do, Mr. Macquoid?

MACQUOID [*very curtly*]. How do you do?

SIR C. May I introduce my brother, Francis Worgan, an admirer of yours.

FRANCIS [*rising, and showing his pleasure*]. I'm delighted to—

MACQUOID [*cutting him short*]. How do you do? [*Exit KENDRICK*.]

SIR C. Take this chair.

MACQUOID. Sir Charles, I want to know what you mean by allowing additions to be made to my signed articles without my authority.

SIR C. [*quickly resenting the tone*]. Additions—without your authority!

MACQUOID [*taking an illustrated paper from under his arm and opening it*]. Yes, sir. I have gathered since seeing this that you do it to other contributors; but you won't do it to me. My article on the *matinée* at the Prince's Theatre ended thus, as I wrote it: "Despite the strange excellence of the play—which has in a high degree the disturbing quality, the quality of being *troublant*—the interpretation did not amuse me. Mr. Percival Crocker, 'abounding,' as the French say, 'in his own sense,' showed pale gleams of comprehension; the rest of the company were as heaven made them." That's how I finished. But I find this added, *above* my signature [*in a shocked tone*]: "This performance is to in all probability be followed by three others." [*Stands aghast*.] Look at it! [*hands paper to SIR C.*]

SIR C. [*stiffly*]. Well, Mr. Macquoid, there's surely nothing very dreadful about that. I have no doubt we put it in to oblige the theatre. Moreover, I see that without it the page would have been two lines short.

MACQUOID. Nothing very dreadful? "To-in-all-probability-be-followed." It's an enormity, sir, an enormity!

SIR C. [*very stiffly*]. I'm afraid I don't quite follow you.

FRANCIS. Mr. Macquoid no doubt means the split infinitive.

MACQUOID. I should think I did mean the split infinitive! I was staggered, positively staggered, when I looked at my article. Since then I've been glancing through your paper, and I find split infinitives all over it! Scarcely a page of the wretched sheet without a portrait of a chorus girl and a split infinitive! Monstrous!

SIR C. I regret the addition, but I'm bound to say I don't understand your annoyance.

MACQUOID. Regret is useless. You must put in an apology, or at any rate an explanation, in next week's issue. I have my reputation to think about. If you imagine, Sir Charles, that because you pay me thirty pounds a month you have the right to plaster my work with split infinitives, you are tremendously mistaken.

SIR C. [*shortly and firmly*]. We shall not apologise, Mr. Macquoid, and we shall not explain. It would be contrary to our practice.

MACQUOID [*furiously*]. You are unscrupulous, Sir Charles. Get another dramatic critic. I've done with you. Good day. [*Exit quickly*.]

SIR C. [*laughing in spite of himself*]. Well, of all the infernal cheek! That's the worst of these cultured johnnies. They're mad, every one of 'em. [*In a different tone*.] I say, what is a split infinitive?

FRANCIS. A split infinitive is a cardinal sin.

SIR C. Apparently. But what is it?

FRANCIS. In our beautiful English tongue, the infinitive mood of a verb begins with the particle "to."

SIR C. [*thinking of MACQUOID*]. Damn the fellow!

FRANCIS. Thus, "to swear." Now the "to" must never, never be separated from its verb, not even by a single word. If you write "To swear foolishly," you are correct. But if you write "To foolishly swear," you commit an infamy. And you didn't split your infinitive with one word, you split it with three. Imagine the crime!

SIR C. And do you mean to say that you cultured people care about that sort of thing?

FRANCIS. You see it's worth thirty pounds a month to Macquoid.

SIR C. Ah! But he's in the Civil Service. Half of them are. [*SIR CHARLES has rung a bell and taken the record out of the dictaphone. Enter PAGE-BOY, to whom he hands the record in silence. Exit PAGE-BOY.*]

FRANCIS [*putting his two newspapers on his knee*]. I suppose the question in Parliament that Mr. What's-his-name mentioned is about the Anglo-German crisis that I see in both these papers.

SIR C. You may depend it is. We're running that for all it's worth. If that two-column special telegram from Constantinople doesn't wake up the B.P. to what Germany is doing in the Near East, then nothing will. The fact is, no Government could ignore that telegram. And I may tell you, strictly between you and me — even Kendrick doesn't know it — I practically *arranged* for a question to be put.

FRANCIS [*raising his eyebrows*]. Really, you can do that sort of thing, eh?

SIR C. Can I do it! Ah, ah!

FRANCIS. Well, I read both the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* this morning, and I hadn't the least idea that there was any war scare at all. Everything seemed calm. But now I've looked at your *Mercury* and your *Courier*, I feel as if the world was tumbling about my ears. I see that not merely is Germany mobilising in secret, but the foundations of Westminster Abbey are in a highly dangerous condition, and according to seven bishops the sanctity of the English home is gravely threatened by the luxury of London restaurants. Also you give on page seven of the *Mercury* — I think it is — a very large portrait of a boy aged eleven who weighs two hundred pounds.

SIR C. No, the *Courier*.

FRANCIS. It's all the same, except for the difference in colour.

SIR C. We paid five pounds for that photograph.

FRANCIS. Well, as you say here, it's amazing. I've counted the word "amazing" twenty-three times [*glancing at papers*]. "Whirlwinds of oratory. Bryan speaks ten million words. Amazing figures." "Gold despised by burglars. Amazing haul of diamonds." "Colonel as co-respondent. Amazing letters." "Child-cruelty in a vicarage. Amazing allegations." "Strange scene in a West-End flat. Amazing pranks." "Sudden crisis in Wall Street. Amazing rush." "Kidnapped at midnight. Amazing adventure." "The unwritten law. Husband's amazing coolness." "The fresh-egg industry. Amazing revelations." And so on, to say nothing of Germany. Do you keep it up to that pitch every day?

SIR C. [*not altogether pleased*]. They like it.

FRANCIS. You ought to serve a liqueur brandy with every copy of these papers.

SIR C. Of course, superior people may laugh — but that's what the public wants. I've proved it.

FRANCIS. I'll only say this, Charlie: if that's what the public wants — how clever you were to find it out! I should *never* have thought of it!

SIR C. [*rising and taking up the "Mercury," which FRANCIS has dropped on the floor*]. See here, my boy, you think yourself devilish funny, but look at that front-page ad. Look at it!

FRANCIS [*reading*]. "Uric acid. . . . Life's misery. . . . All chemists. . . . A shilling and a halfpenny." Well? What about it?

SIR C. Nothing. Only we get three hundred pounds for that ad. — one insertion. I'm a business man, and that's what I call business. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.



FRANCIS. I suppose the *Mercury* must appeal specially to the uric-acid classes.

SIR C. [*sitting down to dictaphone*]. You may laugh — you may laugh! [*Into dictaphone*.] Mr. Ricketts. Macquoid has ceased to be the dramatic critic of *M. and W.* Before definitely making another appointment you might submit names to me. We want something superior, of course. I notice a number of split infinitives in this week's issue. They are out of place in a high-class illustrated. Watch this.

FRANCIS. I say, Charlie.

SIR C. Well?

FRANCIS. What do you say to giving me a trial as dramatic critic of *Men and Women*?

SIR C. [*after a pause*]. Can you write?

FRANCIS. Can you?

SIR C. [*taken aback and recovering himself*]. Writing is no part of my job. . . . [*Reflectively*.] But I suppose you *can* write. In fact [*as if studying him*], you ought to be able to turn out something pretty smart. You might even be a "find" in journalism.

FRANCIS. There's no knowing. Anyhow, one could try. You may take it from me I can write. I've got an idea that the English theatre must be a great joke.

SIR C. I never go myself. But they say it's a most frantic bore.

FRANCIS. Yes. That's what I meant. I gather that on the whole it must be frantic enough to be worth studying. By the way, I went to a matinée at the Prince's Theatre yesterday.

SIR C. Sort of freak theatre, isn't it? Queer?

FRANCIS. It's one of the most artistic shows I ever saw in my life.

SIR C. [*seriously*]. Artistic! Yes, I was told it was queer.

FRANCIS. Who d'ye think I saw there — on the stage? Little Emily Nixon — you know, from Bursley.

SIR C. What? Sister of Abraham Nixon?

FRANCIS. Yes. Don't you remember when we used to go to Nixon's on Saturday nights? She would be about five then. Don't you remember she used to call you "Tarlie"?

SIR C. Oh! That child! Nice kid, she used to be.

FRANCIS. Nice! She's delightful. I went round to the stage-door after, and took her out to tea. She's a widow. Hasn't a friend in the world, and must be deuced hard up, I should think. But she's charming. And as clever as they make 'em.

SIR C. What's she doing on the stage?

FRANCIS. Oh! St. John took her on. She reads plays for him.

SIR C. St. John? Who's St. John?

FRANCIS. He's the man that's running the Prince's Theatre. *There's* an artist, if you like. . . . In spite of weak acting, the way that chap got what they call the Celtic glamour over the footlights was amazing! [*Laughing at himself, half aside*.] Yes, "amazing," since I'm in the *Mercury* building. By the way, she's coming to see you this afternoon.

SIR C. Who? Emily Nixon? But —

FRANCIS. Now don't be a martyr. It's like this. She's been wanting to come and see you for some time. But she thought it would be no use — she'd heard so much about your being invisible.

SIR C. What does she want to see me for?

FRANCIS. Some business, I suppose. I told her that of course you'd see her — like a shot. Or any one from Bursley. She asked when. So I said I should be here this afternoon and she'd better come then, and I'd arrange it. You might send word downstairs that when she comes she's to be shown up here at once.

SIR C. [*looking at him*]. No, you've not altered. Dispose of me, my boy. I am yours. The entire staff is yours. Your wish is law. [*Into dictaphone*.] Mr. Ricketts. Later. Dramatic critic of *M. and W.* I have appointed Mr. Francis Worgan, 11 Hamilton Place.

FRANCIS. 11 Hamilton Place? I'm at the Golden Cross Hotel.

SIR C. You must leave it, then, and come to my flat. I want you to see my flat. Look here, about screw?

FRANCIS. Oh! that doesn't matter.

SIR C. [*into dictaphone*]. Salary fifteen pounds a month. [*To FRANCIS*.] That's quite fair. You aren't a Macquoid yet. [*Enter PAGE-BOY with letters to sign, on a salver*.]

SIR C. [*taking letters, to Boy*]. Tell the Sergeant that if — [*To FRANCIS*.] What name does she go by, Frank?

FRANCIS. Her husband was Sam Vernon. Mrs. Vernon.

SIR C. [*to Boy*]. Tell the Sergeant that if a Mrs. Vernon calls to see me she is to be shown up at once. [*Exit PAGE-BOY*.] Just let me sign these letters. [*Begins to sign them. Re-enter PAGE-BOY*.] Hello! Oh! it's the tape. Give it to that gentleman. Look at it, Frank. [*FRANCIS takes the slips from the boy. Exit Boy. SIR CHARLES continues to sign letters*.]

FRANCIS [*after looking at the slips*]. The Foreign Secretary seems to have guessed your ideal pretty closely.

SIR C. What do you mean?

FRANCIS. Only instead of the boy of twelve he said the errand-boy.

SIR C. What on earth —

FRANCIS [*reading*]. "In reply Foreign Secretary said no particle of truth in statements of newspaper in question. Our relations with Germany perfectly harmonious. Every one ought to be aware that, after Hong-Kong, Constantinople was the worst manufactory of false news in the world. Every one ought also to be aware that journal referred to was written by errand-boys for errand-boys. Cheers!"

SIR C. [*rising*]. Give it here. [*Takes slip, reads it, and drops it on desk; then goes up to the disk-signal and changes it from red to green, then comes slowly down stage. With a sudden furious outburst.*] The cursed swine!

FRANCIS [*tranquilly*]. But you said yourself —

SIR C. [*savagely*]. Oh! go to hell!

FRANCIS [*tranquilly*]. Very well! Very well! Who is the Foreign Secretary, by the way?

SIR C. Who is he? Lord Henry Godwin!

FRANCIS. Oh, yes. Wrote a book on Dryden.

SIR C. I'd Dryden him if I had him here! [*Still savagely.*] If I had him here I'd —! Whenever he meets me you'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. When his idiotic daughter was married to that braying ass of a duke, he wrote me to say how *pleased* she had been with the *Mercury's* special description of the wedding.

FRANCIS. Wrote to you, did he?

SIR C. No mention of errand-boys then!

FRANCIS. Where do you meet him?

SIR C. Where do I meet him? At the Club — the Whitehall.

FRANCIS. Do you belong to the Whitehall?

SIR C. Considering that I was specially elected by the Committee under Rule 9, I should say I did! Errand-boys! I sent Teddy Marriott specially out to Constantinople. I suppose nobody will deny he's the showiest of the whole gang of specials. Do you know what I pay him? Two thousand a year, all his expenses, and a pension of five hundred a year to his widow if he's killed on duty. What price that? Not much errand-boy about that! Look at his copy. Is it readable, or isn't it?

FRANCIS. But, after all, supposing what he says isn't true?

SIR C. Isn't true! Nobody ever said it was! Look at the thing!

FRANCIS [*looking at paper*]. Well! [*Reads.*] "England and her enemy. Grave situation. Is the Government asleep?" All across two columns.

SIR C. Yes, yes. But what does he say at the end? [*looking over FRANCIS' shoulder*]. "The above facts, which I have no wish to unduly emphasise, and which I give with due reserve, are the staple of current conversation in cer-

tain circles here, and I should be failing in my duty if I did not bring them to the attention of the British public."

FRANCIS. Why didn't he begin by saying that?

SIR C. Oh, rot! You don't know what journalism is. He said it, and that's enough. We've got to give all the news there is going about, and we've got to sell the paper. And, by heaven, we do sell it! We spend money like water, and we have the largest circulation in the country. We please the largest public. We pay the highest prices. We make the largest profits. You may or may not like the paper, but nine hundred thousand of Lord Henry Godwin's esteemed fellow citizens like it. And it's a national institution, let me tell you. It's a national institution! The swine might just as well say at once that the British nation is a nation of errand-boys.

FRANCIS. You may bet he does do, in private.

SIR C. Let him say it in public, then! He daren't. None of 'em dare. I'm the only one that makes no pretences about the British nation. I know what they want, and I give it 'em. And what then? Am I to be insulted? Are they to be insulted? What's the matter with the British nation, anyhow? From the way some of you superior people talk, one might think the British nation ought to be thankful it's alive.

FRANCIS. But —

SIR C. [*carried away*]. I'm told I'm unscrupulous because I "fan the war fever," as it's called, so as to send up my circulation. I'm told I want a war. Damned nonsense! Nothing but damned nonsense! All I want is for the public to have what *it* wants. It's the public that would like a war, not me. The public enjoys the mere thought of a war. Proof: my circulations. I'm told I pander to the passions of the public. Call it that, if you like. It's what everybody is *trying* to do. Only I succeed. . . . Mind you, I *don't* call it that. I call it supplying a legitimate demand. When you've been to the barber to be shaved, do you round on him for pandering to your passions? You superior people make me sick! Sick! Errand-boys, indeed! Cheers! There's a lot of chaps in the House that would like to be errand-boys of my sort. Cheers, eh! I could have scores of the swine to lick my boots clean every morning if I wanted! Scores! I don't make out to be anything except a business man, but that's no reason why I should stand the infernal insolence of a pack of preposterous hypocrites.

FRANCIS. But —

SIR C. If I couldn't organise some of their

departments better than they do, I'd go out and sell my own papers in the Strand! Let 'em come here, let 'em see my counting-house, and my composing-rooms, and my special trains — I'd show 'em.

FRANCIS. But —

SIR C. And I'll tell you another thing. [FRANCIS gets up and approaches the door.] Where are you going to?

FRANCIS. I'm going to hell. I'll come back later, after the monologue.

SIR C. Hold on. What were you going to say?

FRANCIS. I was merely going to ask why, if you're only a business man, you should worry yourself about these superior people. Why not leave them alone? You mentioned flannel; or was it soap? Supposing they do accuse you of having persuaded nine hundred thousand errand-boys to buy soap — dash it, you ought to take it as a compliment! You aren't logical.

SIR C. Yes, I am. Let them leave me alone, and I'll leave them alone. But they won't. And it's getting worse. That's the point. It's getting worse.

FRANCIS [after a pause]. This is really very interesting.

SIR C. [snorting, offended]. Is it? Thanks!

FRANCIS. Now look here, Charlie. Of course we're strangers, but still I'm your brother. Don't be an ass. When I say that this is really very interesting, I mean that it *is*. I'm not laughing at you. My attitude to you — and to everybody, as far as that goes — is entirely sympathetic. Because, after all, we're all in the same boat.

SIR C. All in the same boat? How in the same boat?

FRANCIS. Well, on the same planet. Always getting in one another's way. And death staring all of us in the face! You keep on talking about superior people. There aren't any.

SIR C. There's a lot that think they are.

FRANCIS. And if there are! They can't do you any harm. So why shout? What do you want?

SIR C. I want to give them beans.

FRANCIS. Well, from what I know of you, I would have been ready to wager that if you wanted to give them beans, beans they would instantly get. Now, as regards this Godwin person, for example. What's to prevent you from conferring upon him the gift of beans in the presence of your morning audience of nine hundred thousand, and your afternoon audience of I don't know how many? You've got paper, ink, printing-presses, special trains, writers —

SIR C. That's just where you're wrong. I haven't got a writer in the place that can do what I want doing.

FRANCIS. Didn't you mention some one named Smythe as being very wonderful?

SIR C. Yes, he's the chief of the editorial staff of the *Mercury*. But he couldn't do this. You don't understand. He could give Lord Henry beans for the benefit of our public, and he will! But he couldn't persuade Lord Henry that the swine had *got* beans. He couldn't *do* it. It's a different sort of thing that's needed — not *our* snap, something else. Smythe doesn't know enough.

FRANCIS. Well, why don't you go out and get some one who does?

SIR C. Can't. I've tried. I've had several of you superior people in this shop, and at fancy salaries too; but it doesn't work. Either they lose their own snap because they think they must imitate ours, or they come down with stuff that nobody else in the blessed building can make head or tail of, and that would ruin the paper in a fortnight. . . . [In a different tone.] How do I *strike* you, straight, now?

FRANCIS. How do you strike me?

SIR C. Yes. As a man. Am I a born fool, or something just a bit out of the common in the way of ability?

FRANCIS. Well, it's quite impossible to believe that a man is a genius if you've been to school with him, or even known his father. But I don't mind telling you, in the most unbrotherly way, that if I were meeting you now for the first time, I should say you were something in the nature of a genius — a peculiar kind, of course — but still —

SIR C. [quickly]. Well, let me tell you this: somehow, your intellectual, your superior people won't have anything to do with me — anything serious, that is! There seems to be a sort of boycott among 'em against me! I don't think I have an acquaintance that I don't despise, and I haven't got any pals at all. Mind you, I've never said as much before to any one. I can put it in a nutshell. It's like this. Supposing some people are talking about Swinburne, or theosophy, or social reform, or any of those things, and I come along — well, they immediately change the conversation and begin about motor-cars!

FRANCIS. But do you really care about Swinburne — and those things?

SIR C. I don't know. I've never tried. But that's not the point. The point is that I'm just as good as they are, and I don't like their attitude.

FRANCIS. There's only one thing for you to do, my boy — get married.

SIR C. [continuing his train of thought]. I object to being left out in the cold. They've no right to do it.

FRANCIS [*repeating his own tone*]. There's only one thing for you to do, my boy — get married.

SIR C. [*quietly*]. I know.

FRANCIS. Some nice, charming, intellectual woman. You could have an A1 house — first class, but not stiff. Tiptop dinners, without a lot of silly ceremony. A big drawing-room, and a little one opening off it where they could talk to her — you know the sort of thing. You'd soon see how she'd rope 'em in for you. It would really be very interesting to watch. Once get the right sort of woman —!

SIR C. Exactly. But you rattle on as if these nice, charming, intellectual women were sitting about all over the place waiting for me. They aren't. I've never *seen* one that would do.

FRANCIS. Well, you won't get where you want to be without a woman. So you'd better set to and find one.

SIR C. Where?

FRANCIS. I don't know. . . . Who's Lady Calder, for instance?

SIR C. Lady Calder? Oh! she wouldn't wait to be asked twice.

FRANCIS. What age?

SIR C. Oh! younger than me.

FRANCIS. Much?

SIR C. No! Besides — well, she's a nice woman, but there's too much of the country-family touch about her. Sporting, you see. The late Calder lived for nothing but the abolition of wire fences. Before I knew where I was I should be let in for a steam yacht. She's a widow, of course, and that's in her favour [*hesitatingly*].

FRANCIS. Is she intellectual?

SIR C. She would be if I wanted her to be [*half sheepishly*].

FRANCIS. That's no good, no good at all! [*With a sudden outburst of discovery*]. I know whom you ought to marry.

SIR C. Who?

FRANCIS. Emily Vernon.

SIR C. Me marry an actress! No, thanks!

FRANCIS. She isn't an actress.

SIR C. You said she was.

FRANCIS. No, I said she was on the stage. She can't act for nuts. But she's the very woman for you. Pretty; and awfully decent. Oh! and she can talk, my boy, she can talk. And she knows what she's talking about. Intellectual, eh? I bet she could wipe the floor with some of these women novelists.

SIR C. And I suppose she hasn't a cent.

FRANCIS. What does that matter?

SIR C. Not a bit.

FRANCIS. You'd never guess she was hard up, to look at her. She'd run a big house for

you, and be even with the best of them. And then, she comes from Bursley. She's our sort.

SIR C. Go on! Go on! I shall be married to her in a minute.

FRANCIS. No, but really!

SIR C. What's she coming here for to-day, by the way?

FRANCIS. I gathered that it was a question of — [*Enter PAGE-BOY*].

PAGE-BOY. Mrs. Vernon.

SIR C. [*after a pause*]. Show her in! [*Enter EMILY VERNON. Exit PAGE-BOY*].

FRANCIS [*approaching her*]. Well, Emily, I'm here, you see. We were just talking about you. [*Shakes hands*].

EMILY. Arithmetic, I suppose?

FRANCIS. Arithmetic?

EMILY. Adding up my age. [*Taking SIR CHARLES' hand*]. So it's you? Exactly the same!

SIR C. Really?

EMILY. Yes. I'm quite relieved. I expected something majestic and terrible, something like a battleship. I did, truly. Now, what am I to call you?

SIR C. What you used to call me.

EMILY. Charlie?

FRANCIS. No, you always called him Tarlie.

EMILY. I'm sure I never did. Every one used to say that I talked just like a little woman. The fact is, I was born at the wrong end, and I'm getting more childish every day. I say, Charlie, I do wish I'd known a little earlier that you weren't a battleship. I'd worked myself up into a fine state of nervousness.

SIR C. You don't seem nervous.

EMILY. No. But I am. At least, I was. When I'm amusing and clever, that's a sure sign I'm very nervous. People say, "How bright she is!" And all the time I'm shivering with fright. When I'm quite at my ease I become quite dull. Natural idleness, I expect.

SIR C. Well, suppose we sit down? [*They sit*].

EMILY. How nice it is of you to see me like this! Now, there was another illusion. I always thought you were most frightfully difficult to see.

SIR C. Not to any one from the Five Towns, and especially from Bursley.

FRANCIS. Don't you believe it! I assure you that I only got at him this afternoon over the dead bodies of a soldier and five office-boys.

EMILY [*to FRANCIS*]. Yes; I guessed it was you who had made straight the pathway. [*To SIR C.*] Francis and I got rather intimate yesterday — didn't we, Francis? — over the Year-play.

FRANCIS. Very! Very! But the butter-scotch helped, you know.

EMILY. I never asked you how you thought I said my lines, and you never told me.

FRANCIS. Oh, well. I daresay you've seen what Macquoid said of the first performance. He said you were as heaven made you! . . . So you must have been very fine.

EMILY. How horrid he is! He really is horrid! . . . I suppose I oughtn't to say that to you, Charlie, as he's on one of your papers now. Of course I know he's generally right. That's what makes it so annoying.

SIR C. Say anything you choose. He's no longer on our staff.

EMILY. You've dismissed him?

SIR C. It comes to that.

EMILY. Oh! Rejoicing in Zion! A sigh of relief will run through the whole profession. And who's going to take his place?

FRANCIS. Me, madam.

EMILY. Well, it's just like a fairy-tale. But I wonder if our young and untried friendship will stand the awful strain.

FRANCIS. I've decided what I shall do in regard to you. If I can't honestly praise you, I sha'n't mention you at all.

EMILY. Charlie, let me beg you to dispense with his services at once. He'll be more disliked even than Macquoid. [To FRANCIS.] Do you know what we're going to produce next — if we can keep open? Ford's "Broken Heart."

FRANCIS [recites].

"Crowns may flourish and decay;  
Beauties shine, but fade away;  
Youth may revel, yet it must  
Lie down in a bed of dust."

EMILY. Yes, isn't it lovely? Don't you think it's a lovely play, Charlie?

SIR C. Never read it. Ford, did you say? Don't know him. You see, I'm so taken up —

EMILY [sympathetically]. I know how busy you must be. But if you *could* find time to read "The Broken Heart," I'm sure you'd enjoy it. Has Francis told you what I've come about?

FRANCIS. I was just beginning to explain when you arrived and interrupted me.

EMILY. How clumsy of me! [composing her features]. Well, it's like this, Charlie. [Laughs.]

SIR C. What's the joke?

EMILY. Nothing. Only nervousness! Mere hysterics! I was just thinking how absurd I have been to come here and worry you. Francis, do explain.

FRANCIS [to SIR CHARLES]. The creature is after money.

EMILY [with a cry of protest]. You appalling and unprincipled bungler! [To CHARLIE.] It's like this. Our Chief is a very great man.

SIR C. St. John — is it? [Turns to FRANCIS as if for confirmation.]

EMILY. Yes. We always call him the Chief. He's a most fearful brute. He stamps on us and curses us, and pays us miserably, miserably, and we all adore him, and nobody knows why. He simply cares about nothing but his theatre; and of course, for producing a play, there's only him. But as a man of business — well, it would be no use trying to describe what he is as a man of business; an infant in arms could give him lessons in business through the post. Now, only a fortnight ago, when the Chancellor of Oxford University made that appeal for funds, what do you think the Chief did? He sent twenty pounds, just because he rowed once in the boat-race. And he simply hadn't got twenty pounds.

SIR C. Clever chap!

EMILY. Wasn't it splendid of him? The Prince's might be a success if somebody with money would come in and look after the business side, and never let the Chief see a cheque-book.

SIR C. Isn't it a success? I thought I saw an advertisement in the *Mercury* to-day that the new matinées were very successful.

EMILY. Artistically, yes. Artistically, they're a record. But the fact has escaped the public. We are not at the moment what you'd call turning money away. Most of the notices were very bad — of course.

SIR C. Were they? Was the *Mercury* bad? I forget.

EMILY. No, I fancy it was rather nice.

SIR C. They say a good notice in the *Mercury* will keep any theatre open for at least a month.

EMILY. Personally, I love the *Mercury*. It's so exciting. Like bread and jam, without the bread. To me it's a sort of delicious children's paper —

FRANCIS [throwing his head back]. There you are again, Charles.

EMILY [half laughing]. I don't know what you're laughing at. I meant that for a compliment, Charlie. [SIR CHARLES nods good-humouredly.] Its domestic hints are splendid. But somehow the people who would be likely to come to the Prince's don't seem to read the *Mercury* — at any rate, not for its dramatic criticism. The Prince's is a very special theatre, you see.

SIR C. Superior, you mean? Intellectual?

EMILY [half mocking]. Oh, yes! It's almost like a church.

SIR C. And this Chief of yours wants some one to put money into this church?

EMILY. Yes. We're all of us trying to find capital, except him. You see, it's our livelihood. If the theatre were to close, where should I be, for instance? [*Laughs.*] I just happened to think of you, Charlie. The idea ran through my mind — like a mouse.

SIR C. How much would be needed?

EMILY. Oh! I don't know. A thousand.

FRANCIS. You mean five thousand.

EMILY. Didn't I say five? I quite meant to. But my lips went wrong all by themselves.

SIR C. [*shortly*]. Oh! [*A pause.*]

EMILY. Of course. Now that I'm here, I can see how absurd it is. I said the Prince's might be a success — I mean financially — but honestly I don't believe it ever would. It's too good. And the Chief is too much of a genius.

Oh! whenever I think of him sending twenty pounds to Oxford like that, I wonder why millionaires can't attend to those great lumbering University things, instead of men like St. John. The thought of that twenty pounds always makes me perfectly furious. But the Chief's incurable.

SIR C. Well, I don't mind putting five thousand into the thing.

EMILY. Really? But — but — supposing you lost it?

SIR C. Well, I don't mind losing it. Besides, I've never lost any money yet.

FRANCIS. A new sensation for him!

SIR C. [*ignoring FRANCIS' remark*]. If St. John would let me run him a bit.

EMILY [*with a solemn air*]. Charlie, do you mean to say that you'll put five thousand pounds into the Prince's Theatre, just on the strength of me coming here and telling you about it?

SIR C. Yes.

EMILY. When?

SIR C. Now.

EMILY. I never heard of such goings-on. I hadn't the slightest idea it was so easy as that to get five thousand pounds.

SIR C. It isn't, usually. But this is a special case. I should like to help along a really superior — er — intellectual —

EMILY [*heartily*]. It is an honour, isn't it, after all? But people with money never seem to see that. . . . [*Pinches herself.*] Yes, I'm awake. Can I go and tell the Chief now, from you, that you're ready to —

SIR C. You can telephone to him this instant, if you like [*pointing to telephone*].

EMILY. No, that won't do.

SIR C. Why not?

EMILY. They cut off the theatre telephone this morning [*a brief sobbing catch in her voice*]. St. John would have had to close on Saturday if something hadn't turned up. I — I don't know what I should have done. I've been at the end of my tether once before. [*FRANCIS rises, alarmed by her symptoms.*] I'm all right. I'm all right. [*Laughs.*]

SIR C. Shall I order up some tea?

EMILY. No, no. I must go and tell him. I'm quite all right. I was only thinking how awkward it is to alter one's old frocks to this high-waisted Directoire style.

SIR C. [*lamely*]. Why?

EMILY. Because you can always shorten a skirt, but how are you to lengthen it? Well, I must go and tell him.

FRANCIS. So much hurry as all that?

EMILY. Let me go.

SIR C. But look here. When shall we see you again?

FRANCIS. Yes, when shall we —

EMILY. Can I bring St. John to-morrow morning?

SIR C. Certainly.

EMILY. What time?

SIR C. Any time.

EMILY. Eleven o'clock?

SIR C. All right. [*EMILY shakes hands with SIR CHARLES, appears to be about to speak, but is silent; then shakes hands quickly with FRANCIS, and exit quickly, under emotion. The men look at each other. Pause.*]

FRANCIS. Well! Have a cigarette?

SIR C. [*moved*]. No, thanks. She must have been through a thing or two, by heaven!

FRANCIS. Knocks you about a bit, doesn't it — when it comes out sudden like that? I hadn't a notion. What do you think of her? All right, isn't she?

SIR C. [*nods, after a pause*]. She gave me another idea.

FRANCIS. Oh? [*Lights a cigarette.*]

SIR C. Yes. I'm damned if I don't give a hundred thousand pounds to Oxford University. Never occurred to me! That — and running the Prince's Theatre —

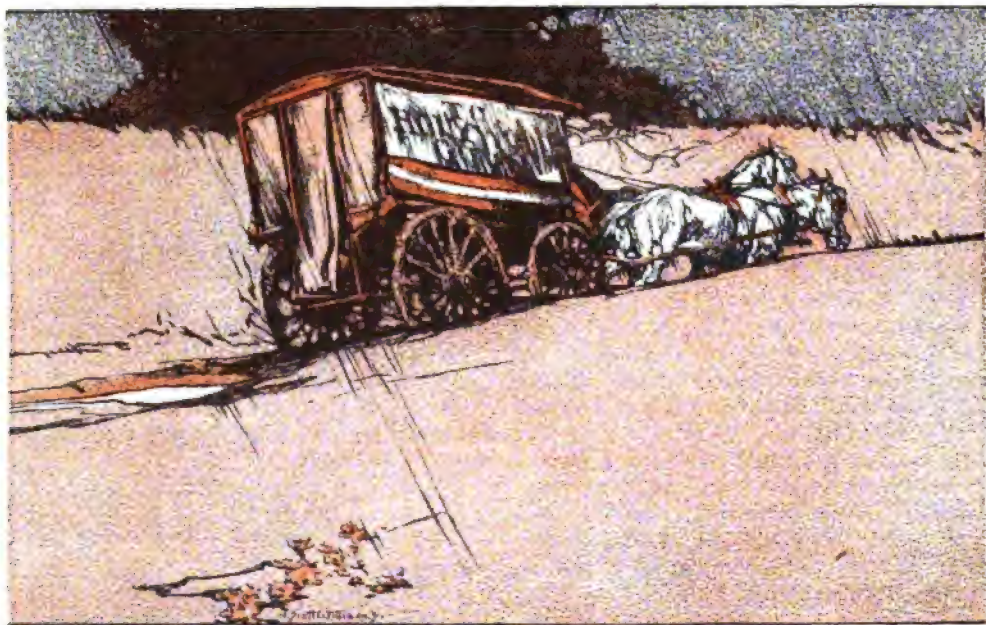
FRANCIS. But you never went to Oxford.

SIR C. Do you think they'll make that an excuse for refusing it?

CURTAIN

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER)





## A BELATED BOOM

BEING A TALE OF THE WAYSIDE ADVENTURES OF  
THE LORD OF THE BARREN STRAND, THE  
LADY, AND THE EX-LAND PROMOTER

BY

STELLA WYNNE HERRON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

IT was clearly a gala-day rig — the huge, canvased-in bus. It had intended to be gay and debonair; its wilted red, white, and blue bunting, its bow on the driver's whip, its white muslin signs bearing the inscription TO HOLLYWOOD COVE in alluring red letters (now beginning to run and discolor the white cloth with sanguine streaks), all bore witness to that. But now, under the pouring sky, it wore that discomfited look of a thing inappropriate to its setting. It was as much out of place in the drenched and sodden landscape as a comedian at a funeral. Indeed, its misplaced gaiety was almost an insult to

nature, who with wailing winds and lugubrious gray lights, weeping over everything, seemed bent on eternal sorrow.

The young man on the seat of the bus, holding slack reins between his fingers, seemed in secret sympathy with the day. His face was overclouded with gloom. This gloom deepened as he saw a girl, who had just alighted from the first train of the day that stopped at the little San Jacinto station, unfurl a neat umbrella and make her way across the mud to his bus — deepened, notwithstanding the fact that she was a very pretty girl.

"Is this the bus," she asked, standing tenta-

tively between it and the station platform, "that it was advertised in the city papers would take excursionists to see the lots at Hollywood Cove to-day?"

"It is," said the young man. "I presume," he added a trifle grimly, "that you are the excursionists. In view of the weather, and the fact that you are only one, and that there are twenty miles of bad road between here and the Cove, I will call the excursion off and refund you any expense you have incurred in getting here, if you wish it."

"No, indeed," said the girl, with quite a little air of determination; "I have come all the way from the city purposely to see those lots, and you have taken the trouble to decorate the bus and everything, and the sun *may* come out——"

The young man glanced up at the uncompromising sky and said, a trifle more brusquely than absolute politeness might approve:

"Very well, then — jump in and we will be off."

The girl climbed quickly into the dim interior of the huge bus; the young man hooked the oil-cloth shield in front of him and cracked his whip, and the real-estate excursion to Hollywood Cove was off.

As he drove his solitary passenger over the green, drenched hills toward the sea, young Hollywood's gloom did not lift. Indeed, if anything, it grew deeper and blacker, for it was not the transitory irritation of a morning, but the concentrated grouch of the last half year. As he thought over the events of that time, the principal cause of his grouch stood out clearly — the land boom. The land boom had begun in all its glory six months before. In the great metropolis a hundred miles distant a new railroad had started hesitatingly southward, skirting the coast. It had laid thirty miles of track, then run into financial difficulties out of which it was very doubtful if it would ever come. Whether or not the other seventy miles of track would eventually be laid was one of those highly problematical things that only God and the president of the company knew.

The thirty miles of track, however, were enough for the land-owners — mostly citizens of the thriving little town of New Athens, five miles inland — in the vicinity of Hollywood Cove. There was a land boom. They had their respective beaches surveyed and staked out into twenty-five-foot lots. They rechristened them with flowery names ending in *On-the-Sea* or *By-the-Sea*. They inserted huge full-page advertisements in all the papers of the near-by cities. They got out bushels of posters and booklets. They had excursions twice a week. On excursion days they furnished four-horse

buses which met the prospective land-buyers at the San Jacinto station and carried them the twenty miles over the mountains to the beaches. On the way they stopped at New Athens, and every one was provided with a free chicken dinner with unlimited wine and beer. At the beach they were met by a band playing "Hail Something or Other-on-the-Sea" or "The Something or Other-by-the-Sea March." There was dancing on huge platforms erected for the purpose; there were races, and games for the children.

All this merriment and good cheer were the fruit of excellent psychology. They caused the lot-buyers to lose sight of the fact that the only source within twenty miles for a water supply was barely sufficient to furnish water to New Athens; that nothing would grow in the sand; that only thirty miles of the new railroad were actually laid; and that this was about to go into the hands of a receiver. All afternoon long the silver-tongued real-estate men held forth eloquently. There was much enthusiasm. Many lots were sold.

Not so at Hollywood Cove! Young Hollywood had little money. The best he could do was to insert a small advertisement in one of the city papers from time to time, and to hire a bus, which he drove himself, against the day announced for the excursion to Hollywood Cove. He could not think of giving dinners, of hiring a brass band to play "Hail Hollywood Cove"; he could not afford the salary of even one silver-tongued real-estate man. And his beach, like an uncomely woman, needed all the kindly offices of art; for it was, as he himself frankly admitted, the worst and most inaccessible of them all. Each time, as he drove out the meager busful of buyers who had appeared in answer to his advertisement, he rehearsed the arguments he would use. He, too, like the professional real-estate men, would work up enthusiasm. He would talk and talk until he had built up before them on his beach a city out of words.

But when he drew rein and landed his unfed and unbrass-banded busful on the cold gray sea-sands, over which an icy wind was chasing a clammy white ocean fog, his heart failed him. He could not imagine any one fool enough to want to own a lot on this deserted beach. All his eloquence collapsed into a single sentence. He waved his arm over the sand-dunes, out of which the white stakes poked like thin young gravestones, and said:

"There are the lots."

And unconsciously his tone implied what he was thinking: "You can see how rotten they are! Buy them at your peril."

Nobody ever *had* bought one. Young Holly-

wood remained in undisputed possession of the one piece of property he owned, and his real-estate operations became the jest of the surrounding counties. Somebody dubbed him Lord of the Barren Strand, and the name stuck, for it was singularly appropriate. The number of his excursionists had dwindled and dwindled until, this rainy morning, the dwindling process had culminated in the one girl inside.

The Lord of the Strand smiled half bitterly, half humorously as he thought of her.

"Although one swallow does not make a summer, one girl seems to make an excursion," he said softly to himself. "Well, I hope she'll buy a lot for making me take this drive — and that's the worst I can hope of any one."

For the last few miles the road had been going from bad to worse. Now it passed through a sort of scoop between two hills, where, for about two hundred yards, it turned into one unbroken stretch of clayey mud. A sharp bend in the road prevented Hollywood from knowing whether or not the mud continued beyond that. Ordinarily he would have hesitated to embark on that stretch of sticky blackness; but to-day his mood was obstinate and a trifle reckless. He cracked his whip, and the horses waded in. They pulled valiantly, going from side to side like horses working up a hill; but just as they reached the bend where the mud was deepest, the straining bus gave a groan, settled, with a squashing and gurgling, a final six inches into the mud, and refused to budge.

The real-estate expedition to Hollywood Cove was hopelessly stuck.

The Lord of the Strand drew aside the oil-cloth flap and called down into the bus a little triumphantly — for, after all, it was her own fault for wanting to go out on such a day:

"We've stuck!"

"So I see," said the girl placidly. She made her way to the back of the bus and gazed out on the chocolate-colored, semi-liquid sea that surrounded them. "Looks just like fudge before it hardens, doesn't it?" she said gravely.

The Lord of the Strand noticed a little grudgingly that she looked very graceful and pretty, framed in the narrow opening of the bus, between the dimness of the canvased-in interior and the light outside. Her presence seemed, in some subtle way, to make even the inside of a canvas-covered bus homelike and agreeable to a surprising degree.

She went out on the step, and, leaning as far out as she dared, tried to see around the bend in the road. Suddenly she gave a little cry and called out:

"Come here quickly; there is somebody else stuck on the other side of the bend."

The Lord of the Strand slid hastily from his high seat, went to the back of the bus, and poked his head out into the rain. The horses, in their efforts, had drawn the bus almost horizontally across the road, so that its back nearly touched the right bank, while the horses were crowded over toward the left bank. From the steps of the bus it was possible to see completely around the bend. There, in the midst of the mud, stood a grindstone, such as itinerant scissors-grinders use, set up in a rickety old frame. It was raised a little above the level of the road, and rested upon something which, after a careful scrutiny, the Lord of the Strand made out to be the upper part of a battered and ancient wagon. The seat of the wagon, sticking out above the mud, washed by the down-pouring rain, had the ludicrous appearance of a bench placed there to tempt the leisure of a passer-by.

On the left bank of the road, seated against the trunk of an oak tree, trying to get what shelter he might, squatted an old man, with a felt hat pulled down over his ears. At his side stood an ancient horse, his legs caked and swollen with mud, his yellow hide pied with sticky black spots. His head hung down as though bowed by the weight of years; his eye, as he gazed out on the gray, rain-filled world, was fixed and pessimistic. As he stood there shivering in the wash of wind and water, he seemed a sad cartoon of Age and Toil.

"That must be the scissors-grinder," said the girl, pointing to the old man. "Let us ask him in. Goodness knows, there is room enough here — and we will have luncheon presently. I brought three ham sandwiches with me — and he looks awfully hungry."

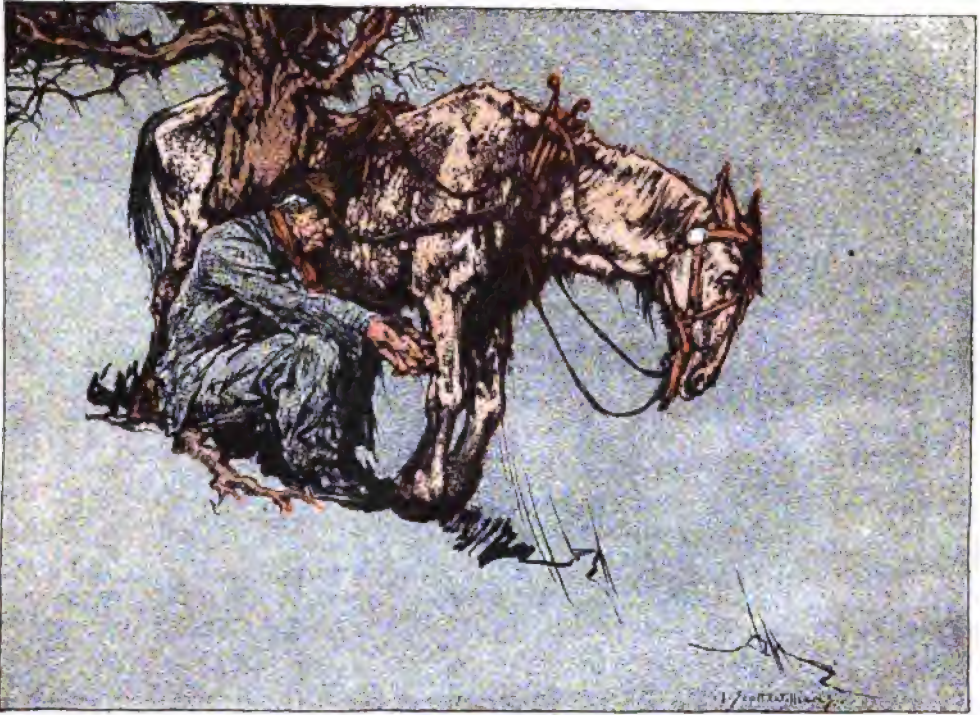
"He looks awfully dissipated, too," said the Lord of the Strand objectingly; "look at his nose. It is always a doubtful venture to make free with these wanderers of the road. This scissors-grinder may prove offensive."

"Goodness," said the girl, with a little laugh, "how aristocratic and un-Christian and un-charitable you are! I admit he looks dissipated, but he looks old and cold and lonesome, too. I am sure he is hungry. Maybe he is starving to death and my ham sandwich would save his life!"

Reaching a determination with this thought, she leaned far out and called a long-drawn "Ou — e — ou — h-o-o — o-o-o — o-o-o-o," such as children use to attract one another's attention.

The old man and the horse both looked up inquiringly.

"Won't you come in and have a sandwich?"



"AT HIS SIDE STOOD AN ANCIENT HORSE"

she asked. "It's dry in here — that is, it's dryer than out there. If you'll go around the curve, you'll find the front end of the bus — it's near enough for you to climb on."

The scissors-grinder, after a long stare of surprise, rose slowly and rheumatically to his feet, and began to walk cautiously along the slippery bank in the direction of the bus. His old horse gazed after him sadly but philosophically, like one who is being deserted by his last friend, yet scarcely expects anything better of the race of man.

The scissors-grinder appeared a moment later opposite the bus. The Lord of the Strand scrambled up to the high seat and held out a helping hand. A moment later the scissors-grinder had bridged the chasm of mud between wheel and bank, and was in the bus.

The girl held out her hand with the manner and smile of one who stands within her own drawing-room, and said, as effusively and hospitably as if she were welcoming a wealthy uncle who contemplated making her his heir:

"So glad you came. I thought that so long as we were both stuck, we might as well lunch together. Lunch will be ready in a moment."

She dived into a little black silk bag she carried, spread a clean napkin on the seat, and began to arrange three sandwiches and two pieces of cake to the best advantage. While

she did this the scissors-grinder watched her in silence, and the Lord of the Strand, in turn, watched him.

The old man's face was deeply rutted with lines, like a much-traveled road. The wind and sun had tanned and dried him out like an old piece of leather. His nose alone had color, and this, like a high light wrongly placed, shone over-ruddily. His gray hair rimmed this battered physiognomy as a dusty frame an old daguerreotype. Suddenly, as the Lord of the Strand watched him, ready to eject him at a moment's notice, he saw a new expression — as of something long forgotten, called up by an effort of the will — come into the scissors-grinder's eyes. The old man straightened his shoulders, cleared his throat, and, turning to the girl, bowed and said:

"I am delighted to accept your hospitality."

Both the Lord of the Strand and the girl cast quickly veiled, surprised looks at him. The words in his mouth were so unexpected that they startled that subtle instinct of class distinction that is in all of us. His voice, moreover, although hoarse and cracked, had a hint of former unction and polish in its tone — an ancient ceremoniousness. It was like a bell that has some silver in its casting, and that, although cracked and rusted, still sounds a mellow note.



The girl finished the arrangement of her improvised table in silence, then looked up.

"I am sorry," she said, "that we haven't more of a variety than just sandwiches and cake. If I'd thought we were going to be marooned in a bog, I'd have brought something awfully good to cheer us up. However, there is lots of ham between the bread, and I spread the mustard thick. I do hope you like mustard," and she handed a sandwich apiece to the Lord of the Strand and the scissors-grinder.

"May I ask," said the scissors-grinder, "without appearing too curious, if I am assisting at an elopement? I can think of nothing else that would have brought you out on such a day."

"No, indeed," said both the girl and the Lord of the Strand together.

"This is a real-estate excursion," added the girl.

"But where are the excursionists?" asked the old man, with a puzzled look.

"I am the excursionists," said the girl, with dignity. "I am afraid, though," she added, "that I sha'n't see the lots at Hollywood Cove, after all."

"It doesn't matter," said the Lord of the Strand pessimistically. "They're probably washed away by this time, anyway—I mean the stakes. The stakes, you see, are what

make them lots; otherwise they'd be just beach. I expect we'd find just beach."

"Are you the owner of Hollywood Cove—the boy they call the Lord of the Barren Strand around here?" asked the scissors-grinder.

"I am," said young Hollywood grimly. "I have been trying for the last six months to shift my ownership on to the unsuspecting public—but somehow the public seems to suspect. I haven't sold a single lot yet. This expedition is about my last. I haven't money enough left to hire another bus, and, if I had, there probably wouldn't be any people to ride in it."

The old man looked him over gravely.

"I have heard your story," he said. "In traveling from town to town, grinding knives and scissors at the back doors of houses, one hears a great number of things. Your father was once wealthy, wasn't he?"

"He once owned about all the country around here. The whole of the site upon which New Athens now stands was his. About a year before he died, when his judgment was weakened by age and illness, and while I was away at college, Archibald Devin, now the wealthiest man in New Athens, got him to exchange his land holdings for worthless stock in Mexican silver-mines. Oh, it was all done legally



"THE SCISSORS-GRINDER WATCHED HER IN SILENCE, AND THE LORD OF THE STRAND, IN TURN, WATCHED HIM"



"HERE HE SENT A MESSAGE ADDRESSED TO MR. GEORGE HOLLYWOOD"

enough, so legally that I could not get it undone—but, nevertheless, it was one of the worst frauds ever perpetrated. All that Devin left was Hollywood Cove, and he only left that because he did not think it was worth the notary's fee to witness a deed of it to him. And that is why I became Lord of the Barren Strand when father died."

"I know this Devin," said the scissors-grinder reflectively. "He always tries to jew me down in my price for grinding. With one exception, he is the meanest man in New Athens."

"Who is the exception?" asked the girl.

"James Taggart, the telegraph operator. He is just a shade meaner, I think. They are the same type, though. Either of them would do anything for money. The only difference between them is that Devin has managed to get rich out of his policy, while Taggart is still as poor as a church mouse."

"I see," said Hollywood, "that you keep your eyes open as you go from place to place."

"An old habit—one that was at one time of great use to me. You may be surprised to hear it, but I was once—too many years ago to remember—in your business. I was a land promoter. My name would have been recognized by your father if he were alive, for it was a well-known one."

The old man stopped a moment, lost in

thought, then went on: "It was necessary for me then to be able to read men—to know what pride or passion or prejudice I could best appeal to in them. For instance, if I had to deal with such men as Devin or Taggart, the telegraph operator at New Athens, I should appeal to their greediness and dishonesty—for that is all that is in them to appeal to."

"Why did you give up real-estate work?" asked the girl gently, after a moment's silence. "Why did you—er—adopt your present business?"

The shadow of a smile crossed the scissors-grinder's face.

"I can tell you that in a word—not a very elegant but a very expressive one. *Booze*. A man can travel a long way downhill in twenty years when he has that for company. You see me sober at the present moment solely because it is impossible for me to be otherwise. I have just left New Athens, which is unfortunately a prohibition town, and I attempted this mud-hole in spite of my better judgment and the better judgment of Methuselah (my horse), solely because the next town is not prohibition. The only reason that I am different to-day from my kind is that you have treated me like a human being—and made me remember that I once was one. Usually I prefer to forget it."

The Lord of the Strand and the girl remained



silent, for there did not seem to be anything to be said. The three finished up the last crumbs of their sandwiches and cake without further words. Then Hollywood said suddenly:

"Our two horses ought to be able to pull your wagon out. It is a very different proposition from our heavy bus. Let us try."

The scissors-grinder had some strong rope. They hitched the two horses to the old wagon, and finally succeeded in dislodging it from the deep mud and rolling it out on the comparatively hard road. The two bus horses were unhitched and Methuselah rehitched. The wagon, although oozing black mud from every pore, appeared none the worse for its immersion.

"I am glad that one of us is freed, anyway," said the Lord of the Strand. "We will stay an hour or so longer; then, if no one appears with horses strong enough to drag us out, we will abandon the bus and walk to New Athens — it can't be more than six or seven miles from here at the most."

The scissors-grinder extended a hand to each. Suddenly a quizzical smile lit up his face.

"In the old fairy stories," he said, "when two amiable children met a wretched old man in the woods and shared their crust with him out of the goodness of their hearts, he always turned out to be a powerful magician who gave each of them a wish. As I can't give you

anything else, I might as well be the magician and give you each a wish."

The Lord of the Strand laughed, and the girl clapped her hands gleefully, like a child.

"I will give you a hard one," said the Lord of the Strand. "I wish that I may sell all of my lots before sundown."

The girl thought seriously a moment, then said:

"May I make my wish in my mind, without telling any one?"

"Certainly," said the scissors-grinder; "in fact, they are more powerful that way."

"I have made it," she said after a moment's thought. "It, also, must come true before sundown," she added with an embarrassed little laugh. The old man smiled, and for some reason the girl blushed up to her damp, tightly curling hair.

Bidding them good-by, the scissors-grinder ascended the seat of his wagon and made a chuckling noise in his throat to Methuselah, and the ancient steed started off sadly along a road in which he had no confidence.

"They were kind little ones," said the scissors-grinder, speaking half aloud, as was his custom when driving Methuselah, "and I wish I really had the power to grant their wishes!"

Methuselah swished his tail — gravely, as became a horse of his years — to show that he



"THE TWO IN THE BUGGY RODE ON MILE AFTER MILE IN THE GLOAMING"

was in entire accord with his master, and they jogged on in silence for another half mile.

Suddenly the scissors-grinder gave a terrific jerk to the reins and cried:

"I have it, Methuselah — a plan! And we will use Taggart, the telegraph operator at New Athens, to carry it out for us. If my estimate of him is correct, he is mean enough and dishonest enough to do what I think he will do when he receives the telegram I am going to send to young Hollywood at New Athens. If he isn't, and doesn't do it, no harm will be done; but if he does do it, young Hollywood's wish will be granted."

He jerked the reins and the old steed accelerated his pace.

"Do your best, Methuselah," said his master; "we have no time to lose. They will stay with the bus for an hour or so, and of course nobody will appear to help them,— for who is mad enough to be out on these roads to-day? — then they will set out for New Athens. It will take them at least three or four hours to make it by the beach road, in this weather, on foot. I shall reach Scroggs Corners in an hour and a half, and can send the telegram from there — and it will reach New Athens in time for what I want."

An hour and a quarter later, the scissors-grinder and Methuselah, panting from his unwonted exertions, entered the hamlet of Scroggs Corners. The scissors-grinder alighted and entered the general merchandise store, in one corner of which was the telegraph office. Here he sent a message addressed to Mr. George Hollywood, Hollywood Cove, via New Athens.

"There are not many people," he said, with a chuckle, "who send a telegram and hope it won't reach the person they send it to; but I hope that Taggart will suppress this one. Well, Methuselah," he said to the horse, as he climbed into the wagon, "our work is done, and you know where to go," and he headed him in the direction of the corner groggery.

About the time that the scissors-grinder was sending his telegram, the Lord of the Strand and the Lady were tramping along the road about a quarter of a mile from where the abandoned bus stuck in the mud.

"I am sorry," the Lord of the Strand was saying, "that the direct road over the mountain is impassable — we shall have to cover a much greater distance in making this detour around by the coast."

"Never mind," said the girl, "it has one advantage. I shall have a chance to see Hollywood Cove and those wonderful lots. I feel quite tempted to buy one — even after what I've heard!"

"I wouldn't sell you one," said the Lord of the Strand in the shocked tone of a person to whom one has suggested the robbing of a friend.

"Why, that was what you brought me here for," said the Lady, with a laugh.

"I didn't know you then," said the Lord of the Strand firmly. "By the way, I don't know you yet — by name."

"Fenton — Miss Claudia Fenton."

They plodded on in silence for another half mile, walking in the road where it was hilly and the water had drained off, slushing through the thick wet grass along the bank when the mud made the road impassable. The rain had thinned to a fine, gray drizzle that permeated fabrics and turned them into damp, sodden masses. The Lord of the Strand cast frequent glances at the girl beside him. Her turban was limp, her skirts were draggled and muddy, and her blue tailor coat had lost its trimness and clung to her supinely. But this ruin of perishable things in no way dampened her spirits. Her eyes danced as she trudged along, her cheeks were rosy and damp with the rain, her hair had rolled up into tight little curls which looked as if no comb would ever persuade them to unwind. The Lord of the Strand reflected that she was an excellent companion in adversity, and would probably be as good a one in prosperity. A sudden thought shot across his mind. If he only had his lots sold — if he only had sufficient money to dare to think of such a thing! He would ask no better —

His meditations were interrupted by an exclamation from the girl herself. They had come in sight of the sea. The breakers stretched out in long, cold lines. Everything was unutterably gray, wet, and dismal. For the next half hour they walked along in silence, and even the girl's impregnable good humor seemed in danger of capitulating to the surroundings.

Suddenly the Lord of the Strand stopped and pointed ahead into the blurred distance.

"There," he said, "is Hollywood Cove, otherwise known as the Barren Strand, of which I am sole heir and owner."

"It *isn't* very comfortable-looking," acknowledged the girl. "Some beaches seem just the right background for a little four-room bungalow, but one would have to build a turreted, medieval castle, all in gray stone, to go with this beach. However," she added, afraid that she might have hurt his feelings, "it may look better when there are some people on it."

"There's somebody on it now, if I'm not mistaken. Look! I wonder who it can be?"

Claudia also now saw a solitary black figure on the beach, which was coming toward them in what seemed a hurried manner.

"Maybe it is some one conjured up by the scissors-grinder to buy your lots," she said, with an excited little laugh. "Let us hurry down before he disappears in thin air."

They walked briskly down to the beach. The black figure, instead of disappearing, advanced solidly to meet them. Now that they were near enough to notice details, Hollywood saw that he was a short, pudgy man dressed in a mackintosh and high boots, and that a buggy, which had evidently conveyed him here, was hitched to a tree a little way up from the beach.

"Why, that is Devin!" he exclaimed. — "the man who cheated my father," he added in a hasty aside to the girl.

He had time to say no more, for the pudgy man was upon them with outstretched hand.

"Ah, my dear young Hollywood," he cried with florid and effusive heartiness, "you are the very man I want to see! You are doubtless surprised to see me," he continued, as he caught his breath, which he had lost in his haste to greet the pair, "here upon such a — er — *dismal* day. I will explain my object as briefly as possible. I have come out to inspect your lots here, the estate your good father left you, with the — er — intention, I may state at once, of buying. We of New Athens feel that our little city is growing, sir, growing like the proverbial bean-stalk. We feel the need of an outlet — a harbor — a — er —" the banker of New Athens dove heroically into the depths of almost forgotten history, and brought up triumphantly — "a Piræus, sir. I have decided, after a great deal of consideration, that this is the most available site."

"But," said the Lord of the Strand in amazement, as he looked out upon the angry white breakers, which seemed to gnash their teeth in rage at the very thought of navigation, "it would be utterly impossible to make a harbor here. The rocks — the cliffs — the —"

The banker waved a deprecatory hand.

"Ah — ah, my dear young sir — modern methods of construction — the gigantic strides in mechanical science — the recent wonders of civil engineering —"

At each of these potent terms the banker lowered his voice reverently. He spoke in a half-soothing, half-confidential tone, like one who is both a father and a confider. The mere sound of his voice seemed to create a seaport, with its warehouses, wharves, and harbors; the mere wave of his hand was enough to fill the sea with ships of commerce. He stopped a moment to allow the full effect to reach the Lord of the Strand, then said suddenly, with a metallic ring, like the clinking of coins, in his voice:

"And now, to come down to business, how much will you —"

His sentence was cut short by the sound of galloping horses, and a moment later a couple of men in a buggy, drawn by two horses all in a lather of sweat, raced down the beach. They were followed by a wagon in which there were two more men. All of these newcomers hurried over to the Lord of the Strand. Devin watched them with uneasy eyes.

"We heard that you were selling lots to-day, Mr. Hollywood, and we have come to buy," said the first to reach him, without any preliminary remarks.

"We also wish to buy lots," said the men who had come in the wagon, pushing their way to the front.

Before the bewildered Lord of the Strand had time to answer them, more buggies and wagons began to arrive from the direction of New Athens, the occupants of which descended in headlong haste and hurriedly made known their desire to buy lots. All these New Athenians looked at one another with the quick, suspicious glances of men mutually distrustful. The blackest-looking among them was Devin, the earliest arrival. They one and all stared jealously at Hollywood, like a host of suitors at the object of their affections.

"It is your wish coming true," whispered Claudia, with wide eyes. "The scissors-grinder was a magician and has bewitched all these people."

The Lord of the Strand smiled at her, then turned to the waiting buyers and said briefly:

"I am here, gentlemen, to sell lots."

There was a sigh of something akin to relief among those waiting, as if they had almost expected him to refuse.

Devin stepped up and said rapidly in an undertone:

"I will take all your lots — I believe there are thirty-two — at the price you were asking for them, and pay fifty per cent advance on the gross price for the option of buying them all."

"I am sorry," said the Lord of the Strand, aloud, so that all might hear him, "but since there is so great a demand for lots, I don't think it would be fair to sell them in bulk. I might be depriving some worthy citizen of a home on this delightful beach. Give every one a chance, is my motto! I will, therefore, put up the lots one by one at auction. There are thirty-two lots in the tract. You can have your pick, gentlemen, as not a single lot is missing. We will begin with this fine corner lot, equally advantageous for a residence with an unobstructed view of the sea, or a centrally

located business site. What am I offered for this exceptional lot?"

The bidding began a little lower than the original price that Hollywood had been asking for the lots, but it soared up until it was double and treble that. There was a kind of hysterical eagerness among the bidders — a sort of tenacious rivalry that made them slow to give up. Every man present seemed possessed of a mania to own Hollywood Cove real estate.

The first lot, after a hot struggle, was knocked down to Devin. The other lots were rapidly put up, one after another, and in each case Devin outbid all the others. A fever for land accumulation seemed to have seized him. He was not satisfied until the whole tract had passed over to him. The moment the last lot was declared his, he detached himself from the group of his disgruntled townsmen, and seizing the Lord of the Strand and Claudia each by an arm, hurried them over to his buggy, which happened to be a two-seater.

"We will drive at once over to New Athens," he said nervously, — "at once. There the deed can be signed, and I will give you my check immediately."

"I've never seen any one in such a hurry to pay before," whispered Claudia, as the banker unhitched the horses.

"I am too glad to be rid of these lots to inquire closely into any one's reason for wanting them," said young Hollywood gaily. "I prefer to believe that the scissors-grinder bewitched old Devin."

After a five-mile drive, they arrived in the bustling little town of New Athens, and drove at once to the office of Devin's lawyer. Here an iron-bound deed was drawn up, and the banker's check for thirty-four thousand four hundred dollars was given to Hollywood in exchange for the land, comprising thirty-two lots, at Hollywood Cove.

A quarter of an hour later, the Lord of the Strand — now lord no longer — procured a top-buggy and a couple of strong horses for the homeward trip. It was now late afternoon, and Hollywood figured that he could get Claudia back to San Jacinto in time to catch one of the evening trains to the city.

As they drove down the main street of the town, they passed the telegraph office. A hallo from within stopped them. Taggart, the telegraph operator, a wizened little man with beady eyes like a snake's, ran out and handed Hollywood a yellow envelop.

"This just came for you, Mr. Hollywood," he said. Before the Lord of the Strand had time to ask any questions, he disappeared.

Hollywood gave the reins to Claudia, tore

open the envelop, and read the message as they drove along:

Do not sell an inch of Hollywood Cove. Oil has been discovered on your land.

S. GRINDER.

"This," said the Lord of the Strand, as he handed the telegram to Claudia, "explains the boom in Hollywood Cove real estate."

The girl studied the telegram gravely for a few minutes, then asked: "*Who* is S. Grinder?"

"I don't know him from the man in the moon. Never heard the name before," and he bent over and studied the telegram with her. Then suddenly the same thought struck them at the same instant, and they burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"S. Grinder — Scissors-Grinder, of course," said the girl, when she could speak. "He sent that telegram to make your wish come true!"

She stopped, suddenly puzzled.

"But how," she asked, "did he know that his scheme would work? — that the telegraph operator at New Athens here would suppress the telegram long enough to give the people he had told time to buy before you knew anything about it?"

"He didn't know for a certainty," said the Lord of the Strand reflectively. "But what he did know was the weakness of human nature in general, and that of Taggart, the operator here, in particular. He knew that he was both poor and dishonest — a strong combination for unrighteousness when the chance offers — and he provided the bait of an excellent chance. Of course, Taggart had to do the biting. And he seems to have bit pretty hard. Not only did he tip off Devin, who always has ready money on hand to snap up a good thing, but, after Devin had started out, he evidently tipped off a good many more people — thereby increasing his own pocket money."

The Lord of the Strand drove along in silence a few moments, then laughed aloud.

"*This* time," he said, "Devin has overreached himself. By his own act, in trying to cheat me, he has managed to cheat himself. It is the first case of poetic justice I have ever known."

By this time the rain had stopped, and the last of the day gave promise of a fair evening with a little starlight. Even a few rays of watery sunshine slanted down through the dripping tree-branches. The two in the buggy rode on mile after mile in the gloaming in silence, for a certain constraint had fallen upon them. At last the Lord of the Strand turned to Claudia and said:

"Half of this money is yours by right. If it hadn't been for you, I should never have started out to-day. Moreover, it was you who insisted on inviting the scissors-grinder in to lunch. I consider you a partner in this enterprise, and insist on your accepting one half the profits. As the Strand was absolutely worthless, there are nothing but profits."

"Nonsense. Of course, I will not take a cent. You are quixotic. Under no circumstances will I accept a penny of your money."

"Under no circumstances?" said the Lord of the Strand anxiously.

"Under no circumstances."

"Then I suppose there is no use asking you to marry me, since I would have to support you on it, for a time at least. And I'd wanted

to ask you so much! I thought, in the bus, how nice and homelike it all was — not that I wanted to live in a bus, of course —" The Lord of the Strand let his sentence trail off into a confused murmur. For the next few minutes the silence remained unbroken. Then Claudia said in a very little voice, demurely:

"Of course, under the circumstances you mention, I might possibly sometime see my way clear to accept —"

"Me!" said the Lord of the Strand joyously.

"Look!" exclaimed Claudia irrelevantly, pointing to the west, where the orange rim of the sun was just disappearing from view. "I just got my wish in time. I —" But the rest of her sentence was smothered and inaudible.

## "WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS"\*

THE publication of an acting play in serial form is perhaps unusual enough to warrant a word of explanation.

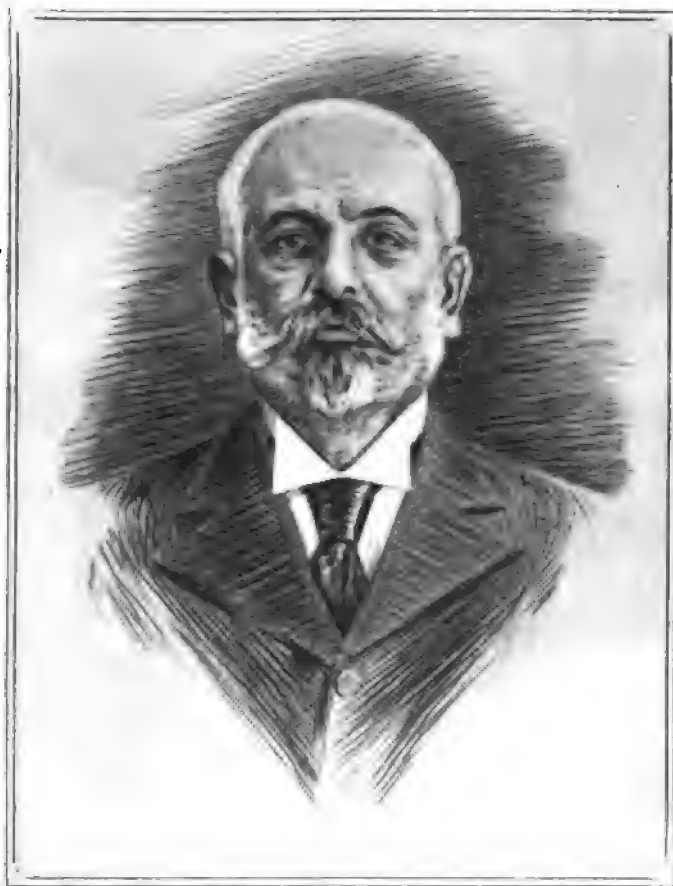
Arnold Bennett's play, "What the Public Wants," is one of very timely interest, not only because it satirizes a characteristic phase of modern journalism, but because it is indicative of the most active form of literary enterprise in England to-day. Unquestionably, for the last ten years the number of good plays written in England has been rapidly on the increase, while the output of good novels has been comparatively small. J. M. Barrie and George Bernard Shaw, both of whom began as novelists, now write plays exclusively. John Galsworthy, perhaps the most accomplished of the younger novelists, has brought out three successful plays, two of which are well known in this country: "The Silver Box," produced by Miss Ethel Barrymore, and "Strife," lately produced with remarkable success at the New Theater in New York.

Granville Barker's two plays, "The Voysey Inheritance" and "Waste," are among the most notable of recent additions to English literature; and John Masefield, in "Nan," has told in dramatic form a story worthy of Thomas Hardy. The new literature of Ireland, under the leadership of William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, and the lamented J. M. Synge, consists almost entirely of plays.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, the author of an unusually successful novel, last summer joined this strong company of successful play-makers with "What the Public Wants." The comedy was first put on by the Stage Society, but because of its popular qualities was quickly transferred to the stage of a commercial theater. The strength of the younger English writers is going so largely into plays, that the serial publication of one of the newest and cleverest of these seems to be but following the main current of England's present literary activity.

EDITOR.

\* See page 301.



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

SEÑOR FRANCISCO FERRER

## THE FERRER TRIAL

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COURT MARTIAL AND EXECUTION  
OF FERRER, THE SPANISH RADICAL

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH A DRAWING BY F. VAN SLOAN

THE trial of Francisco Ferrer in the Model Prison at Barcelona was a State function of the highest importance; besides the reporters, only privileged spectators were present to witness an end being made of the Government's enemy. There was a good deal of competition for a place in court; Ferrer was not known by sight to many people in Spain, and there was curiosity as to the personality and appearance of this powerful Revolutionary, the leader of a school of political thought. A colonel and six captains were appointed to try him, and a captain of engineers was deputed to conduct his defense, with a prospect of arrest and imprisonment if he went too far on the prisoner's



behalf. The whole thing was stage-managed like a drama, and its end was not less certain and foreseen.

They brought Ferrer in and placed him at the bar of the court, with a sentry beside him; and the spectators rustled and fidgeted to see him close at hand. Under their curious eyes, the doomed man shrank and was uneasy. People saw him with astonishment. He had the manner and all the outward look of an elderly clerk or a country schoolmaster, of anything subordinate and plodding and uninspired. He was middle-aged and of the middle stature, with a round, dull face, and a short, pointed gray beard. There was nothing to distinguish him from thousands of men in Spain to-day, in whom the national character of reserve and incuriousness are exaggerated to a sort of atrophy of the faculties. He showed no trace of that fervency and power that had made him the enemy of the Government, and sustained him through years of war against bureaucracy and clericalism in Catalonia. It was only when, at some turn in the proceedings, he looked up quickly, that people were able to see that the eyes in the patient face were steady and of a peculiar brightness.

A military court does not pronounce sentence at the end of the case, and when Ferrer was taken out from court, no word of death had been spoken. But he knew, and the others knew, that he went forth doomed. In London and in

Paris it was known. There were attempts to influence the governments of Great Britain and France to intervene to save him; and the advocates at the Palace of Justice in Paris signed a protest against the manner in which he had been denied justice and an opportunity to clear himself. In Rome also it was known. The Pope addressed an inquiry to the Papal Nuncio in Spain as to whether his intervention would be taken well, and the date of Ferrer's execution was actually advanced in order that the young King might not have to refuse a request from the Vatican. Those who advise the Pope were not blind to the fact that clericalism in Spain can ill afford to make martyrs; the proof of their wisdom is in the uproar that arose from every capital between St. Petersburg and Montevideo in answer to the volley at Montjuich on October 13.

There is not lacking a mass of proof that from the moment he was arrested Ferrer was as good as dead. He was charged with inciting and taking part in the recent riots at Barcelona. His guilt or his innocence no longer concerns any one. The time to prove him guilty was in his life-time, when he could answer for himself.

Six months ago, if one had sought in Spain for an outstanding man, for a leader whose disappearance would change the destinies of the struggle between the forces of liberalism and their opponents, it would have been hard to fix upon one. In Catalonia, Ferrer's native prov-



MONTJUICH, THE FORTRESS PRISON WHERE FERRER WAS SHOT



SEÑORITA PAZ FERRER, THE DAUGHTER OF SEÑOR FERRER, WHO PETITIONED KING ALPHONSO FOR HER FATHER'S REPRIEVE

ince, as in the rest of Spain, Anti-clericalism is more an instinct of the people than a matter of politics. A man may be a Republican, a Nationalist, a Separatist, a Lerrouxista, but he is an Anti-clerical as well. It is not that he is necessarily hostile to religion, or even to the Church; it is simply that the religious orders have become a heavy burden to the community, and their increase in the face of the law restricting them is making life a difficult matter for thousands of people.

Although I was not personally acquainted with Ferrer, I lived for a considerable time at Barcelona while I was studying the growth of the anarchist movement in Spain, and I was able to follow closely the results of his work there.

To gain a clue to Ferrer's share in Spanish politics, it is necessary to understand the position of the Anti-clericals. The diocese of Barcelona, to select one instance, has a total population of about a million souls. Within this diocese there are not fewer than five hundred religious houses—monasteries and convents—and some six thousand minor institutions forming centers of clerical propaganda and influence. It is not known how many monks, nuns, and priests these figures represent; Spanish statistics are incomplete and inaccurate: but they stand, at any rate, for a very large body of people—individually poor, but collectively controlling enormous wealth—who have no share in the life of the community and the duties of the citizen.

If this were all, it would yet be a serious burden to Spain's most enterprising and prosperous province; but the matter goes further. The orders engage in business. They have special advantages in the way of securing labor and custom, and they are exempt from all taxes. They manufacture liqueurs, chocolates, candy, and linen; they work farms; they undertake printing and laundry work; and they are able to do all this on terms with which the layman cannot compete. They control the schools of Spain, and in politics their influence is paramount. There is a general belief throughout the country that the Queen Mother, the most unpopular figure in Spain, is the tool of the Jesuits. Whether this be true or not, the effect is the same: clerical influence and clerical wealth shut off all hope of reform and progress; and thus it is that in Barcelona all disorders begin with the burning of a convent.

There is a story of a newly appointed Governor whose first report from his district began: "The convents are still being burned quite regularly."

It was to this warfare between the people and the orders that Francisco Ferrer belonged. He was the son of a cooper at Alella, a small town about ten miles from Barcelona, where he was born in 1863. Thus he belonged, as by inheritance and birthright, to the paramount cause in Catalonia. He had little education, save such as a poor boy was able to gain in the Church schools under a system that still leaves seventy-five per cent of the people of Spain illiterate; but he had an aptitude for study, and read largely.

The corrupt and decadent Spain of to-day has lost its old artistic and literary traditions, but there is still a curious

subterranean culture to be found, which is traceable directly to Anarchism. The Anarchist teachers who leavened Spain in the sixties and seventies of last century brought with them the new philosophy of democracy. The ideas of Marx, Bakúnin the Russian, and John Stuart Mill gained currency and acceptance, and these and others were accessible to Ferrer. He grew up, in the faith they inculcated, a Republican, an Anti-clerical, and a philosophical Anarchist—that is to say, accepting the principles of Anarchism as an academic proposition, but withholding himself from their active conclusions. The universities of Europe are full of Anarchists in the same sense; it is the common resource and refuge of political idealists.

But he made no history. He had sufficient dislike for monarchy to leave Spain after the brief experiment of the Spanish Republic. He went to Paris, where he found companionship among others of the same way of thinking as himself, and secured employment as a teacher of Spanish. He was never an imposing figure.

He was a man of the lower classes, without grace of manner, geniality, or wit, and his appearance almost constituted a claim to be overlooked. But, none the less, this awkward, silent Spaniard had something within him that attracted to him the confidence and devotion of women. The record of his life has several instances of women inspired to be his followers and helpers. While he lay in prison, one, Señora Villafranca, the most faithful of his followers, was exhausting every resource to secure his reprieve in Madrid. In Paris there was another, named Mlle Meunier. Little is



DON ANTONIO MAURA  
THE FORMER PREMIER OF SPAIN, WHOSE MINISTRY HAS  
BEEN OVERTHROWN IN CONSEQUENCE  
OF FERRER'S EXECUTION



A MEETING BETWEEN QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN AND SEÑOR MAURA,  
THE MAN WHOM SPAIN CHARGES WITH FERRER'S DEATH

known of her, save that she was a very old woman who believed in Ferrer, and when she died she left him half a million dollars with which to forward his cause in Spain. It made him, for Spain, a very rich man; it put into his hands power such as no other leader had commanded. From that time Ferrer began to be recognized as a formidable figure in Spanish affairs.

He opened his campaign by founding in Barcelona his Escuela Moderna, the only secular school in Spain. Here a child received sound teaching in conventional subjects, and was also trained along the peculiar lines of Ferrer's beliefs. He described the object of the school in these words:

"To make children reflect upon the lies of religion, of government, of patriotism, of justice, of politics, and of militarism; and to prepare their minds for the social revolution."

Apart from this latter purpose, the school served a great national need, and its success was immediate. Branches were

established in other parts of Spain, and it has already, in something less than eight years, turned out about four thousand pupils, well equipped to hold their own in illiterate and ignorant Spain. Also, it carried out its founder's intention that it should be a blow at clericalism, and its power was fully recognized by the Government when, in 1906, an opportunity arose to attack Ferrer.

Among the men whom Ferrer had appointed to assist in the conduct of the Escuela Moderna was Mateo Morales, an accom-

plished linguist, who was given the post of librarian. He, too, was an Anarchist, but not of the philosophical and theoretical kind to which Ferrer belonged. He was the man who threw the bomb at King Alphonso and his bride on the day of their wedding.

On June 4, 1906, Ferrer was arrested for complicity in this outrage, apparently for no other reason than that he had known Morales well. Not a shred of evidence could be adduced against him; there was not even enough to bring him to trial. In fact, the case was so



KING ALPHONSO AND SEÑOR MAURA AT THE GATE OF "LA GRANJA"

utterly feeble that the Judge of First Instance agreed to liberate him on bail, adding that no cause had been shown why Ferrer should be either tried or detained in prison. But Ferrer was not liberated. The Fiscal intervened to prevent it — his authority was higher than that of the Judge.

"You will not be allowed bail," he told Ferrer, "even if the Judge has permitted it, because I will stop it."

So Ferrer went back to jail, and remained there without trial for a full year. At the end of that time a trial was arranged. Ordinarily he should have been brought before the Court of Assize, but there were reasons why the normal course of justice should not be pursued, and therefore a special court was established to try him, without a jury. No means were neglected to secure the judicial murder of the only rich man among the Anti-clericals, and yet the attempt failed. Evidence was offered on two points. It was shown, in the first place, that Anarchists had paid visits to Ferrer. This was not denied. In the second place, there was an attempt to demonstrate that, since Morales was a poor man and Ferrer a rich one, *therefore* Ferrer must have supplied Morales with money to hire rooms in Madrid and make the attempt on the King's life.

Ferrer's counsel wished to call M. Henri Rochefort on his behalf,— he would have been a powerful witness for the defense,— but the court answered this with a refusal to hear foreign witnesses. This, however, could not silence Rochefort in the newspapers, and he published a letter from Morales to a Russian Revolutionary in which he said:

"I have no faith in Ferrer, Tarrida, and Lorenzo, and all the simple-minded folk who think you can do anything with speeches."

The case was absurd from beginning to end. Even a specially constituted court found itself unable to convict on such evidence, and Ferrer was acquitted. The Government and the orders had lost the first round of the fight. But they had gained experience which served them well when Ferrer again fell into their hands. This time they improved on even a special court and no jury: they abolished witnesses and limited the discretion of the man they themselves nominated to conduct the defense.

The first trial took place three years ago, and ever after Ferrer was a marked man. He knew his danger and walked carefully. He conducted the increasing work of his schools, attended a Labor Federation in Paris, and visited London. When, in 1909, Barcelona flamed into open revolt, he was nowhere to be found. It is not

quite clear why he should have been looked for in connection with the disorders. Violence, dynamite, and barricades are as native to Barcelona as steel to Pittsburg. In twenty-five years, to go no farther back, there have been recorded in the city one hundred and fourteen bomb outrages alone, and these figures are incomplete. In the last year fifteen bombs were exploded, and in the last five months there have been eighteen more. Barcelona is forever on the brink of an outrage or an uprising; it does not need a Ferrer to stir it to its peculiar activities. But the police had orders from Madrid to lay hands on Ferrer, and he promptly went into hiding. The city was under martial law, and it was no time for Ferrer, of all people, to risk a trial.

The police effected his capture without much difficulty. Among their prisoners was a woman who was known to be a friend of Ferrer, and she was released, in the hope that she might be followed to his hiding-place. She managed to evade the detectives; but she reappeared in a day or two and tried to cash a draft to Ferrer at the Bank of Barcelona. It was pointed out to her that the draft must bear an authorization from Ferrer to pay the money to her. Next day she was back with the necessary signature. It was clear that Ferrer was near at hand. The police lines drew closer, and it was soon discovered that he was lodging with the Mayor of an adjoining suburb. The police descended on the house at night, but Ferrer had received notice and had escaped. He was recognized at Alella, his birth-place, arrested, and conveyed in a cart to Barcelona on September 1. Señor Ugarte, the Public Prosecutor, announced forthwith that he considered Ferrer to have been the leading spirit in the outrages of July.

Then began Ferrer's second trial, the wretched farce that roused the lawyers of Paris to protest against the procedure. A preliminary examination was held by a Judge of First Instance — one, that is to say, who has power only to examine, and cannot decide or sentence. A search was made of the prisoner's house, and a document was produced that was said to have been discovered there. It was a proclamation, and the authorities alleged that Ferrer was its author. It said:

"We are all agreed upon a revolution. All Revolutionaries must devote themselves to the cause, but we need to have three hundred comrades ready, as we are to risk their necks at Madrid to begin our movement. We await a favorable opportunity, such as after a general strike or on the eve of Labor Day [May 1]."



A FERRER RIOT SCENE BEFORE THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTA IN PARIS



A MEETING HELD IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE TO PROTEST AGAINST FERRER'S EXECUTION



The proclamation went on to discuss the killing of high personages and the destruction of public buildings. It was also alleged that other documents were found, in which Ferrer gave instructions to his comrades for the use of cipher codes, and asked for particulars as to their stores of arms, money, and dynamite. In fact, none of the romantic paraphernalia of the stage Anarchist was lacking. In the light of such documents, Ferrer stood revealed as a bloodthirsty plotter of the most deadly kind, a kind far more complete and more deadly than the history of Anarchism has ever revealed.

But there was an answer to all this. Some of the documents produced had figured in the Madrid trial in 1906 and had been disposed of; they required no further answer. As to the others, Ferrer denied that they had been in his possession, and reminded the judge that it had more than once been proved that the police had placed documents in a prisoner's house for the purpose of discovering them thereafter. He wished to call witnesses to prove his manner of life, his concern with the schools to the exclusion of all else, his freedom from all complicity in the troubles of July. But this was impossible. Most of his witnesses were already in exile, driven there either by the danger of life in Barcelona or by the action of the authorities. He denied that he had been present in Barcelona during the revolt, but there were the same difficulties in the way of substantiating his word.

Against him appeared seventy witnesses, not half of whose number had anything to say that could be held to aid toward a conviction. They swore blithely that they considered Señor Ferrer to be implicated; that their opinion was the general one; that he was a man whose principles made such matters natural to him. This, in fact, was the evidence of several, and others had testimony of equal relevance.

As the case proceeded, Ferrer seemed to lose interest in it. No doubt he recognized that the trial was no more than a form, a preliminary prescribed by etiquette to precede the sentence of death. At the beginning he had watched events shrewdly, and from time to time had spoken briskly and incisively; but long before the last of the seventy witnesses had been heard he had given himself up to thought.

Everything was carried out according to arrangement. Ferrer was committed to take his trial before a court martial, and Captain Galceran, of the Regiment of Engineers, one of the *corps d'élite* of the Spanish Army, was appointed counsel for the defense. This is a post

of no ordinary difficulty, for in such a case the officer must reconcile his duty to his client with a convention as to the lengths an officer of the army may go in defending a man accused of a military crime; and it has often happened that an officer acting as counsel has subsequently been punished for his over-enthusiastic advocacy.

In this case Captain Galceran seems to have acted fearlessly and conscientiously. No witnesses were called, and the proceedings were confined to speeches. Captain Galceran charged the prosecution with burking the trial. Many witnesses for Señor Ferrer had been refused a hearing, on the ground that the time limit had expired; only hostile evidence had been admitted, and statements had been received from persons not qualified to offer testimony; even anonymous denunciations had been suffered to have weight. Ferrer himself spoke, but briefly, and the trial was over. No one was in doubt as to the result.

It is said — with what truth I cannot say — that King Alphonso was willing to reprove Ferrer. He was inundated with petitions for mercy. One was from Señora Paz Ferrer, the condemned man's daughter in Paris; and there were others from nearly every country in Europe. The report adds that an interview, with that object, took place between the King and Señor Maura, the Prime Minister. In such an event, the King's purpose can only have been frustrated by Señor Maura. A death sentence, once confirmed by the Cabinet, cannot be revised by the King. This is quoted in support of the charge that Ferrer owed his death directly to Maura.

On the evening of October 12 the Cabinet met and ratified the sentence. Ferrer, who had been removed to the fortress prison of Montjuich, was informed the same night that he was to die next morning. The sentence of the court martial was contained in a long and prolix document, and it took three quarters of an hour to read it to him. His calm as he listened impressed everybody present. One knows that passive, half-melancholy Spanish calm, more than Oriental in its strength.

There were priests to attend him. He had been placed *en capilla* in the little chapel in which a condemned man is made to await the hour of execution. But Ferrer would have none of them. All his life he had seen his country suffer under unworthy priests; and at the end of it he would not turn from his hostility.

"Leave me to die in peace," he said to them. "I have my ideas, and I am as firm in my convictions as you are in yours."



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF KING ALPHONSO

He spent the night in writing his will. He disposed of his property in a few legacies: one to his faithful friend, Señora Villafranca, with which to carry on his work; another to make provision for his father; and the rest between his children. To them he addressed a request that they would not claim their legacies, but would allow them to go to the upkeep of his schools. He neither ate, drank, nor slept all night.

At nine o'clock in the morning of October 13 they took him forth to be shot in one of the ditches of the fortifications, consecrated to its grim use by many executions. On the hillside at a little distance were groups of spectators from the city; the troops would not allow them

to come nearer. He still preserved his indomitable calm. In that hour his every-day and commonplace aspect must have worn a look of greatness. Two friars would have accompanied him, but he sent them back, and thus he came to the foot of the rampart sloping steeply up against the sky, against which it is the custom to shoot men. Ordinarily a man faces the rampart and is shot from behind; but Ferrer begged that he might see his death.

"It is not allowed," he was answered. "A traitor must either turn his back or be blindfolded."

It was the latter alternative that he selected, and a handkerchief was bound over his eyes.

There were only four men in the firing party, soldiers from the garrison chosen by the drawing of lots. The officers and guards stood away from him, the signal was given, and the volley rang out. Ferrer gave a loud cry and fell forward. It was over.

The Government and the orders had won the second round of the game. The dice were loaded, it is true; the game was not honest: but they won.

And what remains? There remains at least the Escuela Moderna which Ferrer founded, and money to carry it on. In less than eight years its branches have spread from Barcelona over all Spain; and though Ferrer is now absent, the very momentum of its own success will carry it on. It is the most powerful force against clericalism, and it will not become less formidable as time passes. And there remains, further,—what was lacking before,—proof, plain to people of all classes and all grades of intelligence, of the evil influence of the orders on the Government of Spain. France was obliged to expel the orders before the separation of Church and State could be brought about, and did so on provocation not to be compared with that of Spain. It is not merely a name, to be potent as a rallying cry on barricades when Barcelona raves in her periodic fevers, that Ferrer leaves behind him: it is a vital fact of official cruelty, dishonesty, and malice, to which there can be no answer but reform from the root up.

He was not a great man in the sense of a man

whose inward strength would have thrust him to the fore in any environment. Rather, he was a product of his time and country, one of those men who are created as though by an economic demand to meet a need. He was not eloquent nor cultured; he could not move gatherings by speeches, and he wrote little. At his trial, the spectators were surprised to hear him speak the formal Castilian of official procedure "like an ill-educated Frenchman." But, once his interest was strongly taken, he could kindle to vivacity; he could be brisk and downright, and the living force within him would come to the light. He had, what is rare in Spain, a reserve of energy to back the faith that he professed—something akin to fanaticism. It was that, and the fact that he was rich, that made him formidable.

As an Anarchist he hardly counted. Anarchism demands a more strenuous adherence than Ferrer could give to it. Certainly he was never in any sense a member of its councils or a leading figure among the Anarchists of Barcelona. He led an irregular life, but not, as has been charged against him, a loose one. His two daughters are resident in Paris. Señorita Paz, the elder, is an actress. The younger, a widow with two daughters, was supported by her father; since his death she has obtained employment in a biscuit factory. His wife still lives in Spain.

Since Ferrer died, Señor Maura's government has fallen, and has been succeeded by Señor



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ALMOST AT THE INSTANT THE BOMB WAS THROWN  
AT ALPHONSO'S WEDDING PROCESSION: FERRER WAS ACCUSED OF  
COMPLICITY IN THIS OUTRAGE



THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT BARCELONA, WRECKED BY ANARCHISTS  
DURING THE BARCELONA UPRISINGS



ONE OF THE CHURCHES WRECKED DURING THE BARCELONA RIOTS, WHICH  
FERRER WAS CHARGED WITH HAVING INCITED AND TAKEN PART IN

Moret's administration. Possibly there is a meaning in this change. Since the death of Ferrer was the issue on which the Government fell, the change may presage reforms. But Spain is used to government by spoliation; to parties that succeed one another in power by mutual arrangement; and hopes are not strong. The real hope is still in Ferrer. The world's voice denounced the system that slaughtered

him; his death is the chief count in the indictment against clericalism and bureaucracy. Not even his own Escuela Moderna could show Spain to the young generation of Spaniards in a harsher light than the tragic farce of his two trials, his condemnation and death.

Meanwhile, the officer who acted for him is to be brought before a court martial for playing too well his part as counsel for the defense.

# THE NEIGHBORS

BY

THEODOSIA GARRISON

*At first cock-crow  
The ghosts must go  
Back to their quiet graves below.*

AGAINST the distant striking of the clock  
I heard the crowing cock,  
And I arose and threw the window wide —  
Ah, long before the setting of the moon.  
And yet I knew they must be passing soon —  
My neighbors who had died —  
Back to their narrow, green-roofed homes that wait  
Beyond the church-yard gate.

I leaned far out and waited. All the world  
Was like a thing empearled,  
Mysterious and beautiful and still;  
The crooked road seemed one the moon might lay,  
The little village slept in Quaker gray,  
And gray and tall the poplars on the hill;  
And then far off I heard the cock — and then  
My neighbors passed again.

At first it seemed a white cloud, nothing more,  
Slow drifting by my door,  
Or gardened lilies swaying in the wind;  
Then suddenly each separate face I knew —  
The tender lovers, drifting two and two;  
Old, peaceful folk long since passed out of mind;  
And little children — one whose hand held still  
An earth-grown daffodil.

And here I saw one pausing for a space  
To lift a wistful face  
Up to a certain window where there dreamed  
A little brood left motherless; and there  
One turned to where his unplowed fields lay bare;  
And others lingering passed. But one there seemed  
So over-glad to haste — she scarce could wait  
To reach the church-yard gate.

The farrier's little maid who loved too well  
And died — I may not tell  
How glad she seemed. My neighbors, young and old,  
With backward glances lingered as they went;  
Only upon one face was all content,  
A sorrow comforted — a peace untold.  
I watched them through the swinging gate — the dawn  
Stayed till the last had gone.

# BILLIONS OF TREASURE

SHALL THE MINERAL WEALTH OF ALASKA ENRICH THE GUGGENHEIM TRUST OR THE UNITED STATES TREASURY?

BY

JOHN E. LATHROP AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**I**N 1901, prospectors for oil found a billion dollars' worth of coal in southern Alaska. They were looking, without much luck, for oil-wells, when the Indians and squaw-men took a few of them back into the glaciers and showed them the mountains of coal along Bering River—known to the local tribes for years. Nowhere else on the face of the earth has anything like these mountains ever been discovered. They are masses of tilted rock from one to four thousand feet high, cut across from one end to the other with seams, from five to fifty feet thick, of the highest class of bituminous and anthracite coal. The people having inside information on this land were naturally anxious to secure title to it away from the United States Government, which owned it.

Just how to do this was a puzzle. The United States has been giving away its coal within its main borders at a nominal price for thirty-five years, as fast as it has been applied for. But, because of pure carelessness on the part of Congress, it was impossible for it to give away this coal land in Alaska. In 1900 Congress had voted to extend the coal-land laws to this district, but no one had taken the trouble to notice that the coal-land laws of the United States only provided for giving away lands that had been surveyed by the Government. As there were no Government-surveyed coal lands in Alaska, and in all human probability would not be for decades to come, this law was useless to any one who wanted to get hold of the Government's coal there. About all that the people who wanted to appropriate these coal mountains at Bering River could do was to take possession of them, hold them physically, and wait till they could get a new law.

## *The Englishmen Take 200,000,000 Tons*

The first people to get their hands on these lands were a syndicate of big English capitalists who in 1901 had an outfit looking for oil in this Bering River district. Being Eng-

lishmen, without experience in getting together large sections of American Government lands, they went to work rather baldly. They had a company—the Pacific Oil and Coal Company. This company made a standing offer of one hundred dollars to anybody in the section who would locate a claim on these coal lands for them. Then the company took over the deeds from these people—mostly miners and company workmen—before the locators had any sign of title to the land. This is not a legal way of getting any kind of United States land. The American land laws have never proposed giving public land to corporations or rich individuals. They were intended primarily to help American citizens of small means to settle and develop the great West. It was quite a joke in the district at that time that the Englishmen were getting locations from foreigners, who, not being or intending to be American citizens, had no right to take Government lands at all. But the Englishmen were energetic. Before they got through they were in possession of some fifteen square miles of this Government coal land, with more than 200,000,000 tons of the finest commercial coal on it. They got it cheap, too; undoubtedly \$12,000 or \$15,000 would cover all they paid their locators.

## *The Syndicate of Northwestern Millionaires*

The English syndicate used local labor in getting their claims. But just after they had started, the news of the coal bonanza began to filter into Seattle—the business and news center of all Alaskan interests—and the man with the powers-of-attorney arrived in the district from the United States. This individual appears, with absolute certainty, in successful new mining districts, and appropriates all the territory he can file on in the names of an indefinite number of relatives and acquaintances in the home country. No character in mining districts is regarded with a more nervous and eager hatred than this power-of-attorney "stampeder." But, being a creature of our



mining laws, his rights are fully protected by our Government.

After the Englishmen, the next group to take a slice of this Bering River coal find was a syndicate of millionaires from Washington and Idaho, operating through a typical power-of-attorney "stampeder" named Clarence Cunningham, from Wallace, Idaho, in the Coeur d'Alène silver- and lead-mining district. These men were largely bankers, mining operators, and speculators. They were not all millionaires, but they were nearly all rich men, and the group of thirty-three was undoubtedly worth over \$20,000,000. This was probably the most remarkable syndicate that has ever filed on United States coal lands. The almost invariable practice of capitalists, in securing lands of this kind, is to take them over from other locators. In this way there is no danger of prosecution for fraud and perjury. But this syndicate of Western millionaires took the chance of filing on this Bering field in their own names. They got together eight square miles of coal lands. Not less than 90,000,000 tons of high-class commercial coal can be taken out of this; and probably a great deal more. It cost perhaps \$15,000 to get settled on it.

#### *The Politicians Get the Best*

But probably the best territory of all was taken up by a group that came after these two. This, in view of its development, may be called the politicians' syndicate. It was engineered, through a power-of-attorney man named M. A. Green, by Harry White. White was at one time mayor of Seattle, but resigned very suddenly, for reasons that have never entirely been made public. He did not retire from practical politics, however, and was one of the most prominent workers in the West for the Republican party during the last presidential campaign. White's political acquaintance extends throughout the entire Pacific Coast, and Republican politicians and office-holders of both local and national prominence appear in his syndicate. Altogether, this political group acquired fifteen or eighteen square miles of territory. The coal on this is anthracite, the finest quality in the district; there is not less than 200,000,000 tons of it; and probably a great deal more.

#### *The Bartenders and Miscellaneous Groups*

But by the time these last people filed — in 1903, 1904, and 1905 — it was a general free-for-all race for mining promoters all over the United States to plaster the map of this Bering River coal district with powers-of-attorney from anybody they could get hold of. These

documents went forward to Alaska from all sections, from the Pacific Coast to Washington, D. C., literally by the hundreds. But the center of the speculation was still Seattle — the natural center of all Alaskan interests, and the present capital of the get-rich-quick belt of this continent. No class of society was exempt from taking a chance at these Government coal lands. It was the greatest project to get something for nothing from the United States Government that had ever been proposed in Seattle.

There was one interesting group — the Christopher-Simmonds — made up quite largely of bartenders, theatrical scene-shifters, and men with similar vocations in life. Bartenders, between selling drinks, signed documents they didn't understand, just to "be a good feller"; and got and expected nothing from it. Another prominent syndicate, headed by a former Y. M. C. A. secretary, formed a company and sold stock by mail before it had title to the land at all. It got together five thousand stockholders. Another stock-selling concern operated out of Portland, Oregon, under the management of a bank officer and an owner of the leading newspaper. One "stampeder," with a strong sense of family obligation, tied up more than half of his three square miles of claims in the family name.

#### *Chicago and Detroit Take Another Great Field*

In two or three years this Bering River coal field was practically covered by locators. It lies between glaciers, and its boundaries are very definitely marked out. In the meanwhile, the power-of-attorney men were getting to work on a second coal field of about the same size, about two hundred miles up the coast, at Matanuska River. There were two big groups concerned there — one connected with the projected Alaskan Central Railroad, where locators were very largely in the employ of the road in connection with its Chicago headquarters, in positions from stenographers to attorneys. These generally expected to get nothing personally from the claims. The other aggregation — the largest of the entire crowd of syndicates looking for Government coal lands — was the Michigan-Alaska Development Company. There were 175 claimants in this — about a quarter of them women, and nearly all from Detroit, Michigan; practically all from there, in fact, except the steam-laundrymen — that is, the people gathered up by one of its three active promoters, who just before had been a traveling salesman for steam-laundry supplies, and who put a lot of steam-laundrymen from all over the country into this opportunity.

There were, finally, about 950 of these power-of-attorney claimants who were lined up to get these coal-mines on the two Alaska fields from the United States. About 600 of them held the coal mountains at Bering River. Ninety-five per cent of them had never seen the coal-mines; not more than ten per cent had ever been in Alaska, and most of this ten per cent were the power-of-attorney "stampeder." Over 100 of the prospective coal-miners were women. Altogether they had filed upon about a billion and a half dollars' worth of commercial coal, and a billion dollars' worth of this was in the Bering River district. They were in a very tantalizing position. They had their hands on it, but it wasn't worth one cent to them till they could get it away from the Government. They were in much the same position as the waiting heirs in a great contested will case. But the stakes in the famous will controversies of history were trifling affairs compared to this. Each one of these claimants was asking for shares of the public land whose contents were worth from \$500,000 to \$1,500,000 apiece.

#### *The Most Wonderful Coal District on Earth*

Now, these people were fighting for the most wonderful coal district in the world. All kinds of experts, private and Government, have looked it over; and the more it is examined, the better it looks. Here are certain and definite things about it: It is the only first-class bituminous and anthracite coal on the Pacific Coast; from the Bering River district railroads can be built to the sea, not more than one hundred and ten miles long, over perfectly level country; and, according to a published statement by Alfred H. Brooks, head of the Government's geological survey work in Alaska, there are six billion tons of it in both fields — more than one and a half times all the coal that has ever been taken out of Pennsylvania. Two thirds of this has been filed upon by these claimants—that is, as much coal as has so far come from the mines of Pennsylvania. Mr. Brooks estimates it to be worth a dollar a ton as it lies; that is, he estimates the coal in the two fields at six billion dollars.

Andrew Kennedy, the coal expert of the Land Office, with an experience of twenty-five years as a practical coal-miner, thinks this estimate of value too high for the Bering River field, which he examined carefully last summer. The amount of coal is there; the field will produce two billion tons of coal for sale, he says. But a dollar a ton is a good deal of money to make

mining coal. Besides, labor is rather high in Alaska. And this Bering River coal is very friable. It will produce fifty per cent fine coal, which sells cheap. Everything considered, it ought to give a mining profit of fifty cents a ton. That would put the Bering River coal at a billion dollars. That much can be relied upon. At the same rate, the part of the Matanuska coal field that has been taken up by these claimants would figure half a billion more.

A billion and a half is something of a prize to fight for. It is half the currency now in circulation in the United States; it is considerably more than the whole national debt. What this billion and a half dollars' worth of Alaskan coal has done in the last five years — the men it has bought, directly and indirectly; the big reputations it has smirched; the policies it has changed — makes the greatest business and political story in America to-day. In the first place, it is the greatest single prize ever played for in this country. Incidentally, it threatens to involve a political administration and the whole trend of future national policies.

#### *Alaska Protests Against Power-of-Attorney Man*

Now, the first thing that was necessary was to force new coal laws for Alaska. Up to this time it had been almost impossible to secure legislation for Alaska. The residents of the district were unable to get the attention of Congress. For years it was impossible to get a safe title to farm-land; the mining laws were as bad as possible. In 1903 a committee of the United States Senate made a very careful investigation of the needs of that country, holding hearings all the way across it. One of their chief recommendations was for a correction of the abuse of the location of claims in mining districts by powers of attorney.

"From the time the committee reached Dawson," says their report, "at every place they afterward stopped on the Yukon, at St. Michaels and at Nome, almost every person they came on contact with denounced the abuses which are practised in the location of claims under power-of-attorney by people outside the district."

Virtually no results came from the report of this committee. Congress did not find time for Alaskan legislation. In the spring of 1904, however, when the variegated regiment of power-of-attorney coal claimants — bankers, politicians, stenographers, housewives, and bartenders — went after Alaskan legislation, they got it at once. They went at it right. From this time on the Cunningham group took

the lead, naturally. They were millionaires, captains of industry, and men of large political influence. They broke the way for the other groups, financially and politically.

*"Have Agreed with Mr. W. B. Heyburn"*

The general business management of this syndicate was in the hands of its promoter, Clarence Cunningham. He kept a ledger, cash-book, and a careful and detailed journal of its accounts. In the journal, under date of September 19, 1903, this memorandum appears:

"Have agreed with Mr. W. B. Heyburn in consideration for his services as attorney to carry him for one claim of 160 acres in the coal, free of cost to him, and he agrees to do all our legal work in procuring titles, etc., free of expense to us."

This arrangement would bring high compensation to Mr. Heyburn, if the Cunningham claims went through. From the present estimate of the value of the coal in this property, each claim would have a value of \$1,500,000 in commercial coal. In 1903 it was perfectly clear that each share would be of great value. It would certainly constitute a great fee; demanding valuable service. In September, 1903, Mr. Heyburn was a United States Senator, having been elected by the Idaho legislature eight months before.

The basic unit in political or legislative oratory concerning Alaska is the "hardy prospector." Everything is done in his name. In the spring of 1904 Mr. Heyburn introduced in the Senate, for the benefit of the "hardy prospector of Alaska," the Alaska coal-land bill of April 28, 1904. This broke the circle in which the law of 1900 had placed the Government's coal in that district, and allowed it to be taken over by persons who had surveyed it at their own expense. It was thought at the time that it placed the Alaska coal lands upon exactly the same footing as the Government coal lands in the body of this country.

*Mr. Ballinger Describes a National Scandal*

The coal-land laws of the United States were passed in 1873. Under modern conditions, they virtually compel everybody taking coal from the Government to commit perjury and fraud. Coal-mining to-day is invariably done by large corporations operating great tracts of land. By this law the Government can turn over its coal only to individuals or small associations. The thing is very simple. As all coal lands taken from the United States are destined to be mined by large corporations,

and as the persons taking them at first hand from the Government must swear that they are for their own use, practically all persons taking them over must, and do, commit actual or virtual perjury. The general principle of the law is this: Every citizen or prospective citizen of the United States is entitled to take one 160-acre tract of coal land at a nominal price, and no more. No association or company of men can take more than 640 acres of this land—a privilege allowed to four or more men who have spent \$5,000 in improvements on this square mile of land.

Up to 1904 and 1905 it was the simple and usual process for the corporations of the West to secure their coal from individual claimants. Richard A. Ballinger, the present Secretary of the Interior, in his report as Land Commissioner in 1907, described this process, in sharp and ringing language, as a national scandal.

"In the securing of these lands," he said, "the unscrupulous have not hesitated to resort to perjury and fraud, carrying their schemes of fraud and corruption to such an extent as to amount to national scandal. . . . These lands have almost uniformly passed into the hands of speculators or large combinations, controlling the output or the transportation, so that the consumer is at the mercy of both in the greater part of the West."

Mr. Ballinger in his statement scores the custom of taking over the coal lands in the West rather savagely. But at this time it had become so common that it was practically an unconscious habit. The claimants for the Alaskan coal certainly expected to use this standard method, under the law of 1904.

*New Affidavits from Senator Heyburn's Office*

Legislative carelessness, however, again caused delay. It was thought that at least it would be possible, under this 1904 Alaska law, for four individuals legally to combine to hold 640 acres, as under the law of 1873 for the United States. Mr. Heyburn's bill, however, was so worded as to make this questionable. In view of this, Mr. Heyburn sent a long telegram from his home office at Wallace, Idaho, to the Land Office at Washington on October 8, 1904, to inquire, for the Cunningham claimants, whether four locators could join in taking 640 acres under this bill, as under the general coal land act of 1873.

Up to this time the Cunningham claimants had spent a considerable sum of money in developing their claims as a whole. Upon the receipt of an adverse ruling against this association of claimants under the Alaskan law,

J. P. Gray, Mr. Heyburn's associate in his law office at Wallace, made out affidavits for the Cunningham claimants, by which they refiled upon the land as individuals.

*Senator Mitchell of Oregon Found Guilty*

At the time there was every reason to expect that—after the filing of these affidavits—the Alaskan coal claimants would get their land by swearing what the law required, without further difficulty. Then, without the slightest warning, the Government began to turn its attention to the land frauds of the Northwest. Toward the end of 1904 John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, was indicted for being a party to these frauds while a Senator of the United States, under the following United States statute:

No Senator, Representative, or Delegate, after his election and during his continuance in office, and no head of a department, or other officer or clerk in the employ of the Government, shall receive or agree to receive any compensation whatever, directly or indirectly, for any services rendered, or to be rendered, to any person, either by himself or another, in relation to any proceeding, contract, claim, controversy, charge, accusation, arrest, or other matter or thing in which the United States is a party, or directly or indirectly interested, before any department, court martial, bureau, officer, or any civil, military, or naval commission whatever. Every person offending against this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be imprisoned not more than two years, and fined not more than \$10,000, and shall, moreover, by conviction therefor, be rendered forever thereafter incapable of holding



DANIEL GUGGENHEIM  
HEAD OF THE AMERICAN SMELTING AND  
REFINING COMPANY

any office of honor, trust, or profit under the Government of the United States.

*Senator Heyburn Writes a Letter*

Senator Mitchell was sentenced to prison, under this statute, for his work for persons engaged in securing land from the United States Government, in the summer of 1905. On October 20, 1905, Senator Heyburn wrote the following letter to Clarence Cunningham:

WALLACE, IDAHO.  
October 20, 1905,  
CLARENCE CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.,  
Seattle, Wash-  
ington.

DEAR SIR: On frequent occasions I have stated to you

that I did not desire to be interested in the coal lands in Alaska, which you are proceeding to locate and patent. As I have already informed you, I do not desire to participate in, or be interested in any manner, directly or indirectly, in acquiring public lands. I prefer during my official career to be absolutely free and clear from any possible interest in the subject matter of legislation.

Whatever services I may perform properly within my duty as a public official for yourself or any other constituent, I shall cheerfully perform, but not for any consideration, directly or indirectly.

In order that there may be no mistake about this, I desire to say that I do not desire any interests to be carried for me on my account with a view to any present or future profit to myself.

If I can be of service to you within the proper line of my duty, I shall be glad to do so.

With kind regards and best wishes for your enterprise and success, I am,

Sincerely yours,  
W. B. HEYBURN.

This letter was written two years and one month after the record in Clarence Cunningham

ham's journal of Mr. Heyburn's employment. Immediately after it was received, items of cash payments for legal services appear for the first time in this journal.

### *Roosevelt Holds Up All Coal Claims*

The agitation against the taking over of Government lands in 1905 and 1906 made it very difficult for the Alaskan coal claimants to make progress. The millionaire Cunningham syndicate went ahead and spent money on their claims, however. A coal expert, H. L. Hawkins, reported that they could take out 63,000,000 tons of coal from one tunnel. Clarence Cunningham wrote, in transmitting this report to his claim-holders: "I have no doubt the ground not reported on will contain as much more." Both these statements referred alone to the coal lying in the mountain, and took no account of the amount lying below the surface of the valleys, which would add greatly to the total. The expert reported also that a railroad to the coast would be feasible and cheap. All this was encouraging.

But in 1906 the Government began attacking the methods of taking over coal lands in Colorado, Wyoming, and the West generally, which have been characterized in Mr. Ballinger's report. Then suddenly, in the fall of 1906, President Roosevelt withdrew all right to take over coal lands in the United States, on the ground that it was time to make a general revision of the coal-land laws. On November 12, 1906, his order went out holding up all Alaskan coal lands from claimants. The billion-and-a-half-dollar Alaska claims were stopped short.

It was now more than two years since the passage of the Alaskan coal-land act of April 28, 1904, and considerably more than that since many of the claims had been started. The outlook was discouraging. The taking and holding of the coal rights involved considerable expense, and some of the speculative coal-land syndicates had not any great financial backing. By a natural and inevitable process, the coal lands of the Bering River district were beginning to drift toward the ownership of the great Guggenheim syndicate, which was gaining control of Alaska.

### *The Guggenheim Mining Monopoly*

The Guggenheim family had by that time already become — with possibly one exception — the greatest firm of Hebrew financiers in America. Meyer Guggenheim, a Swiss Jew, began his career in Philadelphia, in 1847, as a peddler of glue and shoe-blackening, and later of lace. Through continued success, he be-

came a large lace merchant. In the early eighties he acquired an investment in a Colorado mine, and by the late eighties he and his seven sons had built up a great business in smelting silver and lead ores in that State. By their great business acumen, and the manipulation of railroad privileges, they soon secured a practical monopoly of the smelting business, and, through this, almost absolute control of the product of lead-silver ores throughout the West — the greatest source of these ores in the world. From this they advanced to large control of mining generally, more particularly of copper-mining. By a system of majority control, originating largely with the American Smelting and Refining Company, they built up a pyramid of corporations, with three or four hundred million dollars of capital, all of which are controlled by them. From the West they advanced into Alaska.

### *Great Syndicates Control New Countries*

The control of all newly exploited countries, especially mining countries, in the last twenty years has come inevitably into the hands of great syndicates. For the last ten years, and especially in the last five, the control of Alaska has been drifting steadily into the hands of these Guggenheims — exactly as the diamond and gold fields of South Africa came into the hands of the great diamond speculators, Alfred Beit, Barney Barnato, and their associates. At the present time the Guggenheims' final acquirement of the district seems inevitable. They started there in a small way nearly ten years ago, in the Nome district, through the Northwestern Commercial Company. They now hold the great part of the famous gold district in the Klondike, with their \$17,000,000 Yukon Gold Company; and they have a practical control of the ocean transportation to the district. In all, their companies exploiting Alaska represent capital aggregating forty or fifty million dollars. As in the West, they pay especial attention to the question of control of transportation, which is the key to the control of all mining business.

In 1905 the Guggenheims secured control of the Bonanza Copper Mine in southern Alaska. This mine contains, running to the surface of the ground, a great body of ore from five to fifteen times as rich as the ore in the big copper-mines of the United States. The district in which it lies is believed by the experts who have examined it to contain the richest and greatest deposits of copper in the known world. The trouble with it is simply the inconceivable difficulty of ordinary transportation across the mud and snow of Alaska.

The cost of transporting freight to or from this section runs from thirty cents to a dollar a pound. With copper worth from twelve to twenty cents a pound, a mine of solid copper would now be valueless in that country. The Guggenheims, on buying the Bonanza Mine, started at once to control transportation into the upper district.

### *Defense by Legislation and Manslaughter*

The only practical gateway through the mountains from the coast into this section is the deep-cut valley of the Copper River. The Guggenheims, having bought the Bonanza Mine, in 1905 started immediately to occupy the Copper River valley with a railroad. For four years their possession of it has been defended by every method, from legislation in Congress—where they are represented by one of the family, Senator Simon Guggenheim, of Colorado—to manslaughter.

On July 2, 1907, two men were killed and nine wounded in their successful fight for the right of way out of the harbor of Catalla.

On September 25 of the same year a desperado named Edward Hasey, employed by an agent of their railroad, and one of a party armed with Winchester rifles by this agent, shot and killed one and badly wounded two others of a party of unarmed workmen who were attempting to occupy with another railroad a mountain pass that had been abandoned by the Guggenheims. Great masses of capital will not be denied. The Guggenheims now have, and will continue to have, in all human probability, the only railroad through the Copper River. In this way they have successfully sealed up the great copper district of Alaska.

The interests that control the transportation of the district will eventually obtain their choice of the mines at reasonable prices.

### *The Guggenheims Begin to Control the Coal*

The Guggenheims had scarcely begun their fight for the copper field when their eyes fell upon the billion-dollar coal field of Bering River. The last and greatest contestant immediately came into the great fight. By 1905 the Guggenheims' agent was negotiating to secure some option

upon the Christopher group of claims, although it was clear that any option would itself destroy whatever rights there were. By the fall of 1906 they threw away \$200,000 or \$300,000, which they had expended on a more northerly ocean terminus, and came south to Catalla, locating on the coast twenty-five miles from the Bering River field. The control of this coal field by a railroad depends upon the railway's control of a practical harbor. There is just one such harbor there, experience has



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RICHARD A. BALLINGER  
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

now shown—that at Cordova. The Guggenheims started to build at Catalla.

But there were bigger interests concerned in these coal fields than in the copper-mines. The English syndicate, with its claims on 200,000,000 tons of coal, decided to secure a railroad of its own. M. J. Heney, one of these claimants, in the winter of 1906 made a sudden survey, seized a terminus on Cordova Bay, and started building a railroad. The president of the new railroad company was S. H. Graves, president of the Yukon White Pass road, four hundred miles down the coast, for which Mr. Heney had been contractor. The



Cordova road was started with the open purpose of carrying out the English syndicate's coal. Its head, when it was started, naively wrote to the authorities at Washington that he and his associates had acquired "thousands and thousands of acres of coal lands" at Bering River.

This English syndicate was too strong to legislate or shoot out of its right of way. In the summer of 1907 the Guggenheims found that their artificial harbor at Catalla was not a success. The great waves, plunging across the sea from the Sandwich Islands, were throwing down its breakwater. The Guggenheims at once threw away a million-dollar investment at Catalla, hurried into Cordova, and bought control of the road of the Englishmen. Mr. Heney is now the contractor for the Guggenheims' Copper River and Northwestern Railroad; E. C. Hawkins, formerly with the White Pass Road, its engineer; and S. H. Graves an associate in the enterprise.

#### *A "Proposal" to Daniel Guggenheim*

By this deal in 1907 the Guggenheims could naturally feel that they had the mountains of coal at Bering River cornered in very much the same way as the copper deposits up the Copper River. Whatever rights there were in the "thousands and thousands" of acres controlled by the Englishmen's railroad had come into their hands. They were well along with the negotiations with the Christopher group.

On July 20, 1907, A. B. Campbell, Clarence Cunningham, and M. C. Moore, ex-Governor of Washington, acting as representatives for the Cunningham claimants, signed and delivered to Daniel Guggenheim, the head of the American Smelting and Refining Company, a "representation and proposal" to form a coal company with \$5,000,000 capital, give Guggenheim half of the stock on his payment of \$250,000 working capital into the company's treasury, and to sell to his railroad the company's output of coal at \$1.75 a ton for its own use and \$2.25 a ton for general sale. This document recites that:

"A meeting of said entrymen was recently held at the city of Spokane, in which twenty-five out of the thirty-three participated. At said meeting a resolution was unanimously passed authorizing said committee, or a majority of them, to enter into negotiations with parties with a view to the equipment, development, and operation of the consolidated property, and the sale of its product.

"Acting for themselves and as such committee representing their associates, under such

resolution, they submit to Mr. Guggenheim, for his consideration, the following proposal."

Members and lawyers for the Cunningham claimants deny that this document is an option. Whatever it is, the Guggenheims still have it in their possession, and the long journal of Clarence Cunningham ends abruptly in September, 1907, with a detailed account of the receipt of some three thousand dollars from Daniel Guggenheim, as payment for the examination of the property called for in the claimants' signed proposal.

It is interesting to note, as a practical illustration of the grip of the Guggenheims on this district, that by this proposal they secure a full half interest in this property without payment, excepting that of \$250,000 working capital into its treasury.

#### *Results of the Guggenheim Connection*

By December, 1907, the line of the forces moving on these Bering River coal deposits was reinforced by the Guggenheims. They may have had no definite arrangements to secure more than the claims on 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 tons of coal. But the logic of the situation was absolute. A great variety of dead or unborn railroad lines to the coast are sketched in engineers' maps of the district; but they will never go any farther than across the surface of these maps. With possession of the only feasible harbor, that at Cordova, and with their Copper River Railroad already built over a third of the district to the fields, the Guggenheims hold an absolute key to transportation.

#### *Government Land Agents Charge Fraud*

As a result of the investigation of the land frauds in the Northwest in 1904 and 1905, there was built up in the United States Land Office a force of special agents to inquire into the question of the validity of claims for Government land, which, for the first time, was both adequate in size and not in collusion with the persons engaged in securing land. In 1905 M. S. Duffield, a resident of Ely, Nevada, wrote a letter to the Land Office, claiming that the Alaska coal lands were being taken up fraudulently. A special service agent, H. K. Love, was detailed to investigate on the ground, and on October 6, 1905, reported a bewildering array of fraudulent schemes that were being practised by the claimants there. The matter then lay dormant in the Land Office until 1907.

In June, 1907, a second agent, Horace T. Jones, was detailed to make a further investigation of the facts in the case. He interviewed a large number of persons in Seattle and in the

Pacific Coast States who had knowledge of or interest in the Alaska coal claims. In August he strongly advised a thorough investigation of the matter by a competent man. Among the suspicious claims to which he called especial attention in his report were those of the Cunningham, Christopher, Simmonds, Dough-ton, and English syndicate groups.

About a week before this report was received, the Land Department had a short report from H. K. Love, the first agent who had looked into the matter. In this he did not retract the detailed charges he had made before, but merely gave a general recommendation that the claims for the coal be allowed by the Land Office. Love had at this time become an active candidate for appointment by the President as marshal in Alaska.

#### *A Land Office from Seattle*

When the reports of these men were made, the Land Office was in the hands of men excellently equipped to give intelligent attention to the questions raised; for it was under the management of Seattle men, and the knowledge of this whole matter focussed in Seattle. Richard A. Ballinger, a successful corporation attorney, a former State judge, and ex-mayor of Seattle, was Land Commissioner for the year March, 1907, to March, 1908. His assistant was Fred Dennett, until that time a special service man, who for the previous two years had been stationed in Seattle; Mr. Ballinger's nephew, "Jack" Ballinger, was his confidential secretary. Commissioner Ballinger early directed his attention to the Alaska coal matter. While the investigation of Jones and Love in Seattle was going on, he indicated very definite opinions on the question. These are described by Jones in his letter turning over the work of investigating the Alaska coal claims to another special agent later in the year.

"About this time" (the summer of 1907), he writes, "I met H. K. Love, and I took him to Judge Ballinger's office [in Seattle] and introduced him to the Judge. He and Love seemed to think it would not be right to disturb the title to any of these lands, upon which large sums of money had been spent and various small investors had risked their money. Judge Ballinger then said that if the law is so construed as to prevent a number of men, with the inten-



W. B. HEYBURN  
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IDAHO

tion, in good faith, of developing this Alaska coal land, from acquiring title to more than 640 acres in cases of corporations or companies that had expended five thousand dollars in improvements, or 160 in cases of ordinary associations of men, he was going to see what Congress could do about it. He said I should get together the laws relating to coal lands in Alaska (see my report on said lands), so as to enable him to speak intelligently before Congress."

#### *Mr. Ballinger in Doubt*

Jones' letter proceeds: "Munday [the manager of the English syndicate], Love, and I had a conference with Judge Ballinger in the Judge's office, and Munday made a plain statement of what he intended to do. He said in so many words that he intended to get as much coal land as possible. He admitted that he had other people file on lands for him, and in one or two instances, if I remember correctly, he had supplied the money himself. He said he wanted to go about this thing the proper way, and did not want to get anything illegally, and that he did not think he was getting anything illegally.

"I said that if the procurement of persons who did not have the money to make the payments required by law, and whose rights were merely being used by Munday and his associates for their own gain, was proceeding in a legal manner, then my knowledge of the spirit of all land law was very defective, as I supposed that one could not barter away his rights or give another an interest therein before getting title to the land.

"The Judge was asked by Munday to say whether or not his scheme for getting these lands was legal, but the Judge refused to commit himself."

In December, 1907, Commissioner Ballinger, in his annual report, made his savage attack, already quoted, upon the methods used by the coal speculators and railroads of the West in securing coal. In the same month he decided to investigate further the validity of the similar transactions in the Alaska coal fields. He called in Louis R. Glavis, the chief of the field division of the special agent service, with headquarters at Seattle, and put the whole matter in his hands, saying that Love, being a candidate for the appointment as marshal, was not in a position to make an investigation of these claims. On December 28 he gave his final instructions to Glavis in Washington. Glavis started for Seattle

### *What Coal Claimants Must Do*

In the meanwhile, the Cunningham claimants, being men of large interests, were restive at the delay that they were meeting in securing their lands. They had pushed their affairs up to the very last action allowed by the Government, showing great energy and acumen in so doing. When President Roosevelt, in November, 1906, had stopped all action in public coal lands, the other groups of claimants were discouraged. But these men kept right on. There are two main actions that must be taken by coal claimants, according to law, each having two parts. The first is the "location and filing" of a claim; the second the "purchase and entry" of the land. The Attorney-General of the United States has defined these terms as follows:

Under the coal-land law, "location," "claims," "purchase," and "entry" have acquired well-defined meanings. A "location" is made by going upon coal land, opening and developing one or more coal-mines thereon, and taking possession of the land. The locator's "claim" is thus initiated. It may be preserved by giving the notice required by law. The "purchase" and "entry" are made at the time of final proof and payment, which in Alaska may be four years after the location is made.

### *The Cunninghams and the Juneau Land Office*

Now, after the Heyburn law of April 28, 1904, and before the President's message stopping all action in Alaska coal lands in November, 1906, virtually all the Alaskan coal claimants had taken the first action required; that is, they had located claims under the new law. After that there seemed, to many of the groups, to be nothing to do. The Cunningham group, however, had associated with themselves, as one of their members, Ignatius Mullen, a young man of small means, but whose father was P. M. Mullen, the Government's receiver at the Land Office for Alaska at Juneau. According to Clarence Cunningham's journal, this young man paid but half the amount due when he took his claim; but Mr. Cunningham adds, "he will pay balance at any time." It was also stated, in the reports of the agents Love and Jones, that his father, the Land Office receiver, said that he himself had advanced the money paid on Ignatius Mullen's claim. This, however, was afterward denied by Mr. Mullen.

In February, 1907, while it was generally believed that the Government would take no money in payment for Alaska coal lands because of President Roosevelt's order, the Cunningham claimants tendered payment for their claims to P. M. Mullen, land receiver at Juneau, with whom they had this close relation, and through him got a special ruling from the Land Office at Washington. Their contention that they could pay their purchase money was right. The Land Office ruled that, while no more coal could be filed upon in Alaska, those who had filed in good faith upon land before the order of November, 1906, could proceed to make "purchase" and "entry" of the land.

### *Ex-Governor Moore Calls on Mr. Ballinger*

The members of the Cunningham group finally swore they made their entries in good faith for their individual benefit; paid in their ten dollars an acre to the Land Office; and received their receipts. One final document remained to be obtained from the Government, the "patent" to the land. During all the summer and fall, while the claims of the Cunningham and other groups were being examined for fraud, these large business men had been held back from completing their enterprise. Finally, in the last of December, 1907, ex-Governor M. C. Moore, of Walla-Walla, one of the claimants, called upon Mr. Ballinger at Washington to see what could be done to expedite matters.

Agent Glavis had been instructed on December 28 to investigate all the Alaska coal cases,



investigations of their conduct up to this time made this absolutely necessary. Then, having been absolved by Congress, they desired a law that would allow their syndicate to take as much coal land as they could get. It was finally decided to ask for the right to take four square miles — that is, four times as much as could then, or can now, be taken under the coal laws for the body of the United States. Three of these bills were introduced. All of them agreed in this feature of the amount of coal to be allowed.

In the other feature these bills differed. All were curative measures, that is, intended to a greater or less degree to relieve the claimants for coal from their having broken the coal laws as they had existed. The fact that they had done this was admitted by all, but excused by the regulation argument that they were "hardy Alaska prospectors" who did not know any better. Of these bills, the one introduced by Frank W. Mondell, Chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, forgave the "hardy prospector" for having formed companies — after he had found and located his lands — in order to pay for the expense of the survey required before he could make final "entry," but insisted that the first "location" be a valid one.

### *Heyburn and Ballinger Appear*

The two other bills, however, had not this shortcoming, from the claimants' standpoint. Under their provisions Alaska coal claimants, no matter what they had done in the past, could find a way to locate or re-locate their holdings in blocks of four square miles. Senator Heyburn of Idaho introduced one of these bills; the second was introduced by Delegate Cale of Alaska. The Cale bill conformed to Commissioner Ballinger's idea of legislation on the subject. One of his last acts as head of the Land Office was to appear before the House Committee on Public Lands and warmly advocate it.

James R. Garfield, then Secretary of the Interior, agreed with the position taken by Mr. Mondell, that it was not necessary for the "hardy prospector" of Alaska to form a stock company before finding coal and notifying the Government that he had done so. He was willing to have the bill absolve them for having formed associations or companies to get money to pay for surveying the land, after they had located it. After something of a struggle, this view prevailed, and the Heyburn bill was amended so as to make it impossible for persons who had first located the coal land by "dummy entrymen," hired locators, or as

corporations or associations, to get title to them. There was an anti-trust provision in the bill, which it is believed could be easily evaded.

### *How Much Should the Government Grant?*

Up to this time the question of the amount and value of coal to be turned over to the coal claimants in four square miles of the Alaska land does not seem to have engaged serious attention anywhere. It remained for William B. Wilson, from the great coal-mining State of Pennsylvania, to raise this point, when the bill came up on the floor of the House of Representatives on May 25, 1908. The debate over Mr. Wilson's point was as follows:

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Has the [Public Lands] Committee any information as to the numbers of veins of coal there are on these lands?

MR. ROBINSON (speaking for the Committee): No.

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Then how does the gentleman arrive at the conclusion or the determination as to what the limitation should be on the amount of land involved [to be granted to claimants] if the Committee has no means of estimating the amount of coal?

MR. ROBINSON: The only answer to this question is that some arbitrary limitation must be fixed, but it is thought that, by past experience in the operation of coal-mines in the United States, where surveys indicate that the character of coal is similar to that in Alaska, the area of 2,560 acres would be a fair and reasonable limitation.

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Two thousand five hundred and sixty acres of land, with several veins of coal on it from four feet in thickness upward, would produce an enormous amount of coal. Coal usually produces, after allowing for the waste, about 1,000 tons per foot in thickness per acre. If you have a four-foot vein on your acreage of 2,560 acres, you would have over 10,000,000 tons of coal on that acreage alone. If you have several veins of coal, some of them thicker than that, it runs up to an enormous tonnage.

### *Single Grants Worth Tens of Millions*

The basis of 1,000 tons per foot an acre production, quoted by Mr. Wilson, is a matter of primary, commonplace knowledge to all coal-miners. In these Bering River Alaska fields there are veins of the highest-class coal that run fifty feet in thickness; therefore, acres that will produce 50,000 tons of commercial coal. At the Government expert's allowance of fifty cents a ton as it lies, such an acre is worth \$25,000. The main vein on the Cunningham claims, the most carefully experted property in the district, is twenty-four feet wide, worth \$12,000 an acre, on a basis of fifty cents a ton, without counting the other veins on the land where it appears. The price charged by the Government for this land to the claimants is ten dollars an acre. A tract of 2,560 acres of the Cunningham property would produce at

least 45,000,000 tons, worth \$22,500,000. The Government price to the claimants, under these former liberal Alaska coal laws, would be \$25,600. The coal on it, in other words, will yield a profit, when developed, approximately one thousand times what the Government sells it for.

Mr. Wilson continued his questions as follows:

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Does the gentleman not think we ought to have some information as to the value of those lands before we determine the limit [of grant]?

MR. ROBINSON: I will state to the gentleman that that is a new country. Men who go there, and take their picks on their shoulders, and go into that wild country, take the chances that all explorers take, and you cannot get that information until somebody has gone there and started to develop.

MR. HUMPHREY of (Seattle) Washington: And surveyed it.

### *For the "Hardy Prospector of Alaska"*

With the appearance of the phantom form of the "hardy prospector of Alaska" Mr. Wilson of Pennsylvania persisted no further, and his question remained unanswered. Immediately afterward there were cries of "vote," and the Alaska Coal Bill of 1908 passed the House by 147 to 38. Among those voting for the bill was Congressman McLachlan of California, a claim-holder. The other California Congressman interested was recorded as not voting. The bill became a law three days later, May 28, 1908.

It was no longer necessary now for Alaska coal claimants to show — as all other claimants in the United States must do — that they had intended, up to the time of the final "entry" of the land, to take it for their own use. All that was necessary was to prove that they intended to take it for their individual use, when they found it and drove four stakes at its four corners. This permission to abrogate the coal law in part was secured simply by the continued representation that the "hardy prospector of Alaska" was interested in the bill, when, as a matter of fact, not five per cent of those interested in the coal claims had ever seen the mines. The bill meant a gain in the campaign of the coal claimants, but not nearly so much as was hoped. In most instances, it would be difficult to prove that the coal lands were even located in good faith in the interest of the locator. Having lost their fight to secure from Congress legislation that would validate all claims in Alaska regardless of what had been done before, the coal claimants were now primarily interested in one thing — a loose interpretation of the Alaska coal law.

### *The Two Ballingers, Land Attorneys*

In March, 1908, Mr. Ballinger retired from the office of Land Commissioner, and returned to his private practice in Seattle. As the headquarters of the great majority of the Alaska coal enterprises were in that city, he was at once in demand among them as an attorney to further their claims. "Jack" Ballinger, his nephew, and his confidential secretary while he was Land Commissioner, immediately began to build up a practice in cases coming before the Land Office of the United States.

The ex-Commissioner of the Land Office in September, 1908, made a trip across the continent to Washington as attorney for the Cunningham group, to interview the authorities of the Land Office and the Secretary of the Interior, and to rebut by an affidavit from the promoter Cunningham some very damaging evidence that had been secured against this group in the spring. Mr. Ballinger was also consulted by the Hunt or Lippy-Davis group of claimants. But the Ballinger family was perhaps more closely connected with the White political group than any other. Richard A. Ballinger was attorney for the members of this group, among them one of the Congressmen who took an interest in it. "Jack" Ballinger is at the present time its attorney, and Webster Ballinger, a cousin, is a claim-holder in the Morrow group, which is practically a part of the White group.

There is an old Federal law that says:

It shall not be lawful for any person appointed after the first day of June, 1872, as an officer, clerk or employe in any of the departments, to act as counsel, attorney or agent for prosecuting any claim against the United States which was pending in either of said departments while he was such officer, clerk or employe, nor in any manner, nor by any means to aid in the prosecution of any such claim within two years next after he shall have ceased to be such officer, clerk or employe.

Mr. Ballinger and his nephew have been criticized for taking up these Alaska coal cases as attorneys, on the ground that they have violated this act. This criticism is not accurate. It is true that other departments of the Government enforce this law; and it is true that L. Q. C. Lamar, afterward Justice of the Federal Supreme Court, ruled, while Secretary of the Interior, that the statute applied to claims for land in the Land Office, but his ruling was reversed by Hoke Smith when he was Secretary. Mr. Ballinger was clearly within the letter of the law in taking up, as attorney, the cause of the Alaskan coal cases, as his nephew still is in carrying them on before the officials of the Interior Department, of which his uncle is now head.

*The New Commissioner*

With Mr. Ballinger's retirement as Land Commissioner in March, 1908, the Alaska coal-land laws' interpretation — in which the claimants were now chiefly concerned — fell into the hands of his former assistant, Fred Dennett, who had succeeded him. Mr. Dennett entered political service as secretary to Senator H. C. Hansborough of North Dakota and clerk of the Senate Committee on Public Lands. He then came into the Land Office, and was stationed at Seattle, as chief of the field division, in charge of the special agents to investigate claims for fraud in the Northwest. Mr. Dennett, while in the latter position, made a considerable fortune in land speculation about Seattle, and is still a large real estate holder there.

When Mr. Dennett took office, he found one aggressive force that was directed against the Alaska coal claimants. This was the agent Glavis, whom Mr. Ballinger had set to work on this matter. Mr. Glavis was an active, ambitious, intelligent young man in whom the Land Office had great confidence. Having recently been appointed chief of the field division in the Northwest, he was eager to make a record for himself in these cases. A few days after Mr. Ballinger's retirement, he secured most damaging evidence against the Cunningham group of claims, including the promoter's journal, which has already been quoted. Glavis not only directed agents to get evidence of fraud, but he himself traveled over the entire country and secured testimony and records, now in the Government's possession, showing a great variety of fraud of the most serious character. Indeed, virtually all the evidence of value against the Alaska claimants was secured by this man.

*Dennett's Liberal Interpretation*

In May Mr. Dennett decided to take Glavis off the work in the Alaska coal-land frauds, for a time at least. Glavis protested strongly against this, on the plea that the ground of the claims in Alaska should be examined to see whether the claims had been occupied in good faith, according to law. This could only be done in the few summer months, because the remainder of the year the claims are buried in snow. Mr. Dennett, however, did not feel that he could do this, but in October ordered Glavis to take up the work again. The snow was then on the ground in Alaska, and so Glavis' idea of examining the claims had to be given up.

It was soon quite clear that Mr. Dennett took a very liberal view of the law, especially of that of 1908. He indicated clearly, for instance, that he thought the Cunningham claims would be

given their long-desired "patent" by the Government under this law. About the same time, Glavis, who was always anxious to prosecute the coal claimants, felt that he had an excellent plan by which to prosecute the Lippy-Davis group — whose corporate name was the Alaska Petroleum and Coal Company — for selling stock in the venture before they had final title to their land. Mr. Dennett did not feel that he could do this. He was, in fact, placed in an especially awkward position by this proposal, because one of the members of this group was the agent in charge of his real-estate ventures in Seattle.

*Mr. Ballinger's Delicacy*

In March, 1909, Mr. Ballinger returned to Washington as the Secretary of the Interior of Mr. Taft's Cabinet, and as such was the final authority in the Department dealing with the Alaska coal cases. Mr. Ballinger expressed a delicacy about making decisions on the various claims for which he had acted as attorney, and turned the whole matter over to Mr. Dennett and others in the Department.

Six days after Mr. Ballinger became Secretary of the Interior, Glavis was asked to make complete reports in his examination of the coal cases, and in the last of April he was instructed by the law office in Washington that the Alaska coal investigation must be concluded by July 1. Glavis still insisted that the evidence against the claimants would be only partial until some one went to Alaska when the snow was off the ground and examined the claims, to see whether they had been worked by individual claimants or companies, or had been opened at all as coal-mines. In May, soon after he received the last order, Glavis went to Washington.

When Glavis arrived in Washington, he, his chief in the field service, H. H. Schwartz, and Commissioner Dennett went into conference. In this a discussion arose between them concerning the interpretation of the Alaska coal-land law of 1908. Mr. Schwartz and Mr. Glavis held that the act validated only those claims in which the first "locations" had been made in good faith and in the individual interest of the locator. Mr. Dennett held a more liberal view. By Secretary Ballinger's direction, Schwartz and Glavis prepared a letter to Attorney-General Wickersham, summarizing the evidence obtained against the Alaska coal claimants, and asking for a ruling on it under the law of 1908. In view of the intimate relations of both the Secretary of the Interior and the head of the Land Office to claim-holders, it was natural that they should determine to do this.

Immediately after this, however, Glavis was



notified that the Interior Department would decide on the law in its own legal department, and on May 19, 1909, Frank Pierce, the First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, gave a decision which ended as follows:

"In passing upon entries sought to be perfected under the act of 1908, where the only objection thereto is an arrangement or agreement of the character specifically described in your letter, the same might and should be accepted and passed to patent."

Various groups of coal claimants had by this time started to consolidate under the law of 1908, the larger ones splitting up into the four-square-mile groups required by law. The rest of the groups were waiting. It was felt now that the way was at last clear for the final "patenting" of and release by the Government of the Cunningham claims, and after them of the claims of the entire regiment of claim-holders. Their natural feeling of satisfaction lasted, however, only about a month, for on June 12, 1909, Attorney-General Wickersham rendered a decision sustaining the position of Schwartz and Glavis, and bringing out the evident intention of the Secretary of the Interior, Congressman Mondell, and others active in the framing of the bill, that, although the bill forgave consolidation before the final act of "entry," the first act — the "location" of the land — must have been made in good faith and in the individual interest of the locator. This opinion was secured by a direct appeal of the agent Glavis on his own responsibility to the Attorney-General over the head of the law office of the Department of the Interior.

### *A Quick Trial for Cunningham Cases*

This indiscreet and unusual act eventually cost Glavis his position. It naturally did not tend to promote smooth relations with his superiors. Friction between him and them was from that time on continuous. The Land Office demanded an immediate trial of the Cunningham group of coal claimants. Glavis responded that it would be wrong to try these cases without having the evidence obtainable on the ground at Alaska, which up to that time there had been no opportunity to get. Mr. Dennett insisted on an immediate trial. Moreover, the Land Office directed that such trial should not be taken according to the hitherto invariable custom of having the claimants for coal appear before the Land Office where the coal land belonged. So long as these claimants for Alaska coal were not in any case Alaskans, but were scattered across the United States, it was deemed proper by the Land Office that it should bring its court to them — thus greatly

conveniencing the Cunningham claimants, most of whom were busy men of large interests.

Matters now moved quickly. Mr. Dennett superseded Glavis with a young lawyer, James M. Sheridan, from the Land Office. Glavis, remembering that a part of this Cunningham claim was located on a forest reserve, called this fact to the attention of the Forestry Department. Gifford Pinchot, the National Forester, on examining Glavis' statements, was of the opinion that the cases should not be heard until fall, so that Government agents from both the Land and Forestry divisions might have the opportunity to examine the ground of the claims in Alaska. Mr. Sheridan, the Land Office lawyer, reported the same view.

### *President Taft Approves Glavis' Discharge*

Finally, Glavis, still eager to convict the coal claimants, committed his final indiscretion by laying the whole case before the President of the United States. Mr. Taft felt, upon examining them, that Glavis' documents reflected upon the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ballinger. Concentrating his attention upon this phase of their contents, President Taft at once went over the matter with Mr. Ballinger, and issued a statement exonerating him. Mr. Ballinger then asked for permission to discharge Mr. Glavis, which was given, and Mr. Glavis was discharged.

The eagerness of this young man to prosecute the Cunningham claimants for fraud thus cost him a very promising future in the service of the United States. Incidentally, because of this and other differences between the heads of the Forestry and Land offices, Mr. Ballinger conceived so strong a resentment against Mr. Pinchot that it is a question, while this is being written, which one of them must resign from the Government's service. The case of the Government against the Cunningham claims was, through this action of Glavis, supported by Forester Pinchot, held over until the Government could complete its evidence in the Cunningham cases.

### *Land Office's Disadvantage in the Trial*

The publicity attending the differences of two high Government officials like Mr. Ballinger and Mr. Pinchot for the first time made the question whether this billion and a half dollars' worth of coal should be granted away by the United States to speculative syndicates a matter of national interest. The trials of the Cunningham cases began at Seattle in November, after the testimony desired by Mr. Glavis and Mr. Schwartz had been secured by coal experts sent to Alaska during the summer.

In trying these cases the Land Office was under a considerable disadvantage. In the first place, Glavis, the only man in America who knew the evidence, had been discharged by Secretary Ballinger. The case was put in charge of a young lawyer without a very definite knowledge of the evidence or the coal laws. Against him were pitted two of the most adroit and clever lawyers of the Northwest, one of whom, J. P. Gray, had the advantage of having followed the case since he first made out the affidavits for the Cunningham claimants as Senator Heyburn's law associate in the fall of 1904. And, in addition, members of the Land Office field service, sympathizing with Mr. Glavis, were during the progress of the trial resigning or threatening to resign from the office's employment.

It seems most probable, in view of the evidence, that the Land Office will refuse the Cunningham claimants the patent to their 90,000,000 tons of coal. At the same time, it cannot be certain, even if it does, that the United States will retain this property. This claim is only one of a large number seeking an enormous prize. The organization back of this now includes an array of influential Republican politicians and office-holders of all kinds; and the keen self-interest of one of the greatest single financial powers in the country. The influence exerted in this matter in the Northwest is inconceivable in its variety, subtlety, and strength. That there is no place to which it does not extend socially in a perfectly natural way was shown curiously by the fact that, out of the membership of the Country Club of Seattle, during President Taft's recent visit in that city, it was two Cunningham claimants who came forward as his opponents in his favorite game of golf.

#### *Monopoly from Archaic Laws*

If the Cunningham and other coal claimants behind them win their suits and force through their claims, the United States will transfer to private hands, practically as a gift, property worth more by some \$200,000,000 than the Federal debt. Of this, sums varying from nothing to three hundred dollars will go into the hands of the men who found the coal; very great profits will go to the speculators who made up the syndicates; and the whole property will almost immediately fall into the hands of one of the ugliest and most dangerous monopolies in the country, which by this means will not only practically complete a monopoly of the mines of Alaska, but have a grip on the whole future development of industry on the Pacific Coast. The process is not

new: it is merely the sudden and spectacular exploitation of a new country along the standard lines that have created coal, lumber, and general mineral monopolies in the United States. It is the familiar old double process of the robbing of the American people — by theft of their property, and the re-sale of it at excessive monopoly prices.

The primary reason for this is our mineral and public-land laws. These have been out of date for a generation; they are the ridicule of every other civilized country; and they are founded on entirely wrong principles. The coal, timber, stone, general minerals, and water powers upon the public lands belong to the United States. They must be worked eventually, not by individuals, but by corporations. There are only two essential parties to the transaction — the Government and the corporation. The United States practically refuses to recognize the second party and will deal — because of laws adapted to conditions forty years old — only with the individual. In the meanwhile, sane and modern laws on this subject — such as exist to an extent in Australia and British Columbia — recognize the corporation, deal with it, and get what the Government is entitled to from it. It is time the United States awoke to modern conditions, and did this. When it does, from the resources of Alaska alone it could secure an income aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars. And Alaska is but one part of its present property.

Minnesota now has an arrangement by which it will secure \$250,000,000 from operators of its mineral resources. This gives a faint idea of what the United States could secure from the minerals in Government lands. To do this would not delay development; it would merely break monopoly.

#### *The Managers of Our Business*

Modern government is more and more devoted to economic questions; it is business, speaking in the largest and best sense of that term. There has been a great deal of sentiment in discussing the conservation of the resources of this country. This is not necessary. The United States now holds property of infinite value. It is in the management of officials who are just as responsible for it as are the officials of a bank to their stockholders. The day of rampant individualism on the political platform and of monopoly control in the committee room is coming to an end. And political parties may well recognize it. If one party or administration will not manage our affairs in our own interests, we will get another management. It may not come to-morrow, or next year. But it will come very soon.

## CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE

DOWN with the rosemary and bays,  
Down with the mistletoe;  
Instead of holly, now upraise  
The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;  
Let box now domineer  
Until the dancing Easter day  
Or Easter's eve appear.

Then youthful box which now hath grace  
Your houses to renew,  
Grown old, surrender must his place  
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,  
And many flowers beside;  
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin  
To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes, then, and sweetest bents,  
With cooler oaken boughs,  
Come in for comely ornaments  
To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift: each thing his turn does hold:  
*New things succeed, as former things grow old.*

*Robert Herrick*



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ALPHONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN  
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 4

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF EUROPE



### ALPHONSO XIII.



BY XAVIER PAOLI

*Special Commissioner of the Sûreté Générale, Detailed to Accompany Royal Visitors to France*

"YOU wanted me to complete your collection, didn't you, M. Paoli?" The presidential train had left Hendaye; the distant echoes of the Spanish national anthem still reached our ears through the silence and the darkness. Leaning from the window of the sleeping-car, I was watching the last lights of the little frontier town disappear, one by one. . . .

I turned round briskly at the sound of that gay and bright voice. A tall, slim young man stood at the door of the compartment, with a

cigarette between his lips and a soft felt hat on his head, and gave me a friendly little wave of the hand. His long, slender figure looked very smart and supple in a pale-gray traveling suit; and a broad smile lit up his bronzed face, his smooth, boyish face, adorned with a large Bourbon hooked nose, planted like an eagle's beak between two very black eyes, full of fire and humor.

"Yes, yes, M. Paoli, I know you, though perhaps you don't yet know me. My mother has often spoken to me of you, and when she heard that you had been appointed to watch

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THE VILLA DE MOURISCOT, NEAR BIARRITZ, WHERE THE BETROTHAL BETWEEN THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCESS ENA TOOK PLACE



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING OF SPAIN GIVEN BY HIM TO M. PAOLI

over my safety, she said, 'With Paoli, I feel quite at ease.'"

"I am infinitely touched and flattered, Sir," I replied, "by that gracious mark of confidence. . . . It is true that my collection was incomplete without your Majesty."

That is how I became acquainted with Alphonso XIII. in the spring of 1905, at the time of his first official visit to France. "The Little King," as he was still called, had lately completed his nineteenth year. He had attained his majority a bare twelve-month before, and was just entering upon his career as a monarch, if I may so express myself. The watchful eyes of Europe were beginning to observe with sympathetic interest the first actions of this young ruler, who, with the exuberant grace of his fine and trustful youth, brought an unexpected and amusing contrast into the somewhat constrained formality of the gallery of sovereigns. Though he had no history as yet, plenty of anecdotes were already current about him, and a plenty of morals were drawn in consequence.

"He has a nature all impulse," said one.

"He is full of character," said people who had met him.



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THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCESS ENA  
*From a photograph taken at Biarritz*

"He is like his father; he would charm the bird from the tree," an old Spanish diplomatist remarked to me.

"At any rate, there is nothing commonplace about him," thought I, still perplexed by the unconventional, amusing, jocular way in which he had interrupted my nocturnal contemplations.

No, he was certainly not commonplace! The next morning I saw him at early dawn at the windows of the saloon-carriage, devouring with

a delighted curiosity the sights that met his eyes as the train rushed at full speed through the green plains of the Charente.

"What a lovely country yours is, M. Paoli!" he cried, when he saw me standing near him. "I feel as if I were still at home, as if I knew everybody—the faces all seem familiar. It's 'stunning'!"

At the sound of this typically Parisian expression (the French word that he employed





A PHOTOGRAPH OF KING ALPHONSO, TAKEN  
SHORTLY AFTER HIS MARRIAGE

was *épatant*) proceeding from the royal lips, it was my turn to be "stunned." In my innocence, I was not yet aware that he knew all our smart slang phrases and used them freely.

His spirits were as inexhaustible as his bodily activity, and we were hard put to it to keep up with him. He wanted to know everything, though he knew a great deal as it was. The army and navy excited his interest in the highest degree; the provinces through which we were passing, their customs, their past,

their administrative organization, their industries, supplied him with the subjects of an exhaustive interrogatory to which we did our best to reply. Our social laws, our parliament, our politicians as eagerly aroused his lively curiosity. . . . And then came the turn of Paris, which he was at last about to see, whose splendors and peculiarities he already knew from reading and hearsay — that Paris which he looked upon as a fairy-land, a promised land; and the thought that he was to be



THE KING PIGEON-SHOOTING AT CASSA CAMP



KING ALPHONSO ON HORSEBACK





AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCESS ENA

solemnly welcomed there sent a slight flush of excitement to his cheeks.

"It must be wonderful!" he said, his eyes ablaze with pleasurable impatience.

He also insisted upon our giving him full details about the persons who were to receive him.

"What is M. Loubet like? And the Prime Minister? And the Governor of Paris?"

When he was not putting questions he was telling stories, recalling his impressions of his recent journeys in Spain.

"Confess, M. Paoli," he said, "that you have never had to look after a king so young as I."

His conversation, studded with smart sallies, with freakish outbursts and unexpected digressions, revealed a young and keen intelligence, eager after knowledge, a fresh mind open to ideas. I remember the surprise of a high official, to whose explanations the King was lending an attentive ear, when we crossed a bridge over the Loire, in which some water-fowl happened to be disporting themselves.

"Oh, what a pity!" the King broke in. "Why haven't I a gun?" And, taking aim with an imaginary fowling-piece, "What a fine shot!" Again, I remember the spontaneous and charming way in which, full of admiration for the beauties of our Touraine, he tapped me on the shoulder and cried:

"There's no doubt about it, I love France: France forever!"

What was not my surprise afterward, at Orléans, where the first official stop was made, to see him appear in his full uniform as captain-general, his features wearing an expression of singular dignity, his gait proud and lofty, compelling in all of us a respect for the impressive authority that emanated from his whole person. He found the right word for everybody, was careful of the least shades of etiquette, moved, talked, and smiled amid the gold-laced uniforms with a sovereign ease, showing from the first that he knew better than anybody how to play his part as a king.

There is one action, very simple in appearance, but in reality more difficult than one would think, by which one may judge a sovereign's bearing in a foreign country. This is his manner of saluting the colors. Some, as they pass before the standard surrounded by its guard of honor, content themselves with raising the hand to cap or helmet; others stop and bow; others make a wide and



PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG

studied gesture that betrays a certain almost theatrical affectation. Alphonso XIII.'s salute is like none of these: in its military stiffness, it is at once simple and grave, marked by supreme elegance and profound deference. On the platform of the Orléans railway station, opposite the motionless battalion, in the presence of a number of officers and civil functionaries, this graceful and respectful salute, which so visibly paid a delicate homage to the army and the country, moved and flattered us more than any number of boasts and speeches. And when, at last, I went home, after witnessing the young King's arrival in the capital and observing the impression that he had made on the Government and the people, I recalled the old Spanish diplomatist's remark:

"The King would charm the bird from the tree!"

## II

I saw little of King Alphonso during his first stay in Paris. The protection of sovereigns who were the official guests of the Government did not come within the scope of my duties. I therefore left him at the station, and was not to resume my place in his suite until the moment of his departure. The anarchist-revolutionary gentry appeared to be unaware of this detail, for I daily received a fair number of



PRINCESS ENA JUST BEFORE HER MARRIAGE



MARIA CHRISTINA, DOWAGER QUEEN OF SPAIN

anonymous letters, most of which contained more or less vague threats against the person of our royal visitor. One of them, which the post brought me when I was on the point of proceeding to the gala performance given at the opera in his honor, struck me more particularly because of the plainness of the warning that it conveyed, a warning devoid of any of the insults that usually accompany this sort of communication.

"In spite of all the precautions that have been taken," it read, "the King had better be careful when he leaves the opera to-night."

This note, written in a rough, disguised hand, was, of course, unsigned. I at once

passed it on to the right quarter. The very strict supervision that was being exercised no doubt excluded the possibility of a successful plot. But there remained the danger of an individual attempt, the murderous act of a single person; and I knew by experience that, to protect one's self against that, one must rely exclusively upon "the police of Heaven," to use the picturesque expression of Señor Maura, the former Spanish Premier.

Haunted by a baneful presentiment, I nevertheless decided, on leaving the opera, to remain near the King's carriage (as a mere passer-by, of course) until he had stepped into it with M. Loubet and driven off, surrounded





KING ALPHONSO LEADING A HUNTING PARTY

by his squadron of cavalry. The attempt on his life took place at the corner of the Rue de Rohan and the Rue de Rivoli; and both the King and M. Loubet had a miraculous escape from death. My presentiment, therefore, had not been at fault.

I need not here recall the coolness that the young monarch displayed in these circumstances, for it is still present in every memory, nor the magnificent indifference with which he looked upon the tragic incident.

"I have received my baptism of fire," he said to me, a couple of days later, "and, upon my word, it was much less exciting than I expected!"

Alfonso XIII., in fact, has a fine contempt for danger. Like the late King Humbert, he considers that assassination is one of the little drawbacks attendant on the trade of king. He gave a splendid proof of this courage at the time of the Madrid bomb, of which I shall speak later; and I witnessed it for myself two days after the attempted assassination in the Rue de Rohan.

On leaving Paris, our royal visitor went to Cherbourg, where I accompanied him, to embark on board the British royal yacht, which was to take him to England. As we ap-

proached the town in the early morning, the presidential train was shunted on to the special line that leads direct to the dockyard. While we were running pretty fast, the train suddenly stopped short, producing a violent shock in all the carriages. The reader can imagine the excitement. The railway officials, officers, and chamberlains of the court sprang out of the coaches and rushed to the royal saloon.

"Another attempt?" asked the King, calmly smiling, as he put his head out of the window.

We all thought so at the first moment. Fortunately, it was only a slight accident: the rear luggage-van had left the rails through a mistake in the shunting. I hastened to explain the matter to the King.

"You'll see," he at once replied; "they will say, all the same, that it was an attempt on my life. I must let my mother know quickly, or she will be frightened."

The King was right. Some one — we never discovered who — had already found means to telegraph to Queen Maria Christina that a fresh attack had been made on her son.

At Irun, the first Spanish station, where I was to take leave of our guest, a fresh surprise



*Copyright by the Century Co.*

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF SPAIN

*From the painting by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida*

awaited us. There was not a trace of police protection, not a soldier, not a gendarme. An immense crowd had freely invaded both platforms. And what a crowd! Thousands of men, women, and children shouted, sang, waved their hands, hustled one another, and fired guns into the air for joy, while the King, calm and smiling, elbowed his way from the residential to the royal train, patting the

children's heads as he passed, paying a compliment to their mothers, distributing friendly nods to the men who were noisily cheering him.

But my mission was at an end. Still laughing, the King, as he gave me his hand, said:

"Well, M. Paoli, you can no longer say that you haven't got me in your collection!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," I replied. "It's not complete yet."



"How do you mean?"

"Why, Sir, I haven't your portrait."

"Oh, that will be all right!" And, turning to the grand master of his court, "Santo Mauro, make a note: photo for M. Paoli."

A few days after, I received a photograph, signed and dated by the royal hand.

### III

Five months later, Alphonso XIII., returning from Germany, where he had been to pay his accession visit to the Berlin Court, stopped to spend a day incognito in Paris. I found him as I had left him — gay, enthusiastic, full of good nature, glad to be alive.

"Here I am again, my dear M. Paoli," he said, when he perceived me at the frontier, where, according to custom, I had gone to meet him. "But this time I shall not cause you any great worry. I must go home, and I sha'n't stop for more than twenty-four hours — worse luck! — in Paris."

On the other hand, he wasted none of his time while there. Jumping into a motor-car the moment he was out of the train, he first drove to the Hôtel Bristol, where he remained just long enough to change his clothes, after which he managed, during his brief stay, to hear mass in the Church of St. Roch (for it was Sunday), to pay a visit to M. Loubet, to make some purchases in the principal shops, to lunch with his aunt, the Infanta Eulalie, to take a motor drive in the pouring rain as far as Saint-Germain and back, to dine at the Spanish Embassy, and to wind up the evening at the Théâtre des Variétés.

"And it's like that every day, when he's traveling," said one of his suite to me.

The King, I may say, makes up for this daily expenditure of activity by a tremendous appetite. I have observed, for that matter, that the majority of sovereigns are valiant trenchermen. Every morning of his life Alphonso XIII. has a good rump-steak and potatoes for his first breakfast, often preceded by eggs and sometimes followed by salad and fruit. On the other hand, the King never drinks wine and generally confines himself to a tumbler of water and *zucharillos*, the national beverage, composed of white of egg beaten up with sugar.

In spite of his continual need of movement, his passionate love of sport in all its forms, and especially of motoring, his expansive, rather mad, but very attractive youthfulness, Alphonso XIII., even in his flying trips, never, as we have seen, loses the occasion to improve his mind. He is very quick at seizing a point, possesses a remarkable power of assimilation,

and, although he does not read much, for he has no patience, he is remarkably well informed regarding the smallest details in matters that interest him. One day, for instance, he asked me, point-blank:

"Do you know how many gendarmes there are in France?"

I confess that I was greatly puzzled what to reply, for I have never cared much about statistics. I ventured to say offhand:

"Ten thousand."

"Ten thousand! Come, M. Paoli, what are you thinking of? That's the number we have in Spain. It's more like twenty thousand."

This figure, as I afterward learned, was strictly accurate.

As for business of State, I also noticed that the King devoted more time to it than his restless life would lead one to believe. Rising, winter and summer, at six o'clock, he stays indoors and works regularly during the early part of the morning, and often again at night. In this connection, one of his ministers said to me:

"He never shows a sign of either weariness or boredom. The King's 'frivolity' is a popular fallacy. On the contrary, he is terribly painstaking. Just like the Queen Mother, he insists upon clear and detailed explanations before he will sign the least document; and he knows quite well how to make his will felt. Besides, he is fond of work, and he can work anywhere — in a motor-car, in a boat, in a train, as well as in his study."

But it was on the occasion of the event that was to mark an indelible date in his life, a fair and happy date, that I had time really to observe him and to come to know him better. The reader will have guessed that I am referring to his engagement. The duties that I have fulfilled for a quarter of a century have sometimes involved difficult moments, delicate responsibilities, thankless tasks, but they have also brought me many charming compensations; and I have no more delightful recollection than that of witnessing, at first hand, the fresh and touching royal idyl, the simple, cloudless romance, which began one fine evening in London, was continued under the sunny sky of the Basque coast, and ended by leading to one of those rare unions that satisfy both public policy and the heart.

Like his father before him, Alphonso XIII., when his ministers began to hint discreetly about possible "alliances," contented himself with replying:

"I shall marry a princess who takes my fancy, and nobody else. I want to love my wife."

Nevertheless, diplomatic intrigues fashioned

themselves around the young sovereign. The Emperor William would like to have seen a German princess sharing the throne of Spain; a marriage with an Austrian archduchess would have continued a time-honored tradition. The question of a French princess was also mooted, I believe. But the political *rapprochement* between Spain and England had just been accomplished under French auspices; an Anglo-Spanish marriage seemed to correspond with the interests of Spain; and it so happened that the Princess Patricia of Connaught had lately been seen in Andalusia. Her name was on all men's lips; already, in the silence of the palace, official circles were preparing for this union. Only one detail had been omitted, but it was a detail of the first importance: that of consulting the two persons directly interested, who did not even know each other.

When the King went to England, no one doubted for a moment that he would return engaged — and engaged to Patricia of Connaught. As a matter of fact, when the two young people met, they did not attract each other. But, at the ball given in the King's honor at Buckingham Palace, Alphonso never took his eyes off a fair-haired young princess, whose radiant beauty shed all the glory of spring around her.

"Who is that?" asked the King.

"Princess Ena of Battenberg," was the reply.

The two were presented, danced and talked together, and met again on the next day and on the following days.

And, when the King returned to Spain, he left his heart in England.

But he did not breathe a word about it. His little idyl, which took the form of an interchange of letters and postcards, as well as of secret negotiations with a view to marriage, — negotiations conducted with the English royal family by the King in person, — was pursued with the greatest mystery. People knew, of course, that the Princess and the King liked and admired each other; but they knew nothing of the young monarch's private plans. Moreover, he took pleasure in mystifying his entourage. He who had once been so expansive now became suddenly contemplative and reserved.

Soon after his return, he ordered a yacht; and, when the time came to christen her, he made the builders paint on the prow in gold letters:

PRINCESS . . .

The comment aroused by those three little dots may be easily imagined.

The moment, however, was at hand when the

name of the royal yacht's godmother, and therefore of the future Queen of Spain, was to be revealed. One morning in January, 1906, I received a letter from Miss Minnie Cochrane, Princess Henry of Battenberg's faithful lady-in-waiting, telling me that the Princess and her daughter, Princess Ena, were leaving shortly for Biarritz, to stay with their cousin, the Princess Frederica of Hanover, and inviting me to accompany them. This kind thought is explained by the fact that I had known the Princess and her daughter for many years. I had often seen Princess Beatrice with the late Queen Victoria, to whom she showed the most tender filial affection; I had also known Princess Ena as a little girl, when she still wore short frocks and long, fair curls, and used to play with her doll under the fond, smiling gaze of her august grandmother. She was then a grave and reflective child; she had great, deep, expressive blue eyes; and she was a little shy, like her mother.

When, at Calais, I beheld a fresh and beautiful young girl, unreserved and gay, a real fairy princess, whose face, radiant with gladness, so evidently reflected a very sweet, secret happiness; when, on the day after her arrival at Biarritz, I saw King Alphonso arrive unexpectedly in a great state of excitement, and surprised the first glance that they exchanged at the door of the villa — then I understood. I was, therefore, not in the least astonished when Miss Cochrane, whom I had ventured to ask if it was true that there was a matrimonial project on foot between the King and the Princess, answered, with a significant smile:

"I think so; it is not officially settled yet; it will be decided here."

#### IV

The Villa Mouriscot, where the princesses were staying, was a picturesque Basque chalet, elegantly and comfortably furnished. It stood on a height, two miles from Biarritz, buried in luxuriant and fragrant gardens.

The King came every day. Wrapped in a huge cloak, with a motoring-cap and goggles, he would arrive at ten o'clock in the morning from San Sebastian in his double Panhard phaëton, which he drove himself, except on the rare occasions when he intrusted the steering-wheel to his excellent French chauffeur, Antonin, who accompanied him on all his excursions. His friends the Marqués de Viana, the young Conde de Villalobar, counselor to the Spanish Embassy in London, Señor Quiñones de Leon, the charming attaché to the Paris Embassy, and the Conde del Grove, his faithful aide-de-

camp, or the Marques de Pacheco, commanding the palace halberdiers, formed his usual suite. As soon as the motor had passed through the gates and stopped before the door, where Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, the Princess Frederica's husband, and Colonel Lord William Cecil, Princess Henry of Battenberg's comptroller, awaited him, the King would hurry to the drawing-room, where the pretty Princess sat looking out for his arrival, as impatient for the meeting as the King himself.

After the King had greeted his hosts at the villa, he and the Princess would walk in the gardens, exchanging much lively talk as they strolled about the paths in which, as Gounod's song says, "lovers lose their way." They would return in time for the family lunch, a very simple repast to which the King's tremendous appetite did full honor. He used often to send for Fräulein Zinska, the Princess Frederica's old Hanoverian cook, and congratulate her on her culinary ability, a proceeding that threw the good woman into an ecstasy of delight. After lunch, the young people, accompanied by Miss Cochrane as chaperon, went out in the motor, not returning until nearly dark. On rainy days, of course, there was no drive; but in the drawing-room of the villa the Princess Frederica had thoughtfully contrived a sort of recess, furnished with a sofa, in which the engaged couple could pursue their discreet flirtation at their ease.

In the evening, at dinner, the suite were present. The King changed into evening clothes, with the collar of the Golden Fleece. At half-past ten, he left for the station and returned to San Sebastian by the Sud Express.

After a few days, although they were not officially engaged, no one doubted that the event was near at hand.

"She's nice, isn't she?" the King asked me, point-blank.

A significant detail served to show me how far things had gone. One day the two young people, accompanied by the Princesses Frederica and Beatrice and the whole little court, walked to the end of the grounds, to a spot near the lake, where two holes had been newly dug. A gardener stood waiting for them, carrying two miniature fir-plants in his arms.

"This is mine," said the King.

"And this is mine," said the Princess in French, for they constantly spoke French together.

"We must plant the trees side by side," declared the King, "so that they may always remind us of these never-to-be-forgotten days."

No sooner said than done. In accordance with the old English tradition, the two of them,

each laying hold of a spade, dug up the earth and heaped it around the shrubs, with shouts of laughter that rang clear through the silent wood. Then, when the King, who, in spite of his strength of arm, is a poor gardener, perceived that the Princess had finished her task first —

"There is no doubt about it," he said, "I am very awkward! I must put in a month or two with the Engineers!"

On returning to the villa, he gave the Princess her first present — a heart set in brilliants. It was certainly a day of symbols.

On the following day things took a more definite turn. The King came in the morning to take the princesses to San Sebastian, where they met Queen Maria Christina. Nobody knew what happened in the course of the interview and the subsequent private luncheon at the Miramar Palace. But it was, beyond a doubt, a decisive day. At Fuenterrabia, the first Spanish town through which they passed on their way to San Sebastian in the morning, the King said to the Princess:

"You are now on Spanish soil."

"Oh," she said, "I am so glad!"

"It will soon be for good."

And they smiled at each other.

The frantic cheering that greeted her entry at San Sebastian, the hail of flowers that fell at her feet when she passed through the streets, the motherly kiss with which she was received at the door of Queen Maria Christina's drawing-room, must have made Princess Ena understand that all Spain had confirmed its sovereign's choice and applauded his good taste.

Twenty-four hours after this visit, the Queen Mother, in her turn, went to Biarritz and took tea at the Villa Mouriscot. The King had gone on before her. Intense happiness was reflected on every face. When the Queen, who had very graciously sent for me to thank me for the care that I was taking of her son, stepped into her carriage, she said to the Princess, with a smile:

"We shall soon see you in Madrid."

Then, taking a white rose from the bouquet which the Mayor of Biarritz had presented to her, she gave it to the Princess, who pressed it to her lips before pinning it in her bodice.

That same evening, the King, beaming all over his face, cried to me from a distance, the moment he saw me:

"It's all right, Paoli; the official demand has been granted. You see before you the happiest of men!"

The days that followed upon the betrothal were days of enchantment for the young

couple, now freed from all preoccupation and constraint. One met them daily, motoring along the picturesque roads of the Basque country or walking through the streets of Biarritz, stopping before the shop-windows, at the photographer's, or at the pastry-cook's.

"Do you know, Paoli," said the King to me, one day, "I've changed the Princess' name. Instead of calling her Ena, which I don't like, I call her Nini. That's very Parisian, isn't it?"

The royal lover, as I have already said, prided himself, with justice, on his Parisianism, as witness the following scrap of dialogue, which took place one morning in the street at Biarritz:

"M. Paoli."

"Sir?"

"Do you know the tune of the *Maschich*?"

"Upon my word, I can't say I do, Sir!"

"Or of *Viens Poupoule*?"

"No, Sir."

"Why, then you know nothing. Paoli — you're a disgrace!"

Thereupon, half opening the door of the confectioner's shop where Princess Ena was making a leisurely selection of cakes, he began to hum the famous air of *Viens Poupoule*.

It will readily be imagined that the protection of the King was not always an easy matter. The most amusing adventure was that which he had at Dax. One morning, he took it into his head to motor away to the parched and desolate country of the Landes, which stretches from Bayonne to Bordeaux. After a long and wearing drive, he decided to take the train back from Dax. Accompanied by his friend Señor Quiñones de Leon, he made for the station, where the two young men, tired out and soaked in perspiration, sat down in the refreshment-room.

"Give us some lunch, please," said the King, who was ravenously hungry, to the lady at the bar.

The refreshment-room, unfortunately, was very meagerly supplied. When the two traveling companions had eaten up the sorry fare represented by a few eggs and sandwiches, which had probably been waiting more than a month for a traveler to arrive, the King, whose appetite was far from being satisfied, called the barmaid, a fat and matronly Béarnaise with an upper lip adorned with a pair of thick mustachios.

"Have you nothing else to give us?" he asked.

"I have a *pâté de foie gras*, but — it's very expensive," said the decent creature, who did not see a serious customer in this famished and dusty young man.

"Never mind; let's have it," said the King.

The woman brought her *pâté*, which was none too fresh; but how great was her amazement when she saw the two travelers devour not only the liver, but the fat as well! The pot was emptied and scraped clean in the twinkling of an eye.

Pleased with her successful morning's trade, and encouraged by the King's ebullient good humor, the barmaid sat down at the royal table and began to tell the King her family affairs, questioning him with maternal solicitude. When, at last, the hour of departure struck, they shook hands with each other warmly.

Some time afterward, the King was passing through Dax by rail, and, as the train steamed into the station, he said to me:

"I have an acquaintance at Dax. I'll show her to you. She is charming."

The plump Béarnaise was there, more mustachioed than ever. I will not attempt to describe her comic bewilderment at recognizing her former customer in the person of the King. He was delighted, and, giving her his hand —

"You won't refuse to say how-do-you-do to me, I hope?" he asked, laughing.

The thing turned her head; what was bound to happen happened: she became indiscreet. From that time onward, she looked into every train that stopped at Dax, to see if "her friend" the King were among the passengers; and when, instead of stepping out on the platform, he satisfied himself with giving her a friendly nod from behind the pane, she felt immensely disappointed; in fact, she was even a little offended.

It is not difficult to picture how this playful simplicity, combined with a delicacy of feeling and a knightly grace to which, in our age of brutal realism, we are no longer accustomed, made an utter conquest of the pretty English Princess. When, after several days of familiar and daily intimacy, it became necessary to say good-by,— the Princess was returning to England to busy herself with preparations for her marriage, Alphonso to Madrid for the same reason,— when the moment of separation had come, there was a pang at the heart on both sides. As I was leaving with the Princess for Paris —

"You're a lucky man, M. Paoli, to be going with the Princess," said the King sadly, as I was stepping into the railway carriage. "I'd give anything to be in your place!"

While the Court of Spain was employed in settling, down to the smallest particular, the ceremonial for the King's approaching wedding, Princess Ena was absorbed in the charming details of her trousseau and in the more

austere preparations for her conversion to Catholicism. This conversion, as I have already said, was a *sine qua non* to the consent of Spain to her marriage.

The Princess and her mother, accompanied by Miss Cochrane and Lord William Cecil, stayed at a hotel in Versailles for the period of religious instruction that precedes the admission of a neophyte within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church; and it was at Versailles, on a cold February morning, that she abjured her Protestantism in a sequestered chapel of the cathedral. Why did she select the town of Louis XIV. in which to accomplish this important and solemn act of her life? Doubtless because of the peaceful silence that surrounded it, and of the past, filled with melancholy grandeur, that it conjured up; perhaps, also, because of the association of ideas suggested to her mind by the city of the great King and the origins of the family of the Spanish Bourbons of which it was the cradle. The heart of woman sometimes provides instances of this delicacy of thought.

The last months of the winter of 1906 were spent by the engaged pair in eager expectation of the great event that was to unite them for good and all and in the manifold occupations that it involved. The date of the wedding was fixed for the 31st of May. A few days before that I went to Calais to meet the Princess. It was as though nature, in her awakening, was smiling upon the royal bride and had hastily decked herself in her best to greet the young Princess, as she passed, with all her youthful gladness. But the Princess saw nothing; she had bidden a last farewell to her country, her family, and her home; and, despite the happiness that called her, the fond memory of all that she was quitting oppressed her heart.

"It is nothing, M. Paoli," she said, when I asked the cause of her sadness. "It is nothing. I cannot help feeling moved when I think that I am leaving the country where I have spent so many happy days to go toward the unknown."

She did not sleep that night. At three o'clock in the morning she was up and dressed, ready to appear before her future husband, before the nation that was waiting to welcome her, while the King, at the same hour, was striding up and down the platform at Irun, in a fever of excitement, peering into the night so as to be the first to see the yellow gleams of the train, and nervously lighting cigarette upon cigarette to calm his impatience.

Then came the whirlwind of festivities at which the King invited me to be present, and the sumptuous magnificence of the marriage

ceremony in the ancient Church of Los Geronimos. It was as though the old Court of Spain had regained its pomp of the days of long ago. Once more the streets, all dressed with flags, were filled with antiquated chariots, with heraldic costumes, with glittering uniforms; from the balconies, draped with precious stuffs, flowers fell in torrents; cheers rose from the serried ranks of the crowd; an intense, noisy, mad gaiety reigned on all men's lips, while, from behind the windows of the state coach that carried her to the church, the surprised and delighted Princess, forgetting her fleeting melancholy, now smiled her acknowledgments of this mighty welcome.

A tragic incident was fated brutally to interrupt her fair young dream. Finding no seat in the Church of Los Geronimos, the dimensions of which are small, I took refuge in one of the Court stands erected along the route taken by the sovereigns; and I was watching the procession pass on its return to the palace, when my ears were suddenly deafened by a tremendous explosion. At first no one realized where it came from; we thought that it was the report of a cannon-shot, fired to announce the end of the ceremony. But suddenly loud yells arose, people hustled one another and rushed away, madly shouting:

"It's a murder! The King and Queen are killed!"

Terrified, I tried to hasten to the street from which the cries came. A file of soldiers, drawn up across the roadway, stopped me. I then ran to the palace, where I arrived at exactly the same moment as the royal coach, from which the King and the young Queen alighted. They were pale, but calm. The King held his wife's hand tenderly in his own, and stared in dismay at the long white train of her bridal dress, stained with great blotches of blood. Filled with horror, I went up to Alphonso XIII.

"Oh, Sir!" I cried, "at least both of you are safe and sound!"

"Yes," he replied. Then, lowering his voice, he added: "But there are some killed. Poor people! What an infamous thing!"

Under her great white veil, the Queen, standing between Queen Maria Christina and Princess Henry of Battenberg, still both trembling, wept silent tears. Then the King, profoundly moved, drew nearer to her and kissed her slowly on the cheek, whispering these charming words:

"I do hope that you are not angry with me for the emotion that I have involuntarily caused you?"

What she replied I did not hear: I only saw a kiss.

Notwithstanding the warm manifestations of loyalty which the people of Spain lavished upon their sovereigns on the following day, Queen Victoria is said to have been long haunted by the horrible spectacle that she had beheld, and to have retained an intense feeling of terror and sadness from that tragic hour. But, God be praised, everything passes. When, later, I had the honor of again finding myself in attendance upon the King and Queen, at Biarritz and in Paris, I recognized once more the happy and loving young couple I had known at the time of their engagement. Alphonso XIII. had the same gaiety, the same

high spirits as before; and the Queen's mind seemed to show no trace of painful memories or gloomy apprehensions.

In the course of the first journey that I took with them a year after the murderous attempt in Madrid, the King himself acquainted me with the real cause of this happy quietude so promptly recovered. Walking into the compartment where I was sitting, he lifted high into the air a pink and chubby child, and, holding it up for me to look at, said, with more than a touch of pride in his voice:

"There! What do you think of him? Isn't he splendid?"

[THE MARCH INSTALMENT OF M. PAOLI'S REMINISCENCES WILL DEAL WITH HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA]

## IN SNOWTIDE

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

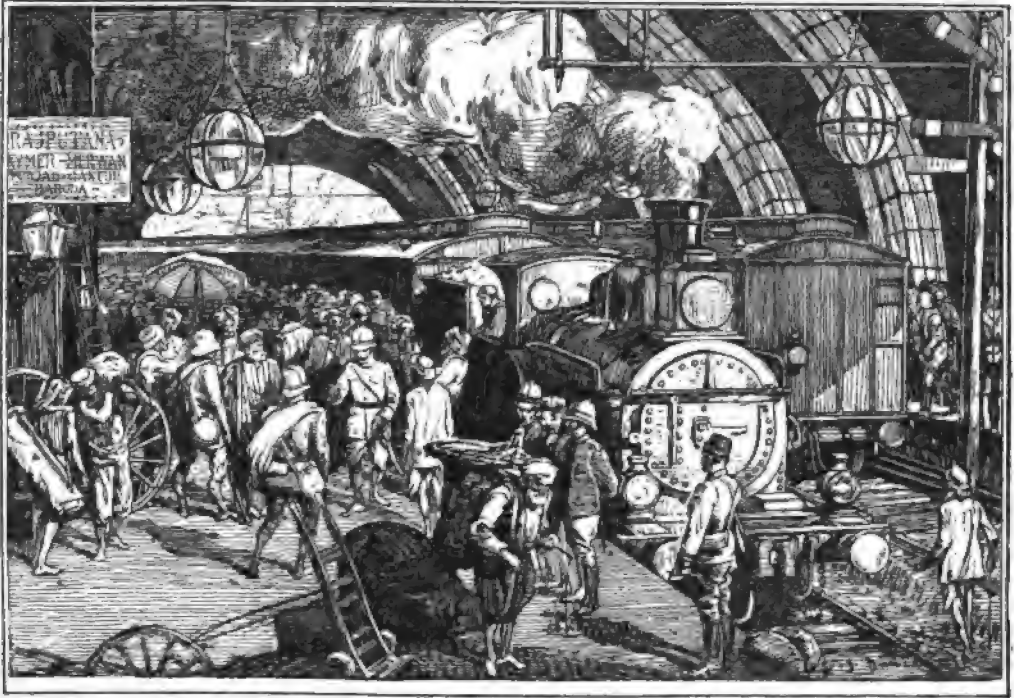
YE flakes that are most  
Like a thistledown host,  
Or spume in the van of some infinite wave,  
What craft in your mildness,  
O multiple Wildness!  
Bestows this all-quieting sense of the grave?

For our life is, I know,  
But a search in the snow  
Where boundaries change and the trail disappears;  
Where blurring, impeding,  
Subduing, misleading,  
Drive downfall of moments and drift of the years.

From a soft, from a sly  
And inscrutable sky,  
Time closes man round, let him travel or sleep:  
The game to the strongest  
An hour at the longest,  
And play-fellow powers shall bury him deep.

Yet, flakes floated down,  
Moth-light on the town,  
To batter the heart with the ultimate dread,  
Clean chattels so sent me,  
Right well ye content me,  
Cool garland, pure shroud, happy innocent bed!





"THREE O'CLOCK ON AN APRIL AFTERNOON, AND THE MAIL TRAIN FROM BOMBAY  
STEAMED INTO THE STATION"

## A PERVERTED PUNISHMENT

BY

ALICE PERRIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

**T**HREE o'clock on an April afternoon, and the mail train from Bombay steamed into the station of one of the largest cities of northern India.

The platform instantly became covered with a struggling, yelling mass of natives; fat, half-naked merchants; consequential Bengali clerks with shiny yellow skins and lank black locks; swaggering sepoy on leave, with jaunty caps and fiercely curled beards; keen, hawk-faced Afghans wrapped in garments suggestive of the Scriptures; whole parties of excited villagers, bound for some pilgrim shrine,

clinging to one another and shouting discordantly; refreshment-sellers screaming their wares, and coolies bearing luggage on their heads, vociferating as wildly as if their very lives depended on penetrating the crowd.

Into this bewildering, deafening babel stepped Major Kenwith from a first-class compartment. His rugged face, tanned and seared by twenty years of Indian service, wore anything but an amiable expression, and he barely responded to the cordial greeting of a young Englishman who was threading his way through a bevy of noisy, chattering native females toward the parcels office.

"Missis went off all right?" shouted Cartwright over the crowd of draped heads.

Kenwithin only nodded, and turned his attention to his luggage and orderly.

"Poor old chap -- how he feels it!" muttered the other, as he proceeded to claim the parcel he had come to the station to fetch, while Kenwithin drove to his bungalow in the native cavalry lines feeling utterly and completely wretched.

The square, thatched house wore a dreary, deserted appearance. The plants in the veranda drooped, and the clambering bougainvillea and gold-mohur blossoms hung from the walls in long, neglected trails, waiting in vain for "the mem-sahib's" careful supervision. The interior of the building shared the general dejection inevitable to an Anglo-Indian establishment from which a woman's presence has been suddenly withdrawn, and the Major's lonely heart ached as he roamed through the rooms, missing his wife more and more at every step. How on earth was he to get through six long, weary months without her? How had he ever lived without her at all?

And yet, until the day he met his wife, John Kenwithin had managed to lead an existence entirely after his own heart. His regiment first, and then shooting of every description, had been all he lived for. With women he had had little to do, for he hated society and entertained no very exalted opinion of the opposite sex. He knew that the ladies of his own family had been good, loving wives and mothers, with duty as the key-note of their lives, and he wished all women were like them; but as, from what he had observed, this did not appear to be the case, he avoided the feminine world as much as possible.

However, the time came when his astonished friends learned that he was engaged to be married, and subsequently discovered that he had made a very admirable selection. Certainly no one could have suited his tenacious, truth-loving, somewhat harsh temperament better than the wife he had chosen, for she was a self-denying, conscientious soul, past her first girlhood, with a simple, sterling directness of character, and a calm, restful beauty of her own in her steadfast gray eyes and regular features. She adored the Major with her whole being; she considered nothing but his comfort and convenience; she bored people to death by making him her sole topic of conversation; and, in short, she surpassed even the memory of his mother and aunts in her capacity for doing her duty and worshiping her husband. The pair had led an ideally happy married life for the space of two years, and then had come Mrs. Kenwithin's sudden failure of health and the doctor's urgent advice that she should proceed

"home" without delay to consult a heart specialist. So the Major had been forced to let her go alone, with no prospect of following her, for leave was stopped that season because of trouble on the frontier.

All that day he wandered aimlessly about the house, unable to work or to pull himself together. He felt that he had no heart to go to mess that night and answer kindly meant inquiries as to his wife's departure, so he wrote to Cartwright (who was his first cousin and senior subaltern in the regiment) and asked him to come and dine in the bungalow. Cartwright readily assented. He was fond of Kenwithin and understood him thoroughly; he knew of the goodness as well as the narrow sternness that lay in his cousin's nature -- knew that he was as straight and honest as the day, but also -- as is frequently the case -- most suspicious and intolerant of sin and weakness in others.

The two men ate their dinner more or less in silence. Cartwright made little attempt to talk, for he felt that well-intentioned conversation would be more likely to irritate than soothe; but afterward, as they sat outside in front of the bungalow, smoking their cheroots, he racked his brains for some subtle method of distracting his cousin's thoughts. One plan he was fairly certain would succeed, but he hesitated to adopt it. Cartwright had never confided his own trouble to any one, and only his anxiety to rouse Kenwithin from his moody reflections made him contemplate the mention of it now.

He took the cheroot from his lips and cleared his throat nervously. The sudden sound rang out on the warm, clear stillness of the Indian night, and subdued rustlings of startled birds and squirrels shook the creepers and undergrowth. He glanced around for a moment. The thatched roof of the bungalow loomed up dark against the sky, which was already glimmering with the rising moon, and tall plantain trees, edging the garden, waved and bowed, disturbed by the puff of warm wind that crept round the walls of the bungalow, wafting scents of mango and jasmine blossom in its train.

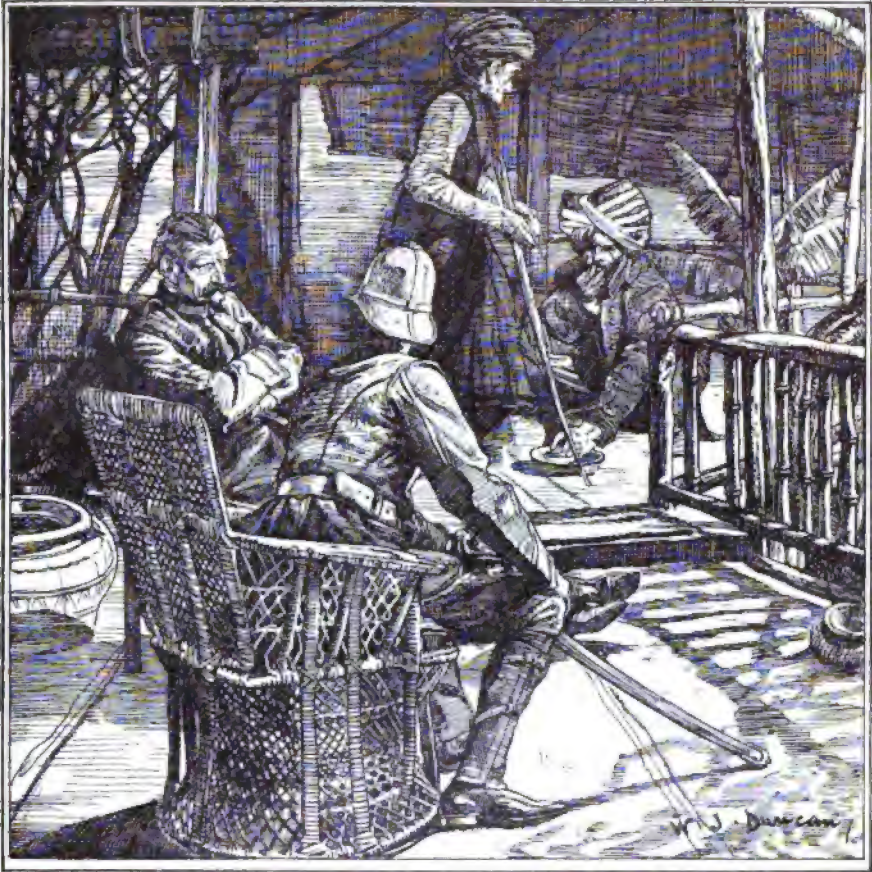
"I say, John," began Cartwright shamefacedly, feeling glad that the moon had not yet looked over the thatched roof, "I'm beastly sorry for you, old man. I know what it is to part from a woman you'd sell your soul for."

Kenwithin turned quickly toward him.

"You? Why, I thought -- you never said --?"

Cartwright smiled without amusement.

"No, because the less said about it the better. I suppose, with your notions, you'd call it a disgraceful affair, but I'm hanged if I can see it in that light."



"KENWITHIN'S EYES HARDENED AND HIS MOUTH GREW SET"

"A married woman?"

Cartwright nodded, and his memory turned to the face he loved, keeping him silent. Kenwith-in's eyes hardened and his mouth grew set, and as the moon rose slowly over the round of the thatched roof, the silver light showed up his large, rugged features clearly against the dense background of the veranda, and touched his grizzled hair to whiteness.

"She knows you care for her?" he asked.

Cartwright nodded again, and covered his eyes with his hand, for in the brightness of the moonlight recollections seemed to start from every shadow.

"And is her husband a brute to her?"

"No. That is the worst of it."

Kenwith-in laughed comprehensively.

"Look here, my dear boy, drop it! The whole thing is wrong and foolish, and nothing but harm can come of it. Either a woman is good or she is bad, and there's no intermediate stage. No decent married woman would listen to a word of love from a man not her husband.

I know the class. Without being actually depraved, they are false to the heart's core — they can't exist without illicit admiration!"

A dark look of rage swept over Cartwright's face, but with an effort he controlled the outburst of fierce defense that rose to his lips — for had he not brought this on himself by opening the subject to a man of Kenwith-in's ideas? He carefully selected another cheroot, and spoke in the intervals of lighting it.

"Forgive — [puff] — my saying so — [puff] — Kenwith-in, but I think you're a bit narrow-minded. The woman I shall love till the day of my death is hardly of that class. No doubt I was wrong, and she weak; but there was no real harm in it. And now she has gone home. The only thing is that occasionally, to-night for instance, the future seems somewhat unfaceable."

"Granted that there was no real harm, and that I am narrow-minded, the thing is still unsound throughout, and you know it! Perhaps I am behind the times, but my idea of woman *as she should be* is that duty comes first with her.

I would no more have married one who let me make love to her during her husband's lifetime than I would have married — a native."

"You were never tried," remarked Cartwright shortly, and changed the subject, for his effort to stir Kenwith in from his depression had been successful; and the two men sat on in the moonlight, chatting casually of every-day matters until they parted for the night.

Helen Kenwith in gazed dreamily out over the dazzling glint of the Red Sea from the deck of an outward-bound P. and O. steamer. The six long, weary months of separation were nearly over, and she was returning to her beloved John, somewhat better in health, but with serious injunctions from the foremost heart specialist in London to avoid fatigue and excitement for the future. The deck was absolutely quiet, save for the monotonous vibration of the screw and an occasional flap of the awning in the burning, fitful wind. Helen's white eyelids were slowly drooping, when she was roused by the voice of a Mrs. Trench (her cabin companion), who, fresh from a nap below, was settling herself by Mrs. Kenwith in's side, relentlessly prepared for conversation.

She was an attractive little person of barely five-and-twenty, with sparkling brown eyes and crisp, ruddy hair. She and Mrs. Kenwith in had struck up a certain reserved friendship which neither permitted full play, seeing that it was not likely to be renewed; for, though Mrs. Trench had spent a few years in India, her husband's regiment had lately been moved to Aden, where she was now rejoining him after a summer in England.

"Here are the photographs I wanted to show you," she began, opening a packet in her lap. "They were in that box in the hold, after all. The first officer was angelic; he got it up for me, although it wasn't a baggage day." This with a significant air, which Helen ignored. She, like her husband, had no sympathy with flirtation.

She put out her hand for the photographs (which consisted chiefly of a collection of good-looking subalterns in uniform), glancing casually at each, until one arrested her attention.

"Oh, that's Cecil Cartwright — my husband's cousin. He's in our regiment. Fancy your knowing him! Isn't he nice?"

Mrs. Trench put the portrait back with a hasty, nervous movement. "I used to meet him at Simla," she said shortly.

"Yes, he spent all his leave there the last two or three years. John used to be furious because he wouldn't join shooting expeditions to Tibet or the Terai instead. I believe he means to take furlough next month if he can get it. A nasty

time of year to arrive in England. Don't you hate the winter?"

The reply and discussion that followed took them away from the subject of Cecil Cartwright, and Helen thought no more of the incident until the night before they reached Aden, when she was destined to learn why it was that her husband's cousin had spent so much of his leave at Simla.

According to her custom, Helen had gone early to bed, leaving on deck Mrs. Trench, who generally came down long after her cabin companion was asleep. To-night, however, she appeared a full hour before her usual time, and Helen, being still awake, saw with concern that the pretty face was white and quivering, and the large eyes shining with tears.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked involuntarily.

"Oh, did I wake you? I'm sorry. I came down because the moonlight on the water made me so miserable — anything beautiful makes me wretched now"; and sitting down on the edge of her berth, she began to cry hysterically, at the same time undressing with feverish haste.

That was so unlike the usually light-hearted little lady that Helen was alarmed, and went to her side.

"Tell me," she urged sympathetically.

"Mrs. Kenwith in," said the other suddenly, after a pause, "do you love your husband *very* much?"

"He is everything on earth to me!"

"Would you have loved him just the same if he had been a married man when you first met him? Supposing you knew that it was wrong to love him, would that stop you?"

"Oh, *don't!*" cried Helen chokingly. "What do you mean? Don't you care for your husband? Isn't he good to you?"

"He is more than good to me. But he is twenty-five years older than I am, and I married him before I knew anything at all about love. And now, just as you feel about your John I feel about a man who is not my husband. Oh, sometimes I wish I had never seen him! I dread meeting my husband to-morrow. I am always so frightened" — lowering her voice — "so frightened of his guessing —"

Mrs. Kenwith in's pity drowned her principles.

"Tell me about it: perhaps I can help you," she said, and the kindness and forbearance in her voice drew forth the ugly, commonplace little story of the love (innocent though it was of active wrong) that existed between Daisy Trench and Cecil Cartwright.

"How horrified you look!" was the defiant conclusion. "I suppose it sounds awful to you;

but there was no real harm; and I am the better for loving him — it has done me good."

"Good heavens!" burst out Helen passionately, "are you the better for acting a lie every second of your life to a husband who believes in you and loves you? Is it doing you good to feel in perpetual terror of being found out? You may say you could not help loving Cecil, but you could help fostering the love, and being mean, false, deceitful!"

"Oh," whimpered Mrs. Trench, looking like

"Write to him; write now, at once, and meet your husband to-morrow with a clear conscience."

"But I've packed up all my writing things. And I'm such a coward. I should be afraid of the letter going astray and coming back, and then my husband would see it. Such things have happened. A friend of mine told me once —"

"Let me tell Cecil," interrupted Mrs. Kenwith; "he will not have started when I get back."

The little woman hesitated, and for a moment



"HELEN! HELEN!" HE MOANED

a child who has accidentally broken something valuable, "I didn't mean to be so wicked."

Then Helen curbed her righteous anger and patiently strove to convince Mrs. Trench of the error of her ways. She pleaded with her, coaxed her, and frightened her by turns until the night was well on.

"Yes, I know, I know," she sobbed at last, in abject penitence. "I must give him up — I must never see him again. Oh, why couldn't God have made me happy and good like you? I am so miserable! And how am I to prevent his stopping at Aden on his way home?"

Helen feared that the battle would have to be fought afresh.

"Be brave, dear," she said. "I know you will be glad afterward." And finally she gained full permission to pronounce Cecil Cartwright's sentence irrevocably, and was solemnly intrusted with a heart-shaped locket containing his picture and a curl of his hair, and a bunch of faded forget-me-nots in an envelop on which was written, "With Cecil's love," all of which Mrs. Trench tearfully explained she had promised to return only if she wished everything to be over between them.



"But," she insisted, "you are on no account to say that I don't care for him any more — only that I mean to try not to because I know I ought to give him up. And I dare say," she added reluctantly, "it will be a relief in the end."

"I will explain," said Helen soothingly, and then she locked the little packet away among her most private papers.

But Cecil Cartwright never received it from her hands, because, the day after the ship left Aden, Mrs. Kenwith in died suddenly and quietly of failure of the heart, and the husband who had awaited her arrival so impatiently at Bombay was obliged to return to the square, thatched bungalow with only her boxes and personal belongings.

For him there followed days of bitter, aching darkness, during which he did his work mechanically, and wandered about the house and compound like a man in a dream, his wife's luggage piled unopened in her room, and the old ayah lingering disappointedly in the back premises.

Then at last Cartwright interfered, and offered to forgo his leave to England if Kenwith in would accompany him on a shooting tour in Assam. But the Major absolutely refused to take advantage of the other's good nature. So, finally, Cartwright took his furlough and departed, and perhaps his intended stoppage at Aden on his way home had somewhat to do with his arguing the matter no further.

Therefore it was not until long after Cartwright had gone, and the first agony of his utter loneliness was abating, that Kenwith in forced himself to go through his wife's things; and then it was that the little packet intrusted to Helen by Mrs. Trench fell into his hands.

A year later, when the Bombay mail train steamed into the Jarge, echoing, up-country station at its accustomed hour, Cecil Cartwright and his wife were among the passengers who emerged from it.

The regiment had not been moved during Cartwright's furlough, but various changes had taken place, the most important being the retirement of Major Kenwith in. He had sent in his papers some weeks after his wife's death, which, it was generally understood, had changed him completely. Indeed, the few who had seen his haggard face and wild eyes previous to his departure feared that it had also affected his reason, a theory that was strengthened when it became known that he was not retiring to England, like other people, but meant to devote the remainder of his existence to sport in India.

Cartwright had written to his cousin on hearing of his retirement, but, receiving no answer,

and being the worst of correspondents, had not done so again until shortly before his return, when he announced his approaching marriage with the widow of Colonel Trench.

"I believe our marrying so soon after her husband's death is considered positively indecent," he wrote; "but I have cared for her for so long. Do you remember my telling you about it the evening you had returned from seeing poor Helen off?"

He had expected an answer to his news to meet him at Bombay, but none was forthcoming, and therefore his surprise and delight were unbounded when, among the usual crowd on the platform, he caught sight of a face which, though altered so as to be hardly recognizable, he knew to be Kenwith in's.

"Great Scott! there's John!" he exclaimed. "Wait for me here a minute, Daisy"; and he shouldered and pushed his way through the moving throng. "John, my dear old man! Did you get my letter? Have you come to meet us? How are you, old chap?"

"Yes," said Kenwith in inertly, "I got your letter, and I came to meet you to ask you a question which you can answer here — *now*."

Cartwright looked anxiously at the altered face, all his ardor damped in a moment. There was evidently something more the matter with Kenwith in than undying grief at the loss of his wife.

"Yes, yes, anything you like, John; only come with us to the hotel; we shall be there until our bungalow is straight. Are you stopping there, or with the regiment?"

"Neither. I wrote to the colonel for the date of your return, and I came by this morning's train. I shall go on by this one when you've told me what I want to know. Get into this carriage — we have only ten minutes more" — and he pushed the other into the empty first-class compartment before which they had been standing.

"But my wife —"

"Hang your wife! Look here; listen to me! Until I got your last letter I thought that — that — you and Helen —"

"Helen!"

"Look at that!" and he thrust a crumpled packet into Cartwright's astonished fingers. "Look at your infernal picture! Look at your hair; look at the flowers, 'With Cecil's love.' What does it all mean? Speak, man, explain!"

Cartwright had opened the packet in silence.

"Yes, I can explain," he said calmly. "These things were given to Helen for me by my wife. The two were in the same cabin as far as Aden. Helen persuaded her to give me up; she told me when I saw her at Aden on my way home, and I suppose I ought to have written to you



about it. But I never dreamed — it never even occurred to me that you would think it was Helen for one moment. Why didn't you write and ask me? Good heavens! imagine your suspecting her like that!"

"Stop!" cried Kenwithin hoarsely. "Do you think I don't loathe myself? But it is your fault — yours! You said there was no harm in that cursed intrigue of yours with another man's wife. Well, there was this harm in it, that it has blasted my life — it made me wrong her memory! I could kill you! Get out of the carriage — the train's moving." And before Cart-

wright could answer he found himself on the platform. The crowd of natives yelled and surged, the hot odor of curry and ghee and black humanity rose around him, and he stood dazed and apprehensive, seeing as through a mist the bright figure of his wife waiting patiently for him by their luggage, while the train sped on through the warm, quivering, afternoon air, carrying a man who sat with his face hidden in his hands, suffering the torture of bitter, hopeless regret.

"Helen! Helen!" he moaned, "forgive! forgive!"

## THE TRAIN

BY

RHODA HERO DUNN

I WAKE to feel that rain  
Is falling; though no beat  
From drops upon the pane  
Speaks of it. But so sweet  
Have grown the lilac flowers,  
I know that drifting showers  
Are in my garden bowers.

No sound. Till, clear and plain  
As though the dusk would sigh,  
The whistle of a train  
Brings to me, where I lie,  
The old, heart-breaking call  
Of distances, and all  
Fair fates that elsewhere fall.

Oh, to be in that chain  
Of golden-lighted cars!  
Through misty field and lane,  
Quick stringing lines of stars!  
On! Onward! Till the night,  
Rimmed by the dawn's first light,  
Finds cities, strange and white.

Yet all would be in vain!  
Some spring night I should wake  
To hear the falling rain;  
And then my heart would break  
To think that drifting showers  
Are sweetening lilac flowers  
Here in my garden bowers.

# REMINISCENCES OF AN EDITOR

JAMES PAYN—CHARLES READE  
MRS. OLIPHANT

BY

WILLIAM H. RIDEING

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ONLY the other day I was amused by a paragraph, the writer of which, searching for a figure to illustrate something dead,—very dead,—satisfied himself with “as dead as yesterday’s novel.” In the flood of modern fiction, little—minnow or herring—survives, and what is good is often swamped by what is merely new.

Thirty years ago James Payn was one of the “best sellers,” as the word goes. His novels reappeared, after the first three-volume edition for the circulating libraries had worn itself out, in cloth at six shillings, and still later in those old-fashioned chromatic picture boards at two shillings or half a crown, which made a gaudy and eye-catching display on every railway book-stall in England.

In every colony and in America they were familiar. One of them, “Lost Sir Massingbird,” had an extraordinary vogue, which put him on a footing not far behind that of Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon. It had been issued serially in a weekly, and had gladdened the publisher’s heart by doing what every publisher hopes for whenever a manuscript is accepted—hopes for, not with confidence, but with misgivings that experience too often corroborates. It sent the circulation of that periodical up by leaps and bounds, by thousands of copies. The missing baronet eluded the reader ingeniously and provokingly until the author in his dénouement chose to reveal him.

It established Payn commercially in the trade as a money-maker, the only kind of author publishers welcome: it charmed the young Duke of Albany, and frequently thereafter Payn became a guest at Claremont. But he was more than a knitter of plots. He had

a fluid and limpid style, akin to that of Mr. Howells, as airily natural, if less subtle, and, instead of the gravity of Wilkie Collins, who was as ponderous as a judge on the bench, he had an abounding and permeating humor which was always peeping out and slyly laughing round the corner. Perhaps he laughed in his sleeve at his own melodrama, though he resented all criticism that imputed a lack of painstaking in his work.

Humor was his strongest point, and it was lambent humor, expressed in happy turns of thought and unexpected inversions, over which one chuckled rather than guffawed, as one does over Stockton’s stories.

An example of this humor is an account he gave me of a paper he edited while he was a cadet at Woolwich, ostensibly for his fellow students, but really for his own pleasure in making known those early writings of his which had no chance elsewhere. He had one chum named Raymond who could draw, another named Jones who could write like print, and a third named Barker who had a taste for finance.

Payn provided the literary part, which Raymond illustrated, and Jones made as many copies as were needed. The circulation of the paper was left to Barker, who fixed the price at sixpence a copy. Their schoolfellows did not appreciate the venture, but Barker was the treasurer of the school, and held in trust for the scholars a certain fund out of which he had to give them two shillings weekly for pocket-money. Seeing that they would not buy the paper willingly, he calmly deducted sixpence from each allowance, and gave a copy of the paper to make up for it.

“The ‘masses’ never know what is good for them,” Payn said, in referring to this, “and

our schoolfellows were no exception to the rule; they called Barker a Jew, and, so to speak, 'murmured against Moses.' He was tall and strong, and fought at least half a dozen pitched battles for the maintenance of his objects. I think he persuaded himself, like Charles I., that he was really in the right, and set down their opposition to mere 'impatience of taxation,' but in the end they were one too many for him, and, indeed, much more than one. He fell fighting, no doubt, in the sacred cause of literature, but also for his own sixpences, for we, the workers, never saw one penny of them."

What of "Lost Sir Massingbird" now? At the booksellers' you may ask in vain for it, or for any of the seventy-five or eighty novels he wrote, and the easiest way to find it would be to uproot a dog-eared, brownish, smelly, and bethumbed copy from the shelf of some suburban or provincial library, whose readers, when unable to get the newest novel, quietly and without complaint divert themselves and are happy with forsaken books for which elsewhere there is "no call."\*

Payn himself was more interesting than any of his novels, and more of a "character" than any of his fictitious personages, though he was, in his virtues and in his defects, only a typical Englishman of his class — one of those who value above all things what is sensible and what is sincere. Patient and generous with other faults and impositions, he was militant against humbug in every shape, and it was the only thing of which he was suspicious and against which he was bitter. I write of him as a friend and as an admirer, but I fear I must confess that he discredited some things for no better reason than his inability to understand or appreciate them. He discredited every form of the occult, the esoteric, the esthetic, and the mystical. And in that was he not sufficiently like thousands of his countrymen to justify us in speaking of him as a type?

As a publisher's reader he rejected "John Inglesant," and never recanted his opinion of it, though he was hard hit by its immediate acceptance and success through another house. I shrink from saying how many conventional things he did not care for.

Educated at Eton, Woolwich, and Cambridge, he hated Greek and never acquired a foreign language, not even a tourist's French or Italian, as Sir Leslie Stephen has said. Nor is he alone among Englishmen there, if we are candid. I repeat that there are thousands of others like him: Herbert Spencer did not

swallow all the classics, ancient or modern, but disparaged Homer, Plato, Dante, Hegel, and Goethe. A smaller man than the philosopher, Payn resembled him in courage and frankness, and probably he did not overestimate the number of people who admire books they do not read and praise pictures they do not understand.

He did not thunder anathemas, like a Lawrence Boythorn, against the things he challenged and opposed. He spoke of them rather with a plaintive amazement at their existence, and protested rather than denounced. At the end of his charge his pale and mild face had the troubled look of one who sees error only to grieve over it. He was never boisterous, though he had a ringing laugh. One day, at the Reform Club, that laugh disturbed a testy member, who said in a voice loud enough to carry, as he meant it should, "That man has a mouth like a gorilla's." Payn heard it, and instantly flung over his shoulder the retort, "Yes, but I never could swallow you."

Those of us who have the dubious blessing of an imagination nearly always anticipate a meeting with the people we have heard of or known only through correspondence, and out of the slenderest material boldly draw imaginary portraits of them which are curiously and fantastically wide of the mark. I remember dining at the House of Commons one night — one of many nights — with that most genial of hosts, Justin M'Carthy, and being introduced to a tall, smiling, hesitating man, who seemed embarrassed by an inexplicable shyness. His smile had a womanly softness. From his appearance it was possible to surmise a sort of amiable ineffectiveness. I gasped and doubted my ears when I caught his name. It was Charles Stewart Parnell. I had always pictured him as stern, immutable, forbidding, dark in coloring and rigid in feature. That was the impression that all his photographs gave, for in his as in all cases photographs do not preserve or convey complexions or the full value of expressions.

It is M'Carthy who tells of a man who, longing to meet Herbert Spencer, sat next to him through a long dinner without recognizing him.

"I thought I was to meet Spencer," he murmured to his host.

"Haven't you met him? This is Herbert Spencer."

*This* — this quiet man at his elbow, whose diffidence had made conversation impossible!

"Yes, I am Herbert Spencer," the philosopher admitted, in the deprecatory voice of a culprit.

Of course I made a guess at Payn when he

\* Since this was written a sixpenny reprint of "Lost Sir Massingbird" has appeared.

invited me to visit him at Folkestone, where, one summer in the early eighties, he was sharing a villa near the Lees with Sir John Robinson, then manager of the *Daily News*, who was one of the most devoted and intimate of his friends. He was by my inference to be a dashing, flaring, sounding, facetious person, on the evidence of a string of humorous stories he had gathered together under the appropriate head of "In High Spirits." I had heard something of his escapades in the days when he was a cadet at Woolwich — of how, stranded in London after a holiday, he had raised the money necessary to take him and a friend back to the Academy by playing the part of a street preacher and passing his hat among the crowd at the end of the service.

After leaving Woolwich he had been to Cambridge with the intention of preparing for the Church — a facile change of course taken without any change of heart or stability of purpose. His natural bent toward literature reasserted its claim, and it was fostered, cautiously and temperately, by a friend and neighbor of his father's who lived at Swallowfield, near Maidenhead. This was Mary Russell Mitford, of "Our Village." She objected to his making a profession of it, and recommended it as an avocation, not as a vocation. He lent me a bundle of her letters to him, all written in a microscopic hand, more crabbed than his own became in later life, when it resembled nothing more than the tracks of a fly escaping from an inkpot. I have dozens of letters of his which to this day are partly undeciphered. Not only was Miss Mitford's writing small and angular, but after filling all sides of the sheet with the closest lines, she economized further by running postscripts edgewise all along the margins and even on the flaps of the envelops.

Miss Mitford's advice, by the way, is as good for any literary aspirant now as it was for him when it was given, sixty or seventy years ago, and it was reëchoed long afterward, in verification of her wisdom, by his own words: "There is no pursuit so doubtful, so full of risks, so subject to despondency, so open to despair itself. Oh, my young friend with 'a turn for literature,' think twice or thrice before committing yourself to it, or you may bitterly repent, to find yourself where that 'turn' may take you! The literary calling is an exceptional one, and even at the best you will have trials and troubles of which you dream not, and to which no other calling is exposed."

Through her he made literary acquaintances. She introduced him to Harriet Martineau, and

Harriet Martineau in turn introduced him (among others) to De Quincey. At luncheon with De Quincey, he was asked what wine he would take, and he was about to pour out a glass of what looked like port from a decanter near him, when the "opium-eater's" daughter whispered, "Not that." That was laudanum, and Payn saw De Quincey himself drink glass after glass of it.

My guess at his appearance before our first meeting proved to be wide of the mark. The door of the cab that met me at the station was opened by one who had all the marks of a scholarly country parson or a schoolmaster — a pale, studious, almost ascetic face, with thin side-whiskers, spectacled eyes, and a quiet, entreating sort of manner. And his clothes were in keeping with the rest — a jacket suit of rough black woolen cloth, topped by a wide-brimmed soft felt clerical hat. His appearance, however, was deceptive. He was neither ascetic nor bookish, and his pallor came from the ill health that even then had settled upon him in the form of gout and deafness. His spirits were invincible. He made light of his sufferings, as, for instance, when, speaking of his deafness, he said that while it shut out some pleasant sounds, it also protected him from many bores. He loved a good story, and had many good stories to tell. It was almost impossible to bring up any subject that he would not discuss with whimsical humor, and his point of view, always original and independent, was untrammelled by any sense of deference to the opinion of the majority.

One day the three of us drove over to Canterbury, and with much persuasion Sir John and I induced him to go with us to the Cathedral. While the verger showed us the sights, and we became absorbed in them, Payn dragged behind. We stood at the foot of the steps worn deep by the pilgrims to Becket's shrine. He was sighing with fatigue and heedless of the verger's reproving eye. Then we heard him whisper, "How I'd like to sit on a tomb and smoke a pipe!"

After the visit to Folkestone I was seldom in London, during the rest of his life, without seeing him, either at his home in Warrington Crescent, with his devoted wife and girls, — one of whom married Mr. Buckle, the editor of the *Times*, — or at his office in Waterloo Place. He was then editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and his room was more like a pleasant study than a place of business. A fire glowed in the grate even on warm days, and in the afternoons the fragrance of tea sometimes mingled with that of tobacco. He lived by the clock. His



*Copyright by Frederick Hollyer*

THOMAS DE QUINCEY  
FROM THE PAINTING BY ARCHER



JAMES PAYN

*From a photograph in the possession of Mr. Rideing*

forenoons were given to editorial work; then came luncheon at the Reform Club, and an invariable game of whist—the same players, day after day, year in, year out; another hour or so at the office, and a cab to Warrington Crescent.

One day an unannounced caller who had managed to evade the porter downstairs opened Payn's door. His hair was long, and his clothes were shabby and untidy. He had a roll of papers in his hand. Payn, surmising a poet and an epic several thousand lines long, looked up.

"Well, sir?"

"I've brought you something about Sarcoma and Carcinoma."

"We are overcrowded with poetry — couldn't accept another line, not if it were by Milton."

"Poetry!" the caller flashed. "Do you know anything about Sarcoma and Carcinoma?"

"Italian lovers, aren't they?" said Payn imperturbably.

The caller retreated, with a withering glance at the editor. Under the same roof as the *Cornhill* was the office of a medical and surgical journal, and it was this that the caller sought, for the disposal of a treatise on those cancerous growths with the euphonious names which, with a layman's ignorance, Payn ascribed to poetry. Payn was always playful, but it is not for me to prove his stories, and others will lose rather than gain by insisting on evidence.





HARRIET MARTINEAU  
*From a photograph*

11

The publisher complains, often in a strain of sentiment and pathos, and I have known even a literary agent to say, that the author expects everything and objects to everything. "The only thing that satisfies him is being paid, and, if possible, being paid twice over." Undoubtedly he has become more sordid, or it may be fairer to say more businesslike, under the influence and instruction of the agent, who occasionally finds a once tractable and complaisant client transformed into a Frankenstein.

I like, however, to see the author have his

turn, for until recent years he has been the under dog in the struggle for an equitable division of the money his work has produced. The publisher has had the cheese and he the holes—though not always. Tennyson especially, and Thackeray and Dickens knew how to take care of themselves. We smile as we recall Thackeray in his early days making a desperate effort to dissemble his rejoicing at an offer much larger than he expected, and the wiles of Gibbon when he instructed Lord Sheffield as to how that nobleman should negotiate with Nichols, the publisher, in his behalf. His lordship was to speak of the prospective book as if the idea



*Courtesy of the Robert Appleton Company*

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

*From a photograph taken when she was about twenty years of age*

came from himself, "as it is most essential that I be solicited, and do not solicit." "Then," wrote Gibbon, "if he [Nichols] kindles at the thought and eagerly claims my alliance, you [Lord Sheffield] will begin to hesitate. 'I am afraid, Mr. Nichols,' you say, 'that we can hardly persuade my friend to engage in so great a work. Gibbon is old, and rich, and lazy. However, you may make the trial.'"

Was the trick ever played more cannily? Could any salt for a bird's tail have more efficacy? Still, I think that among authors in their business affairs there are and have been more geese than such foxes as Gibbon was in this instance. Why should we wonder if, at the end of a long period of ignorance of or indifference to commercial values, they strain

them out of due proportion when they discover them, and lose sight of all else? The corollary is inevitable, and equity in suspense.

All this is a roundabout approach to saying that, in a varied editorial experience of more years than I can acknowledge with equanimity, I met only one author who thought that what we offered him for some of his work was too much, and, strange to relate, that was Charles Reade.

He had then lost his pretty house in Knightsbridge, that "Naboth's Vineyard," as he called it, against the loss of which he had fought with characteristic energy through long years in both the courts and Parliament, and had moved to Shepherd's Bush, a choice that was to me unaccountable and incredible. Of all places in

the world, one wondered, why Shepherd's Bush? And why Blomfield Villas, of all places there? As I sought the house, I thought that I must have made some mistake, and that none of those rows of stucco-fronted, small, vulgar, undistinguished domiciles, detached and semi-detached, in stony, pocket-handkerchief gardens, could possibly contain the great man I was looking for. The neighborhood spoke of city clerks, shopmen, and retired people—not "nice" retired people, half-pay officers and such, but retired plumbers, green-grocers, buttermen, and licensed victualers. Here and there one of them could be seen pottering, shirt-sleeved, in his crowded and heterogeneous garden, with an air of stolid and immitigable British satisfaction, his old briar fondly held between his pursy lips, and the fat of plethoric nourishment oozing on his face, a solid proof that I was astray.

When I came to the number given to me, I hesitated before ringing the bell, I was so confident of the futility of my inquiry, and the reply of the maid who answered the bell—"Yes, this is Mr. Reade's"—had to be repeated before it penetrated me.

Yes, this was Mr. Reade's, and I was shown into a littered and cramped study, corresponding to the drawing-room of the other houses, its shelves loaded with a series of scrap-books bursting with clippings on every subject, from newspaper articles. Occasionally, perhaps, he found inspiration and suggestions in them, for it was a point with him that truth was stranger than fiction,—and in that I might concur, taking Blomfield Villas as an example,—but my impression is that those fallow and bulging archives had their chief use in confounding the critics who ventured to challenge what seemed to be impossibilities in his works.

Was it in "Foul Play," or another story, that a white whale appeared? And did some scribe say that a white whale could not have been in the latitude and longitude

given? Down came one of the scrap-books, and down its weight on the head of that critic, leaving him not a breath for rebuttal, or a leg to stand on. Within it was a faded extract from the log of a ship that had reported the phenomenon in the very spot in which Reade had placed it. And I believe that in such an achievement as this he took as much pride as in one of the best chapters of "The Cloister and the Hearth." If he could not demolish them, he loved to confuse those who "called him down," and the scrap-books were his arsenal.

I thought, in the timidity of my inexperience at that period, he meant to demolish me as he burst into the room, seeming to bring with him a gale that rattled the house and all its doors and windows. I had written a chaffing article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, pointing out some amusing errors of his in the American scenes of "The Wandering Heir," or "Singleheart and Doubleface," and for a moment I feared, forgetting that it was unsigned, that my sins were to overtake me there and then. But the tornado was of sound only, the breath of an impulsive and impetuous temperament, which at heart was essentially fine and gentle. Passing, it left in its place a presence that, though dogmatic, was far from disagreeable.

Following that visit to Blomfield Villas, I had a long letter from him which seems to me to be an epitome of the complex variety of his qualities, and in printing it I should explain, in reference to one of its passages, that I had asked him to write a serial story for a juvenile periodical, whose editors think an amorous interest is unwise in view of the age of their readers.

HOTEL SPLENDIDE,  
CANNES,  
28 Jan'y, '84

DEAR SIR: I beg to thank you for the munificent sum you sent me through Mr. Liston; it was too much for a mere dictated article of which you had not the monopoly; and shall be reconsidered if we do business together.



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT  
From a photograph in the collection of  
Robert Coster

I must now tell you the real reason of my delaying so long to write to you: Your often repeated wish to have something from my pen, and your liberality, had made me desirous to let you have something good; now I have observed that it is extremely difficult for any author to increase the circulation of an established periodical, and, when it *is* done, fiction is very seldom the happy instrument. However, I have by me, in manuscript, certain true narratives called "Bible Characters," which I think will do a magazine more good than any number of fictions. The subject, of course, is old, but it is as good as new and better; because, up to this date, the treatment of such subjects

by French, German, and English writers has been all a mistake, and a truly wonderful one. I cannot in the compass of a letter explain to you the many vital blunders in their treatment: I must confine myself to saying that it is so; and that everybody will see it when my manuscripts are printed.

Well, I must now tell you, under the seal of the most strict and honorable confidence, that I sent to —— a short preliminary discourse and two Bible characters that pass for small characters only because the divines who have handled them have literally no insight into character whatever. The editor received this instalment of the subject with open arms, but



HERBERT SPENCER

*From a copyright photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company*





*Copyright by Frederick Hollyer*

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

*From a painting by an unknown artist*

he has been shelving my fictitious stories, and editing me, making unjustifiable and very silly alterations, so that my text and my English copyrights seem neither of them to be safe in that magazine. I therefore requested him to send me back all my copy *without exception*, and I intended to do you a good turn with the Bible characters, both in your periodical and in book form; and I thought long before this my manuscripts would have come home; but probably my old friends Messrs. —, the publishers, took alarm, and objected to part with them; at all events, the manuscripts were retained, most charming excuses made, and I was requested to reconsider the matter. I was not, on my part, the least disposed to quarrel, it

would have been ungrateful; I therefore gave them the alternative under very stringent conditions — no editing, no interruption,— when once I begin,— and, in short, no nonsense of any kind. Now, if they accept these terms they will have the works, and if they do not they will lose them and find their mistake.

If they let them slip, you can have them if you like; if they retain them I see my way to write you a strong story, but there must be love in it: not illicit love, nor passionate love, but that true affection between the sexes without which it is impossible to interest readers for more than a few pages. Pray consider the subject, thus confined; it cannot be long hidden from the young that there is an innocent and

natural love between the sexes, and, in plain truth, successful fiction is somewhat narrow; love is its turnpike road; you may go off that road into highways, into byeways, and woods, and gather here and there choice flowers of imagination that do not grow at the side of that road; but you must be quick and get back again to your turnpike pretty soon, or you will miss the heart of the reader.

When I return to England and have my books about me, I could write you one good article about men and animals, their friendships, and

order in the intestines, I am fulfilling an engagement to write a serial story in —, and I hope to finish it in a month, but I do not think I shall ever again undertake to write a story of that length. After all, condensation is a fine thing, and perhaps a story long enough to excite an interest, and paint characters vividly, a story in which there is no conversation, but only dialogue which rapidly advances the progress of the action, is more likely to be immortal than those more expanded themes which betray us into diffuseness.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

*From the collection of Frederick  
H. Meserve*



MRS. OLIPHANT

*Copyright photograph by H. L.  
Mendelssohn*

how the lives of men have been sometimes taken and saved by quadrupeds, fishes, birds, and even reptiles, and could wind up with an exquisite story of how a man's life was once saved by a ladybird; but one such article, with my habits of condensation, would exhaust the whole vein, whereas fiction and biography are unlimited.

Then, as to the remuneration you were kind enough to offer, I do not see how you can afford \$— per page. Publishers will pay for their whistle, like other people, and will buy a name for more than it is worth unless it is connected with work that would be valuable without a name. In my view of things, nothing is good that is not durable, and no literary business can be durable if the author takes all the profit. . . .

In spite of bronchitis, and some strange dis-

Please make allowances in this letter for any defects arising from dictation. I am not yet a good hand at that practice.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

There we have the man as he was, as he saw himself, and as he revealed himself: knowing better what a periodical wanted than its editors, and more of the Bible than the theologian; level-headed in such axioms as "nothing is good that is not durable"; arrogant as to conditions and fair-minded as to rewards; broad and liberal here, narrow and prejudiced there; sound in business; direct in method; and, above all, imperious and confidently omniscient.

Payn also had his joke at the exclusion of sexual love and the supernatural from a story



he attempted for the same periodical. "Never," he wrote, "since the Israelite was requested to make bricks without straw by his Egyptian master, was employee so put to it. I am bound to say that, though amply remunerated, that story" (his own) "did not turn out a success. Think of Hamlet with not only the prince left out but also the ghost! My position seems to be similar to that of woman in conversation. Almost everything that is really interesting is tabooed to her."

Our women contributors never found any difficulty in or objection to the restriction, nor did the interest of their work suffer from it: Mrs. Macquoid, the author of "Patty," whom I used to see at her old house in the King's Road, Chelsea, where she lived for many years; Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, frisky as a girl at eighty; Louisa M. Alcott, retired at Concord, and Mrs. Oliphant in her lodgings in Ebury Street or at Windsor or Wimbledon. *They* never murmured against Moses, or complained that they were asked to make bricks without straw, because passion and superstition were eschewed.

Mrs. Oliphant gave us some of her best work, and that, as I appraise it, came very near to the best of any woman novelist in English literature. The little it lacked in the measure of perfection could be charged to the harassing conditions of pressure and distraction under which it was produced. Her characters were never wraiths or puppets, or like the stamped patterns on wall-papers: they lived for us; we saw them back and front, within and without, through their bodies to their souls; and when they died they filled us with such a sense of desolation and of echoing void in the house of mourning as we received from that vivid scene of death in her "Country Gentleman." The wolf howled at her door, while her children clung to her skirts like the daughters of the horse-leech, crying, "Give, give." Much of her writing was done late at night. She told me that this had become a habit with her since her children's infancy, when it was necessary to have them in bed before she took up her pen, and it persisted after they grew up. A glass of sherry sustained her in it.

## THE LIGHTED LAMP

B Y

FLORENCE WILKINSON

**I**T was so great a light you held,  
And yet you did not know.  
I caught my breath for fear of it,—  
You swung it to and fro.

If you had lost it, all the world  
Could not have given it back.  
You went unconscious as a rose,  
With power that emperors lack.

A little laugh might blow it out;  
The sacred oil might spill;  
A step might shatter it, yet you looked  
With eyes as calm and still

As one who had no secret gold,  
No treasure under key,  
Though what was yours would be, if lost,  
Lost irredeemably.  
And I, who read this in your face,  
Prayed God it might not be.

# IN VAUDEVILLE

BY

HELEN GREEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

"YOU never turned down the McGuffeys Three before," argued a lean young man from the top step of the theatrical boarding-house in East Fourteenth Street. "This here place was allus open to vodeveel teams. Ain't you got jest one room left, Mis' de Shine?"

The buxom landlady shook her tightly curled blond "front" and gazed sternly at the pleading faces of the McGuffeys Three.

"In this age yuh gotta progress or be set down fur a dead one," said she. "Pers'nally, I got nothing against the vodeveel purfession. But I'm raisin' my standard, an' in future only players in the legit — man'gers an' act's what's lifted 'emselves above the ord'nary level — will be took. Meanin' no offense to nobuddy present, Mista McGuffey, fur I do not."

"Bill, don't stick there to be insulted," put in Clara McGuffey excitedly. "I remember the time when she was darn glad to git us. Come on away."

"I hope you don't regret it," remarked Clara's brother Harry threateningly, "but you'll git yours yet!"

"They ain't no call fur hard langwitch," replied Mrs. de Shine haughtily. "A party has a right to add more tong to their own joint, I b'lieve; an' I'm doin' it."

She shut the door upon them and retired to a rocker in the parlor. Her meditations were interrupted by loud voices.

"Whatever is a-comin' off out here?" she exclaimed, advancing into the hall.

The North Platte Quartette, composed of four men in garments of exaggerated cut, set off by rakish hats and scarfs of gay hues, were quarreling vio-

lently with a blue-uniformed and brass-buttoned youth.

"They say they won't be put out, an' I can't make 'em!" shouted the page, fleeing toward Mrs. de Shine.

"What's the ideer of havin' a kid dressed up like a comedy act an' tellin' us to beat it?" demanded Mr. White, first tenor of the North Plattes.

"He's lucky we didn't tear all them buttons off," observed the stout baritone.

"Mebbe we will yet," rumbled the basso.

"Will I run to the corner fur a cop, mum?" the page shrilled tremblingly.

"No, Vernon; I kin handle 'em," said the landlady. "The ideer is, ge'lmun, that a raise from seving to twelve bucks a week fur each puhson has been made, an' the payin' guests gave the refusal of them terms. Yuh said nothin' doin', wherefur I gotta have yer rooms.

The Garibaldi Dramatic Com-p'ny is due on a late train, an' they're the kinda people what expects their apartmunts to be swep' up and made ready on time."

"He said I was a impident puppy," complained the page. "Well, he's a big stiff, he is!"

"Why don't somebody give the brat a kick?" asked the second tenor.

"'Cause they betta not, that's why," responded Mrs. de Shine. "Four growed men jumpin' on a little boy like yuh done is small credit to yuh. An' now I want yuh to kin'ly be on yer way."

The Quartette became humble and promised to conduct themselves quietly and to refrain from assaulting Vernon if Mrs. de Shine would only let them keep their rooms.

"We're willin' to pay twelve. Kin a guy say fairer?" begged Mr. White.



W. Glackens

"A PARTY HAS A RIGHT TO  
ADD MORE TONG TO THEIR  
OWN JOINT"



THE NORTH PLATTE QUARTETTE

"Ge'lmun, I gotta decline," said the landlady firmly. "The Garibaldi Comp'ny, comprisin' nine purformers, has hired them accommodations; an' I'm not the woming to lay down on my word."

The Quartette mournfully packed their effects and left. A "single singing turn" of the feminine gender was ousted as summarily as the North Plattes.

"As I'm to be the same as throwed into the street," said the angry artiste, "all I have to remark is that, if your old Garibaldis are so particular, maybe they'll insist on havin' clean curtains oftener than every six months. The trouble with me was, I'm too easy, an' I'm sufferin' for it."

"I bid yuh a p'lite farewell, maddim," retorted the landlady. "Ef yuh didn't like it, I'm s'prised at yuh bein' so sore when ast to leave."

"I'm only weedin' out the undesirables," she explained to the remaining boarders at dinner. "Them now in the house is welcome to remain. Beginnin' to-morra, I'll have finger-bowls an' three extry courses, with fish an' meat both to each party. It's expensive, but yuh kinnot give the rull genteel finish without payin' high fur it. The Garibaldis is sutten to tell their frien's about me. I was knowed by the hull vodeveel purfession in no time, an' I oughta git there jest as rapid with the legits."

"I never heard of this troupe," observed

Birdie de Wallop, of The De Wallops, the celebrated European acrobats.

"While I myself ain't met none of 'em," said the landlady, "I had a lovely letter from Giovanni Garibaldi, an' I cud feel a sympathy with him at onct."

"Them wops are allus shootin' the bunk," observed Johnny Trippit, world's champion buck dancer.

"Yuh oughta be ashamed to be showin' jealousy of a ge'lmun placed above yuh in stage life, Mista Trippit," rebuked the landlady. "I bettcha he wudn't knock yuh."

"He won't if he's a wise guy," remarked Trippit ominously. "No legit that ever got hissed kin gimme any guff."

"I s'pose the ladies will consider themselves superior to us," said Mrs. Spangle, of the Balancing Spangles, whose billing is "Queen and King of the Slack Wire."

"Don't notice 'em," advised Mr. Spangle. "Let them seek the introduction. We won't. Gimme the putatas."

"Ef the Garibaldi Comp'ny's to be received in sech a hateful spirit, I'll simply set 'em at a special table," said Mrs. de Shine, "an' I serve notice to all present that they'll eat when the comp'ny's through, too. Or else treat 'em respectful."

A mutinous muttering followed. Vaudeville was plotting war against the legitimate.



"I'M TOO EASY, AN' I'M SUFFERIN' FOR IT"

It was midnight when a loud ring called the landlady to the front door.

"This Meesa de Shine? Me, I am Garibaldi," began a pleasant-voiced Italian. "My peop' they are delay bicos that so beega fool rail-away he maka beega mistak'. You giva me key, an' I breenga my peop' back; mebbe two, mebbe t'ree 'clock biffor I do thees. Yes, ma'am."

"Ain't that dretful?" cried the landlady. "Now, listen. I'll show yuh the rooms, an' here's a key. Them railroads is so irritatin'. When I was in the business myself our show was allus bein' late or sumpin'. This way."

Signor Garibaldi bowed impressively after he had viewed the quarters for his company. With his hand on his heart, he said that they were almost too good.

"Yuh folks must feel yuhselfes right to home," said Mrs. de Shine graciously. "Yuh got the run of the entire house, an' my hull desire is to make my payin' guests comfortable."

The regular boarders went to breakfast in a compact body, determined not to give way an inch before the Garibaldis.

"They ain't et yet?" queried Trippit, anxiously eyeing nine vacant spaces.

"No," replied the landlady, "but they're prob'ly in an exhausted state, fur they got in so late an'— here they come."

The vaudevillians, maintaining a dignified silence, looked in another direction. They were startled by a wild scream from Mrs. de Shine.

"Help! Oh, Mista Garibaldi! What's that behind yuh?" she shouted.

The boarders sprang to their feet, staring.

Johnny Trippit grasped a pickle-bottle. The Spangles got behind the table as Birdie de Wallop disappeared beneath it. George and Wilbur Dooley — known as the Daring Dooleys, Emperors of the Hoop Rolling Art — dashed for the kitchen door, departing thence to the seclusion of the back yard.

"I no understanda thees beega fuss," said Garibaldi. "Signori an' signoras, here ees Pietro, Alessandro, Catalina, Giuseppina, Giuseppe, an' t'ree bambini — the Garibaldi Companee. I thanka you — why they run away, pleesa, ma'am?"

"Take 'em outa my house this instant, or I'll holler fur the police!" shrieked the landlady. "Mista Trippit, are yuh a man or a mouse, that yuh don't aid a woming in distress?"

"Gee, I dunno how to go at 'em," protested the buck dancer weakly. "They're outer my line."

"Pietro, Alessandro, pleesa to taka your seat," said Garibaldi, addressing two of the company, who paused just inside the door. "Theesa peop' maka me seek."

"They — they kinnot," quavered the landlady. "It's agin the rules! They gotta be took out immejut!"

"Scusa me," said Garibaldi mildly, as he seated his entourage. "I hava your let', signora. Board for me an' my troupe. Eet's contract — same as t'eatrical."

"And we was bawled out on account of such as them," said Birdie de Wallop, whose reappearance was heralded by a thump of her head against the table-top. "As for me, I certainly won't take my meals with that bunch."

Garibaldi's company, careless of the feelings of others, reached eagerly for various dishes. Giuseppina, in her haste, upset the fried eggs. Mrs. de Shine put her hands to her eyes and burst into hysterical sobs.

"I take back my letter!" she wailed. "No court'd hold me."

"Scusa me once more," said Garibaldi. "So say a signora een Peetsaburg. Yet she have to feeda my peop'."

Hunger had driven the Spangles back to their chairs.

"Here, don't you shove my plate, you wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Spangle indignantly, as Pietro appropriated a slice of bread that she had daintily broken.

"The whole outfit's got the manners of hawks," said Mr. Spangle.

Pietro, entirely unmoved by this candid comment, drew Mrs. Spangle's cup across the table and noisily drank her coffee.

"Oh, this is unbearable!" she shrieked. "Let me out!"



"HE WON'T IF HE'S A WISE GUY"

Alessandro, quite forgetting himself, leaped nimbly upon the table.

"Cussed if I'll stay in a house with these monks!" said Trippit vigorously. "It's expectin' too much of a feller!"

"You calla my peop' the monk?" reproached Garibaldi. "Scusa me, sare! Chimpanzee—vary different theeng. My companee are educate. They lady an' gentlemen."

The younger members of the company glared at the empty dishes and chattered agitatedly.

"Whatever they are, we ain't sank low enough to associate with 'em," said Mrs. Spangle tearfully, addressing Mrs. de Shine, "an' you can just git summon else fur our room."

Pietro, who was clad in a suit of blue-and-white checks, seized his red waistcoat at the waist-line, flapping it up and down, while he uttered alarmed cries. The bambini emitted plaintive wails. Alessandro, throwing off his little jacket, put up his fists in boxing attitude and darted upon Mr. Trippit.

The boarders, led by Birdie de Wallop, fled past Garibaldi and his talented simians and broke for the upper stories. Mrs. de Shine, quite overcome, staggered after them, leaving the Garibaldis in possession. She joined the conference which was held in the room of the Balancing Spangles.

"I b'lieve he kin make that letter stick," said Mr. Spangle thoughtfully. "Now, leavin' out how we all feel, here's what you might do. Make 'em eat in their own rooms—see? And charge 'em extry for service!"

Mrs. de Shine, considerably calmed, descended to the kitchen, where the Garibaldis were ransacking cupboards and ice-box, and ordered their manager to stand forth.

"But allaways my peop' stay in the eye publica," remonstrated Garibaldi. "That ees gooda advertise, signora."

"Mista Garibaldi, I'm only a delikit female, an' ~~no~~ too strong, even ef I do look so hearty," began Mrs. de Shine; "but I'm boss here, an' either them animals remains quiet an' decent in the third floor back an' seckind floor front, or out yuh go, letter or not. That's all."

Garibaldi reflected briefly. A suitable lodging for select chimpanzees is difficult to find. He bowed agreement.

"But no one shall see," he said gloomily. "Beega peety, signora. My peop' they maka you famous—beega crowd all the time come to look."

Mrs. de Shine smiled coldly.



"ALESSANDRO LEAPED NIMBLY UPON THE TABLE"

Three rooms had been allotted to the company. Pietro and Giuseppe were placed in one; Giuseppina, Catalina, and the "bambini" in a second; Garibaldi occupied a third, with the talented Alessandro. Meals were conveyed to them by Vernon, the page.

The vaudevillians in adjacent rooms complained bitterly, for the chimpanzees fought incessantly, smashing chairs and mirrors, and generally disturbing the hours dedicated to slumber. Pietro's group amused themselves by hanging from a window that looked upon the street.

"Oh, ef this week is ever done, it's all I ast!" exclaimed the landlady to a visitor, Tuesday. "He's paid fur bustin' the furniture, but it ain't his money I want."

The caller's vaudeville name was "Princess Lalla," exponent of the languorous dances of the Orient. The Princess was not lacking in intelligence.

"Law, it'd be a cinch to get rid of 'em," said she, with a smile. "Put me next door for to-night. I'll show you how to do it."

Mrs. de Shine moved Birdie de Wallop to the fourth floor, and installed the Princess Lalla within ear-shot of Signor Garibaldi's company.

Late the following afternoon Garibaldi sought Mrs. de Shine. He was pale and greatly upset.

"Lasta night my poor Pietro he hear a beega noise; scare heem so he refuse to do hees treak at mat'née to-day," he complained. "Beega





"GARIBALDI AND HIS BURDEN TUMBLED AFTER THEM"

hees! Lika snake, signora. What you theenk theesa can be?"

"I rully got no ideer," answered the landlady. "Also, I suttently ain't int' rusted in no monkeys."

Garibaldi sighed, gazed at her sadly, and plodded up to his company.

Princess Lalla entered her temporary abode at six o'clock. Ten minutes later dinner was served to the Garibaldi company in Pietro's room, with Garibaldi present to keep order.

"Leave the door open a foot when you're handin' it in," directed the Princess.

Vernon nodded and rapped. Pietro admitted him with joyful cries.

Something long and smooth and blotchy brown undulated between Vernon's legs. It emitted a dreadful hiss as it darted into the room. Pietro dropped the tray. Catalina bounded, by way of a wash-stand, to the top of the wardrobe. Alessandro flung himself upon Garibaldi, who roared:

"Assassinato! Help! Eet ees a snake!"

"Oh, mercy! Clarence is loose!" called Princess Lalla from the hall. "Don't be scared. He can't bite!"

Garibaldi did not stop to argue. Catalina leaped from the wardrobe to her master's shoulders. Pietro, chattering, scrambled to



his back. Alessandro and Giuseppina and Giuseppe caught up the baby chimpanzees and galloped madly over Vernon. Garibaldi and his burden tumbled after them.

Birdie de Wallop kindly held open the front door. As it closed upon the Garibaldi Company, Princess Lalla poked her trained boa constrictor with one foot, saying sharply:

"Clar-ence! That's enough! You won't get none them for supper. C'mere to me!"

With Clarence gracefully twined about her,

the Princess joined the boarders, who were massed in the hall below.

"Oh, how kin mere words thank yuh, dearie?" ejaculated Mrs. de Shine.

"It was a real pleasure," said the Princess lightly.

Vernon, the page, approached.

"The McGuffeys Three are here again, mum, astin' is they anything vacant," said he.

"Bring 'em in quick," ordered the landlady happily, "fur the Garibaldi Dramatic Com-p'ny has jest gave up their rooms!"

## DEPARTURE

BY

CAMILLA L. KENYON

**O** LITTLE house, so plain and bare,  
My slow feet linger on your stair  
For the last time. I shall no more  
Come hither. When I close the door  
Upon you now, I shall be through  
With all the dear, sad past, and you.

Dear house! And yet, I did not guess  
Before there was this tenderness  
Hid in a heart that often swelled  
With angry yearning, and rebelled  
At your low walls, the humble guise  
You wore to careless stranger eyes.  
I chafed so at the meager ways,  
The narrow cares, the fretted days,  
The life you were the shell of; yet  
Now, for your sake, my cheeks are wet.

Oh, wild dark sea of change and chance!  
Oh, varying winds of circumstance!  
How kind, how sure, this haven seems,  
How dear the past — its hopes, its dreams,  
The old, old love, the toil, the care.  
Forth to the future now I fare,  
Yet still with backward gaze that clings  
To the old, worn, familiar things;

With backward gaze that seems to see,  
Bidding their still farewell to me,  
Dim shapes, whose wistful eyes entreat  
Remembrance. Ah, unechoing feet,  
Ah, unheard voices, sad and kind,  
These too, these too, I leave behind!  
Here, with the old dead years, alone  
I have you safe — you are mine own.

Farewell; my hand has left the door  
That opens to me now no more.

# FINDING A LIFE WORK

BY

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

IN those colleges where the choice of a course is left to the student, it is always interesting to inquire into the motives that guide the preference. Of the hundreds who flock to a course in history, or economics, or chemistry, or literature, certainly there are many who know that they have chosen the course that they need and the one that will be most profitable for their inner development. But there are others, and those others are far too many. Some students select a course because their friends are taking it, others because they have heard that it is a "soft snap." Sometimes a course is chosen because the lecturer is well known for his witty remarks, sometimes because the lecture hour conflicts least with the training for athletics, and again because the lecture room is conveniently located downstairs or because the books needed for the course are small enough to be carried in the pocket.

On the whole, this situation also pictures the methods by which the American youth chooses his life work. The overwhelming majority must enter upon a bread-winning life when the graded school has been passed. Here also a large number certainly have an aim and a goal, and with firm step they enter the chosen path. But a discouraging number of boys and girls are drifting here and there from haphazard motives and most trivial causes. The hasty advice of an incompetent friend, a chance advertisement, a superficial liking for some surface features of a calling without any knowledge of its real duties, a vague, illusory idea as to the great financial rewards of a line of work, push a boy in this or that direction. Not having been trained for any definite thing, and having neither a conscious preference nor sufficient knowledge of the social world with its openings and its opportunities, he is glad to slip in anywhere.

All this repeats itself, not very differently though on a somewhat higher level, with that smaller part of the population that has passed through the high schools. To be sure, those four additional years have given to many a

boy a wholesome opportunity to find himself and to discover his aptitudes and interests. But, if we watch the further development, we witness the depressing sight of the same haphazard selection of a practical career, the same ignorance, the same valuation of petty circumstances, the same drifting. The most important step in life is often taken with hardly more deliberation than many of those boys would use in selecting a new suit of clothes.

## *The Reckless Choosing of Careers in America*

The student who recklessly chooses his lecture course in college may lose the highest gain, but the result will not be serious harm. Every course is planned so as to give him something of value. But an unsuitable life course may result in real harm — yes, in failure and wreck. Surely the divorce mills of the country have enough to do; but the cases in which a man is divorced from his profession, or at least ought to be divorced from it if his life is not to be misery to him, are even more numerous. Yet, the cases of failure are not the only ones that count against the present system. From the national point of view, the absurd wastefulness condemns this reckless scheme no less. The boy who drives a butcher's cart, then becomes call boy in a hotel, afterward goes to work in a factory, and a few weeks later tries the next chance job that offers itself, loses the great advantage of systematic training for a definite task.

No one can deny that this careless shifting and unprepared entrance upon a life career is dangerously favored by certain conditions of American life. Politics and the whole social structure of the country have always encouraged the view that everybody is fit for everything. The traditional disrespect for the expert, the old-fashioned spoils system, the tendency of democracy to put the technical government of towns into the hands of untrained men, have too long reinforced the impression that nothing but the possession of intelligence and energy are necessary to fill any place. The absence of social barriers and the predomi-

nance of the money influence, the lack of discipline and authority in the education of the youth, and, perhaps strongest of all, the natural wealth of the nation, work in the same direction. The country could afford the limitless waste of human energies, just as it felt justified in wasting the timber resources of the forests.

But in recent years all this has changed. The more complex conditions of modern life, the progress of science and economics, of sanitation and education, have gradually taught the country a new respect for the services of the expert; the devastating spoils system has had to yield, and the national conscience has forcefully awaked in its protest against the waste of the national resources. This new spirit has at last started a growing conviction among thinking people that something must be done for the youth who seeks a vocation.

### *Shall the School Develop Children into Little Specialists?*

To many the most natural way would seem to be in a reorganization of the schools. Indeed, it has often been proposed to give to the child a greater chance for specialization, even in the lower schools. In this way the school might develop little specialists who would be better prepared than others for certain lines of work, and who would be more successful through such early training. Moreover, the school would have opportunity to adjust such early specialization to the gifts and predominant interests of the individual boy or girl. But a more thorough study of the functions of the public school sounds a decided warning against this tendency. Dangers lurk there on all sides. The safety of the nation demands a real common ground for the whole population, a common education in the fundamentals of the national life. The more years the youth of the country can devote to a general education, the more wholesome will be the state of society and the stronger the inner life of the individual. The school must give to everybody that which binds us all in a common social intercourse, in an understanding of the public life and of nature. The school would be hampered in this its highest mission if its program were encroached upon by the demands of personal calling.

But the dangers of a pseudo-professional work in the schools would result no less from the intrusion of an element of personal whim and fancy. The child would follow his personal liking at a time when he needs to learn nothing so much as to overcome his mere likes and dislikes. In the years that should be devoted to the learning of the highest task, to

doing one's duty, the boys and girls would be encouraged in the ruinous habit of following the path of least resistance. The vocational aspect ought to be excluded absolutely from the public schools. Even subjects like manual training, which may become most useful for certain practical callings, in the school-room ought to be kept in the position of a formal discipline. The boy should learn in his manual training lesson that power of accuracy and observation, of attention and energy, that will be helpful to him in every walk of life; he should not learn carpentry there in order to become a carpenter. Truly, they are the youth's best friends who insist that this principle ought to hold even up to the higher stages of school life. There may be allowed more elasticity in the high school, and still more in the college work; but even these will ultimately be the more helpful the freer they are kept from professional aspects. Only when the schools have poured out their floods must the stream be guided into safe channels.

### *The Advantages and Dangers of the Vocational School*

In the institution of vocational schools a most important step forward has been taken. Industrial education and trade schools have at last won the interest of progressive countries. By means of these perhaps more than by anything else, modern Germany has made its rapid strides forward. The boy of fourteen who cannot afford to prolong his general education cannot do better than to get thorough instruction in a specialized line. The advantage of these vocational schools would have to be acknowledged without reservation if we did not face one serious danger. The school is excellent for the boy who would otherwise spend his time in a desultory bread-winning activity; but such a school is harmful if it draws the boy away from a further pursuit of liberal education. It would be most regrettable if the industrial schools should contribute still more to the growing depletion of the high schools. The vocational school is the desirable solution for those who cannot afford the higher school, but it is undesirable for those who, for practical reasons, prefer it to a further liberal training. Yet, if this danger is kept sufficiently in view, the blessing of the vocational school for the youth who is seeking a life work must be most heartily acknowledged.

Similar in importance is the establishment of vocation bureaus, a movement that was started by the late Professor Parsons in Boston, a true benefactor to the community, and that has been taken up in various other places. It

represents an innovation of unlimited possibilities. Parsons' posthumous work on the choice of a vocation outlines his plans and suggests vividly the manifold cases that have been helped by the work of the vocation bureau. He recognized clearly that the need for guidance is at no time in life more essential than in the transition from school to work. He saw that inefficiency and change of vocation, with all the waste and cost involved, "are largely due to the haphazard way in which young men and women drift into employments, with little or no regard to adaptability, and without adequate preparation or any definite aim or well-considered plan to insure success."

#### *How the Vocation Bureau Guides Boys and Girls to a Career*

The effort of the vocation bureau is to remedy these conditions through expert counsel and guidance. The immediate means consist, first, in furnishing the young people with a knowledge of the requirements and conditions of success, the compensations, opportunities, and prospects in different lines of work; second, in guiding the candidate to a clear understanding of his own aptitudes, abilities, interests, resources, and limitations. Moreover, the officers of the vocation bureau must act as true counselors, reasoning patiently with the boy or girl on the practical relations between their personal qualities and those objective conditions of the social fabric. Thus the goal of the bureau is to find for every one the occupation that is in fullest harmony with his nature and his ambitions and that will secure for him the greatest possible permanent interest and economic value. No doubt much depends upon the wisdom and judgment, the sympathy and insight, of the counselor; and not every manager of such an institute will equal, in that respect, the founder of the first vocation bureau. Certainly, for such a task, thorough preparation is needed, and the equipment of a pioneerschool for the training of vocational counselors was, therefore, necessarily the next step.

The gathering of objective data that are needed to furnish all possible information has been most successfully started, and the little guide-book already contains unusually rich material regarding the conditions of efficiency and success in different industries; a classification of industries; a most suggestive list of ways of earning money that are open to women at home and away from home, indoors and out of doors, skilled and unskilled. The bureau has also prepared schedules showing the earnings for each industry, the average wage, sex, and nativity of persons engaged in various oc-

cupations, the movement of demand in about two hundred vocations during the last decades, and many similar facts that would furnish the background for the discussion of any industrial case. All this becomes significant when applied to the personal qualifications of the candidate.

#### *The Average Man Incapable of True Self-Analysis*

The methods employed to determine these individual facts are, so far, of a more tentative character. Here, decidedly, discussion is still open. And this is the point at which the interest of the experimental psychologist is attracted, and it appears his duty to take part in the discussion. The emphasis of the inquiry lies, as yet, on a self-analysis and on the impression of the counselor. In order to get the fullest possible self-analysis, the candidate is asked to answer, in writing, a large number of questions that refer to his habits and his emotions, his likings and his ambitions, his characteristics and his resources, his experiences and his capacities. It seems in a high degree doubtful whether the results obtained by this method really throw a clear light on those mental factors that the counselor needs for his advice. Such self-analysis is very difficult and, above all, very easily misleading. The average man knows his mental functions as little as he knows the muscles that he uses in walking or speaking. For instance, the boy is asked questions like the following:

Compare yourself as to courage with others of your age.

Is your attitude toward employers cordial and sympathetic or not?

If you could have your every wish fulfilled, what would be your first half dozen wishes?

What sort of people do you prefer to live with?

Mention the limitations and defects in yourself.

Do you cultivate smiles and laughter by right methods?

Do you take care to pronounce your words clearly?

Do you look people frankly in the eye?

Are you a good listener?

Are you thoughtful of the comfort of others?

Can you manage people well?

Are you planning to form further friendships?

Do you talk a good deal about yourself?

Are your inflections natural and cheery?

Such questions, representative of the most varied fields of inquiry, may yield bits of suggestion as to character in some cases, but they may, no less frequently, be answered misleadingly. To estimate the value of his replies we should have to know the boy thoroughly; yet we seek those replies in order to get that thorough knowledge. Hence we move in a circle without advancing. If we desire a careful, exact analysis of mental functions, we must

not forget that the last decades have brought the science of the mind to a point where such an analysis can be performed by means of an exact experimental science. The modern psychological laboratory disentangles the mental functions with a subtlety that surpasses the mere self-observation of practical life as much as the search with the microscope surpasses the viewing of objects with the naked eye.

*Discovering a Man's True Calling by  
Psychological Experiment*

It is true that the modern psychological laboratory has been interested primarily in the finding of general laws for the mental life. But in recent years the attention of experimental psychologists has turned more and more to the study of individual differences and to the development of methods designed to bring these differences to the clearest perception. We now realize that questions as to the mental capacities and functions and powers of an individual can no longer be trusted to impressionistic replies. If we are to have reliable answers, we must make use of the available resources of the psychological laboratory. These resources emancipate us from the illusions and emotions of the self-observer. The well-arranged experiment measures the mental states with the same exactness with which the chemical or physical examination of the physician studies the organism of the individual.

Of course, the psychological experiment does not enter into such complicated questions as those quoted. It turns to the elements of mental life. And just here lies its strength. As the organs of man are merely combinations of cells and tissues, so his mental personality is a complex combination of elementary states. If we know the simple parts, we can calculate beforehand the fundamental direction of the development. On the other hand, we can analyze every calling and vocation in order to find there, too, the essential elements and fundamental features. We can determine which particular mental activities are needed for special lines of life work, and can then compare these demands with the table of results from an experimental analysis of the special mind. Only the application of experimental tests can give to the advisory work that subtle adjustment by which discrimination between similar tasks becomes possible.

To give an illustration, there are mills in which everything depends on the ability of the workingman to watch, at the same time, a large number of moving shuttles, and to react quickly on a disturbance in any one. The most industrious workman will be unsuccessful at

such work if his attention is of the type that prevents him from such expansion of mental watchfulness. The same man might be most excellent as a worker in the next mill, where the work demanded was dependent upon strong concentration of attention on one point. There he would surpass his competitors just because he lacked expanded attention and had the focusing type. The young man with an inclination to mill work does not know these differences, and his mere self-observation would never tell him whether his attention was of the expansive or of the concentrated type.

The psychological laboratory can test these individual differences of attention by a few careful experiments. The psychologist, therefore, is in a position to advise the youth at which type of factory to apply for work and which to avoid. Under present methods all would be largely a matter of chance. The man with the focusing attention might seek work in the mill where distributed attention is needed, and would feel sure that his industry and good will were sufficient to make him successful in his work. And yet the result would be disappointment and failure. Discouragement would ensue. He would soon lose his place, and drift on. The psychologist would have turned him in the right direction. The laboratory would have reproduced the essential characteristics of those various machines, and would have measured, perhaps in thousandth parts of a second, the rapidity, and in millimeters the accuracy, with which the reacting movements were performed at the various types of apparatus. These differences of attention are most important in various callings; and yet, the layman is inclined to discriminate only between good and bad attention. He is not aware that there exist a large variety of types of attention, each of which may be favorable for certain life works and very unfavorable for others.

*The Psychological Test of a Good  
Stenographer*

To be sure, all such laboratory tests presuppose a real knowledge and careful analysis of the work to be performed. Dilettantism here would easily lead into blind alleys. I remember a case where the Boston Vocation Bureau asked me to examine the auditory reaction time of a young man who wanted to become a stenographer. The examination was to determine whether his response to sound was quicker or slower than the average. If it were slower, he was to be warned against the career of a shorthand-writer.

I refused to undertake the test, because I considered that the conclusion would be mis-

leading. Even if the boy reacted slowly, so that the first word that he heard were written down by him possibly a fifth of a second later than his competitor wrote it, would that really show him to be less efficient? If both were to write from dictation for a whole hour, the boy with the slower reaction time would still, at the end of the hour, be just a fifth of a second behind the other, which, of course, would be of no consequence. The quickness of the other man's sound reaction would not make it at all certain that he would hold out with his shorthand-writing as long as the slower man. In the imagination of the counselor, it appeared that the delay of a fifth of a second on the first word would bring an additional delay on the next word, and that the time lost would in this way accumulate. What really needed to be examined was the rapidity of successive action and the retention in memory of the spoken words.

This problem of retention, too, demands very subtle inquiry. The future stenographer knows that he needs a good memory, but to him the word "memory" covers mental functions that the psychologist must carefully separate. The young man confidently asserts that he has a good memory for words, because after a long interval he remembers what he has learned. Yet, that is an aspect of memory that is of no consequence for his shorthand work. The memory he needs is that of immediate retention. Experimental analyses demonstrate that this retention and the later remembering are two quite independent functions. For instance, the child has strong power of remembering, but small power of retention, while in the adult the power of retention surpasses that of remembering. The child must hear a number of words or figures more often than the adult before he can repeat them correctly. But, once the adult and the child have learned those figures, the chances are that the child will remember them after a longer time than the adult. The laboratory experimenter would always have to separate the test for such immediate reproduction from that for the later recall, and would have to consider carefully in which vocations the one or the other is an essential condition of success.

#### *Mental Traits that Fit One to be a Chauffeur, a Secretary, or a Mill-Worker*

But if the psychological conditions of different vocations were scientifically disentangled and the mental analysis were carried through with all the discriminations that the progress of experimental psychology suggests, the vocation bureau would secure data that would be of the highest service. The association of ideas and

the apperception of the outer world, the imagination and the emotions, the feelings and the will, the attention and the discrimination, the accuracy and the effort, the suggestibility and the judgment, the persistence and the fatigue, the adaptability and the temperament, the skill, and even the character, with a hundred other functions and their interrelations, could be mapped out by decisive experiments. No boy ought to become a chauffeur, however his fancy is excited by motor-cars, if his reaction times in the laboratory indicate that he would not be quick enough to stop his automobile if a child ran in front of the wheels. No one ought to try for secretarial work who shows in the laboratory lack of inhibitory power and therefore a probable inability to be discreet. The boy who shows no sensitiveness for small differences ought not to work in a mill or factory in which his labor would be a constant repetition of the same activity. He would be oppressed by the uniformity of the work, it would soon be drudgery for him, and, with his interest, he would lose the good will. The next boy, who is sensitive to small differences, might find in the same work an inexhaustible pleasure and stimulus, as no two repetitions would be alike for him.

The other day I wired from Boston to a friend in another town that I should expect him the next day at the Hotel Somerset. The telegram arrived with the statement that I should be at the Hotel Touraine. The operator had substituted one leading hotel of Boston for another. No good will on his part can help that young man. He is not in the position of another Boston operator, whom I recently gave a cablegram to Berlin, and who, as he looked up the rate, asked: "Berlin is in France, isn't it?" The geography of the latter can be cured, but the mental mechanism of the former, who under pressure of rapid work substitutes an associated idea for the given one, is probably fundamental. The psychological laboratory would easily have found out such mental unreliability, and would have told the man beforehand that, however industrious he might be and however suited for a hundred other professions, that of the telegraph operator would not be one in which he could reach the fullest success.

#### *What Psychological Examination for a Career Would Cost*

The establishment of psychological laboratories as part of municipal vocation bureaus would by no means demand a very costly and elaborate outfit. An intelligent assistant with thorough psychological training could secure much of the material with a minimum of



apparatus. There are hundreds of psychological experiments that can be carried out with some cardboard and sheets of paper, strings and pins and needles, little outline drawings and printed words, small colored tops and levers, hairpins and cardboard boxes, balls and boards, picture-books and smelling-bottles, a pack of cards and a set of weights and perhaps a cheap stop-watch. Where ampler funds are at the disposal of the bureau, an electrical chronoscope ought to be added, and, if possible, a kymograph. But in all cases the experiments themselves may be relatively simple, and even the most modest apparatus can furnish an abundance of insight into psychological differences of which the mere self-observation of the candidate does not take any account and for which any gaze of the outer observer would be insufficient.

The educational psychologists on the one side, the physicians, and especially the psychiatrists, on the other, have shown us the way in this field. The educator may ask a child to strike out the letter *e* wherever it occurs in a given page, and to do it as quickly as possible. He measures the time it requires and the accuracy with which it is done by seeing how often a wrong letter has been canceled and how often the right letter has been overlooked. He knows that even such a rapid test indicates more with regard to the attention and accuracy and swiftness of the child than he can find out by the regular school tests. He knows that only such elementary inquiries with exactly measurable results can discriminate between the various factors that are involved in any complex school work. Or the educator examines the power of the children to learn or to count at various hours of the day, and draws from it pedagogical conclusions as to the best arrangement of the school program. Of course, the school work must be adjusted to the average, since all must have school work at the same time. Yet, such experiments demonstrate the great individual differences. The curve of fatigue is different for almost every individual. Moreover, the psychological experiment can analyze the great varieties of fatigue, the fluctuations, the chances for a restitution of energy after fatigue; and it is evident that every result can be translated into advice or warning with regard to the vocational choice of the boy or girl. There are machines to which people with one type of fatigue could never be adapted, while those with another type might do excellent work.

Even the natural rhythm of motor functions is different for every individual. The pace at

which we walk or speak or write is controlled by organic conditions of our will, and is hardly open to any complete change. Again, it is clear that the thousands of technical occupations demand very different rhythms of muscle contraction. If a man of one natural rhythmical type has to work at a machine that demands a very different rhythmical pace, life will be a perpetual conflict in which irritation and dissatisfaction with his own work will spoil his career and will ruin his chances for promotion. In a similar way, simple experiments might determine the natural lines of interest in a boy or girl. We might show pictures of farms or factories, of ships or railroads, of mines or banks, of natural scenery or street scenes, of buildings or theater stages, and so on. How much is kept in memory and how much is correctly apperceived after an exposure of a few seconds, how they affect the emotional expressions, and similar observations of objective character, may quickly point to mental traits that must be considered if a harmonious life work is to be hoped for.

There is no fear that such institutes, with their psychological laboratories, would play the guardian in too rigid and mechanical a way, restricting too much the natural freedom of the youth. On the contrary, nothing but the counselor's advice would be intended, and no one who did not want to listen to a warning would be restrained from following his own inclination.

The young genius will always find his way alone, and even his severe disappointments are a beneficial part of his schooling for higher service; but the great average masses do not know this powerful inner energy that magnetically draws the mind toward the ideal goal. They do not know the world and its demands; they do not know the opportunities and the rewards, the dangers and the difficulties; and they do not know themselves, their powers and their limitations. The old Greek legend tells us that when a man and woman find each other for life, it is a reuniting of two separate halves that have been one whole in a previous existence. This ought to be the way in which a man and his profession might find each other. But not every marriage nowadays suggests the Greek legend, and the unity of vocation and individual seems still less often predestined. And if fate has not decided the union in such a previous life, society ought at least to take care that in this life the choice be made with open eyes and with the advice of a counselor who knows how to fructify the psychological knowledge of our age.

# CANADA'S WORK FOR HER FARMERS

BY

L. S. BROWNELL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**H**ERE is the man who has done more for Canada than all the politicians." In these words a distinguished member of the Canadian Government the other day expressed his estimate of the services rendered his country by Dr. William Saunders. This simple and unassuming gentleman was the creator, and has ever since its foundation been the Director, of Canada's system of Experimental Farms. In twenty-three years of untiring work he has scoured the earth for things of service to Canada; he has increased the potential yield of every acre of her farms; he has given the cold north plains fruits for their joy and wheats for their nourishment: and in all this he is making of his work a great educational Extension Service for the training of the intelligence of the Canadian farmer.

Canada's farming problem stretches across the continent. East of Maine lie the Maritime Provinces; north of New England is Quebec, overlapping Ontario as far west as Buffalo; Ontario reaches on north of all the Great Lakes and almost all of Minnesota; Manitoba carries us half across North Dakota; while north and west of her sweep the great provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, until we come to British Columbia and the Pacific. The main activity of this immense region is agriculture,—nearly half of the whole Canadian population is agricultural,—and the problems awaiting solution are as full of variety as the country itself. No greater service can be rendered the people of Canada than aid in solving these agricultural problems of theirs.

## *Canada Attacks Her Agricultural Problems through the Experimental Farm*

So Sir John Carling saw when he was chosen Minister of Agriculture in 1885, and to him belongs the honor of setting about a systematic

answer. He inaugurated his coming into office by sending Dr. Saunders, then a business man who had long made a hobby of horticulture, on a mission to study what was being done by other nations to help their agricultural life. Returning, Dr. Saunders presented his report to the House of Commons, and within a few months found himself the newly created Director of five Farms not yet in existence. This was in 1886. The following day—the Director wastes no time!—he set out for three months of continuous traveling to determine the placing of his five Farms. In that year he threaded back and forth across the Dominion, and the autumn of 1887 found three Farms established, their heads appointed, and their work begun. The following two years saw the creation of the fourth and fifth.

The Central Farm, where the Director was to live, had to be in the neighborhood of the capital, Ottawa. The first Branch Farm, that for the Maritime Provinces, was set as near as might be to the boundary line between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, in the latter, at Nappan. The second, for Manitoba, was placed at Brandon, in full view of the passing trains of the Canadian Pacific—a typical bit of country, fertile valley farm-land on the river, sloping up through bluffs slit by wooded ravines to higher lands above. The third, for the Northwest Territories, was set at Indian Head, also in full view of the railroad—more than six hundred acres of bare prairie-land stretching on and on, neither tree nor bush in sight.

The Director's object was to place each Farm where it could be readily seen, readily visited, yet where it would be under no specially favoring circumstance, but would have to solve for itself the average problem of the region it was to serve. The Indian Head problem is that of the open prairie. At the last Farm, at Agassiz, British Columbia, the problem is that of fruit

and nut tree growing in a mild climate, and two thousand kinds of fruits and nuts are now flourishing on its fertile valley land and mountain-side.

At the present time a number of small supplementary stations are being established. The most interesting of these is the "farthest north" — Fort Vermilion, on the Peace River, in northern Alberta, six hundred miles above the United States boundary. In the spring of 1907 the first lot of seeds, trees, and plants was sent there for experiment, via Edmonton, from the Central Farm. On the first of May, "as there was no immediate prospect of the breaking up of the rivers" — the usual line of travel — these supplies were driven for seventeen days over four hundred miles, and ferried on a raft three hundred miles farther till they reached Fort Vermilion. By the first of June the seeds were in and the land was fenced. It cannot be said that the Experimental Farms are not squarely facing Canada's problems.

The heart of this system is the Central Farm. Everything that can be done is done here once, and under one head, the Branch Farms being left to deal with regional problems only. Here the distinctively scientific experiments in cross-fertilization, breeding, soil analysis, and the like, are carried on. The staff consists of a Chemist, a Botanist, an Entomologist, and a Cerealists, who make tests and publish bulletins applying to the problems of any of the Branch Farms, or of any farmer who chooses to appeal to them; and of a Horticulturist, an Agriculturist, and a Poultry Manager, whose work is chiefly for eastern Canada.

The Farm itself lies three miles out of Ottawa, spreading its four hundred and fifty sunlit acres for all to see — its arboretum, its belts of forest trees, its lawns and ornamental shrubs and gay flower beds, its hundred specimen hedges, its mile-long border of hardy perennial flowers, its orchards of cross-bred fruits, its test plots of standard, or new, or hybrid grain. The general public flock there from Ottawa and the surrounding country; and from its central offices and chemical laboratory go forth 340,000 letters and reports, and eighty tons of special and priceless seed, every year.

#### *How the Soil is Made to Increase Its Yield*

The first object of the Farms is, through improved methods, to increase the yield of every acre of Canadian farm-land. By tests extending over a long series of years, they have shown that it pays to sow plump seed of productive varieties; that there is a loss of more than half the value of barn-yard manure when it is allowed to rot; that plowing in clover with grain increases

the grain yield by nearly thirty per cent; that sowing wheat only a week after the right moment means a loss of nearly one third of the crop; and these profits and losses can be gaged with almost mathematical precision. An increase of one bushel only to the acre in the oat crop of the Dominion would put an extra \$2,000,000 a year into the pockets of the farmers; a like increase in wheat would add nearly double as much. Arithmetic of this sort no farmer is too dull to follow; and putting its own lessons into practice where all could see the results, the Central Farm, in its first ten years, increased its oats twenty-three, barley twelve, and wheat four bushels to the acre. In a report of five years ago the Director notes that Ontario has increased her yield of oats till she now averages 42 bushels to New York's 37; but he shrewdly adds that the yield on the Central Farm has reached 62 bushels per acre.

#### *One Money Crop the Ruin of the Farmer*

But the Farms devote by no means all their attention to grain. With the lesson of our cotton-growing South before him, — five States living and dying by one money crop, — the Director has set himself to preaching the lesson of "mixed farming," and above all of dairying and pork-raising, from end to end of the great grain regions of Canada. By this system the farm-land profits no less than the farmer — it keeps itself fertile automatically. Thus, if we sow grain alone and sell it as raw grain, we must sooner or later convert a portion of our cash into fertilizer for the reënrichment of the soil. In mixed farming the accounts run: grain, hay, and ensilage; these fed to stock give pork and butter; pork and butter give cash. But meanwhile fertility has been restored to the soil by the stock; at no point does cash have to be turned in on the land again for fertilizer.

A still greater advantage in this system is the insurance it secures for the farmer against the seasons when grain fails — and the farmer who raises only grain fails too. The 20th of August, 1900, recorded five degrees of frost at Indian Head. Heavy rains followed, and the grain of all the surrounding country was spoiled. The Superintendent at Indian Head reported the loss, with a plea to the settler almost dramatic in intensity: "Nothing is so agreeable as the raising of wheat, yet nothing is doing so much harm to the country." But Dr. Saunders' comment is characteristically calm: "This visitation will be followed by compensating advantages." It was worth all it cost if the farmer could be made to think, and to calculate his chances and his risks.

"Made to think"! Does not the greatest ad-

vantage of all lie here — an advantage to the nation beyond even the mighty arithmetic of crop values? Instead of waiting through a season for one crop, harvesting it in bulk, selling it for cash, and then living on the proceeds till the next harvest time, the farmer has here the intellectual stimulus and training of attending to a variety of things, seeing after a profit here, practising a small economy or avoiding a loss there — the same training that turned out from our stony New England farms so many of our ablest men. The calculable results of the system are already impressive. In 1884 Canada exported cheese to the value of \$7,000,000. Ten years after the founding of the Farms this had become \$17,000,000. In the same period the value of exported butter had doubled. Pork outdid them both with a phenomenal record of an increase of from less than a million dollars in 1884 to \$8,000,000 in 1898. The Superintendent at Indian Head reports, with a note of relief: "Only in a few districts is wheat still 'king.'"

### *Covering the Northwest Prairies with Tree Belts*

With the founding of the Central Farm, tree-planting was begun, and the first year saw it laid out into hundreds of seed and nursery beds, bristling with seedling trees. One of its most interesting exhibits is a hundred specimen hedges where the visiting farmer may examine samples of the best thorny protection against cattle, while his wife has her pick between Japanese rose and nodding blue Hungarian lilac.

But tree-planting on Eastern farms is almost a luxury; on the Northwest prairies — miles and miles with neither tree nor shrub, the winds rushing over them sometimes at thirty miles an hour — it becomes a vital necessity. We in the East have no conception of what such conditions mean to the farmer. Every attempt to grow our most hardy fruit was proving utter failure. The Northwest homestead longed for shelter from the choking, dust-laden winds of summer as much as from the winter blizzards at "thirty below."

On his Northwest Farms, accordingly, the Director began to develop tree belts; first, chiefly of the native Manitoba maple and the native ash; when these were established, of evergreens, in their shelter. Under this almost wind-proof protection areas were hedged off in checkerboard pattern with poplar, maple, lilac even; and garden planting was begun within these boxlike squares.

Indian Head started without a tree or a bush. In four years she reported herself as "practically provided with shelter belts, forest clumps, ave-

nues, and hedges." It was apparent soon that the problem of shelter for the Northwest prairie farm had been solved. In the snug squares and garden plots were growing strawberries, raspberries, currants, table vegetables, and flowers in phenomenal luxuriance, and a few young apple trees which had never before been wintered in that region.

One day in the summer of 1890, on his visit to the Western Farms, Dr. Saunders noticed, as he drove through the wooded country, that the native forest trees were heavy with seed. Owing to frost, trees of that region do not fruit oftener than once in two or three years; but seed ripened in that cold climate develops into trees especially able to resist the cold, and is on that account very desirable. The Director therefore gave orders to the superintendents of the two Prairie Farms to hire a corps of helpers to collect tree seeds by the bushel.

Money was scarce on the prairies, and settlers, Indians, and half-breeds saw their chance for extra earnings. They did not stop at bushels — they got seeds by cart-loads. The result was between two and three tons of seeds. Seven acres were sown at each of the Branch Farms, and a ton and a half of seed was forwarded to Ottawa. From there, one thousand cotton bags, each containing a pound of seed, went out at once to settlers in the Northwest; next year two thousand more. From one pound of seed the most careful growers got from three to five thousand seedlings. Even average care would give eight hundred little trees. In six or seven years the young tree begins to bear seed on its own account, in the favorable seasons. With his interest awakened, there was no limit to what a settler could do.

In the annals of Canadian tree-growing, the red-letter year is 1890, for it saw also the beginnings of the distribution of seedling forest trees. This distribution was advertised through the newspapers of the Northwest. The farmer who made application to the Central Farm presently received through the mails a package done up in manila paper with a layer of oiled paper beneath. Within, rolled in moss still damp, though it had been on the road for possibly fourteen days, were a hundred little forest trees from ten to fifteen inches high, each variety bearing a wooden label with its name upon it. A note of directions for planting and cultivating accompanied them, ending:

"You will be expected to take such notes as will enable you to make a report on the behavior of each variety. Reports will be expected, whether favorable or unfavorable."

One hundred thousand little trees thus went out; the following year twice as many. Ten



CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS FROM THE FIRST HARDY CANADIAN FRUIT TREES

years after the starting of the work, the Director reported that seven tons of hardy tree seed had been distributed, that one and a quarter million little seedlings had been sent to "individual lovers of trees," and that there were on homesteads in almost every part of the Northwest plantations of forest trees for shelter and beauty.

For beauty as well as serviceableness is an object with the Farms. Our Director has a way of going about his professional journeys with his pockets stuffed with flower seeds, so that the farmer's wife may have something, as well as her good man. The Central Farm wears to the casual visitor much the air of a pleasure park. The Branch Farms, too, have their arboretums and perennial borders; they publish reports on roses that may be grown with some hope of success a few hundred miles, more or less, north of the Dakotas, and on the geraniums that make the bravest show in the garden before the advent of the early autumn frost. The attempt is being made here, an early report announces proudly, to grow flowers, as well as to raise No. 1 Hard wheat.

#### *The Earth Scoured for Things of Service to Canada*

One great division of the work of the Farms is the testing of new things from elsewhere, to ascertain their serviceableness for Canada. If they stand the test, they are promptly introduced to the farmer. An illustration of the immediate usefulness of some of these importations is the awnless brome-grass (*Bromus inermis*). This hardy Russian grass has so exuberant a vitality that in favorable soils it soon rejoices as a weed. Where, however, other pasture can scarcely be grown, or where its season is discouragingly short, brome-grass is proving a godsend.

It thrives on drought and bitter cold. It offers pasture on its young green shoots two weeks earlier than the native grasses, and bears a heavier aftermath, holding its head up several inches, persistently green, through the first snows. Additional weeks of succulent food mean additional weeks of rich milk, and brome-grass is preparing the way for the onward march of the cattle trade, and of the butter and cheese industries.

Another important function of the Farms is the seed distribution. This began in the first year of their work with the sending out of a number of small bags of an early-ripening wheat just imported from Russia to test its behavior in Canada. For the first object of the distribution is to gain information by supplementing the experience of the Farms with that of other districts throughout the Dominion. The other object is to increase the quality and yield of the farmer's crops by introducing to him varieties better or more productive than his own. A farmer who wishes a free sample must make application for it himself direct to the Farm. He then receives enough grain to sow one twentieth of an acre. He is expected to grow it in a plot by itself; to thresh it separately by hand; and to use the product as seed the next year. Meanwhile, he is to send a report of it, "favorable or unfavorable," to the Farm.

At first about two thousand bags of samples supplied the demand. The fourth year, when the Farm had become known, fifteen thousand farmers suddenly applied, and got seed. Within a year or so, some of the grains sent as samples, carefully harvested, propagated, and re-harvested, were becoming leading varieties throughout the Dominion. One report may serve as a specimen of hundreds that come in:



DR. WILLIAM SAUNDERS  
DIRECTOR OF THE CANADIAN EXPERIMENTAL FARMS

"We got a sample of oats from you six years ago. The people about here think very highly of them and there are thousands of bushels of them grown. The farmers are coming here for seed from twenty miles around."

Each year the interest has steadily grown, and

now the number of co-workers in these tests is over 45,000, and the seed sent them — often of varieties that money could not buy — amounts to eighty tons. The reports that come in bear witness to the recipients' good faith, ardor, and appreciation.



"I didn't have good results with my plot this year," one recently writes; "my dog killed a ground-hog in the middle of it."

Lamentations that "my horse ate the heads off my wheat plot," or "the chickens scratched up my seeds," only go to prove that the fault with many is over-care. Really, the plot would do better if set down in the middle of the grain-field. Still, Dr. Saunders has full right to allude to the farmers as his "army of co-experimenters," and to boast that no such gigantic and practical coöperative work for the improvement of the more important farm crops has ever been undertaken and successfully carried out before.

We come now to the work of the Experimental Farms, which is the most romantic of all in the appeal it makes to the



ROWS OF SPECIMEN HEDGES, AT THE CENTRAL FARM  
IN OTTAWA



A FERTILE VALLEY OF THE LAST FARM AT AGASSIZ,  
BRITISH COLUMBIA

imagination, and to the possible future development of the continent — the creation of things altogether new, fruits that will survive the long winters of the Northwest and grains that will ripen during its brief summers.

Long before Dr. Saunders began his public work he had a garden of his own in which he had cross-fertilized and experimented for years; and, coming to the Central Farm, he brought with him from his little trial ground at London, Ontario, over eight hundred seedlings, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants, the results of his own crosses. To receive these he laid out on the great new Farm a small private garden with a strong fence about it, a hedge, now ten feet high, and a padlocked gate. Within this he stowed his precious collection. It included many sorts that are



SHELTER BELTS OF TREES FOR PROTECTING GARDEN PLOTS FROM  
THE STRONG WINDS OF THE PRAIRIES



ACTUAL SIZE OF GOOSEBERRIES GROWN ON THE CANADIAN FARMS

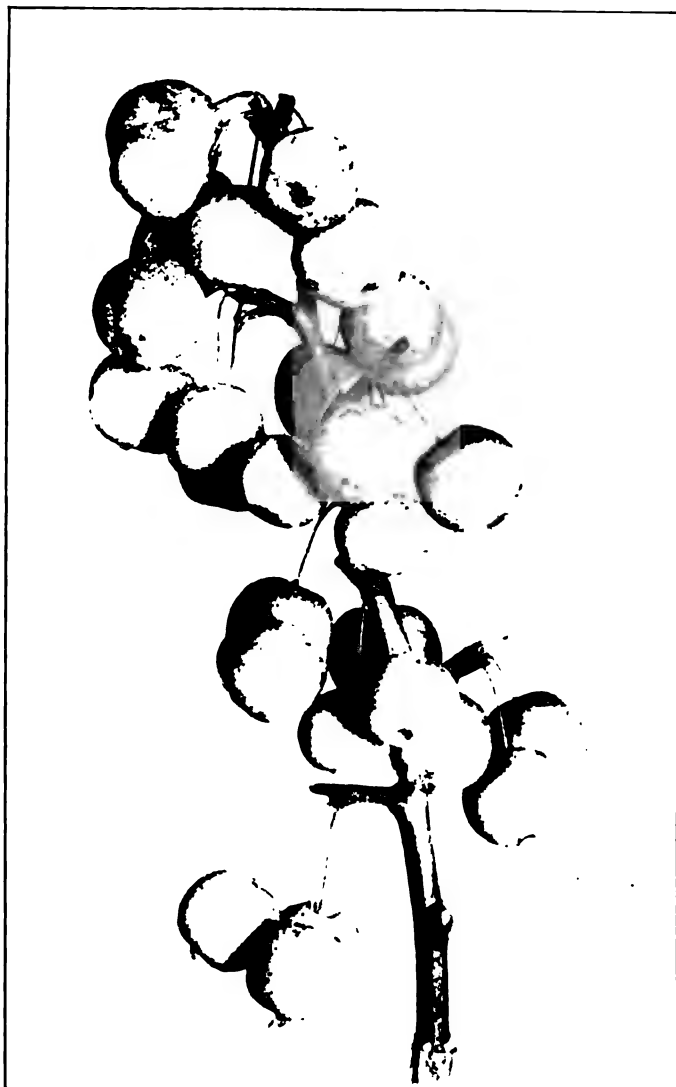
of value in the climate of Ontario, but they were not available for the Northwest Provinces, where scarcely any fruits were hardy enough to survive, except the native Manitoba plum and a few wild berries like the sand-cherry. Of these fruits as table delicacies the less said the better — even so hardened an optimist as the Superintendent of a Northwest Farm can claim no more for them than that they are “excellent for canning.” Yet the people of the Northwest were no less fruit-hungry than other people.

The fruit a farmer most wants is the apple, and in the Northwest Provinces the apple would not grow. Apples were tried by the hundreds — hardy apples from other parts of Canada; apples from Russia; seedlings raised from Rus-

sian seed in Ottawa; crabs of the toughest sort; apples grown as bushes when the trunks killed back, and trees wrapped in canvas and tar-paper till May — all were tried, and all failed.

#### *The Evolution of the First Apple of the Northwest*

The Western Farm Reports took on an unusual, apologetic tone. “I regret,” and “Unfortunately,” became the opening phrases of the sections on APPLES. The casualties were dreadful: “died this spring,” or “killed, root and branch,” occur with deplorable persistency. In more cheerful moments a “List of Survivors” was penned. Even garden roses were easier to



ACTUAL SIZE OF A FRUITING BRANCH OF CROSS-BRED CRAB-APPLE

raise. Brandon succeeded in growing one Transcendent crab—by casing up its stem and filling it about with earth each winter—which had reports all to itself for several years under the heading, "Standard Crab-apple"! But this as a promise for the future of apple-growing in the Northwest left something to be desired.

In 1887 there had come to the Farm from the Imperial Botanic Gardens at St. Petersburg, among other packets of seeds of hardy shrubs and trees for trial, a packet of the seed of the hardy crab-apple of Siberia, *Pyrus baccata*, the berried crab. Seedlings raised from this on the Farm bore tiny fruits the size of a cranberry, and very astringent; but when they were sent to

the Northwest Farms to be tested, they were reported in due time as "perfectly hardy."

The excitement they created is tragi-comic. The Farms could scarcely believe that an apple tree had wintered in the open and stood hardy to the tips. But not till 1898 could Indian Head—the testing ground for the Northwest—triumphantly report: "The first crab-apples ever produced on this Farm were grown this year." Ten trees, it seems, were covered with blossoms, till a late May frost culled all but a few, which ultimately developed into six crabs! "They were not large," says the report complacently, "but nevertheless they were perfect apples." (The largest was the size of a pie-cherry!)

Three years later, the trees were so heavy with



NATURAL-SIZED SPECIMEN OF THE *PYRUS BACCATA*, A HARDY SIBERIAN CRAB, WHICH WAS THE FIRST APPLE TO WEATHER A CANADIAN WINTER IN THE NORTHWEST

fruit that they had to be propped to keep them from breaking. The Farm then busied itself with making up samples of jelly and pickles — “for either of these commodities nothing better could be desired.”

But far more important than the jelly these tiny fruits could produce was the promise they contained in their hardy sap of a possible

apple for the Northwest plains. The Director took immediate advantage of it. He crossed the berried crab, and also its cousin, *Pyrus prunifolia*, a fruit a little larger and equally hardy, with a few good eating apples that were absolutely hardy at Ottawa. Four years after the first seed was planted, these prompt little cross-breds began to bear. Their fruit was several times larger and many times more palatable than that



THE RESULT OF CROSS-BREEDING AN EASTERN TABLE APPLE ON THE SIBERIAN CRAB SHOWN IN THE FOREGOING PICTURE



ONE OF THE CRAB-APPLE TREES ON WHICH THE CROSS-BREEDING WAS DONE





A SHELTERING HEDGE OF THE NATIVE MANITOBA MAPLE AT BRANDON



A FIELD OF THE FAMOUS RED FIFE—THE LARGEST YIELDING WHEAT IN CANADA



DISTRIBUTION OF SEEDS FROM THE CENTRAL FARM

of their sour little mother. It was less astringent, sweeter, and juicier, ranking very fairly with our standard crab-apples. They were at once grafted on to the stock of their tough parent, the berried crab, and were distributed, as fast as Nature would permit, to the Northwest Farms.

### *Some Experiments in Grafting*

Meanwhile, these Farms had been trying their own experiments. They were grafting on young trees of the berried crab such table apples and crabs as had proved most nearly hardy through the long winters. And they were raising seedlings from them, too, in the hope that such as survived might prove stronger than the parent tree. Each of these ventures turned out successfully. Apples not hardy on their own roots proved to be so on the wood of the tough crab tree. Seedlings of crabs that had succumbed came up and themselves lived. Best of all, snugly hedged within the little plots that had been made ready for their reception, the new cross-breds began to bear. Each of the Northwest Farms could boast an "orchard."

The Director was not satisfied yet. As his new crosses fruited, he continued to work. Of

some he saved the seed as it stood — there was likelihood that it might "sport" still farther from the original tiny grandmother crab, and, while retaining her hardiness, show nearer approach to the size of the other grandparent. This hope has just been realized. Last September the first of these seedlings of seedlings to show an increase in size over its parent crosses fruited in the "cross-bred orchard." From one tree I plucked several, larger around than a good-sized egg, a handsome, dark red fruit, slightly astringent still, but making a close approach to a good dessert apple. There is a very promising group of "second crosses" — crosses with good Eastern table apples on the first hardy cross — which are just beginning to show fruit. The fruit is larger in almost every case than that of the first cross. Whether the race will be sufficiently hardy can be determined only by the ordeal of the winters at Indian Head.

Still another venture has been made. In the early years of the Farm there was placed in the arboretum a specimen tree of the wild European apple, *Pyrus Malus*, bearing a tough, scarcely edible fruit, but hardy, and at least larger than the berried crab. The Director thought him of a cross on this too. The crosses



were made when blooming season came, and a ten-foot fence was erected in the arboretum around the little tree. But the arboretum is a popular resort for the dear public, and, despite the ten-foot fence, the fruits were stolen before they were ripe. The Northwest had therefore to wait for its crosses on *Pyrus Malus* until a tree could be grown to bearing size behind a boy-proof hedge in the Director's own little padlocked garden. There it now stands, but its crosses have not yet borne fruit.

Of recent years a new enemy to the precious cross-breeds has appeared — the twig blight. *Pyrus baccata* and its crosses are specially subject to this disease. The trees begin to die at the tips of their branches, and nothing yet discovered stays the progress of the mischief. A very large number of the crosses, established after so many years of effort, have succumbed at Brandon and are completely dead. But some of the best still stand, and our courageous hybridizers are now turning to the blight-resisting sorts as the basis of a new strain that shall both bear good fruit and withstand the blight. One day the Northwest shall have its apple, hardy, blight-proof, and good to eat.

#### *The Test of a Wheat's Market Value*

Dear as a good eating apple would be to the settler in the Northwest, his real need is for a wheat. His ideal wheat must be of the very highest market value, in order to outweigh the cost of transportation to the far distant Atlantic seaboard. Roughly speaking, it is hardness of kernel and flour strength that determine a wheat's market value. After a new wheat has been bred, therefore, its flour strength must at once be put to the test. By the "strength" of a flour is meant its ability to take up a large quantity of water when mixed to a dough, and to produce a high loaf of even crust and firm texture. It can be finally determined only by an actual baking trial. But from a few kernels of a new wheat an expert like the Cerealist of the Central Farm can get an idea of the value by the "chewing test." This consists in chewing the kernels for four or five minutes and then examining the gluten thus obtained. The gluten most elastic when squeezed between the fingers marks the wheat that will make the strongest flour. The work requires patience, the Cerealist observes, and a fairly good set of teeth — both essential to all breeders of wheat!

After a certain amount of a wheat has been grown, it is subjected to an actual baking test. Something over a pound of it is passed through the two pairs of rollers and the twelve sieves of the experimental mill. The flour is kept for a month or so, and then baked in tiny pans one

inch high by three inches across — a compromise between the American bread baked in the high-sided baking-tin and the English cottage loaf baked with no support. For the flour is being tested for use in both England and America. The resulting loaf looks like a very tempting "raised breakfast biscuit." Minute observations on it are recorded, one of the most important facts to the baker being the amount of water taken up by the flour (a large amount gives a dough easier to work) and the amount of water retained during baking (a large amount of water sells profitably at several cents a pound). Nutritive value and flavor are not important enough to record. A commercial flour is for the commercial baker, the consumer, here as elsewhere, takes his chance.

The strongest flour, therefore, does not inevitably make the best bread; but it is in demand throughout the world's markets for mixing with other sorts too low in strength, and the supply of it is limited. The No. 1 Hard wheat that produces it, therefore, always commands the highest price.

#### *How an Accident Produced Canada's Finest Wheat*

For Canada, the chief source of No. 1 Hard wheat is the famous "Red Fife," introduced as long ago as 1842 by a Scotchman, David Fife, then living in "Canada West," now Ontario. The *Canadian Agriculturist* of 1861 gives this account of its origin: A Glasgow friend sent Mr. Fife, early one spring, a quantity of wheat that he had got from a cargo straight from Dantzic. Mr. Fife sowed it in the spring, but it proved to be a winter wheat that should have been kept till the autumn to be put in. None of it ripened save three ears, sprung, apparently, from a single plant — a plant that was to prove a veritable Jack's bean-stalk in its growth for Canada. Mr. Fife wanted a wheat for spring sowing, and saved the seed from his three precocious ears, planting it the following spring. He sowed it too late and in a shady place, — so this fairy tale of wheat-growing tells us, — yet at the harvest it stood free from rust when all the wheat in the neighborhood had rusted. Mr. Fife carefully preserved the seed again, and from it sprang the wheat that will perpetuate his name forever in Canada. The search-light of modern criticism has recently been turned on this charming story. A few years ago the Cerealist of the Central Farm discovered that one of his imported wheats from Galicia (three hundred miles from Dantzic) was completely identical with Red Fife: Canada's greatest wheat came to her as a chance grain or so in the wrong bundle!

Red Fife, with its variety White Fife, is so high in quality and so large in yield that it serves as a standard throughout the Dominion. Carried by settlers from Ontario to Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, it seemed only to improve; and, where it can be grown, it takes the lead among Canadian wheats. Many millers are unwilling to buy any other kind.

But Red Fife is slow to ripen. Up to a certain latitude it can be depended upon to produce the much-desired No. 1 Hard. Beyond this, farther north in the plains, or up in the higher altitudes with their shorter summers, the settler was brought up short every year with the question as to whether he could harvest his crop as No. 1 Hard before the dreaded August frost, or should have to dispose of it, after freezing, as "Grade 5," for cattle feed. Farther north still, he realized that, despite the richness of the untouched soil, the question was taking the form, Can I raise wheat at all?

### *Pushing the Wheat Line Northward*

The Story of Wheat is one of the romances of humanity. If Canada was to grow, she must grow northward; and there her need was for a wheat of the highest grade, but, above all, of the earliest ripening. Millions of fertile acres waited to yield up their holdings to him who had in his hand a wheat that could mature in that short summer. Every day that could be saved by early ripening would push the wheat line one step farther northward. This was the challenge of the North to man. How was it to be met?

Letters from a Moravian missionary "laboring in the higher altitudes of the Himalayas" had fallen under the eye of Dr. Saunders, and he was quick to notice the significance of references in them to native wheats, ripening in the brief season of those mountain-sides. Lord Dufferin, then Viceroy of India, had been Governor-General of Canada. His interest was readily enlisted, and through his coöperation several bushels of different wheats "collected by the Government of India for the benefit of Canada," some of them from an altitude of eleven thousand feet, came over to try a new climate. The Himalayan wheats ripened, the earliest of them, in ninety days. Red Fife takes one hundred and five days. But they yielded only three and a half to ten bushels an acre, where Red Fife yielded twenty-five. It was obvious that they were not worth considering.

However, early-ripening wheats may be found in high latitudes as well as at high altitudes. Russia is a great wheat country, so it was natural to turn next in the search to her northern regions. Upon application, Goegginger, the noted

seed dealer of Riga, recommended to the Farms a wheat from Lake Ladoga north of St. Petersburg — a latitude six hundred miles farther north than the city of Winnipeg. This Ladoga wheat was imported in quantity, part of the shipment being distributed to farmers throughout the Northwest. It did better than the Himalayan. It ripened ten days before Red Fife and gave a large yield; but it produced a yellowish flour, and though it has already proved a boon to the settler of the far Northwest for his own use, its quality is not high enough for an export wheat.

But if these imported wheats are not in themselves valuable, why might they not be made the basis of a new stock? Why should it not be possible, by cross-breeding them with Red Fife, to produce a wheat that should combine the earliness of the foreign parent with the yield and quality of the home-bred? Work to this end was begun in 1888 by the Director, with the able assistance of Mr. W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist of the Central Farm.

### *The Long Search for an Early-Ripening Wheat*

The wheat flower is one of those in which both the stamens and the pistil are found in the same bloom, so that, left alone, each flower fertilizes itself, the pollen falling from the anthers upon the pistil. To cross-fertilize, the covering chaff must be separated from one of the tiny wheat flowers that has not yet reached maturity. With a pair of small forceps the anthers are removed. This flower is now ready to be fertilized with pollen brought from the matured flower of another variety. An anther from such a flower is brushed gently over the pistil to be fertilized, till the latter is covered with pollen. The flower case is then closed as before. When the operation is completed, the head is tied up in a little paper bag to protect it from foreign wind-borne pollen, and attached to a bamboo cane to hold it upright, and so left till harvest time. Each kernel, when sown the following season, forms the starting-point of a new variety. With all the skill trained hands can bring to the work, the ripened kernels are always few. After six years of experiment, Dr. Saunders reports seven hundred kernels produced — half a teacupful — the result of five thousand flowers carefully worked.

From these first crosses have sprung several wheats now widely grown in the Northwest. The best three are of one parentage — Red or White Fife crossed with Ladoga — and are named Preston and Stanley and Huron. They were sent, as early as possible in their existence, to the Northwest Farms, and from the first made

a brave showing on the test plots there, side by side with Red Fife, sometimes outranking it in productiveness, and always maturing earlier. They ripened, in favorable seasons, from four to six days earlier than Red Fife; in a cold and backward year, when the ripening was slow and there was need for speed, they seemed to outdo themselves, their advantage in earliness being then on or twelve days. In some instances Preston on by as much as two weeks. As to their quality, they were pronounced by experts to be practically on a par with Red Fife, both for bread-making and for general selling. The farmers reported hundreds of acres planted with the new sorts, particularly Preston, and many millers paid the same price for it as for Red Fife.

### *Records Made by the New Wheats*

The new wheats have kept every promise they made on the test grounds. They not only ripen from four to twelve days earlier than Red Fife, but they often give a better yield, even in a good season; and always, when frost has to be endured. They have done wonders for wheat-growing in the colder districts in the past few years. Unfortunately, their flour is of a deeper yellowish color than that from Red Fife, and, a more serious defect, it does not possess the same extraordinary baking strength. Dr. Charles Saunders, now Cerealist at the Farm, by the utmost care in re-selection, breeding in each case from one particularly promising plant, has already improved these strains. His new Stanley now produces flour of a color identical with that from Red Fife.

A still more precious single plant he spied one day six years ago when walking through the trial plots. It is such moments as these that lend dramatic touches to the life of the hybridist. In a plot of Red Fife, one plant stood ripe four days before the rest of the plot was ready for harvest. The seed sprung from that plant now amounts to several bushels — absolutely priceless. Only a Red Fife a few days early; but a "few days" in this campaign to the northward means hundreds of miles and millions of bushels.

One other wheat promises better still — the best of all, so far. It has been named the "Marquis," and was distributed for the first time last year. Here is a wheat that ripens with Preston and Stanley and Huron, ten to twelve days before Red Fife. Better still, in color and flour strength, the few bushels thus far grown actually surpassed Red Fife of the same year. Marquis sounds too good to be true; a position above Red Fife is not finally assured by the records of only one season. But there is little question that this variety is the greatest achieve-

ment in wheat-raising at the Farms. By this year's returns, which have just come in, Marquis still holds its lead; Brandon, where a high yield for Red Fife is forty-five bushels, reports for Marquis in 1909 a yield of fifty bushels to the acre.

Hundreds of new wheats, sprung from his crosses in the past few years, are now being propagated by the Cerealist, and other hundreds are coming forward. "The work," he says, "is just now reaching the period of greatest interest, during which the most rapid advances may be expected" — and this after twenty years! Of these wheats only a few will be wanted in the end. The task of crossing, propagating, fixing, testing, and finally of deciding between them and throwing out the less worthy, is long and hard. New strains are not established overnight. It is very easy to "create" a large and miscellaneous collection of hybrid plants; but the perfect fixing of a type is often the labor of years. The "sensations" of horticulture look better on paper than they do in the field. The real progress is slow and incredibly silent-footed.

Dr. Saunders and his assistants have been very careful not as yet to recommend any of their new varieties to displace Red Fife as a main crop, where early autumn frosts are not feared. Even in such districts, however, the early wheats give the settler a chance to make the best use of his always limited "help." Where a wide crop is ripe and ready within a few days, he must cut some of his wheat still unripe in order to get the rest cut before it shells; with the same acreage ripening by relays, the harvesting is spread over several weeks, and the entire crop may be cut when at its best.

### *Millions of Acres Opened to Settlement by the New Wheats*

But the real achievement of the new wheats is their march north, across the parallels. Offering their harvest a week, and in the more unfavorable seasons even two weeks, earlier than the old sorts; making a better pace, too, as the days lengthen to seventeen or eighteen hours of sunlight; they are conquering for wheat-growing slowly, surely, millions of acres of virgin land lying north of the present wheat-fields. Dr. Saunders, says a witty observer, has made the Canadian summer ten days longer.

And the great national result of all this? The land is of the richest; its price is enticingly low; the new wheats are ready to grow on it. Canada offers land and wheat, and bids the new settler welcome by every means in her power. As a result, there are pouring across her borders and over her great plains every year, now, tens of thousands of the best of our farmers from the

Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa — the best in experience, in initiative, in equipment of implements and money — an exodus comparable only to the New England exodus of half a century ago which built up our own great West. The last fiscal year saw the largest emigration on record — sixty thousand American citizens, and wealth estimated at sixty million dollars, gravitating, almost the whole of it, to the great Canadian wheat-lands. Canada is solving her immigration problem in a way of which she may well be proud — at the expense of the United States.

If, of the lands available for wheat-growing, but still unoccupied, one quarter were under wheat at the average yield, Dr. Saunders estimates that the wheat crop of Canada would be over 850,000,000 bushels annually, and Canada would be the largest wheat-producing country

in the world. And if these figures seem over-large, too full of the buoyant hope of the man whose life has been spent to help them come true, at least they do not stand alone. Set beside them the utterance this past summer of a countryman of our own, Mr. W. C. Tiffany, one of the editors of the *Northwestern Miller*. He is speaking of the Province of Saskatchewan alone: "Ten years ago, Saskatchewan produced less than 5,000,000 bushels of wheat; last year she produced over 43,000,000. In ten years more she promises completely to change the conditions of the wheat markets of the world."

Saskatchewan's wheat crop for the present year, estimated at 84,000,000 bushels, shows that this great prophecy is already on the way to fulfilment. In helping it come true the Experimental Farms will have contributed their impressive share.

## SEA-LAVENDER

BY

MILDRED McNEAL-SWEENEY

HERE lay the perilous gray sea,  
And there the anxious-minded land,  
And still the gale at the pebbles and the sand  
Was tugging manfully.

And if the fields were green, not we,  
Here trudging to the wind, could know;  
And deemed far-wandering Spring too wise to sow  
Her flowers against the sea.

It seemed a mist the storm had blown  
About our feet — so pale it grew.  
It glanced and turned; and briefly it was blue,  
Then gray as every stone.

Fast rooted where the boulders were,  
And breasting out the August gale,  
We found our only flower. It was the pale,  
The brave sea-lavender.

# WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

## A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

### CHARACTERS

SIR CHARLES WORGAN,  
Newspaper Proprietor. } Brothers.  
FRANCIS WORGAN, Wanderer. }  
JOHN WORGAN, Provincial Doctor. }  
SAUL KENDRICK, Manager of Worgans, Ltd.  
HOLT ST. JOHN, Theatrical Manager.  
SAMUEL CLELAND, His Stage Manager.  
SIMON MACQUOID, Dramatic Critic.  
JAMES BRINDLEY, Earthenware Manufacturer.

EDWARD BRINDLEY, His Son.  
PAGE-BOY.

EMILY VERNON, Widow.  
MRS. CLELAND (Henrietta Blackwood).  
ANNIE WORGAN, Wife of John Worgan.  
MRS. WORGAN, Mother of the Worgans.  
MRS. DOWNES.  
SERVANT at John Worgan's.

TIME: To-day.

### SYNOPSIS OF ACT I

The first act opens with a meeting between Sir Charles Worgan, the most powerful newspaper proprietor in London, and his brother, Francis Worgan, a traveler and dilettante, who has just returned to England after an absence of nineteen years. Francis Worgan, not having kept in close touch with his family, is surprised to learn that his brother has become a millionaire and a knight through the vast power that he wields as the owner of the biggest and most sensational London daily and about forty lesser publications. His remarkable success as a yellow journalist is, however, somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that "cultured" people consider his newspapers vulgar and refuse to take him seriously. His brother Francis suggests that the only way to overcome this prejudice is to marry some charming, intelligent woman, and proposes Emily Vernon, a former playmate of theirs, who is now a young widow, and has gone on the stage. In the course of their conversation Emily Vernon enters, having come to ask Sir Charles to give his financial backing to the Prince's Theatre, an "advanced" theatrical enterprise in which she is involved, and which is tottering on the verge of ruin owing to the impractical business methods of its manager. Sir Charles promises his support and consents to see her manager on the following day.

### ACT II

#### NOTES ON CHARACTERS IN THIS ACT

HOLT ST. JOHN.—Theatrical manager. A man of the finest artistic taste. Otherwise a brute, especially in manner. A biggish man. He cares for nothing and nobody when his artistic ideas are at stake. Occasionally there is something wistful in his voice. Age about 50.

HENRY CLELAND.—Stage manager. A little, obsequious man with sharp features. A time-server, and capable of duplicity. Profound admirer of his wife. Age 46.

MRS. CLELAND (Henrietta Blackwood).—A fine actress. Too good for the public. Wearing out after a long and arduous career; but she can still play virgins. Disillusioned, naturally. Isn't quite sure whether she has ever been a genuine "star" or not, in the eyes of the public. Kind-hearted. Great admiration for St. John. Age unknown.

*Same scene. Time: Monday morning. (Disk, blue.)* SIR CHARLES is alone, dictating into the dictaphone.

SIR C. I must have a reply by return, or it is off. Yours faithfully. . . . Lord Rugby. My dear Rugby, All my excuses for not coming round last night to the smoker. I was pre-vented by the most urgent business. You never know in my trade what may turn up. See you, I suppose, at the Committee—  
[Enter KENDRICK and EMILY VERNON, R.]

SIR C. [*finishing quickly*]—meeting of the A. C. next Thursday. Yours sincerely. [*He jumps up.*]

KENDRICK. I met Mrs. Vernon in the street and piloted her up.

SIR C. [*nervous, shaking hands with EMILY*]. Good morning. Have this chair, will you?

EMILY [*questioningly*]. No worse for the adventure?

SIR C. [*smiles awkwardly*]. Oh, no!

KENDRICK [*to SIR CHARLES*]. I say, have you had the figures of the *Sunday Morning News*?

SIR C. No.

KENDRICK. You were right about that "Crimes of Passion" series, by Jove! Thirty-six thousand up! Twenty-five thousand up last week! What about it, eh? I came across a ripping one yesterday. The Halifax murder in 1886; began with an adultery. I just wanted to ask you —

SIR C. [*slightly disturbed*]. All right! All right! I've got a meeting on here at twelve. Half a moment! [*Hastens to door L. and opens it.*] I say, Frank. Oh! you are there! Come and look after Mrs. Vernon. [*To EMILY.*] Excuse me two seconds, will you? Now, Kendrick! [*Exeunt SIR CHARLES and KENDRICK, R. Enter FRANCIS, taking off his gloves.*]

FRANCIS. Well, Emily. [*They shake hands.*]

EMILY. You seem to be quite installed here.

FRANCIS. I'm the darling of the place. My dramatic criticism is said to be snappy without being vicious. And now I've been appointed head of the obituary department, at my own request. Add this to my chairmanship of the Prince's Theatre, Limited —

EMILY. Why the obituary department?

FRANCIS. It seemed to give the widest scope for humour. And, you know, humour is just what this place is short of.

EMILY. I thought you published lots of comic papers.

FRANCIS. Have you ever *seen* one of our comic papers?

EMILY. No.

FRANCIS. Well, have a look at one. . . . No, that's hardly friendly. Don't have a look at one.

EMILY. And is that your room now? [*indicating door L.*]

FRANCIS. That is my room. I'm on the very steps of the throne.

EMILY. I should never have guessed that you would settle down here.

FRANCIS [*mock-confidentially, in a lower voice*]. I sha'n't. My only rule is never to settle down. But as an amateur of human nature I couldn't miss such a unique oppor-

tunity of studying the English mind as fed by the Worgan press, and the English ideal as mirrored in the British theatre. Could I? I shall probably give myself a year of this excitement. More would not be good for me. I suppose you're here for the meeting?

EMILY. Yes. It seems it isn't exactly a formal meeting.

FRANCIS. Merely a chat, I'm told. Instead of being chairman I shall be just a plain person, like you or Charlie or the Chief.

EMILY [*quietly*]. Charlie was talking to me about it yesterday.

FRANCIS [*slightly lifting his eyebrows*]. Oh! Sunday!

EMILY [*looking away from FRANCIS*]. He called to see me.

FRANCIS. Where?

EMILY. The natural place. My rooms. Where should you have called if you'd wanted to see me? . . . However, I'll be candid with you. I was just as startled as you are — more, even!

FRANCIS. I'm — why should you be startled? Unless, of course, it's a nunnery that you inhabit.

EMILY. Put yourself in the position of the poor but virtuous actress spending a pleasant Sunday afternoon washing imitation lace — when in walks Sir Charles Worgan, millionaire.

FRANCIS. But, after all, Charlie is only Charlie.

EMILY. That's where you're wrong. He's a good deal more than Charlie. So I concealed the lace.

FRANCIS. Did he come in the motor?

EMILY. He came on his feet. Why?

FRANCIS. Nothing. Only he started out in the motor.

EMILY. I daresay it broke down.

FRANCIS. And he came back in it.

EMILY [*impatiently*]. Indeed! Well, there's *another* mystery of a motor-car, that's all! The point is that he called to consult me.

FRANCIS. What about?

EMILY. About the next production at the Prince's. You see, I have always read plays for the Chief. That's really how the Chief came to take me on, and I suppose that's why they gave me a share in the company and called me a director. He seemed to be quite disturbed.

FRANCIS. Who? Charlie?

EMILY. Yes. He said he understood that the next production was to be "The Merchant of Venice."

FRANCIS. So it was.

EMILY. The Chief appears to be changing his mind. Just recently he's read "The Lion's Share" — that Welsh piece by Lloyd Morgan.





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

EMILY [*deeply moved*]. YOU AREN'T GOING TO THROW ME OVER?

FRANCIS. Stage Society?

EMILY. Yes. He went to one of the rehearsals, and he's tremendously keen on it.

FRANCIS. Really! [*Taking tickets and programme from his pocket.*] Yes. That's it. I'm going to see it this afternoon. They've sent me a couple of tickets. Care to come?

EMILY. You needn't be so stuck up with your two tickets. I went last night.

FRANCIS. Why, you informed me not long since that it was impossible to get tickets for Sunday night performances of the Stage Society. You said even duchesses were glad to crowd into the gallery, and critics hadn't a dog's chance.

EMILY. Charles had got tickets somehow. He left a stall for me and asked me if I'd go. He told me he might be there himself, but he wasn't sure.

FRANCIS. And was he?

EMILY. Yes. [*With a trace of self-consciousness, after a pause.*] He had the next stall to mine.

FRANCIS [*nodding his head*]. Extraordinary how shy that youth is about being intellectual! He told me he was going to a smoking concert. Was it a success — the Welsh thing?

EMILY. Oh, yes. But that's nothing. Anything would be a success in London on Sunday night. People are so *grateful*.

FRANCIS. Then you didn't like it?

EMILY. On the contrary. I adored it.

FRANCIS. Did Charlie?

EMILY [*shakes her head; a little pause*]. He didn't see it.

FRANCIS. I suppose it's one of those disagreeable plays, as we say in the *Mercury* — the disastrous effect of French influence on the Nonconformist mind.

EMILY. It was so real that I could have —

FRANCIS. You confirm my worst suspicions.

EMILY [*smiling*]. You're bound to enjoy it.

FRANCIS. But Charlie didn't?

EMILY. And yet, you know, he is clever — don't you think so? Just look at what he's done with the Prince's! Don't you think he's frightfully clever?

FRANCIS. Clever isn't the word.

EMILY. What is the word?

FRANCIS. There isn't a word. I've lived with Charlie now for four months, and I've looked *carefully* through the dictionary, and I've satisfied myself that there isn't a word. Charlie baffles.

EMILY. Yes, that's why he's so fascinating. I was only thinking, as I walked back last night — [*stopping; in a different voice*] I may as well tell you we walked back together after the theatre to my square. It was such a lovely night.

FRANCIS. It was. [*Enter PAGE-BOY with ST. JOHN.*]

PAGE-BOY. Mr. St. John. [*Exit.*]

FRANCIS [*rising*]. Good morning, St. John. How are you?

ST. JOHN. Mondayish. [*To EMILY.*] Hello! What are you doing here?

EMILY [*shaking hands with him*]. Good morning, Chief. Sir Charles asked me to come.

ST. JOHN [*displeased*]. Oh! [*Enter SIR CHARLES, R., quickly.*]

SIR C. Morning, St. John. [*Shakes hands.*] Thanks for being so prompt.

ST. JOHN. I thought you wanted to have a chat with me?

SIR C. So I do. But it occurred to me afterwards there couldn't be any harm in asking all the other directors. [*He takes record out of dictaphone.*]

ST. JOHN. Do you mean to say Cleland and his wife are coming?

SIR C. Well, my dear St. John, surely your stage manager and your leading lady ought to be consulted, if any one ought, especially as they're directors.

ST. JOHN. Is this a board meeting, or isn't it? If it is, why hasn't it been properly summoned? I don't set up as a cast-iron devotee of business rules, but —

SIR C. Not strictly a board meeting.

FRANCIS. Rather, a meeting of the board. [*To SIR CHARLES.*] There's no "chair," I take it?

SIR C. No, no; quite unnecessary. Now, St. John, I just want to state a few things [*looking at clock*]. Well, of course, if the Clelands are late, we can't help it. Anyhow — [*pause, as if making up his mind*] — I've been going into the accounts, and it may be said that we've turned the corner — but not very far. There's been a profit of about a hundred pounds on the last three months — since the company was definitely formed. A hundred pounds in three months is not much. It will just pay the interest on the debentures. Of course it would have been larger but for the matinées of "The Broken Heart." On the other hand, it would have been smaller — in fact, there would have been a loss — if we had paid proper salaries. The directors get nothing, as directors. Mr. Cleland and Miss Henrietta Blackwood accept rather nominal salaries, partly because they're together, but no doubt partly on account of Mrs. Cleland's — er — advancing age; the other members of the troupe are equally ill-paid. As for you, St. John, your remuneration as manager is — well, inadequate.

ST. JOHN. Don't you worry about that.

You can put it that what I receive is for playing a small part now and then. For my producing, there's no question of adequate remuneration. Couldn't be! Frohman himself couldn't remunerate me adequately for my producing! I'm the greatest producer on earth. Every one knows that.

SIR C. Well, there it is! All I want to point out is that we are at a critical period in our career. We mustn't be too satisfied with ourselves. We must consolidate our position. The future depends on what we do now. Our present bill will probably run another couple of months.

ST. JOHN. It may, or it mayn't. I never like to run a piece out. I want to have something else ready in three weeks, and I can do it.

SIR C. That's just what I'm anxious to discuss. Do you really mean that you can do a Shakespearean production in three weeks?

ST. JOHN. I've decided against "The Merchant of Venice." I thought you understood that. I'm going to do "The Lion's Share." I saw it last night, and I practically arranged with the author—Lloyd Morgan, or Morgan Lloyd, or whatever his name is. It's a great thing. Let everybody take notice of what I say! It's a great thing!

SIR C. I also saw it last night. It may or may not be a great thing—I don't pretend to be a judge—

ST. JOHN. That's all right, then. I do.

SIR C. But I pretend to be a judge of what will succeed. And I don't think "The Lion's Share" would succeed. I'm quite sure it isn't a certainty.

ST. JOHN. It's no part of my scheme to produce certainties. As far as that goes, I've never met one. More money has been lost on certainties than would pay off the bally National Debt. My scheme is to produce masterpieces.

SIR C. And if the public won't come to see them?

ST. JOHN. So much the worse for the public! The loss is theirs!

SIR C. It seems to me the loss will also be ours.

FRANCIS [*soothingly*]. St. John means that the public and ourselves will share the loss. But whereas we shall know exactly how much we have lost, the public will be under the disadvantage of never guessing that it has lost anything at all.

SIR C. [*in a low tone to FRANCIS*]. Just let me speak, will you? [*FRANCIS gives a courteous, humorous smile of consent.*]

ST. JOHN. Besides, who says the public won't come?

SIR C. I do. Another thing—"The Lion's Share" contains no decent part for Miss Blackwood.

ST. JOHN. I can't help that. At my theatre the company has got to fit the play. Let the old girl have a rest. God knows, she's been working like a camel. [*Enter PAGE-BOY with MR. and MRS. CLELAND.*]

SIR C. [*to PAGE-BOY*]. Boy! [*PAGE-BOY comes round to SIR CHARLES and waits.*]

MRS. C. I do hope we aren't late. The fact is, we met my dear old father in the Strand. I hadn't seen him for months, and it gave me quite a turn. How d'ye do, Sir Charles? [*greeting him*].

CLELAND [*who has been shaking hands round, quietly to SIR CHARLES*]. I got your letter this morning.

SIR C. [*nods*]. Now, Mrs. Cleland—have this chair. St. John is thinking of producing a play with no part for you. What do you say to that? [*Hands dictaphone records to PAGE-BOY. Exit PAGE-BOY.*]

MRS. C. [*after shaking hands round and kissing EMILY*]. I know what I should have said twenty years ago. But I often say nowadays that my idea of bliss is a dozen oysters and go to bed comfortably at ten o'clock. So long as you pay my salary, I don't mind. Salaries have been so *very* regular lately, I wouldn't like it disturbed. Would *you*, my dear? [*to EMILY*].

SIR C. The question is, how long we should be able to keep on paying salaries, with you out of the bill.

MRS. C. Now that's very nice of you, Sir Charles.

CLELAND [*rubbing his hands*]. "Lion's Share," I suppose you're talking about?

SIR C. What's your view of this wonderful piece, Cleland?

CLELAND [*askance at ST. JOHN*]. Well, I only saw the dress rehearsal. Of course, it's clever, undoubtedly clever. It may please the Stage Society; but if you ask me my frank opinion—

ST. JOHN. Sam's opinion is worth nothing at all, especially if it's frank. When he tries to imitate me it isn't always so bad. I didn't engage Sam as a connoisseur. I engaged him because his wife can *act*—

MRS. C. My old father said to me this morning, "Henrietta," he says, "you and I are the only members of the Blackwood family that can really *act*. I could act a railway engine. And I believe you could, too," he says. Didn't he, Sam? Excuse me, Chief.

ST. JOHN. And also because he's the only stage manager in London who'll do what you

tell him without any damned improvements of his own. But as for his views — they are invariably vulgar. Sam would make a fortune if he were let alone.

CLELAND. I should. Just give me a chance.

ST. JOHN. Not much, Sammy! Not if I know it!

SIR C. What is your opinion of "The Lion's Share," Mrs. Cleland?

MRS. C. [*indignant*]. Don't ask me. How should I know? My own nephew's playing in it, but could he get a seat for me for last night? No! I've been before the London public for twenty-six years, but could I get in on my card? No.

FRANCIS. If you'll give me the pleasure of your company this afternoon, Mrs. Cleland, I've got a couple of stalls.

MRS. C. Much obliged, Mr. Worgan. But if I can't go on Sunday I don't go at all. I'm not proud; but either I'm Henrietta Blackwood or I'm not! At least, that's how I look at it.

SIR C. Mrs. Vernon has seen the play —

MRS. C. Congratulations, my dear!

SIR C. But I haven't yet asked her views, formally —

ST. JOHN. You needn't, Sir Charles. I feel somehow that I can struggle on without 'em.

SIR C. But she was put on the Board simply because she'd always been used to reading plays for you! How often have you said what fine taste she has!

ST. JOHN. That's true. I value her opinion — when I want it. But in this case my mind is made up. You were sitting together last night, you two! I saw you.

SIR C. That was a mere accident.

ST. JOHN. Agreed! Accidents will happen. [*Hums an air.*]

SIR C. [*controlling himself*]. As I said before, I don't pretend to be a judge —

ST. JOHN. As I said before, I *do*. That about settles that, doesn't it?

SIR C. [*gravely and obstinately*]. No. Speaking simply as a member of the public, my objections to the piece, if only I could put them properly — of course it's not my line to explain —

ST. JOHN. Don't let that trouble you. I can explain your objections. You've got three objections. The first is that this play is true to life, the second is that it's original, and the third is that it's beautiful. You're a bold financier, but you're afraid of beauty; you detest originality; and as for truth, it makes you hold your nose. Do you think I don't know all about your confounded objections? I'm turned fifty. I've spent a quarter of a cen-

tury in trying to make this damned town appreciate beauty, and though I've succeeded once or twice, the broad result is that I can't look my greengrocer in the face. But I wouldn't swap places with you. It would be like being blind and deaf. [*Suddenly to FRANCIS, as to one who understands.*] I wish you'd seen "The Lion's Share." I know what you'd say!

SIR C. [*quickly*]. Come, now, St. John, whatever the private opinions of any of us may be, I am quite sure we shall all be agreed that this wonderful play of yours won't please the public. [*Looks at EMILY as if for confirmation.*] It would be bound to be a frost. . . . You yourself —

ST. JOHN [*springing up*]. Nothing of the kind! Nothing of the kind! No one ever caught me saying that any play on earth would be a frost. No really new thing ever yet succeeded but what all the blessed wise-aces who know the public best swore it would be a rank failure. Let me tell you that in the end you chaps are always wrong. Public taste is continually changing. Is it you chaps who change it? Not much, by heaven! It's we who change it. But, before we can begin to work, we must get past a pack of infernal rotters who say they have their finger on the public pulse. [*More quietly.*] Well, we *do* get past; that's one comfort.

MRS. C. Oh, Chief! How you carry on, to be sure! It's worse than a rehearsal. And this isn't your stage, you know.

SIR C. [*smiling*]. That's all right, that's all right. St. John is always enthusiastic. A month ago he was just as enthusiastic for Shakespeare.

ST. JOHN. Yes, but then I hadn't got my eye on a good modern piece.

SIR C. I suppose you'll admit that "The Lion's Share" is not as good a play as "The Merchant of Venice." I've been reading "The Merchant of Venice" myself. A most interesting old play! Now, *there's* beauty, to use your own word, if you like.

ST. JOHN. Sudden discovery of a hitherto neglected author by the proprietor of the *Daily Mercury*.

SIR C. All this is not argument.

ST. JOHN. My excellent Sir Charles, any ass of an actor-manager can produce Shakespeare.

FRANCIS. Excuse me, St. John, I don't wish to interrupt a duel, but you told me exactly the contrary not long since. You said there wasn't an actor-manager in London who understood Shakespeare enough to make even a decent call-boy in a Shakespearean production.

ST. JOHN. And I was right. Some day I'll show 'em. But I'm not going to spend my time on Shakespeare when I've got a first-class modern production all waiting. It's the Shakespeares of the future that I'm on.

SIR C. Now, seriously, St. John — [*A pause.*]

CLELAND. The wife is a really tremendous *Portia*, Chief. Aren't you, Henrietta?

MRS. C. He knows. He saw me at the old Novelty in '89.

SIR C. And I was thinking that *Jessica* was the very part for Mrs. Vernon — I hope you won't deny that it's about time Mrs. Vernon had a decent show [*half laughing*].

ST. JOHN [*coldly*]. Since you've mentioned it, I may as well tell you, I've decided that Mrs. Vernon must leave the Prince's company.

EMILY. Chief — you aren't — [*Stops.*]

SIR C. [*annoyed*]. Now what's this? [*General surprise.*]

ST. JOHN. I'm not satisfied with her work. The truth is, I never was. I was taken by her enthusiasm for a good thing. But what's that got to do with acting?

EMILY [*deeply moved*]. You aren't going to throw me over? I've always tried my very best. What do you think I shall do if you throw me over?

ST. JOHN. I don't know. Whatever you do, you oughtn't to act any more. Because it ain't your line. You're simply painful in "*The Mayor of Casterbridge*," and no one knows it better than you.

MRS. C. Don't listen to him, Emily.

ST. JOHN [*growling*]. You needn't think I'm not sorry for her. But I won't have all my productions messed up for evermore just because I've been unfortunate enough to engage an actress who can't act. I want a fine production, and I mean to have it. I don't care twopence for anything else. I'm not a philanthropist. I'm a brute. Everybody knows that. [*EMILY moves away from the others, and tries to control herself.*]

SIR C. You're not going to —

ST. JOHN [*challenging him with a stiff look*]. I'm not going to have any favourites in the company.

SIR C. Favourites?

ST. JOHN. Yes, favourites. I mean nothing offensive. But I've had this on my mind some time. You began the subject. Now you know!

SIR C. But Mrs. Vernon is a director of the company.

ST. JOHN. Who made her a director of the company? You did; just as you made your

brother the nominal chairman. Not that I mind that in the least. She can be a director of forty companies so long as she doesn't act on my stage.

SIR C. Your stage?

ST. JOHN. My stage.

SIR C. The company's stage.

ST. JOHN. Damn the company!

SIR C. You can't damn the company. The company saved you when you never expected to be saved. The company put you on your legs, and put the theatre on its legs. The company gave you two thousand pounds' worth of shares for a goodwill that was worth nothing. The company gave shares to Mr. Cleland and Miss Blackwood for arrears of salary, and the same to Mrs. Vernon. My brother and I bought shares. On all these shares the company will pay good interest, if only a little common sense is shown. Surely Mrs. Vernon has deserved better of you than to be dismissed! Without her —

ST. JOHN. Without her I shouldn't have had your help.

SIR C. Exactly, since you care to put it that way.

ST. JOHN. Well, since I care to put it that way, Sir Charles, I don't know that I'm so desperately grateful. What have you done, after all? You insisted on an orchestra, to keep the audience from thinking; you invented a costume for the programme girls, and made a rule that they must be under twenty-five and pretty; and you put up the price of the programmes from twopence to sixpence. You plastered the West End all over with coloured posters that would make a crocodile swoon. And that's about all.

SIR C. I put order into the concern; and I gave you the support of all my journals, including the most powerful daily paper in London.

ST. JOHN. Thank you for nothing! The most powerful daily paper in London has got me laughed at by all my friends. I'm not likely to forget the morning after the first performance of "*The Broken Heart*," when the most powerful daily paper in London talked for three quarters of a column about the essential, English, breezy, healthy purity of the Elizabethan drama.

MRS. C. I remember they called me Harriet instead of Henrietta.

FRANCIS. A misprint. [*To ST. JOHN.*] It was all a misprint.

SIR C. [*quietly*]. Still, the public comes now.

ST. JOHN. Yes, and what a public!

SIR C. There's only one sort of public. It's the sort that pays.

ST. JOHN. Let it fork it out, then, and accept what I choose to give it! I'll choose my plays, and I'll choose my players. I'm sorry for Emily, but I can't help it. So long as I'm the manager, I'll be the manager. I'll keep a free hand.

SIR C. [*threateningly*]. If you wanted to keep a free hand, you ought not to have accepted my money.

ST. JOHN. Look here, Sir Charles, don't you try to come the millionaire over me. You may be a millionaire in your private capacity, but when you discuss the theatre with me you're simply a man who doesn't know what he's talking about.

MRS. C. Chief, you're losing your temper.

ST. JOHN. Shut up!

SIR C. You are the manager, but I'm the largest shareholder, and I hold all the debentures. I can always outvote you. I won't consent to Shakespeare being shelved. Shakespeare was your own idea, not mine. Why can't you stick to it? Why do you want to produce a morbid play that *must* fail? You may take it from me, I've got no use for a frost. Every one knows I'm in the Prince's. I don't choose to be associated with failures. And, above all, I won't consent to the dismissal of Mrs. Vernon. Is that clear?

ST. JOHN [*approaching him, very quietly*]. Do you want to get rid of me?

SIR C. No. I only want you to behave reasonably.

ST. JOHN. Oh! That's all you want, is it? Will you buy me out?

SIR C. Certainly, if you wish it.

ST. JOHN [*furiously*]. Well, then, do! I resign! See? I resign. You've saved a fine enterprise, and ruined it at the same time. Cleland's your man. Put your two wooden heads together, and you're bound to make a howling success of the Prince's. Cleland'll carry out your theories for you. Cleland's notion of realism in art is potted primroses on a river's brim. Get it at once. In six months you'll be playing musical comedy at the Prince's—[*pause*] and "House full" over the portico [*scornfully*]—a thing that's never been seen in my time! . . . I resign.

SIR C. You aren't serious.

ST. JOHN. Do you take me for a bally clown? [*Solemnly*]. I'm always serious. [*To Mrs. Cleland*]. Good-bye, old girl! [*Exit back, with a violent banging of the door.*]

MRS. C. [*with a passionate outburst, rising*]. St. John!

CLELAND [*to his wife*]. Sit down and be quiet.

MRS. C. [*half hysterical*]. Loose me! St. John! [*She rushes out after him, crying. Noises in the corridor.*]

SIR C. [*to FRANCIS*]. Just go and quieten them, will you? There'll be a regular scene out there in a minute. We can't have the whole building upset.

FRANCIS. That's all very well—

SIR C. [*insisting*]. There's a good fellow. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] I say, Cleland.

CLELAND. I'll look after her.

SIR C. [*a little anxiously*]. She won't throw us over?

CLELAND [*confidently*]. Leave that to me.

SIR C. [*after a glance at EMILY*]. I'll telephone you later in the day with an appointment. I haven't time now.

CLELAND. Good! [*Shakes hands.*] Splendid, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*]

EMILY. I must go too [*rising*].

SIR C. Here! Wait a bit. Sit down half a minute. You can't go like that.

EMILY [*sits*]. I don't suppose there ever was another man as rude as the Chief. What a *brute*! But he's always the same—simply never cares for anything except his own ideas. There's nothing he wouldn't sacrifice for them. Nothing!

SIR C. Well, he'd got *me* to deal with!

EMILY. The thing that surprised me most was the way you kept your temper.

SIR C. Oh! that's nothing! I can generally keep my temper when I see the other man is losing his. It was only when he began talking about favourites that I nearly let myself go.

EMILY. Seeing us together last night at the theatre—that must have made him think we'd been plotting against him.

SIR C. And yet we hadn't, had we? I don't know even now what you really think about that play.

EMILY. "The Lion's Share"? I quite agree with you that it wouldn't have a chance with the public.

SIR C. But you think it's a fine play?

EMILY. Why do you think I think that?

SIR C. Well, from what you said last night.

EMILY. I was careful not to say. We both rather kept off it, I thought.

SIR C. Then from what you didn't say.

EMILY. Yes, I think it's fine.

SIR C. Do you? [*genuinely puzzled.*] And you think Francis'll like it too?

EMILY. Yes.

SIR C. Queer! I suppose there must be



something in it. I wish you'd explain it to me — I mean, what you see in it.

EMILY. Oh! I can't explain. It's just a matter of taste.

SIR C. You explained lots of things in "The Merchant of Venice," anyway.

EMILY. Oh, Charlie, I didn't! I only just —

SIR C. Yes, you did. In fact, you made me quite keen on it. That's one reason why I was determined not to let St. John throw it over. But if "The Merchant of Venice" were a great success, I wouldn't mind "The Lion's Share" being done at matinées.

EMILY. That wouldn't satisfy him. He'd never give way. And, what's more — he'd never give way about me. [*Thoughtfully.*] He's quite right, you know. I can't act. [*Smiles.*] I expect it's because I'm too intellectual.

SIR C. Of course you can act.

EMILY. How do you know? You've never seen me.

SIR C. I'm sure you can.

EMILY. And what's going to happen *now*?

SIR C. Happen? Nothing! The theatre will go on. Do you think I can't run a theatre? I knew there'd be a rumpus. In fact, I brought it on, because things were bound to come to a crisis between St. John and me sooner or later, and sooner is always best. So I came to a clear understanding with Cleland in advance.

EMILY. Did you?

SIR C. Yes. I had to know exactly where I stood. And Cleland is a very good man. You'll see. I'll make that theatre hum.

EMILY. It was awfully good of you, sticking up for me.

SIR C. Not at all. I'll sign you a contract for three years, if you like.

EMILY [*nervously*]. Well, of course I'm not in a position to refuse offers of that kind. But, really, you are awfully kind. I must tell you — I'd no idea you were so good-natured. Most people have got an entirely wrong notion of you. I had at the start.

SIR C. How?

EMILY. They think you're as hard as nails. And the truth is, you're fearfully good-natured.

SIR C. No, I'm not.

EMILY. Well, look how you've behaved to me! I can't thank you, you know. I never *could* thank any one for anything — anything serious, that is.

SIR C. [*pleased at this revelation; confidentially*]. That's funny, now! I'm just the same. Whenever I have to thank people, I always begin to blush, and I feel awkward.

EMILY. I know, I know. [*After a pause.*]

And yet, I ought to thank you. This makes twice you've saved me.

SIR C. Saved you? What are you talking about?

EMILY. Well, what do you suppose I should have done if you and Francis hadn't been in the affair and St. John had had his way? Where should I have been? I've got nothing to fall back on. I've been alone for four years now, and every penny I've spent I've had to earn. And till this year I never made a hundred and twenty pounds in a single year. I wasn't brought up to earn, that's why. I'm very conceited, and, if you ask me, I think I'm a fairly finished sort of article; but I can't do anything that people *want* doing. You don't know what I've been through. No one knows except me. You don't know what you've saved me from. No! I couldn't have begun that frightful struggle over again, I couldn't have faced it. It's too disgusting, too humiliating. I should have —

SIR C. [*disturbed*]. But look here, Emily —

EMILY. Yes, I know! One oughtn't to speak like that. It makes everybody so uncomfortable. Never look back at a danger that's passed! And yet — the first time I saw you here, and I managed to joke about altering frocks — Never shall I forget my relief; it was painful how glad I was! I'm always looking back at that. . . . And then, to-day, without a moment's warning! Oh, dear! . . . And now you say a contract for three years! [*Gives a great sigh of relief.*] Why, it's heaven; it's simply just Paradise!

SIR C. [*going to door R. and opening it*]. I say, Kendrick. Just see I'm not disturbed, will you? Put a boy outside my door.

KENDRICK [*off*]. All right! Meeting still on!

SIR C. Yes. [*He puts red disk up, and then comes back to EMILY*]. Now — er — look here, of course, I'm rather peculiar; I can only do things in my own way; but look here — there are one or two things I want to talk to you about. To begin with, do you know why I've never been to a performance at the Prince's when you were in the cast?

EMILY. No.

SIR C. Well, it was because I didn't want to see you acting in public. [*Walks about.*]

EMILY. But —

SIR C. I'm like that, that's all. I knew you were obliged to earn your living, but I couldn't stand seeing you doing it on the stage. You may call it sentimental. I don't know. I'm just telling you. There's another thing. Do you know why I insisted on you and old woman Cleland being on the Board of Directors?

EMILY [*shakes her head*]. I don't think anybody quite understood that.

SIR C. Well, it was because I thought if you were on the board I should have good opportunities of seeing you without being forced to make them. I simply added Mrs. Cleland as a cover for you, so that you wouldn't look too conspicuous. What price that for a scheme?

EMILY. Now, Charlie, don't go and make me feel awkward.

SIR C. You've got to feel awkward. And so have I. I've told you those two things so that you can't say I'm being sudden. I'm putting the matter before you in a straightforward way. I want you to marry me.

EMILY. Charlie!

SIR C. That's what it is. I know I'm peculiar, but I can't help it — I can't say what I want to say. I mean I can't bring myself to say it. Now, for instance, there's that word "love." Curious thing — I can't use it! When I hear of men saying to women, "I love you," I always think to myself, "Well, I couldn't say it." Don't know why! It would be as much as I could do to say, "I'm awfully fond of you." And I couldn't say even that without being as awkward as if I were giving thanks. And yet, I *am*.

EMILY. You are what?

SIR C. You know what. Of course, if we hadn't been born in the same town, and almost in the same street, I expect I shouldn't have been able to talk like this to you. I should have had to be most rottenly artificial. Understand me, don't you?

EMILY. Perfectly. I'm just the same.

SIR C. *Are you?* That's all right, then. I suppose everybody from the Five Towns is. Well, what do you say?

EMILY. It's so sudden.

SIR C. Oh! damn it all, Emily. That's really a bit too thick, that is! After what I've told you! Are you going to sit there and stick me out that you'd no idea I was above a bit gone on you?

EMILY. I — Charlie, you *are* awful!

SIR C. Did the idea ever occur to you that I might ask you to marry me? Or didn't it?

EMILY [*after a pause*]. As questions are being put — when you got up this morning, did you intend to propose to me to-day?

SIR C. No. But every morning I say to myself, "One of these days I shall have to do it."

EMILY. When did you make your mind up to do it to-day?

SIR C. About five minutes ago.

EMILY. Why?

SIR C. Because of the way you talked. How do I know? Because you made me feel so queer. I couldn't bear for another minute the notion of you worrying yourself to death about a living and the future, while all the time I — I — There are some things I can *not* stand. And one of 'em is your worrying about starvation. . . . It's quite true, I *am* as hard as nails, but I'm all right. Nobody else can say it for me, so I must say it myself. I'm all *right* —

EMILY [*leaning forward*]. How much are you worth?

SIR C. About a million and a quarter.

EMILY. Well, can't you see how ridiculous it is, you marrying me? I haven't a cent.

SIR C. Now listen here, Emily. If you're going to talk nonsense we'll chuck it. What in the name of heaven does it matter to me if you haven't a cent?

EMILY. I — I don't know —

SIR C. No. I should imagine you didn't!

EMILY. You could marry — high up [*lifting her arm*]. In the peerage. Why, you could marry practically anybody.

SIR C. I know.

EMILY. Well, why don't you?

SIR C. Because I don't. You're the sort of woman for me. What you said just now is true.

EMILY. What was that?

SIR C. You're a fairly finished sort of article. You're an intellectual woman. I know I'm not so very intellectual, but it's only intellectual people that interest me, all the same.

EMILY. Charlie, don't call yourself names!

SIR C. You can help me, more than anybody. You've done a good bit for me as it is.

EMILY. Why, what have I done?

SIR C. It's thanks to you that I'm in this theatre affair. And I like that. It's the kind of thing I'm after. And do you know who gave me the idea of giving a hundred thousand to Oxford? You! The first time you were here!

EMILY. Really?

SIR C. Certainly.

EMILY. I ought to tell Oxford about that.

SIR C. We should have the finest house in London, you know. I'd back you to do the hospitality business as well as any duke's daughter that was ever born. You'd soon get hold of the right people.

EMILY. What do you mean by the right people? Not what they call "society" people? Because if you do —!

SIR C. [*stamping his foot*]. No, no! Of course I don't. I mean intellectual people, and the

johnnies that write for the reviews, and two or three chaps in the Cabinet. I could keep you off the rotters, because I know 'em already.

EMILY. It's all too dazzling, Charlie.

SIR C. Not a bit. I used to think that millionaires must be different from other people. But I'm a millionaire, and I'm just the same as I always was. As far as dazzle goes, there's nothing in it; I may as well tell you that. Well—?

EMILY. I can't give you an answer now.

SIR C. Oh, yes, you can. You must. I'm not the kind of man that can wait.

EMILY [*rather coldly*]. I'm afraid you'll have to wait.

SIR C. [*crestfallen*]. But you surely must know what you feel?

EMILY. My dear Charles, I do *not* know what I feel.

SIR C. [*disappointed*]. When shall you know?

EMILY. I can't say.

SIR C. Honest?

EMILY. Of course.

SIR C. But can't you give me an idea?

EMILY. Of what?

SIR C. Whether it'll be yes or no.

EMILY [*with an outraged air*]. Certainly not.

SIR C. Well, I can tell you one thing: if you throw me over—I—I don't know what I shall do. No, I'm damned if I do.

EMILY [*stiffly*]. Good morning, Charlie.

SIR C. Look here. Why are you cross?

EMILY. I'm not cross.

SIR C. You look as if you were.

EMILY. Well, good morning. [*She goes to door, back, and opens it. Boy is seen standing there. Then she shuts the door and returns to Sir C.*]

EMILY. I—— [*Sir C., after gazing at her, suddenly seizes her and kisses her—a long kiss.*]

EMILY. I suppose I did know all the time.

SIR C. What are you crying for?

EMILY [*inconsequently and weakly*]. This

kind of thing must be awfully bad for the heart.

SIR C. [*reflectively*]. Well! So that's done. I say—— [*Kisses her again. The telephone bell rings. They start guiltily.*]

SIR C. [*at instrument*]. Hello! Who is it? Yes. It's me. Oh! [*To EMILY.*] It's Francis.

EMILY [*quickly*]. You mustn't tell him.

SIR C. No, no, of course not. [*At instrument.*] What did you say? Yes. Yes. She's—er—still here. All right. I say, he doesn't seem like giving way, I hope? . . . Good! [*Rings off.*]

SIR C. Francis has gone off with St. John to the Garter——

EMILY. The Garter?

SIR C. The restaurant where we generally lunch. He wanted to warn me to go somewhere else. He says St. John is quite calmed down now, but the sight of me might rouse him again. Like Francis, isn't it?

EMILY. I forgot to tell you that no one must on any account know for at least three months.

SIR C. All serene. But why?

EMILY. I can't do with it seeming too sudden—after the scene this morning, and with Henrietta here, too! Besides, when it's known, we shall have to go down at *once* to Bursley, to see your mother. You may depend on that!

SIR C. Think so? I don't seem to see myself doing the happy lover in Bursley.

EMILY. Neither do I. But it will come to that. And I must have time to get my breath first.

SIR C. Let's go and have lunch somewhere, eh?

EMILY. Where?

SIR C. The Carlton?

EMILY [*after a sigh*]. How lovely! [*Goes to glass to pat her hair. Sir Charles, looking at her, gives a little boyish, absurd gesture of tremendous glee, then rings a bell. Enter PAGE-BOY.*]

SIR C. [*sternly*]. Taximeter.

CURTAIN

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE MARCH NUMBER)

# THE BRENNAN MONO-RAIL CAR

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

IT was November 10, 1909 — a day that will surely have its place in history beside that other day, eighty-five years ago, when George Stephenson drove the first railway locomotive between Stockton and Darlington. In the great square of the Brennan torpedo factory at Gillingham, where the fighting-tops of battleships in the adjacent dockyard poise above the stone coping of the wall, there was a track laid down in a circle of a quarter of a mile. Switches linked it up with other lengths of track, a straight stretch down to a muddy cape of the Medway estuary, and a string of curves and loops coiling among the stone and iron factory sheds. The strange thing about it was that it was single — just one line of rail on sleepers tamped into the unstable "made" ground of the place.

And there was Brennan, his face red with the chill wind sweeping in from the Nore, his voice plaintive and Irish, discoursing, at slow length, of revolutions per minute, of "precession," and the like. The journalists from London, who had come down at his invitation, fidgeted and shivered in the bitter morning air; the affair did not look in the least like an epoch in the history of transportation and civilization, till —

"Now, gentlemen," said Brennan, and led the way across the circle of track.

## *The Trial of the First Practical Mono-rail Car*

And then, from its home behind the low, powder-magazine-like sheds, there rode forth a strange car, the like of which was never seen before. It was painted the businesslike slatyblue gray of the War Department. It was merely a flat platform, ten feet wide by forty feet long, with a steel cab mounted on its forward end, through the windows of which one could see a young engineer in

tweeds standing against a blur of moving machine-parts.

It ran on the single rail; its four wheels revolved in a line, one behind another; and it traveled with the level, flexible equilibrium of a ship moving across a dock. It swung over the sharp curves without faltering, crossed the switch, and floated — floated is the only word for the serene and equable quality of its movement — round and round the quarter-mile circle. A workman boarded it as it passed him, and sat on the edge with his legs swinging, and its level was unaltered. It was wonderful beyond words to see. It seemed to abolish the very principle of gravitation; it contradicted calmly one's most familiar instincts.

Every one knows the sense one gains at times while watching an ingenious machine at its work — a sense of being in the presence of a living and conscious thing, with more than the industry, the pertinacity, the dexterity, of a man. There was a moment, while watching Brennan's car, when one had to summon an effort of reason to do away with this sense of life; it answered each movement of the men on board and each inequality in the make-shift track with an adjustment of balance irresistibly suggestive of consciousness. It was an illustration of that troublous theorem which advances that consciousness is no more than the co-relation of the parts of the brain, and that a machine adapted to its work is as conscious in its own sphere as a mind is in its sphere.

## *The Car Takes Sharp Curves While Unevenly Loaded with Forty Passengers*

The car backed round the track, crossed to the straight line, and halted to take us aboard. There were about forty of us, yet it took up our unequally distributed weight without disturb-



*Reprinted from McClure's for December, 1907*

**RAILROAD CROSSING OVER NEW YORK—THE "BOSTON-WASHINGTON LIMITED"**



THE FIRST MONO-RAIL CAR ON ITS TRIAL TRIP

SHOWING THE CAR TAKING A CURVE WHILE UNEVENLY LOADED WITH PASSENGERS. THE EQUILIBRIUM WAS PERFECTLY MAINTAINED BY MEANS OF TWO GYROSCOPES WEIGHING THREE FOURTHS OF A TON EACH, AND MAKING THREE THOUSAND REVOLUTIONS A MINUTE

The young engineer threw over his lever, and the car ran down the line. The movement was as "feet" and equable as the movement of a powerful automobile running slowly on a smooth road; there was an utter absence of those jars and all lateral shocks that are inseparable from a car running on a double track. We passed beyond the sheds and slid along a narrow spit of land thrusting out into the mud-flanked estuary. Men on lighters and a working-party of black-jackets turned to stare at the incredible machine with its load. Then back again, three times round the circle, and in and out among the trees, always with that unchanging stately-gait. As we spun round the circle, she leaned forward like a cyclist against the centrifugal pull. She needs no banking of the track to keep her on the rail. A line of rails to travel on, and a round that will carry her weight—she asks for no more. With these and a clear road ahead, the world is to abolish distance and revise the world's schedules of time.

"A hundred and twenty miles an hour," I heard that sad voice of

his; "or maybe two hundred. That's a detail."

In the back of the cab were broad unglazed windows, through which one could watch the tangle of machinery. Dynamos are bolted to the floor, purring under their shields like comfortable cats; abaft of them a twenty-horsepower Wolseley petrol-engine supplies motive power for everything. And above the dynamos, cased in studded leather, swinging a little in their ordered precession, are the two gyroscopes, the soul of the machine. To them she owes her equilibrium.

### *Simplicity of the Car's Mechanism*

Of all machines in the world, the gyroscope is the simplest, for, in its essential form, it is no more than a wheel revolving. But a wheel revolving is the vehicle of many physical principles, and the sum of them is that which is known as gyroscopic action. It is seen in the ordinary spinning top, which stands erect in its capacity of a gyroscope revolving horizontally. The





FRONT VIEW OF THE BRENNAN MONO-RAIL CAR

THE PLATFORM OF THE CAR WAS TEN FEET WIDE BY FORTY FEET LONG, WITH A STEEL LAB FOR THE ENGINEER ON ITS FORWARD END. DURING THE TRIAL TRIPS IT CARRIED FORTY PASSENGERS

apparatus that holds Brennan's car upright, and promises to revolutionize transportation, is a top adapted to a new purpose. It is a gyroscope revolving in a perpendicular plane, a steel wheel weighing three quarters of a ton and spinning at the rate of three thousand revolutions to the minute.

Now, the effect of gyroscopic action is to resist any impulse that tends to move the revolving wheel out of the plane in which it revolves. This resistance can be felt in a top; it can be felt much more strongly in the beautiful little gyroscopes of brass and steel that are sold for the scientific demonstration of the laws governing revolving bodies. Such a one, only a few inches in size, will develop a surprising resistance. This resistance increases with the weight of the wheel and the speed at which it moves, till, with Brennan's gyroscopes of three quarters of a ton each, whirling in a vacuum at three thousand revolutions per minute, it would need a weight that would crush the car into the ground to throw them from their upright plane.

Readers of McClure's Magazine were made

familiar with the working of Brennan's gyroscope by Mr. Cleveland Moffett's article in the issue of December, 1907. The occasion, that article was the exhibition of Brennan's model mono-rail car before the Royal Society and in the grounds of his residence at Gillingham. For a clear understanding of the first full-sized car, it may be well to recapitulate a few of the characteristics of the gyroscope.

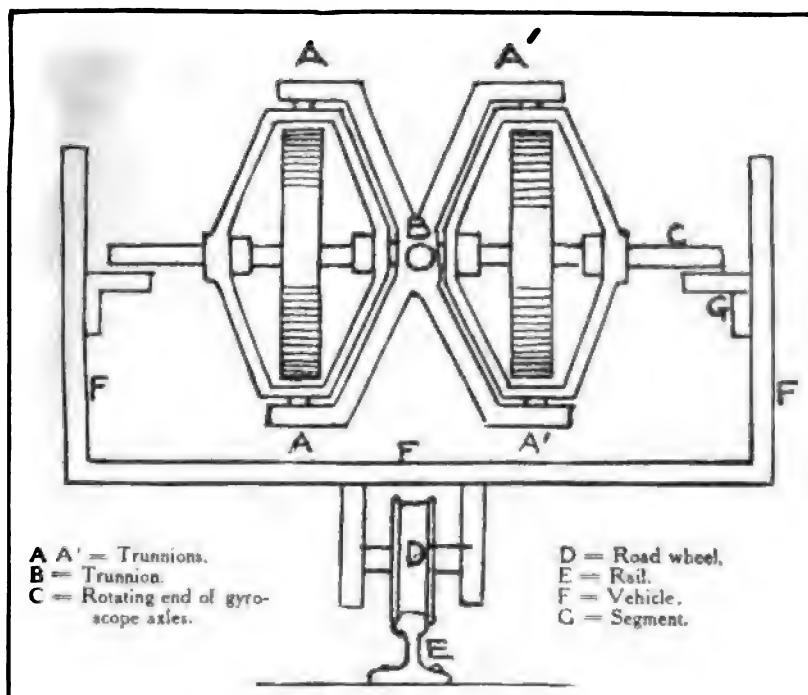
When Brennan made his early models, he found that, while the little cars would remain upright and run along a straight rail, they left the track at the first curve. The gyroscope governed their direction as well as their equilibrium. It was the first check in the evolution of the perfect machine. It was over ten years before he found the answer to the problem — ten years of making experimental machines and scrapping them, of filing useless patents, of doubt and persistence. But the answer was found — in the spinning top.

A spinning top set down so that it stands at an angle to the floor will right itself: it will rise till it stands upright on the point of contact. The same principle applies to the mono-rail car. The gyroscope will rise till it stands upright on the point of contact.



*Reprinted from McClure's for December, 1927*

ACROSS THE CAÑON ON A MID-TWENTIETH-CENTURY EXPRESS



THE TWO BALANCE-WHEELS OF THE GYRO-CAR

The axle-end (C) corresponds to the point of the top. If, in turning a curve, the car-body (F) should commence to lean to the left, the projecting segment (G) would rise and touch the axle (C) of the right-hand balance-wheel. The balance-wheel would thereupon tend to rise at right angles with G, just as a top tends to rise at right angles with the surface on which it spins. This action would counteract the leaning tendency of the car-body and restore the equilibrium of the car.

tion. Brennan's resource, therefore, was to treat his gyroscope as a top. He enclosed it in a case, through which its axles projected, and at each side of the car he built stout brackets reaching forth a few inches below each end of the axle.

The result is not difficult to deduce. When the car came to a curve, the centrifugal action tended to throw it outward; the side of the car that was on the inside of the curve swung up and the bracket touched the axle of the gyroscope. Forthwith, in the manner of its father, the top, the gyroscope tried to stand upright on the bracket; all the weight of it and all its wonderful force were pressed on that side of the car, holding it down against the tendency to rise and capsize. The thing was done; the spinning top had come to the rescue of its posterity. It only remained to fit a double gyroscope, with the wheels revolving in opposite directions, and, save for engineering details, the mono-rail car was evolved.

#### *What Would Happen if One of the Gyroscopes Broke*

Through the window in the back of the cab I was able to watch them at their work — not

the actual gyroscopes, but their cases, quivering with the unimaginable velocity of the great wheels within, turning and tilting accurately to each shifting weight as the men on board moved here and there. Above them were the glass oil-cups, with the opal-green engine-oil flushing through them to feed the bearings. Lubrication is a vital part of the machine. Let that fail, and the axles, grinding and red-hot, would eat through the white metal of the bearings as a knife goes through butter. It is a thing that has been foreseen by the inventor: to the lubricating apparatus is affixed a danger signal that would instantly warn the engineer.

"But," says Brennan, "if one broke down, the other gyroscope would hold her up — till ye could run her to a siding, anyway."

"But supposing the electric apparatus failed?" suggests a reporter — with visions of headlines, perhaps. "Supposing the motor driving the gyroscopes broke down; what then?"

"They'd run for a couple of days, with the momentum they've got," answers the inventor. "And for two or three hours, that 'ud keep her upright by itself."

On the short track at Gillingham there are no gradients to show what the car can do in the



THE FIVE-FOOT MODEL USED BY MR. BRENNAN TO DEMONSTRATE THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE MONO-RAIL CAR. WHILE CARRYING A MAN, IT WAS MADE TO CLIMB A STEEP SLOPE, RUN ALONG A ROPE STRETCHED ABOVE THE GROUND, AND STAND AT REST WHILE THE ROPE WAS SWUNG TO AND FRO



MR. BRENNAN STANDING IN FRONT OF HIS FIRST LARGE MONO-RAIL CAR, THE SUCCESSFUL TRIAL OF WHICH MAY MARK AN EPOCH IN RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION

way of climbing, but here again the inventor is positive. She will run up a slope as steep as one in six, he says. There is no reason to doubt him; the five-foot model that he used to exhibit could climb much steeper inclines, run along a rope stretched six feet above the ground, or remain at rest upon it while the rope was swung to and fro. It would do all these things while carrying a man; and, for my part, I am willing to take Brennan's word.

Louis Brennan himself was by no means the least interesting feature of the demonstration. He has none of the look of the visionary, this man who has gone to war with time and space; neither had George Stephenson. He is short and thick-set, with a full face, a heavy moustache hiding his mouth, and heavy eyebrows. He is troubled a little with asthma, which makes him somewhat staccato and breathless in speech, and perhaps also accentuates the peculiar plaintive quality of his Irish voice. There is nothing in his appearance to indicate whether he is thirty-five or fifty-five. As a matter of fact, he is two years over the latter age, but a man ripe in life, with that persistence and belief

in his work which is to engineers what passion is to a poet.

The technicalities of steel and iron come easily off his tongue; they are his native speech, in which he expresses himself most intimately. All his life he has been concerned with machines. He is the inventor of the Brennan steerable torpedo, whose adoption by the Admiralty made him rich and rendered possible the long years of study and experiment that went to the making of the mono-rail car. He has a touch of the rich man's complacency; it does not go ill with his kindly good humor and his single-hearted pride in his life work.

It is characteristic, I think, of his honesty of purpose and of the genius that is his driving force that hitherto he has concerned himself with scientific invention somewhat to the exclusion of the commercial aspects of his contrivance. He has had help in money and men from the British Government, which likewise placed the torpedo factory at his disposal; and the governments of India and — of all places — Kashmir have granted him subsidies. Railroad men from all parts of the world have seen his



SIDE VIEW OF THE BRENNAN CAR, SHOWING THE ENGINEER'S CAB AND THE PLATFORM FOR PASSENGERS

model; but he has not been ardent in the hunt for customers. Perhaps that will not be necessary; the mono-rail car should be its own salesman; but, in the meantime, it is not amiss that a great inventor should stand aloof from commerce.

*New York to San Francisco Between  
Dawn and Dawn*

But, for all the cheerful matter-of-factness of the man, he, too, has seen visions. There are times when he talks of the future as he hopes it will be, as he means it to be, when "transportation is civilization." Men are to travel then on a single rail, in great cars like halls, two hundred feet long, thirty to forty feet wide, whirling across continents at two hundred miles an hour — from New York to San Francisco between dawn and dawn.

Travel will no longer be uncomfortable. These cars, equipped like a hotel, will sweep along with the motion of an ice-yacht. They will not jolt over uneven places, or strain to mount the track at curves; in each one, the wearless gyroscopes will govern an unchanging equilibrium. Trustful Kashmir will advance from its remoteness to a place accessible from anywhere. Street-car lines will no longer be a perplexity to paving authorities and anathema to other traffic; a single rail will be flush with the ground, out of the way of hoofs and tires. Automobiles will run on two wheels like a bicycle. It is to be a mono-rail world, soothed and assured by the drone of gyroscopes. By that time the patient ingenuity of inventors and engineers will have found the means to run the gyroscopes at a greater speed than is now possible, thus rendering it feasible to use a smaller wheel. It is a dream based on good, solid reasoning, backed by a great inventor's careful calculations; H. G. Wells has given a picture of it in the last of his stories of the future.

*The Attitude of Railroad Men Toward  
the Gyroscope*

Practical railroad men have given to the mono-rail car a sufficiently warm welcome. They have been impressed chiefly by its suitability to the conditions of transportation in the great new countries, as, for instance, on that line of railway that is creeping north from the Zambesi to open up the copper deposits of

northwestern Rhodesia, and on through Central Africa to its terminus at Cairo. Just such land as this helped to inspire Brennan. He was a boy when he first saw the endless plains of Australia, and out of that experience grew his first speculations about the future of railway travel. Such lands make positive and clear demands, if ever they are to be exploited for their full value to humanity. They need railways quickly laid and cheaply constructed; lines not too exacting in point of curves and gradients; and, finally, fast travel. It is not difficult to see how valuable the mono-rail would have been in such an emergency as the last Sudan War, when the army dragged a line of railway with it down toward Omdurman. Petrol-driven cars to replace the expensive steam locomotives, easy rapid transit instead of the laborious crawl through the stifling desert heat — a complete railway installation, swiftly and cheaply called into being, instead of a costly and cumbersome makeshift.

The car went back to her garage, or engine-shed, or stable, or whatever the railway man of the future shall decide to call it. Struts were pulled into position to hold her up, the motors were switched off, and the gyroscopes were left to run themselves down in forty-eight hours or so. When the mono-rail comes into general use, explained Brennan, there will be docks for the cars, with low brick walls built to slide under the platforms and take their weight.

While his guests assembled in a store-shed to drink champagne and eat sandwiches, he produced a big flat book, sumptuously bound, and told us how his patents were being infringed on in Germany. On that same day there was an exhibition of a mono-rail car on the Brennan principle taking place at the Zoölogical Gardens in Berlin; the book was its catalogue. It was full of imaginative pictures of trains fifty years hence, and thereto was appended sanguine letter-press. While there sounded in our ears the hum of the gyroscopes from the car housed in the rear, I translated one paragraph for him. It was to the effect that one Brennan, an Englishman, had conducted experiments with gyroscopes ten years ago, but the matter had gone no further.

"There, now," said Brennan.





# THE CANNIBAL KING

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. D. WILLIAMS

"The Cannibal King loved crocodile stew,  
And roasted missionary too,  
Which he thought was quite too-too,  
The king of the cannibal islands."

THE Twin Devils, having been banished by their elders from the ball field, for good and sufficient cause, came trudging down the lane to the school grounds, yelling the song at the top of their lungs.

It was quiet in the yard. Old Mose, the principal, was away in town, the tutors were out walking or off the grounds somewhere, and all the boys were up on the ball field on the hill, from which their distant yells were wafted faintly down on the intermittent spring breeze—all, that is, but the Twins and the King.

The Twins wheeled into the yard, still singing their song, and stopped below the windows of the King in the dormitory. The olive window-shades were all down, and there was no sign of life in the room. The Twins suspected it to be inhabited.

"Aw, come out here, King," howled the Microbes; "come on out. We won't hurt you. Come on out and tell us how you got converted."

No answer.

"Krash Koosha," the Chinese began, in a monotonous and grotesque voice, repeating the handbill which the King gave out before his church lectures. The other Twin joined in:

"Krash Koosha, the *Heir* of Zozoland, a *real* African Prince, brought from his jungle home by devoted American missionaries, will *speak* at the Congregational vestry Wednesday night, *wishing* to secure funds to *help* him complete his education and *return* to spread abroad the glad *gospel* light in his benighted land. He will show and explain the strange costumes, weapons, and utensils of his people. He will *pray* and sing 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains' in the Zozo tongue. He will *tell* how he was converted. Let all come and *hear* this worthy young man. Admission, fifteen cents; children five cents."

A long pause, but no movement in the curtained room.

"Aw, what's the use, Cannie?" yelled the Chinese. "Come on out, that's a good feller. We won't touch you, honest."

"Nor make fun of you, either."

Still no demonstration of life from the room. After successive volleys of gravel against the window, the Twins wearied of their amusement.

"He ain't there," said Pinkie. "Say, I'll

play you a game of tennis for the sodas before supper-time."

"I'll go you," said the Chinese.

The two scampered away to the court. As they turned the corner of the building, the edge of the olive-green shade was lifted, and one big white eye showed peering furtively out. The King was inside.

The old Middleton School was a survival. There are hundreds similar to it in little forgotten corners of New England—the old academies, remnants of the old-time aristocratic education, being brought down to desolation and ruin by the rise of the great democratic school system.

But, after all, there was nothing just like old Middleton. Its distinction lay in the character of its boys. Strangers who drove down the road when the school-yard was in full cry stopped and watched and wondered. White boys and dark boys, big boys and small boys, seethed and yelled and galloped to and fro together in one indistinguishable, motley mass. Boys from all the corners of the earth came up to old Middleton—rich men's sons, with soft hands and hard hearts, under a contract to be managed; twice motherless children, whose fathers had married a second time; refugees of the great fitting schools, sent down for a personally conducted course in morals; hulking boys from the far West, where schools were poor or did not exist; swarthy, vicious, silent youths from Cuba and South America; and occasionally some waif picked up by missionaries in China or Africa, and sent to this fountain-head to drink in the rudiments of our great moral Western civilization.

In the midst of this herd of wild boys, the Cannibal King—a great, black, morose, raw-boned savage—stalked alone. He was a guaranteed African prince, taken in an excess of zeal by a returning missionary enthusiast. The African prince was much paraded at missionary gather-

ings, and soon began to give lectures on his own account. He was prospered in his work. In the eyes of the women of a score of sewing societies he was a heroic figure of almost Old Testament proportions.

At the other end of the line of boys were the Twins. The swarthy, thick-set, moon-faced Chinese was the son of a Texas cattleman; the pale, thin-legged, red-headed juvenile euphoniouly called Pinkie was the son of a Michigan lumber dealer. Neither one could show an inch above five feet. These twain became soldered together at first sight, and converted immediately into a dual spirit of evil, known as the Twin Devils, which became the scourge of the country-side. The unhappy farmers came in droves to inquire when their course of education would come to a close.

The Cannibal King—named by themselves—became their legitimate prey.

The Twins were soon satiated with tennis. A close set terminated in favor of Pink, fortunately without recrimination or bloodshed. It was still a long time to supper.

"Say, Pink," said the Chinese, "I'll bet you money the heathen was in that room all the time."

"Well, what difference does it make if he was?"



"THE CHINEE THREW HIMSELF ON THE FLOOR AND APPLIED HIS EYE TO THE SLIT"



"THE TWO BOYS THREW THE WEIGHT OF THEIR SMALL BODIES INTO  
A REINFORCEMENT OF THE BARRICADE"

"Oh, I'd just like to know. Come on up to the conning-tower, Pink. Let's see, anyhow."

The two started up the stairs of the dormitory.

"Easy, now, Pink, easy," said the Chinee, "or he'll get onto us."

They tiptoed into their room, in an agony of caution. The Chinee immediately threw himself on the floor and applied his eye to the conning-slit, which, in less technical language, consisted of a hole in the wall, executed with a high degree of workmanship by these accomplished youths. On the other side it opened through an unused register in the side wall into the King's room. The small aperture in the room of the Twins was carefully concealed by a flap of wall-paper.

The Chinee remained prostrate on the floor, as if paralyzed with what he was seeing. Suddenly he emerged from his contemplation.

"Look here, Pink, *quick*," he said.

"Oh, Lordy," said Pink, turning back immediately, "what's he doin'?"

He returned forthwith to his observations without waiting for a reply.

"What kind of a game's he playing?" he continued. "Oh, look at that — look at that! Say, Chine, he's gone starin', jumpin' crazy."

"Ain't he *got* something there?" said the Chinee.

"Yes, he has. What is it?"

"I couldn't make it out; can you?"

"No, I can't. He's right in front of it. Oh, say, now he's takin' it away. He's puttin' it up. Yes, sir, he's got it under the mattress in his bed."

After several minutes' absolute quiet, Pink carefully replaced the flap over the hole and rose, dusting his knees.

"Say," said the Chinee, "we'll come pretty near findin' out what that is."

A council of war ensued. It was decided to make a foray and secure the object during supper-time. The bell for this soon rang, and the manoeuver was executed with neatness and precision, by crawling over the transom of the King's door.

Even before the approach of the relentless study hour, the Twins were again established in their room, engaged in rapt contemplation of their trophy, laid out on the study table before them. It was a strangely carved piece of dull black wood set round with gaudy parrot feathers.

"What do you call it?" said the Chinee.

"I dunno. What do you guess?"

"Well, it might be one of those things you carry round for good luck — like a rabbit's foot."

"Yes; or like that leather thing you see Catholic fellers wearin' round their necks when they're in swimmin'."

"That's it; it's something like that," said the Chineese.

They proceeded to divide the spoil, cutting it into equal parts to the nicety of a hair. Then, putting out their light, they applied themselves to observation, hoping to be able to see the exact moment when the King should discover his loss.

"I'll bet it'll be exciting when he does," said Pink.

"When he finds that's gone," said the Chineese impressively, "he'll just begin to *live*."

The Twins were at last compelled to go to bed unsatisfied. The King noticed nothing that evening. But their excitement was not long delayed. In the early morning, before the dawn was yet very distinct, they were awakened suddenly by a strange noise.

"What is it?" whispered Pink.

The Chineese was already out of bed, on the floor.

"Come here," he said, beckoning energetically; "he's found it."

"Look at there," he continued with pride.

"Oh, Lord," said Pink, looking, "ain't he just *doing* things? Ain't he, though? And ain't he stacked up that room some? There ain't a thing left standin' in it, is there? Oh, look at him now. Look at him roll his eyes and wave his arms round and talk to himself. Wouldn't that give you the shivers?"

"Ain't it great?" said the Chineese appreciatively.

The Twins feasted on their victim's alternate periods of paroxysm and quiet until the breakfast hour. When they arrived at the meal, the King was already there, more silent and morose and dignified than ever.

The two conspirators held conferences all day, and a long one after hours in the afternoon.

"Say, Chine," suggested Pink, "that thing must be pretty important to him, mustn't it?"

"Yeh."

"Well, say, what are you goin' to do with your half — bury it?"

"You can if you want to; I'm goin' to wear mine under my clothes," said the Chineese, indicating its present location on his person.

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to," said Pink, rather reluctantly; "but supposin' he caught you with it?"

"Oh, what could he do, if he did? You make me tired."

The conference proceeded to plans for the future.

"We've only just begun with him," announced the Chineese.

"What's it goin' to be now?" asked Pink.

"Oh, I dunno, but we can stir him up some way."

"That's right; there's more'n one way to do it, I s'pose."

"There was a feller I knew once," said the Chineese reminiscently, "told me this story: Once when his folks was away, they had a hired girl he didn't like — one of these ugly things that was never decent to him. So he swore he'd get even with her."

"So they had one of these speakin' tubes in her room, which they hadn't ever used. And the girl hadn't been over a great while, so she didn't know anything about 'em."

"So the first night, after she'd gone to bed, he sneaks downstairs and he goes up to the speakin' tube, and groans, and hollers:

"Four days more,—  
One, two, three, four.  
God have mercy on your soul!

just like that.

"Well, he was goin' to keep on the next night countin' three, and the next night two — like that. Only the second night she went looney. Yes, sir, she went wanderin' around her room all night. Then they had to take her to an asylum."

"Seems kind o' hard on the girl," ventured Pink.

"Oh, I dunno," said the carnivorous Chineese. "I'd 'a' done it, if any girl treated me the way she did him."

"Well, what I was goin' to say was," continued the Chineese, "why can't we work the tick-tack that way on the old King's window? Of course, you couldn't *say* anything, but he'd catch on. You can get a good deal of *expression* with a tick-tack, if you work it right. You take it one — two — three — four — like that — just like tollin' a bell."

The King being away that afternoon, the tick-tack was easily established. It worked that night beyond belief. The Twins retired to bed highly gratified.

"Say, we've struck it rich," said the Chineese proudly. "I'll bet you there ain't many fellers of our age ever saw anything like that in a civilized country like this before."

"That's so," said Pink. "Only I hope he won't catch us at it," he added a little uneasily.

The next day at noon recess the Twins returned to their room for recitation. The place presented a most unusual scene of disorder.

"Say, who's been pawin' over my clothes?" said the Chinee belligerently. "You?"

"No, I ain't, but somebody has, and mine, too."

"Well, I'd like to catch the feller that did," said the Chinee. "I'd kill him."

Stacking a room was no unusual affair; it had passed out of the minds of the Twins by night.

At the first available moment in the evening the operations with the tick-tack were resumed. Pink was in command. Suddenly the string gave way and came back loosely into his hand.

"Say, look at that, Chine," he said quickly.

"How'd that happen?" said the Chinee.

"It just broke away in my hand. Say, you don't s'pose he's had a tick-tack worked on him before?" whispered Pink.

The Chinee was already on his stomach before the hole.

"There ain't any light in there," he said. "It's black as your hat."

"He was in there just a minute ago, wasn't he?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Well, that's funny, ain't it?"

"I guess he's gone down to see Mose," said the Chinee finally, "and the tick-tack just wore off on the corner there."

"Well, by jiminy, Chine," said Pink, "I'm glad of that; I was afraid he'd caught onto us at first."

"Say," he said abruptly, after a little silence, "it wouldn't be so funny if he got to huntin' us instead of our huntin' him, would it?"

The next evening it was discovered that the King's room was again dark. The Twins put out their own light, and listened by the hole in the wall.

"I'll bet there's somebody in there," said Pink. "Seems as if I could hear him breathin', and every now and then there's something rubbin' up against the wall."

"Oh, he's in there all right," said the Chinee.

Both Twins were unusually thoughtful when they went to bed. Each was discovered by the other to be awake very early in the morning, staring at the ceiling.

"Pink?" said the Chinee interrogatively.

"Yeh."

"Have you slept well the last two nights?"

"No."

"Have you *heard* anything?"

"Well, yes, I have; I keep thinking I hear somebody singin'."

"Do you *honestly*?"

"Yes, I do. Do you?"

"Well, I thought I did. Probably it's our imagination."

"Well, if it is true, it's the worst thing I ever heard."

The Chinee turned over on his side.

"Say, look at here," he said, "was your things left like that last night?"

Both Twins stiffened up in bed. "No, they weren't."

"This room's been pawed over again, then. Say, this thing's got to stop."

The Twins got up and investigated.

"Come here," said Pink in a strained voice.

"Look at this."

"What is it?"

"It's a tract — one of those things the King's always carryin' round with him."

"Well?"

"Well, you see now who's pawin' over our things. It's *him*. He's been in here and dropped it while we've been asleep. He's lookin' for *this*, and if he finds it —"

"Say," continued Pink, after a period of thought, "this thing's gettin' too much for me."

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, it is. You can't tell what he might do to us."

"Well, what could he do?"

"He could do anything; he could murder us, if he got mad enough."

"Aw, go on!" said the valiant Chinee.

Nevertheless, that night — that long-remembered night — the Chinee locked and helped to barricade the door. The bureau and washstand were set against it, and a chair propped up under the knob to reinforce the lock.

It was determined that a thorough watch should be kept. The light went out; perfect silence was preserved; a constant lookout was maintained at the hole in the wall; yet nothing was accomplished but a strengthening of the suspicions of the Twins.

It was coal-black in the other room.

"He's there listenin'," said Pink.

"Well," said the Chinee at last, "let him listen. I'm going to bed."

Pink followed his example. Both were soon in bed.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, that strange noise again — a low, crooning chant and the sound of metal. Each Twin lay stiff on his back, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, waiting for the other.

"Pink, *Pink*," whispered the Chinee at last, "is that you?"

"Did you hear it, too?" answered his bed-fellow.

The Chinees had already left the bed.

"It's *him*," said Pink, following after him.

"He's lighted up," announced the Chinees, uncovering the hole.

"Oh, cracky, Pink!" he gasped, emerging.

"Here's something new. Oh, just look at that!"

"O, Lordy!" shuddered the terrified Pink, "where do you s'pose he got *that*? Ain't that the biggest knife you ever saw? Ain't that awful?" He gave way to the Chinees.

"There it is again," he said. The crooning song and the sound of metal again floated regularly and monotonously through the hole in the wall.

"What's he doin'?"

"He's singin'."

"That's it," said Pink, "that's what we've been listenin' to. Oh, just listen to that!"

"He's just sittin' there," stated the Chinees, "singin' and sharpenin', and sharpenin' and singin'." Oh, he's layin' for us all right."

"I thought it would come to something like this," said Pink despondently.

The affair affected the Chinees differently.

"Talk about your excitement," he said, with great earnestness.

There was a weakness which had always handicapped the Chinees in the face of danger. There was giggling. The stimulus was now too great. He began to giggle.

"*Shut—up!*" pleaded Pink frantically. "He'll hear you. Oh, *please!*"

"Did you see him hoppin' round?" said the Chinees. "Oh, ain't he a sight?"

He started off again. Pink covered up the hole and began earnestly to punch him and kick his shins.

Suddenly there was a new movement in the other room.

"He's goin' toward the door," gasped Pink.

"I bet he's heard you. He has—he has! He's coming. Come over to the door and push—quick."

"Don't say anything," said the straining Chinees, through his teeth; "just push."

The two boys, grasping the carpet with their bare toes, threw the whole weight of their small bodies and vigorous young souls into the reinforcement of the barricade.

The knob turned without a sound, and an awful, silent strain came suddenly on the door. For a big, breathless minute it continued. Then it fell away. The old lock, backed by the barricade, the chair, and the Twins, had held. The soft steps in the hallway died away, and the Twins were safe.

"Is he gone, Chine?" whispered Pink, still straining.

"Yeh."

"Sure?"

"Yeh."

"Now what'll we do?"

"Oh, we'll figure out something," said the hopeful Chinees.

Two days and two nights this thing continued. Two awful days and nights the savage stalked the terrified Twins, seeking to come upon them alone. Two awful days the Twins came in early to prayers and recitations and dinner; two days they devised and planned and suffered and herded closely with their kind. Two awful nights they lay with their eyes glued to the hole in the wall, and listened, with the barricade against the door.

"If we're goin' to do anything, we'd better get at it pretty quick," said Pink, the second day. "If this thing keeps on I'm going to cut and run home."

"I wisht I understood just exactly what ailed him," answered the Chinees thoughtfully.

"I tell you what," said Pink; "let's see what we can find in Mose's library."

The Twins were accordingly soon seated in Mose's library during study hours, solemnly looking over the "Encyclopedia of Nations." The Chinees was reading:

"Zozo, THE.—An extremely savage tribe in Western Africa, best known from their strange susceptibility to religious excitement. These strange people are extreme fetish [that's a kind of idol] worshipers, and are supposed to be cannibals. They are said to have a belief that if they lose their personal fetish in any way they are destined to meet their death immediately, and such happenings render them uncontrollably ferocious. They are exceedingly fierce in their wars and personal feuds, and have most peculiar and revolting ways of torturing their enemies.' That's all."

"I wish it had gone a little further," said Pink wistfully. "I should kind of like to know just what they do."

"Sounds a little fierce, don't it?" said the Chinees, moistening his lips.

"Well, I guess it does."

"I tell you what let's do," said the Chinees; "let's talk to Bill about it."

Bill was the captain of the football team. His prestige was enormous. He was the ruler of the school by divine right. His influence was greater than that of all the teachers who had labored in the institution since its foundation.

Bill being persuaded, the trio proceeded upstairs, the Twins galloping in the lead, striking the front of every stair with the toes of their shoes, and Bill proceeding behind, with the stately gravity of a real football captain.





"A LOW CROONING CHANT AND THE SOUND OF METAL"

"I'll tell it to you, Bill, just the way it is," said Pink, when they were settled in the room. He then proceeded with the telling of the tale. Bill was incredulous.

"Here, you young devils," said he, "don't you try to work any of your fairy tales on me. What are you givin' us, anyway?"

"Honest, Bill, it's true," said Pink. "So help me."

"Cross my heart," said the Chinnee.

The story continued to its end.

"Where is he now?" said Bill.

"He's gone in to town with Mose to get a new Sunday-school quarterly or something. Maybe he's getting ready for the lecture to-morrow night."

"Why don't you put it back?"

"Put it back? How can we put it back when this wild Texas Indian has cut it in halves and dared me to wear my piece around my neck as long as he does."

"I've got the end with the most parrot feathers," said the Chinnee irrelevantly, dragging out his section from its hiding-place in his clothes.

"Why don't you tell Mose?" said Bill, disregarding him.

"Tell Mose!" said the aroused Chinnee. "What could Mose do? No, by cracky, I don't run to Mose every time I fall down and hurt myself.

But I tell you what, Bill, I've got a scheme that's worth it. If you'll only help us, we'll get out of it all right."

The Chinnee then explained his plan. It was found eminently reasonable, and exhilarating as well. Even Bill, the aged senior and football captain, renewed his lost youth and entered into the spirit of the thing.

"Only," said the Chinnee, in conclusion, "don't let him have anything to throw. You know those spears and things — we'll have to swipe 'em."

The rattling wagons of the farmers were gathering along dark country ways to the little vestry. It was the night of the lecture by the Heir of the Zozos. The crowd from Middleton School arrived in their springless farm-wagon, with boards laid across the top of the box as seats.

Inside the little bare room, with its dim bracket-lamps along the wall, was the noise of heavy boots and the scraping of settees on the uncarpeted floor. Upon the raised platform, with its covering of red ingrain carpet, the pastor and the King sat side by side on the old-fashioned haircloth sofa. The Twins occupied seats together in the second row. Before them, a little to one side, sat Bill, the football captain. The forces were now drawn up.

At last the noise of getting seated died away, and the pastor, a mild, weak-featured man with a grayish beard, arose. The King, though taught in English before he reached the school, was still far from fluent. He always needed an exhibitor.

The pastor began: "I know we are all glad to have with us to-night a brother from the heathen heart of poor, benighted Africa, and that we shall be still more glad to hear the message he has to bring to us. A prince by birth and regal right, he has yet renounced the honors which are his own, and come here to obtain that which is beyond all price, and to take it home with him to his own people.

"I want to say here that, through some unexplained misfortune, the instruments of war which he usually displays have in some way been misplaced or lost on his way to the vestry. But he will show you many other curious things, and will pray and speak and sing in his own strange tongue. And I am sure that there is not one of us present here who will not be delighted with what he will see and hear to-night. I will first ask our friend to lead with a song in his own language."

The Twins were very restive. The King began to sing. Somehow, he did not display his usual enthusiasm. He seemed moody and dejected. His song dragged and droned. Old

Mose noticed it, and glanced up from beneath his reverent eyebrows. At the close the Twins could stand it no longer. They gave the signal to Bill.

The King was to give a native speech next, but it was never given. As he started up, the Twins simultaneously dragged to light the ruffled remains of the idol, and dangled them tauntingly before his outraged eyes. The Chineese laid his part tenderly in the hollow of his arm, like a doll, and began to fondle it; Pink held his portion upside down, and stealthily waved it back and forth before him. The eye of the tortured ex-savage caught in a moment the bright-colored objects in their hands.

For a moment the restraint of the place was heavy upon him. Then the blood of a thousand howling ancestors cried aloud in his veins. He stiffened with anger, reached down in his coat, and brought to light the terrible knife. With a wild yell he had left the platform to fall upon the defenseless Twins. But, as he made his spring, the football captain, closing in on his flank, caught him in a beautiful tackle about his waist. They went down together in the most approved style, the big knife clanking and clattering on the floor as the negro dropped it. Half a dozen boys and a couple of big farmers were upon the prostrate King in an instant, and the face of Mose was looking sternly and won-



"THE BLOOD OF A THOUSAND HOWLING ANCESTORS  
RUSHED TO HIS BRAIN"

deringly down upon him. The Twins, having concealed the remains of the idol, looked sadly and innocently down upon the scene from where they stood upon their settees. Mose appreciated the situation immediately.

"What have you been doing now?" he said.

"It must have been this, sir," said the deep-reasoning Chinese, producing his half of the idol.

"What is this?" said Mose, taking it.

"I dunno, sir. I just saw it in his room, and I took it, sir. Maybe it's a kind of an idol. Probably you could tell from showin' it to him, sir."

The principal quickly verified the Texan's position from the spasms of the King. Nothing could be done to calm the frenzy of the victim. He lay on his back and called loudly for the lives of the Twins. The minister and Mose failed utterly to pacify him. In the meantime the men and boys in the foreground wondered, and the women, huddled together in the rear of the vestry, feared greatly. The Twins were the only really calm individuals in the building.

The principal finally gave up the idea of pacification.

"I am at least glad to discover what we have been harboring," he exclaimed to the minister.

He then assigned to four of the largest boys the congenial task of holding down the infuriated King during his conveyance back

to the school, where he was put into close confinement.

Mose himself drove back by way of the telegraph office, and sent the following message to the missionary sponsor of the King:

"Distressing outbreak of savage nature on part of your ward. Demands to return to Africa. Unsafe for him to remain here. Come at once."

When he returned to the school again, he sought out the Twins.

"This is pretty serious business, young men," he said solemnly, "and you are responsible. You will have to take the consequences."

"Didn't you say you were glad he was exposed, sir?" asked the innocent Chinese.

"When I want to discuss these things with you, young man," said Mose savagely, "I'll tell you so. You come and see me to-morrow in my study. And you, too, young man. I want you both."

"Yes, sir."

The Twins, covered with a proper sobriety, marched in silence out of the principal's sight and up into the dormitory. There, for the first time since their triumph, they met the football captain.

"Oh!" said the Twins, in simultaneous admiration. "Oh, Bill, but that was a dandy tackle!"

## THE DOVES

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

THE house where I was born,  
Where I was young and gay,  
Grows old amid its corn,  
Amid its scented hay.

Moan of the cushat dove,  
In silence rich and deep;  
The old head I love  
Nods to its quiet sleep.

Where once were nine and ten  
Now two keep house together;  
The doves moan and complain  
All day in the still weather.

What wind, bitter and great,  
Has swept the country's face,  
Altered, made desolate  
The heart-remembered place?

What wind, bitter and wild,  
Has swept the towering trees  
Beneath whose shade a child  
Long since gathered heartsease?

Under the golden eaves  
The house is still and sad,  
As though it grieves and grieves  
For many a lass and lad.

The cushat doves complain  
All day in the still weather;  
Where once were nine or ten  
But two keep house together.

# CONFESSIONS OF A MODERATE DRINKER

NOTE: The following article, by a well-known novelist, is published anonymously. It is interesting not only as a record of personal experience, but as the observation of a candid and unprejudiced mind upon a very vital subject. [EDITOR.]

MY experience as a user of alcoholic beverages is entirely different from that described by most temperance advocates and some fiction writers. And yet, in its essential features, it is, I believe, far more typical of the average experience of the great majority of men who drink.

The attack against alcohol is led by those who either have had no personal experience in the matter or else have had such a tragic experience that their judgment, naturally, is warped. The citing of extreme cases, the depiction of "horrible examples," with their vivid emotional appeal, may and frequently do produce more than a merely temporary effect upon impressionable hearers. I have no desire to disparage well-meaning efforts in a sincere and altruistic cause. Nevertheless, I have seen cases where just such methods have defeated their own ends. For instance, every young man in the actual every-day world of reality cannot help observing that a great many use alcohol, and that only a small percentage of these abuse it; that many drink, and only a few become drunkards. This comes to him, in some cases, as an astonishing revelation, in view of what he has been carefully taught to believe — and it is only too apt to make him discredit *all* the well-intended but sometimes intemperate methods of temperance advocates. He begins to smile at their "fanaticism," and becomes cynical and skeptical with regard to the whole matter, with results that are sometimes disastrous to himself and to the cause of temperance.

However that may be, it has often occurred to me that if a man like myself, representing the vast majority of drinkers, not the small minority, were to tell the actual history of his own personal experience in the use of alcoholic beverages, — how he began, why he drank, what came of it, and what he now honestly thinks about the matter, — such a story, while

not sensational, might be of some value at this time, when so much attention is directed to the matter.

## *How I Began to Drink*

I began drinking nearly a quarter of a century ago, while still a boy at a preparatory school — if an occasional taste of beverages that had alcohol in them can be called "drinking."

When a confession of this sort is made, it is traditional to lay the blame for one's first false step upon "evil associates." I have no such excuse, and am of the opinion that such excuses are usually nonsense. A young man is not led into drinking because his associates want him to drink; on the contrary, he seeks such associates because he wants to drink. Among manly American boys it is not so "hard to say no" as it is fictionally represented to be. As I recall it, if a boy said it quietly, but as if he meant it, — neither like a sanctimonious prig nor a scared weakling, — he was always liked and respected for it by his associates, even when they were "evil." My reason for beginning to drink was that I wanted to.

I wanted to — here again, I fear, I shall offend temperance workers — because so many well-meaning older people wanted me not to. They talked about it so much that they aroused my curiosity. They wrapped the whole matter in a glamour of mysterious interest. At any rate, they thoroughly convinced me that drinking was delightful and dangerous. Either quality alone would have made it interesting. With both together it was irresistible. They literally made my young mouth water. So I tried it.

My first drink was a cocktail, and it was an enormous disappointment. It was almost as disillusionizing as my first cigar. Cigar smoke had always smelled so good: the taste was so different. A cocktail sounded so gay and delicious: it tasted so flat and nasty. This

thing they all made so much fuss about was not what it had been cracked up to be, just as the "gin palaces," which had been pictured as such brilliant and beautiful places, proved vulgar, garish resorts, whose decorations and whose boozy, raucous habitués offended my fastidious young taste, though I examined both with considerable interest, especially, I will add, the lascivious pictures.

The fondly imagined delight of drink was absent, but the danger was left. The chief danger at that time was the danger of being caught. The rules of the school were strict; therefore, we resented and evaded them. I can honestly say that the only pleasure of my early experiments in drinking was the thrill and zest of adventure. We did not consider it "smart" to drink, or "manly,"—another traditional view,—but we did consider it fun to evade the masters.

I do not wish to seem satirical or unfair to my masters and advisers. They meant well by me. But that is not the point. I am merely telling the actual, practical result of their well-meaning efforts. I shall not venture to offer any substitute for their methods, though I do feel that it should be recognized that drinking is not due to an instinctive desire, like some other vices. It is quite artificial, and can be begun only by exterior suggestion—in some cases, by seeing others drink; in some cases, by reading of hot punches and mulled ale in Dickens; in my own case, by precepts and regulations against drinking.

### *Reasons Why I Never Drank to Excess*

However, my early experiments in drinking were quite innocent. Owing to a Christian training by really noble parents in a delightful home, I had a deep-rooted moral objection to getting drunk, if not to drinking, and also what must be called, for lack of a better name, a "class" objection to it, which I really believe was the more potent influence of the two. To get "tight" was not in accord with my ideals of a "gentleman" or a gentleman's son. To be a sport was never at any time my ambition. Besides, I was in training most of the school year, and during vacations usually in the woods, fishing and camping.

To be a great athlete was my ambition, and I had it upon the authority of men I really respected and who talked my own language that, to attain that *summum bonum*, one must "cut out the booze." Perhaps the chief benefit of athletics is that they supply what President Eliot calls "a new and effective motive for resisting all sins which weaken or cripple the body." Some of our coaches from the

colleges, however, those worshipful demigods, offered us strange examples, I used to think; and I said so, too, later, when at college I had become of some importance in the athletic world myself, and where, according to my lights, I endeavored to be a better example to those who now looked up to me—an example of how to drink, not how to abstain from drinking. There were plenty of examples of the latter; of the former there were few. I may have done a little good, or much harm, or neither. I do not know.

There was still another reason why I drank seldom and sparingly during this youthful period. My parents never asked me to make any promises in the matter of my behavior. If they had exacted a promise, I cannot say what would have happened. I like to think I should have kept it. But I do not know. I only know that many, if not most, of those who went to worse excesses had made such promises. A promise of that sort once broken, as it usually is, though not invariably, has a terrifically demoralizing effect. It is as unfair as it is unwise to exact it of a child.

There were several reasons why I began drinking more after finishing the study for my career. Contrary to the plans and wishes of my people, I had struck out for myself in a strange city. I had broken with family traditions and was removed from family influences. I was earning my own living. My income was small, but my sense of independence great. I was no longer known as the son of my father. I was free to do as I pleased, and I gloried in my freedom, even in the physical discomforts of a greatly reduced income, with its hall-bedroom scale of living. I could drink, for instance, when and where I pleased, without the disquieting sense of misappropriating funds from home or offering a bad example to younger men who looked up to me. There was no one to look up to me. I was no longer a big man in college, but an infinitesimal one in a very large world.

I cannot say that I soon "drifted into drinking habits," for there was no habit about it as yet. Like many men who drink, sometimes I took a good deal—though I did not get drunk—and sometimes I got out of the way of taking anything at all. But drinking with a congenial crowd was one of my diversions, and it was a real satisfaction and pleasure. There were so few other things to do in the evenings when I came home, dog-tired. I was never fond of reading; my cramped quarters were small and stuffy; I belonged to no clubs; and the few family friends I had were usually engaged in the evening. I soon got over my prejudic

against "gilded gin palaces," and learned to like cocktails and nearly every other form of alcohol. But the use of such beverages had not become habitual with me. It was not a necessity, merely a luxury, which I enjoyed keenly—for its association more than for itself—and which I did not abuse. "It is not the use but the abuse that is evil," I used to tell myself, quoting a character in one of Dr. Weir Mitchell's books.

Later, however, while living at clubs and dining out frequently, I got into the way of consuming more or less alcohol every day. I took it as a matter of course, as one partakes of dessert, coffee, tobacco. I did not give the matter much thought, except to look upon dining with people who had nothing to drink upon their tables as something of a bore, like being deprived of the pleasure of smoking after dinner; and usually, when such was to be my fate, I dropped in at the club, on my way, for a cocktail or two. I became, in time, rather wise in wines, learned a good deal about their vintages, was fastidious about their temperature and handling. I was considered something of a connoisseur. To this day, I believe, there is in one of the best-known bars in the country a certain cocktail that bears my name. I used to be rather proud of that honor, too. It is rather curious that one who began by hating cocktails should end by giving one his name.

### *Occasional Intoxication Physically Less Harmful than Daily Moderate Drinking*

To those accustomed to the moral literature of alcohol it may seem high time to tell how the thing "grew upon me," how, "gradually, almost imperceptibly," my daily potations increased, until at last I found myself in the full clutches of the demon Rum. But I have no such story to tell. I remained a moderate drinker, a somewhat more moderate one, in fact, as I grew older, and certainly a much wiser one as to indigestible mixtures. No cause is helped by lying about it. Nine out of ten moderate drinkers do not fill drunkards' graves. They remain moderate drinkers, or stop entirely. I may as well say, once for all, that I have never been completely under the influence of alcohol in my life. Such is not the moral of these confessions.

But I have a moral, or else I would not make them, which may also be valuable. At any rate, it is more applicable to the vast majority who, like me, have been daily moderate drinkers for years and complacently consider themselves sensible in this matter.

I do not hesitate to affirm that what I had been doing all these years was (*physically speaking only*) worse than if I had got thoroughly drunk once in a while, like some of my friends, and the rest of the time remained, like them, "on the water-wagon." I do not refer, of course, to the moral or social effects of occasional drunkenness, or of what it may lead to in the way of habitual drunkenness, other vices, and sometimes crimes. Physically speaking, occasional intoxication may, as certain scientists declare, have a certain benefit at times; but daily drinking is almost invariably harmful. The average liver and nervous system can assimilate only a certain rather small amount of alcohol each twenty-four hours. For some years I had been giving mine just a little more than was good for them, practically every day, with none of the complete relaxation, the new lease of life, sometimes—though not often, I fancy—produced by intoxication upon the overworked mentalities.

This view of the matter had never even occurred to me. I knew that the highly colored charts exhibited to us in school days were misleading,—as, indeed, they were,—and so I had assumed that the only real evil of moderate drinking was the danger of immoderate drinking. As a matter of fact, in the majority of cases the great evil of moderate drinking is moderate drinking. Of course, it is a question of terms. Some men drink so sparingly that they can and do keep it up all their lives without incurring the slightest harm. But the majority of moderate drinkers are hurt by it, soon or late. Their very strength is their weakness.

### *Total Abstinence Not Difficult for the Moderate Drinker*

In my own case I was not permanently injured, for I woke up, in time, as to what was the matter with me. Of course, I was loath to admit it. I persisted in calling my gout rheumatism, and, even when obliged to call it gout, I accused certain ancestors. My nervousness I attributed to overwork—which to some extent was also just. But when a famous physician, a good friend and club-mate of mine, said with calm authority, "The trouble with you is that you drink too much," then I saw at last that I should have to call a halt. He knew more about alcohol—and about me, too—than I did.

I was amused, and I was angry also. A sensible man of my sort a victim of drink, after all! It was absurd. But it seemed to be true.



I decided to try the experiment of stopping entirely. Now, it must be remembered that a man approaching middle age does not like to break in upon his regular habits, and that one of my regular habits for years had been a cocktail or two before dinner, wine or whisky and water at dinner, and a few more drinks before bed-time. This was almost as fixed as my habit of refraining from stimulants to work on. In fact, I never took anything in business hours at all, and rarely at luncheon. It was no wonder that I looked forward to the carrying out of this decision as something of an ordeal.

Well, I might now boast a bit of how severe the struggle was, how bravely I fought, and how I triumphantly conquered, showing what a strong will I have. But, as a matter of fact and personal history, that was not the way of it at all. I stopped drinking. I did not enjoy the process, but it was *not* hard. The "terrible craving" one always hears of was conspicuous for its absence. The deprivation was inconvenient, unpleasant, a great nuisance. I caught my subconscious self looking forward to a drink at the end of a hard day just as a woman looks forward to her cup of afternoon tea. But I doubt if it were any harder for me to leave off my form of stimulation than for the average tea-drinker to leave off his or hers. In my case, stopping coffee at breakfast would be a far more formidable undertaking, and giving up my cigar afterward even worse.

While all this may be disappointing to fanatics, who are few, it may be encouraging to moderate drinkers, who are many, and who may look upon stopping as something too difficult to attempt.

Nor should it be supposed that I am an exception. So many men are waking up to the folly of alcohol as a daily beverage that every third or fourth friend I run across nowadays, in the half dozen clubs I frequent in town and in the country, is "on the water-wagon." In more than one of these clubs the falling off in the bar receipts is becoming a serious financial con-

sideration. I take pains to question these friends about it, and almost without exception the answer is the same: "No, it wasn't hard at all after I made up my mind to it." The exceptions who profess to be having a dreadful time of it are usually young men — excessively young. Your average active, useful citizen has learned to discipline himself in so many ways, to energize at the top notch of capacity, whether he "feels like it" or not, to postpone or sacrifice his pleasure entirely, that when it comes to foregoing one more, the mere luxury of drinking, he generally goes ahead and does it, feeling rather surprised that it is so easy.

### *Why Moderate Drinking Does Not Pay*

It should be borne in mind that I am not dealing with confirmed drunkenness, drinking that has become an organic necessity. Inebriety is a disease, as much so as tuberculosis, and must be so considered and treated. I am dealing with the custom of drinking as it is practised by the great majority of men who drink at all. And, for that very reason, I think that testimony like mine should be suggestive and valuable. I have absolutely no prejudice against the custom; and yet, though I never abused it, socially speaking, and am still a worshiper of Dionysus (from afar), I do not hesitate to declare that moderate drinking does not pay.

I have tried it. I know. No one can tell me anything about its joys and satisfactions. I have also tried total abstinence. As a consequence, I feel better, sleep better, work better, enjoy life more, and have increased my usefulness as a citizen.

Drinking is a pleasure that may be innocent, but must be paid for, like sitting up late to play bridge or to finish a novel; a recreation with something to be said for it, like speeding an automobile, exciting, but dangerous; an indulgence, like overwork, which sometimes seems necessary, but is seldom worth the price. Drinking does not pay



## THE MAN HIGHER UP

BY

EDWARD B. WATERWORTH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

**T**ONY MELLINI, manager of Casey's, mechanically polished the shining bar as he spoke earnestly to a young policeman who, leaning his elbow against the rail, stood gazing at the floor, with a thoughtful scowl.

"You might as well fall in line. There's no use bucking them people. They're in too strong, Connie."

"I know they've got the drag, all right," said Policeman Clanahan slowly, "but this is goin' pretty far, Tony."

"Sure. They wouldn't have let the gang beat that fellow up so bad if Jim himself had been behind the bar. But there wasn't no use of your pinchin' McGinnis. You'll lose your case, sure."

And Tony stepped down the bar, condescendingly to fill a can with beer for a youth who, serving as Ganymede for some of his ilk gathered

socially in a near-by alley, had demanded "five cents' wort'."

"You acted that way at first on the Sunday closin' law business," continued Tony in a low tone, after dexterously snapping the nickel into the register, "an' you couldn't make them cases stick. Better get in line," he added, with a keen glance at two young men who entered; then, stepping before them, he rubbed the bar with a non-committal towel.

The men spent freely, and Tony thawed, even gracing their conversation with an occasional suave remark, adding an invitation to call again as they departed through the swinging doors.

"But this McGinnis beat the young fellow up somethin' awful," expostulated the policeman, when they were once more alone; "might have killed him. McGinnis is a brute when he's full."

"That feller was full of booze and out havin' a good time," answered Tony contemptuously. "Probably holds down a ten-per job in some dry-goods joint. He'd be so afraid of his place he wouldn't have made no holler. Did he say he'd prosecute?"

"No," admitted the patrolman. "He got to cryin' in the cell where we put him to sober up, and said he wanted to go home. The sergeant turned McGinnis loose when I brought him in."

"Of course he did," said Tony confidently; "that's what I'm telling you. Cheap guys like this young chap you're talkin' about go around in tough joints just to brag about it and make out they're sports. When they get anything like that, it's what's comin' to them."

With a cordially deferential air, Tony slid quickly down the bar to greet two ward politicians, giving an extra rub to the counter as he smilingly took their orders, and withdrawing discreetly as their low tones showed their discussion to be of some private matter.

"You see, Connie," he continued, lowering his voice, even though the visitors had departed, "you've a good thing here. This ain't no ward protection the district's got; it comes from higher up."

Again assuming his professional air as a stream of visitors filtered into the "garden" behind the saloon, Tony prepared for midnight business; he glanced at his assistants, who just then entered and drew on their white jackets in preparation for the business of the night, and gave curt orders to the waiters, who bestirred themselves as the after-theater trade began to grow.

Policeman Clanahan walked slowly to the street. Of no mean experience, of good record on the force, which he had entered on the crest of a party wave by virtue of the friendliness of his ward leader, he had just been transferred from the residence district where he had lately been stationed.

In that district, so adept had he proved at overhauling and subduing a coterie of burglars, who had profitably established themselves in the neighborhood before his arrival, that warm indorsements had come in from prominent citizens and he had been mentioned in the press.

The political leaders had promptly transferred him to a party ward. With the approval of these same citizens behind him, the dominating faction could point to Clanahan as a good officer in case conditions in their ward aroused complaints.

"If there's any racket about the way things

happen to go among the boys," remarked Mr. John Maguire, admittedly the district power, "or if them West-Enders should make a noise in church meetin's, we can show that we're putting the cops they support on the beat."

And Stein, his right-hand man, to whom he spoke in private conclave, nodded approvingly and said the necessary words to the Police Board. As for Clanahan, no one expected trouble from him.

But the policeman, filled with that idea of doing his duty which is so often characteristic of and embarrassing in a new officer, caused perplexity to those in control by trying to enforce the Sunday closing law. Moreover, when contemptuously laughed at in a political stronghold, he had promptly hustled the bartender to the nearest patrol-box and summoned the wagon with a businesslike air that caused a hurried exodus of patrons from the saloon and its enforced closing for a couple of hours by an infuriated proprietor.

True, the sergeant had at once released the bartender; and Clanahan, smarting under a rebuke, had noticed later in the day, as he walked sullenly past the place, that it had reopened. But it was an irritating incident for his ward-created superiors, and they discussed it peevishly.

"Here we goes and gets them fellers jobs, and they always starts in by doing the wrong thing," said Mr. Maguire moodily, with a despondent shake of the head at such ingratitude.

"Sure," added Stein, who, loud of clothes and nasal of voice, transacted delicate details for the higher powers when politics demanded; "couldn't the fool have seen that the front door of that place was closed? What more does any one want?"

"Clanahan said somethin' about women being in the saloon," continued Maguire, still worried, "an' if them papers gets hold of it, they'll have somethin' to hang another kick on."

"I told Clanahan to keep his head shut about that," retorted Stein. "You've got to have women in them places; they draw the trade."

"Clanahan has some fool idea in his head about the law," pursued Maguire, with irritation.

"Well, did we make the law?" cried Stein, slowly waving upturned palms in expostulation. "What does he want to hurt us for? Goin' back on his friends that way!"

And they pondered gloomily on the foolishness of young members of the force.



"BETTER GET A NEW GLASS WITH IT,"  
SAID CLANAHAN SOURLY

To Clanahan, born in the atmosphere of a political ward, the doctrine of spoils to the victors was not an unholy thing. To receive a visit from the unctuous Stein each month (always on pay-day), and to part with four dollars, for which he received a receipt for one dollar as club dues, was to him natural and to be expected.

What became of the three dollars not received for he did not know or expect to know. That some one got it, and that that some one was not Stein, was a matter of course. If a man worked his way to the head of the party, wasn't it to be expected that he should have some reward for his labors—for providing jobs for his henchmen? Moreover, it would be folly to expect him to collect it in person. Graft investigations might start at any moment, even in those halcyon days of machine prosperity. So some one must be prepared to "do time" if a jury of mistaken

impulses should ever take up the matter. Was not Mike Calhoun doing that very thing now?

"Mike's got an easy thing up at the pen," chuckled a friend of the incarcerated worker to Clanahan, after a little matter of naturalization frauds had been affixed upon the aforesaid Mr. Calhoun. "He's got a job in the library, and is havin' his pay sent to his wife, so long as he don't squeal. But think of Mike in the library — him that can't even read!"

And the political friend wagged his head approvingly as he thought of how his party was standing by its workers.

So the man in power got Clanahan's dollars, or that portion not allotted on their high way as perquisites of minor satellites. And Clanahan paid regularly; for he knew that charges on trivial excuses would follow promptly if he did not, that complaining hoodlums and saloonkeepers would be prompted to file affidavits against him, and that his star and glory would disappear.

But, with innate honesty that struggled to break forth, he could not reconcile himself to "not seeing" things he had sworn not only to observe but to suppress; and although he had unwillingly accepted the inevitable, he failed to take advantage of his opportunities in a

fashion that caused mild pity among his associates.

Now, it is not discreet in political circles even to hint that a policeman should "get his" while there is a chance; and as sources of revenue may be suspected or even known, but still be kept under cover, the subject is tabooed. But it is recognized that each should have a certain perquisite if he has fairly earned it.

A young policeman in a residence district can get a reputation and little else; but for the detectives and sergeants who "stand in" with the powers above there is a rich harvest if they operate discreetly. And gambling and women are the chief sources.

Clanahan recalled how Tom O'Toole had headed the gambling squad, after years of zealous work for the party. He remembered that Tom had suddenly appeared in fine clothes, invested in real estate and fast horses.

and finally retired in prosperity. He also knew that, while the newspapers had vainly endeavored actually to connect the spread of gambling with the man supposed to suppress it, they were still sure enough of their facts to depict him in cartoons with his eyes shut and a faro layout behind him.

Yet, no one said directly to Tom that it was a feat of financial magnitude to spend \$12,000 yearly on a salary of \$115 a month, and to save money besides. It was regarded as a shrewd move that he had retired from the force before the reform wave, now several years back, had arrived.

Clanahan knew that he himself had been moved to Maguire's ward as a sort of step upward. His docility after his first outbreak had been recognized by a move to a precinct considered highly desirable by the ambitious of the inner circle on the force. And now came a transfer for which many had longed. For he had been assigned to a beat in the "Bad Lands," and it was just before the World's Fair. Many a disappointed face was seen in his squad when the choice became known, and when the rumor spread, though not directly, that Clanahan was "playin' the fool," a murmur of incredulity arose in the inner circle.

Now, although corruption may exist within a police force, it has never been found that the force, as a whole, was corrupt. Nine tenths of the members do their work earnestly, and would do it fully if so permitted. But these, once the "ring" is in command, must recognize conditions over which they have no control. Insistent doing of one's full duty, with a faction in power, may mean quick dismissal on a trumped-up charge. And when a man has spent years in the Department, when he has no other calling to fall back upon, when a family is growing up at home, and when even the crown of martyrdom is lacking for penalties after doing one's duty, an honest man has other things besides his principles to consider.

To keep the number of favored ones on a force within moderate limits is the object of the leaders, for this means a larger proportion of the spoils for themselves. The vast majority of patrolmen and officers, in the opinion of those of

the faction lists who have some recollection of early scriptural training, are as the sheep, honest yet stupid, while their own henchmen are not unfavorably compared to the goats, shrewd and alert.

Yet, when the ever-recurring Nemesis comes, in the form of an investigation by an exasperated public and earnest grand juries, many of the sheep are victims, while the goats escape. And this causes the "ring" to feel a mild pity for those who are not "in," and studiously to avoid hints in converse, when orders are given, as to why such and such a loyal party man should be allowed to evade some law.

Clanahan was "in good." He felt this, although no one had ever told him so openly. Yet the tribute he paid in his own mind was not to the masters of the ring. It was rather to those grizzled sergeants and sturdy veterans of the force who had depended upon doing their duty when ordered or falling back upon the



"...HERE, WHAT'S THIS?"

superiors' commands when instructed otherwise, and whose sole hope was to quit the force honorably at their expiration of service and to draw their benefit from the relief fund.

He knew that it was regarded as kismet that a patrolman, innocent or guilty, should be the scapegoat when the higher powers needed to put the blame somewhere.

So, with a divided mind, he strolled into the midnight, which was lighted as brilliantly as day, walking thoughtfully past houses whence issued hilarious music and laughter, which nevertheless sounded of deepest despair, and past glittering establishments where flaring lights only partly covered the deep gloom of human souls.

It was a gorgeous resort he was compelled to enter, the same night, in order to quell a disturbance that had arisen among the visitors. These convivialists, after drinking freely of champagne, insisted that a gilt-framed cheval-glass was a proper target, and acted upon their belief, with empty bottles as missiles.

The rooms, elaborately decorated with the same gaudiness that characterized the painted, bejeweled, and richly gowned proprietress, were lighted by shaded electric lamps, over which red silk draperies were drawn, in keeping with the hue of the walls. The piano, at which sat a frightened inmate scarcely out of her teens, was of the most costly make.

As Clanahan knew, this was one of the best-known resorts of its kind in the city, and its "pull" was too well established to be denied.

The keeper sailed quickly forward as Clanahan, attracted by a negro maid frantically beckoning from the step, entered the hall.

"Better get this fellow out of here, after I make him pay up," she said, with the easy authority of one who is sure of support, yet with the familiarity that recognized the policy of keeping on good terms with the officer on the beat. "I'll see if I can't make him cough up for the mirror." For a huge crack and a splintered section of glass on the floor showed that one man's aim had been good.

But the patron proved drunkenly obdurate, and the shattered mirror brought no conviction to his fuddled brain. Yet, when Clanahan, after a short colloquy in which the man vaguely and profanely expressed his views, laid a hand upon his shoulder, the sight of the uniform and the policeman's star brought a dim light of understanding to his eyes.

"All ri', all ri', off'sher," he hiccuped thickly; "be good fellah and have drink."

"You're comin' with me," said Clanahan,

lifting him from the chair; and the parlor door closed behind him as he led his prisoner into the hall.

The movement aroused some of the man's sleeping comprehension.

"See here, p'liceman," he commenced, "lemme out o' this. You don' understan'."

"What'll your family think when they see this in the paper to-morrow?" asked Clanahan reprovingly, recognizing a minor politician of the district. "It'll be hell on them. Why don't you settle up for that glass? I'll have to run you in, if you don't."

"Family!" mumbled the man. "Why, tha's ri'," he added, with the instinctive thought of the married man; "I don' wan' this get out. Wha's to pay?"

"That glass'll cost a cool three hundred dollars," said the proprietress, appearing with a readiness that showed her ear had been close to the door.

"I'll give a check for it," said the sobered man; and, after writing out the amount with some difficulty, he took his departure, a trifle unsteadily.

The woman turned to Clanahan approvingly.

"You stalled that fellow all right," she said. "From the way you hustled him into the hall, I thought you was going to pinch him, and I was going to call you back. Here, some of this belongs to you," and she waved the check.

"Better get a new glass with it," said Clanahan sourly.

"Oh, the glass was insured, all right," she laughed easily. "This is clear profit. Those family men always pay up when they're caught in a place like this. I'm Gwendolyn Case. If you're to be on the beat here, drop in once in a while. We'll show you a good time. Now, what do you want?" And she again displayed the check.

"Well," she continued, with a shrug of her shoulders and a short laugh, as Clanahan again refused, "you're your own boss. But, remember, if you don't want it for yourself there'll be others that do."

And Clanahan was forced to remember this the following week, when, handing his usual tribute to the oily Stein, he saw the latter's face contract sharply.

"Here, what's this?" he demanded.

"Club and ward dues," said Clanahan shortly.

"Dues?" repeated Stein defiantly. "Oh, well, good-by"; and he turned sharply on his heel.

And in the next few days it was shown





"I'LL BREAK YOU FOR THIS, CLANAHAN!"

clearly to the policeman, by methods the ring knew well how to use, that he was not on that beat for the duty to which he was sworn.

That week the young officer lay awake night after night, and passed through the mental struggle that came to many a man of his calling under the machine domination. On one side stood preferment and advancement in his own sphere of life, with apparently slight risk to himself; on the other stood certain oblivion in the Department and failure in the career he had chosen for his own.

The picture of the girl he hoped to marry came often to him, and as often he would start and declare vehemently to himself that he would see all the faction in the depths before he would do anything to disgrace her. But

glitteringly and alluringly hung the prospect of what he could do for this same girl by "standing in" with his party bosses and by obeying their behests.

And a year later, when the World's Fair came on, when the "red-light" region was thronged nightly, when money flowed freely, and when the bars of the district waxed fat and prospered, while crime was as much the rule as the exception, Clanahan wore the chevrons of a sergeant and a heavy diamond ring; his citizen's clothes on off days were of the finest quality; his once clean-cut face was slightly reddened and bloated; and he had already made several payments on a neat home that had been his ambition, and in which he had now installed his bride.

It was a wild and hysterical year, that World's Fair season. With politics rampant, with the ring viciously and openly fighting the reform element, with money seemingly plentiful everywhere, Clanahan lived in an electrically charged and artificial atmosphere, which made the reaction all the greater when the Fair closed and the reform wave set in, supported by indignant citizens and a clean Police Board, from which the redoubtable Maguire, foreseeing the inevitable, had retired.

Yet, before the season had closed, when "panel-working" was causing complaints thick and fast at every station, when Gwendolyn Case had repeatedly been warned by the police not to be so open in her operations, the crisis came.

Shots rang out as Sergeant Clanahan approached the house one evening on his nightly round; and as he dashed through the door, he saw the Case woman, intoxicated and defiant, looking at the prostrate form of one of her inmates, a young girl whose face had not become utterly hardened and whose evening gown was stained with the blood which flowed from a wound in the breast.

"Tried to get away without paying what she owed me," explained the woman hoarsely; "tried to get out—" Then, with her face growing crafty as the noise of other police was heard at the door:

"Say you saw her try to use the gun on me and that it went off while I was wrestling with her, trying to get it away. See?" And she threw a revolver to the floor beside the dying girl.

But Clanahan, looking at the young face, which was already growing rigid, drew himself up with a return of his old instincts.

"I'll tell the truth," he said.

The woman stared at him with a long, vindictive glare as a patrolman and night-watchman hurried in.

"I'll break you for this, Clanahan!" she said between her teeth.

Until the Case woman's trial and through the weeks of argument that it involved, Clanahan walked his precinct white and silent, momentarily expecting the notice of the Police Board to answer charges from the woman. But she seemed to utter no word, merely smiling hardly at him as her trial progressed and when he gave his testimony. And when she accepted her penitentiary sentence on a homicide charge without appeal, and was sent away with no hint of disclosures, the Sergeant believed he had passed through the crisis.

There were moments, however, when the thought of utterances she might make caused him to wake at night in a quiver of terror no physical fear could have inspired. The mental picture of his aged father, of his wife, Kitty, of the baby just passing its sixth month—the realization of what a disclosure would mean to his wife and relatives to-day and to that tiny son in years to come—made him shake in a passion of regret.

"An' if I hadn't taken it I'd have been rolled!" he reflected bitterly. "Them that's higher up gets our life blood. All we can do is to obey, even if the prison's before us!"

But months passed and no word came from the prison city. And when the election brought the overthrow of the ring, and the new Police Board had found only words of praise for Clanahan, although his work in the district, as he knew, had been under investigation, he breathed easier.

"Clanahan was smart to sidestep trouble," remarked Stein one day, in a private confab with another trusted lieutenant. "I thought Gwendolyn would squeal, sure, before she went up."

"Maybe she's stuck on him," remarked the other sagaciously. "A lot of 'em will go up for a man if they think they're fond of him."

And Stein, knowing this from experience in many cases where even womanhood of the under-world had taken penal sentences to save some man,—often more degraded than herself, but seen through the halo of what affection she still possessed,—nodded his head and decided that this must be correct.

Slowly the new Police Board proceeded with its work; little by little, the more turbulent sections were placed in order; boundaries of disreputable regions were strictly defined. And, as slowly, case after case was made against members of the force who had walked the Bad Land beat, and man after man was dropped from the Department or his case turned over to the grand juries. But no breath of suspicion ever seemed to be directed against Clanahan.

One day, however, he received a summons from the Board. Rather uneasily, he seated himself in the ante-room to await a summons to enter. He was confident that information was wanted about wine-rooms—a point on which he had already testified. But, in some inexplicable manner, he had an instinct that something was portending.

Slowly the afternoon waned, and no request came for him to enter the private office. He glanced impatiently at the clock, exchanged



"'I'VE HAD TWO YEARS OF IT, CONNIE'"

occasional words with reporters from the press room, who strolled leisurely in, glanced at the closed door of the president's room which marked an executive session, and then took their departure.

Finally he rose, in a fit of irritation.

"Nearly six o'clock," he muttered, "and Kitty'll be havin' supper ready now. I hope they get through in a hurry."

The door to the private chamber suddenly opened, and a deputy beckoned to him.

"Would you step in a minute, Sergeant?" he inquired in a subdued tone.

Clanahan stepped forward with alacrity and turned quickly into the Board room. Then his head swam, so that for a moment he had to steady himself against the wall. For in the

witness chair before the Board and the Circuit Attorney sat Gwendolyn Case, haggard with prison pallor, but with the old gleam of defiance still in her eyes.

She laughed as the Sergeant paused.

"I've had two years of it, Connie," she said, "and the Circuit Attorney says the Governor may let me down easy if I talk before the statute of limitations expires. I didn't mean to throw you down at first, but I'm sick of that place up the river."

Of what ensued the Sergeant had faint idea. With bowed head he listened as though hearing from a great distance the recital that fell from the woman's lips. The president turned toward him questioningly, then paused as he noticed the man's white face.

"The Board is going to give you every opportunity to defend yourself, Sergeant," he said, not unkindly, "and I think we had better postpone this until to-morrow."

The Circuit Attorney leaned forward and whispered something in his ear.

"I think we can depend on the Sergeant being here," said the president confidently. For he trusted Clanahan, as the Circuit Attorney knew.

"Report at ten in the morning," he ordered Clanahan, "and we will tell the captain to relieve you of duty to-night. Nothing will be made public until the truth is known."

As though dazed, the Sergeant walked slowly down the stairs, supporting himself by the rail. Silently he passed Stein and a friend, who stood laughing and smoking in the corridor below. The pair nodded to Clanahan and took their cigars from their mouths to stare at, all unheeding, he walked unsteadily past.

"Wonder if he could have got shown up on anything? He's comin' from the Board room," wonderingly asked the friend.

"Maybe," said Stein, in surprise; "but a fellow what stood in as good as he did ought to have things fixed for a little income, if he is sent up."

And, nodding his head sagaciously as he thought of his own provisions for any unexpected contingency that might arise should indiscreet disclosures be made, he resumed his conversation.

Clanahan walked slowly up the street, staring about him as though the beat he had walked so often was entirely strange to him. He gazed almost wonderingly at the familiar saloons, at the row of houses now bearing the "For Rent" sign where previously vice had held full sway and where he himself had first tried to remain true to his principles. He paused at the corner where a saloon he had often visited in the old days was still endeavoring to eke out an existence in the deserted block.

The bartender, strolling idly to the door, noticed in the glare of the lamps, already lighted in the early fall twilight, the Sergeant's pale face.

"Feelin' sick, Serg?" he called in friendly tones. "Better step in a minute and have a drop."

"I feel a bit off, Jim," said Clanahan, steadying himself. "Could I lie down in your room until roll-call? I don't go on until eleven o'clock."

"Cert," said the bartender hospitably. "The door's open at the head of the stairs. Room right over the entrance. I'll send you

up a drop to drink, if you want it. Well,"—at Clanahan's negative shake of the head,— "I'll see you're not disturbed until ten-thirty."

Slowly Clanahan climbed the stairs, as though aged many years in the last fifteen minutes. Entering the room, he seated himself in a dazed fashion on the bed. Then, as an afterthought, he arose softly and locked the door.

It was in this hotel, he reflected dully, that he first decided to obey the mandates, unspoken yet peremptory, of those above him. He recalled how, before being able to force himself to the decision, he had drunk whisky in the bar below, swallowing glassful after glassful in so fierce a frenzy that the proprietor, in alarm lest he should suddenly become violent and bring unpleasant notice to the place, had soothingly led him to a rear room, where he had stupefied himself in private.

That had been only two years before. Yet what a lifetime it had seemed! Before he had come on that beat he had had two ambitions—to marry Kitty, and to become a sergeant. Well, he was a sergeant and he had married Kitty. He had that home, too, he had so often wished for, and it was almost paid for. But what did it avail him now?

Down the street, which he recalled so well as the scene of noisy vice, he gazed as the dark came slowly and the quiet was marked only by an occasional passing truck—so different from the nights when the street was never still, with the vehicles and throngs that passed and repassed, grinding out the blood-money for those political powers in the background.

Far down the street, the big clock of the Union Station rang out, hour after hour. Yet he sat there with his eyes fixed on the glittering circle of lights that marked the summit of a huge brewery in the distance—a brewery that had once controlled nearly all the establishments in the neighborhood, and for which Mr. James Maguire was now the honored attorney. Only that morning the papers had described his trip through Europe with the proprietor. For the owner prudently considered that the reform wave could not last forever and that Maguire must be kept in touch with his interests until a new election should hold forth hopes.

Clanahan smiled bitterly as he thought of the large sum Maguire was said to draw as attorney; of the fine mansion the former president of the Police Board was building near the brewer's own home; of the entirely impregnable position he held, so far as legal action against

him was concerned, no matter what the suspicions of the people or the Circuit Attorney might be.

Slowly he took a picture of his wife from his pocketbook, drew the card from the frame, gazed earnestly at the face, and tore it into little fragments, which he flung from the window.

"I don't want that found on me," he murmured, "just for her sake. But it's sore my

heart is for you, wife. An' to think," he added, gazing down the squalid street as he slipped his hand to his hip, "that this is my share — an' that," with a final glance at the brewery, "goes to them!"

And when the bartender and the policeman on the beat, attracted by the report of the heavy Colt, kicked in the door a moment later, Sergeant Clanahan had paid his last toll to the man higher up.



"SERGEANT CLANAHAN HAD PAID HIS LAST TOLL TO  
THE MAN HIGHER UP"

## WHEN MORNING LEAPS

BY

HERMAN DA COSTA

WHEN morning leaps across the hill  
And leafing woods with raptures thrill,  
Oh, let my feet abroad be found,  
My eyes to feast on Nature round!  
The humble leaves that jewels hold,  
The blackbirds in the field that scold,  
The baying dog, loud chanticler,  
The bell that sounds now far, now near,  
About me weave harmonious spells,  
And calm contentment with me dwells.  
From human shams I then am free;  
How sweet art thou, Simplicity!



# THE EVOLUTION OF ISHMAEL

BY

MABEL WOOD MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

THE giant glared down impotently upon the scrap of womanhood curled round the rung of the bamboo step. Ishmael's father was a mountain chieftain whose savage unrestriction his huge son at that moment keenly envied. Despite the new creed, which forbade violence, he was strongly tempted to shake the tantalizing figure so wholly unterrified by his formidable physique.

The little golden creature, shrouded in a maze of blackest hair, frowned out at him from its shadow. She had the racial stamp upon her face, hereditary vagueness and indecision, which her eyes, with their absence of Malay somnolence, startlingly contradicted. They swept over Ishmael in dissatisfaction, and settled into a moody stare. The movement appeared to indicate the withdrawal of the last shred of interest from his person.

Could anything be more offensive to masculine pride? — to propose marriage to a woman, and have her gaze over your head as though you were a bush or a stone? Like all men whom nature has conspicuously favored, Ishmael had never included in his scope of possibilities a woman's refusal. He wondered why he felt himself momentarily diminishing in size.

Since it was impossible to reëngage the wandering attention of the lady of the steps, he gave himself over to a novel moment of self-investigation. He was sound and strong, industrious and loyal, and very much more truthful than Rafaela, the Tagalog maiden, had reason to expect. What, then, was the matter with him, and how dared the daughter of a contemptible little people who lived in towns spurn his suit? The thing was unprecedented, in his man-pervaded mind.

He had attempted to enlist the authority of



her father, but that withered and wine-content patriarch would not listen. The code of conduct he prescribed for his daughter was amazingly simple. It contained only one supreme injunction, and, of course, like all parental prohibitions, the one most obnoxious to her. She should abstain from all intercourse with the Americans and the contamination of their ways. Aside from that, and in such lighter concerns as marriage, her liberty was unrestrained.

The spirit of progress urged this little brown woman, thousands of miles away from civilization. A germ of that immortal mystery that led Columbus across the unknown was stirring to awaken her out of the sleep of her life.

A gay procession of *carromatos*, filled with chattering school-girls, broke upon her brooding, reminding her of the offensive limitations. Even these girls were a part of the great onward movement that had come to embrace her people, too, in its caravan.

"Howdy do! How old arr you? You spik englis?" chimed a succession of merry black heads.

Rafaela's bitterness flared into fire. She returned the taunts with a frightful grimace that precipitated the sleek heads behind the *carromatos*' hoods. Princesses in carriages could not have been more enviable to her, or their patronage more difficult to endure.

"Remedia Reyes!" she exploded, nodding toward the first of the vehicles, whose rickety sides were decorated with triumphal wreaths. "She has won the first prize in the school, and the Americans in Manila are going to send her across the ocean to their great universities." She drew in her breath sharply. "She can count in her mind like a flash of lightning. She knows the names of all the cities of the world, and the cause, too, that brings about night and day. This I know to be true. There is one hole in the back of the *escuela* where the eye fits sufficiently well."

"What foolishness, to envy Remedia Reyes—ugly one that she is!" scoffed Ishmael. "Would you have her flat nose or poor hair? Look at your own!"

"Horse-hair!" Rafaela clawed it viciously. "You should have seen the hair of the *Americana*—bright and fine as the moonbeams!"

"The *Americana*!" Ishmael

flung the goading word at her. "She cast a spell upon you. It is three years since you served her, and her name is always upon your lips."

Rafaela threw him a disdainful glance. "The *Americana* was no spell-caster!" she retorted. "You say so because you are a stupid savage. Do you think, if I were free and not a miserable woman, I would be satisfied to know nothing—like you?"

"You are better off as you are," Ishmael argued stubbornly.

"So says my father—that I am as was my mother, and my mother's mother, which is well enough." She turned upon him with sudden intolerance. "You are one with my father. Go! I am weary of you." She bounded up the rails of the stairway like a cat, and closed the bamboo door with noisy significance.

Ishmael, since his introduction to civilization, had acted in the combined capacity of body-guard and companion to the American district judge, whose jurisdiction extended over a wide stretch of territory. Legal adjustments were the motives of considerable travel, taking them sometimes as far as Manila itself.

The Judge had taken up his official seat in the remotest town of this inland province. To it Ishmael returned from his pilgrimage of sentiment, in a turbulent state of mind.

The stone *palacio*, built a century or more ago for Spanish administration, preserved the quiet of the siesta hour. The *Juez* had rooms along the upper galleries, and thither Ishmael betook himself.

He found his patron in the hammock on the stone balcony, a mountain-range of discarded newspapers about him, musingly directing a half-audible address at a great palm whose sociable finger-tips intermittently brushed his head. This form of communion, engendered by solitude, was a caprice of the Judge's.

At no time in its history had so unique an intelligence pervaded this remote world. Even nature seemed to operate more fully, as if conscious of that one pair of comprehending eyes. He had a habit of rising in the mornings, of walking out to his balcony and surveying the world as a new creation.

"I am the sole inhabitant of



ISHMAEL

the earth!" he would declare to the mystified Ishmael. "Poor little pygmies down in the under-world, who have never seen over the mountain-tops, nor beyond the rim of your little bowl. Your ant-hills are not the earth."

The Judge had chosen his isolated lot for reasons forever his own; and howsoever else this circumstance bore upon fate, it suffices here that his habit of addressing aloud, perhaps Ishmael, perhaps some detached invisible mentality, was destined to affect a wide circle of life. Treasures were quarried out of this mine of thought, with none but a savage Igorrote to be enriched.

The literal Spanish words Ishmael generally understood, and he stored them away in his memory systematically, as a squirrel stores nuts. In his curious moments, he took them out for his wits to bite upon.

"I am creating a mind!" the Judge would say to his always respectful listener. "It was 'without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.'"

On this day, when he had scanned his charge's face, he broke into a humorous growl. "Elemental again! Down in the little village with your nose to the ground. Will you never realize that the altar has been lighted for all time? Oh, the bane of youth, and the conjuration of woman! White or brown, I see it is all the same. Son of the mountains, I lead a solitary life, and, you'll observe, a fairly contented one."

Then the Judge forgot him at once for a new line of thought. The Igorrote himself relapsed into gloomy reflection — out of which he at last ponderously spoke.

"Juez! I should like to go to the American school," he announced, "— at night, when you do not need me," he modified.

The Judge's glance was lost on him; his answer, too. "So what reason, impersonated in me, has failed to achieve, sentiment embodied in a petticoat has brought about? Go — to the ends of the earth!" The Judge brushed him aside.

Education had construed itself to Ishmael's mind heretofore as a vague mysticism not generally pertinent to the important concerns of life. But there was its example in the Judge, of the miraculous divination and the fluent tongue! Ishmael enrolled himself, therefore, under the new cult, believing that he was to find voice for that dumb inner self.

He took his place in the rows of benches, tenanted by men and women who were beginning the lesson at the inverse end of life. That it was a profoundly serious one, the grizzled aspect of the aspirants seemed to attest. Old men, he reflected, did not occupy themselves with sports.

However neutral his ambition or ambiguous

its motives, Ishmael stayed on because no day seemed dull enough to cause him to stop. This was due to the method of the young teacher — one all her own, of which the precocity called forth even the Judge's wonder.

The new system presented to Ishmael one flagrant fault. It placed exorbitant emphasis upon its own superiority, and laid down the customs of one people as a dogma. The *maestra* was good and wise, in her way, but her own race was the interminable platform from which she preached. To the impersonal guidance of learning Ishmael offered little resistance, but against the conversion of himself he was inflexibly firm. His ethics, he contended, needed no alteration; nor his habits any improvement. Moreover, the omnipotent Judge, and the eminently wise one, had never interfered along these lines.

He preserved, during the ethological lectures, a stony stolidity that his preceptress struggled in vain to lift. What reasonable objection could there be to squatting on the haunches, instead of singling out some hideous chair on which to sit? God had jointed the legs for this purpose, and He certainly had not undertaken the manufacture of chairs. Neither did he perceive any superior decency in eating from a plate on a table rather than from one on the floor. Rather did it discredit the condition of the Occidental floor. He was even a little shocked when the decorous young *maestra* sat up and soberly instructed him as to how often he should take a bath.

The most exasperating prescriptions were laid upon diet. Grasshoppers, a favorite tidbit, never known to kill any man, were loathingly tabooed; whereas the Juez himself ate fearful things — the legs of frogs, and even the feet of the unspeakable hog.

Ishmael likewise refused to so far misjudge his Maker as to suspect him of wantonly poisoning with invisible insects the water in the river and the fruits on the trees. Even the Juez, though he laughed heartily over other embargoes, concurred in these last superstitions, and was interminably eloquent on the subject.

The antics of his friends emulating the gallantry of America provoked his grim mirth. He continued to incite their horror by passing like a whirlwind through the crowd of girls, and scattering them like frightened hens to right and left. He always crushed his hat down over his ears whenever any of the provoking sex appeared. He was glad that Rafaela had no such notions in her head. He remembered with gratification her temper and her sharp little nails.

The trips to the pueblo in which was her home were still continued, but in Rafaela



"HE ALWAYS CRUSHED HIS HAT DOWN OVER HIS EARS WHENEVER  
ANY OF THE PROVOKING SEX APPEARED".

there was never any change. He found her under the great *nara* tree usually, sitting cross-legged like a little brown Buddha — and as inscrutable and inert.

His demonstrations of the new learning were the only things capable of stirring her out of this coma. Her dumb and hungry little soul clung to every marvel. Ishmael's geography

and arithmetic elicited for him a new esteem, even if they did not, as he saw, turn her to him.

When other matter began to fail in dramatic interest, he recalled the despised etiquette, and planned, one day on his way out, to exhibit it for her derision and amusement.

As Rafaela shuffled listlessly into the room, he rose, executing an elaborate conception of a bow.

"*Siente se!*" She pointed to the solitary stool.

Instead, he drew it up elaborately before her. Rafaela's eyes showed an instant's curious glimmer; but she took the seat, while Ishmael stiffly stood.

The rather formal conversation between them lagged, till Ishmael bethought him of the lover's usual bribe to affection. "A present for you!" he announced, extending the parcel that he had extracted from the breast of his coat.

Opening it, Rafaela discovered a brand-new iron-handled knife and fork, and a resplendent tin spoon.

"They cost a *peso, media*, at the Chino's," Ishmael divulged, anxious to assist to a proper appreciation of their value, yet at the same time dubious of introducing alien notions.

Rafaela accepted the implements of civilization with an obvious gratification, and tucked them away admiringly, out of her father's possible encounter.

"You never have brought me anything before!" she declared; then stopped, reminded perhaps of the unfavorable effect such casual information might have upon future generosity.

Ishmael, to relieve the temporary gloom that had been inspired in him by the hasty computation of the number of cigarettes sacrificed for the wretched instruments, proposed a walk. He held open the door for Rafaela to pass grandly out; he assisted her down the steps, and held her umbrella solicitously several yards above her head. Instead of scrambling into the carromato first, and leaving her to wipe the wheels with her garments,—the usual procedure,—he helped her in and carefully adjusted her skirts.

As they jogged off over the country, Rafaela turned upon him a smile as evasive and reluctant as the light of a sulky sun. The humor of it all, he thought, had struck her at last, and he broke into unrestrained laughter.

An immediate eclipse of the beam on Rafaela's face. She watched his mirth in fidgeting silence. "What is it?" she demanded crossly. "What does it all mean?"

"This that I have been showing you," Ishmael explained, "is the manner of the Americans with their women. Ridiculous, are they not, these lies and tricks? Isn't it foolishness to help her across streets when she has two good feet?" he demanded. "Does he help her so quickly out of his purse? The American señora, in the house where I stayed in Manila, cried a great deal for money for a new dress, and dared not tell her husband the true price of things.

"Isn't it a lie when a man permits a woman first unto seats and into carriages, believing in his heart as he does that he is better than she?

Why does he stand uncovered before her, like an inferior, when he shows her his contempt for her by never allowing her to share in his government? Is it not better to do as we do, and not tantalize with such shams?"

"These things, too, then, were part of your learning?" Rafaela queried in a chilled voice.

"The maestra would have it so!" he extenuated. "But never would I practise such follies in earnest myself."

"Then this was all play!" Rafaela shrieked, rising out of her seat. "None of it was meant?"

"None at all. How could I mean such things?" retorted Ishmael, annoyed.

For answer, Rafaela seized the reins from the drowsing *cochero's* hands and pulled the horse up short. In an instant she had jumped from the carromato and was retreating up the road. "Never, never," she screamed, her small face livid with rage, "come back here again!"

Terrified by the threatening little fury in the road, the *cochero* whipped up his miserable animal, and Ishmael made his dumfounded final retreat.

The fever of wandering having seized upon the Judge, he set out for India, after endeavoring in vain to persuade Ishmael to go with him. The Igorrote was embittered with civilization—its paradoxes and inconsistencies. It had inculcated expectations out of all proportion to its fulfilment, and added dissatisfaction to the burden of the soul. The school, fomented with vast unrest, its chicanery, he considered, had deprived him of friends and mate. And he hated it as, above all things, the savage hates what he does not understand.

He took leave of his teacher, not, he found, without a certain regret. It was not commensurate with hers, however. A mist of discouragement crossed the intrepid eyes. "You were a central figure in my vision, Ishmael—an oasis in the desert!" she explained. "I wonder," meditatively, "is it possible, after all!" Her glance traveled over the room across the rows of adult faces, disclosing, most of them, the apathy and unenlightenment of stone.

"What a sea of incomprehension! Yet, see how they come—in droves." The walls were lined with patient aspirants who stood throughout the evening, the bench room having long since been preempted. This vista of faces was lifted to her in wooden appeal. The maestra sighed. Away off in the futurity of centuries lay the realization of this dream.

It was all of five years since Ishmael, as a mere boy, had departed his tribe, presumably forever. His return among them, therefore, was in the nature of a surprise.

His father, execrably dirty and most in-



"RAFAELA'S EYES SHOWED AN INSTANT'S CURIOUS GLIMMER"

adequately clad, grunted him an astonished welcome. There was much speculation and scratching of heads over the wanderer's tale, and great amazement at the transformation in himself.

Hedged far away in their impregnable mountains, these aborigines had remained inaccessible, even to the exploration of Spain. Once among them, Ishmael was beset by a misgiving — a fear lest the new order, after all, had laid upon him an irrevocable hold. He angrily shook off the presentiment. He had returned to his own people for good, closed the gates of the forest behind him; yet the breezes, with their chanting echoes of foregone things, passed even his great mountains. The clouds, too, were pictures of walled cities, now far out of reach.

Though Ishmael joyously discarded the stiff coat and collars, he never reverted to tribal attire. He kept himself scrupulously covered and laboriously clean. Failing to persuade his feminine relatives of the advantage of laundered clothes, he washed them himself — not, however, without violent imprecations against a regeneration that made him dissatisfied to go dirty.

Disparaging comparisons between the women of the tribe and Rafaela, the Tagalog maiden, arose in his mind. Often he remembered to have come upon her emerging from the river,

wrapped in a winding cloth and glowing like a water Naiad in the sun.

Hunting and fighting — always, in his mind, the serious pursuits of life — again became the legitimate occupations. He exulted to find himself no less swift and sure at the chance than the best of his tribesmen. In hostilities he was yet more redoubtable. To this frame of oak and iron there was added now the menace of an intelligence. Warfare, as practised by this tribe, has ghastly legends among the people of the plains. "Head-hunters" is the name by which they have come to be known.

Away back in the dim consciousness of this savage, the shrine of one tutelary god had been raised. The Judge, diligently exploring ruined temples far off in India, had not the faintest idea in the world that echoes of himself were being translated into oracles for his ward. In their long intercourse of mind to man, the Judge had laid down commandments that Ishmael found difficult either to violate or to forget.

To the Igorrote, the loss of the old convictions was like the stripping of his strength. Uncertain and without aim, his great force had ceased suddenly to be a power. He fled almost in shame to the mountains. Existence seemed to offer no other shelter for the half savage who

could live neither among the civilized nor the wild.

Neither abjuration was regretted. Against civilization there was, perhaps, the heavier score. To its other depredations was added that last and most acute — of home. He was a wanderer now, pursued by the demon of unrest, with nowhere a goal in sight.

Often, by sunset light, he opened the books that he had brought all the way out of the world with him. But they were always mute tongues whose sullenness denied even the crumbs of consolation to the apostate.

Far in the hills, solitary and wrapped in the night stillness, he would think — tortuously and slowly, after the manner of the child mind. That vision power which it has pleased the inscrutable to place full-grown in the rude and in the cultivated alike was at once his solace and his torment.

The room where the Juez and he had sat at night would suddenly appear to him — clean and shining with light. The Juez was there; the kindly, humorous Juez, who had lived so widely and so well that he had acquired a superhuman understanding. Ishmael recalled that he was a greater chieftain, and over a wider domain, than was his own father; yet it was through no physical force.

Annexed to this vision, completing the smothered instincts of home, rose Rafaela, crouched in her dream, always with the hunger look, the unsolved riddle of her eyes.

Far below his jungle, along shining plains to the sea, the mirage of cities stretched. Down there, men trod a tranquil way of laughter and learning. And in the farthest city of them all, the transitory city of ships, were people who traveled to far worlds on the errands of the earth.

Here in the mountains, far out of the consciousness of the world, there was the inviolate quiet whose law even the serpents and the beasts of prey had learned — the smothering stillness without time or change. Even the lonely spirit of the mountains broke its dumb agony to echo across cañons to a human call.

Something that was half a dream, half an alarm, came to Ishmael, awakening him out of sleep. A far-off murmur of voices that seemed to lift to him from the plains! The ghostly cadences shook the air alive till he would spring up, looking out to see the cloistered mountains peopled with an armed foe.

Night after night it throbbed — hoarse, supplicating, invoking — what? — till his savage intuition discerned some awful menace. That chaos of tongues proclaimed a danger — a widespread peril to the plains. Fear seized upon Ishmael — fear for Rafaela and for the people

down there. Blood called to kindred, and Ishmael set out in answer to it as resolutely as if a hand beckoned him on.

Stopping one night for food and rest, he found the pueblo overflowing with panic-stricken refugees on the way to the hills. Cholera had broken out over the entire islands, annihilating by townships. Never in the memory of the natives had the plague spread a destruction so complete. The evil breath traveled with the wind. Save himself who could, they warned; but the Igorrote would not retrace his way.

The hush of desolation and devastation that the town wore, even from afar, dejected the weary and foot-sore Ishmael. Depopulated and disease-stricken, what life was left in it seemed paralyzed. All business was throttled, while the wretched inhabitants prayed in the church or tramped endlessly through the streets in tottering propitiatory processions. Scarcely a shack but had furnished a victim. In the cemeteries the dead lay exposed, for none would take the risk of burying them.

After a journey of hundreds of miles, Ishmael stopped, with a sinking heart, at his destination. The home of Rafaela was closed and still, as if everything here were over and done.

Yet it was Rafaela herself who answered his call — a changed, faltering Rafaela, who shrank back from the door with a cry. "You must go," she warned. "My father dies in there of the pest!"

But it was Ishmael who went out alone and buried her father that night.

The spectacle of helplessness all around him roused the Igorrote's savage courage. To die without fighting! That was a contemptible thing, worthy of these weak creatures of the plains. But the weapons of God are not to be met with knife or gun.

Baffled though he was, the Igorrote would not fold his arms, like Rafaela and all the rest, to wait. Those arms had been too great a power in life to drop inert.

The sight of Rafaela moving insistently among the sick, murmuring through chattering teeth an incessant "I am afraid — I am afraid" goaded him to desperate courses.

He had been in Manila when the American doctors were dealing with a small outbreak of the scourge. The Judge had been deeply interested, and had explained their methods to his scornful listener. Ishmael's memory, with savage perfection, reproduced every detail and precaution the Judge had adjured. Supplementing them were the despised counsels of the maestra.

All else had failed, and since a tangible salvation was nowhere to be found, the doubtful



theories would be put to trial. Once and for all, the ways of the Americans must justify or disprove themselves.

There was no authority left in the town. None opposed Ishmael, therefore, in his preposterous undertaking. Even to the wholesale boiling of water, which he rigidly enforced, and to the patrol over the river, they submitted perforce. But against the incessant labor of house- and street-cleaning, and the all-pervasive sulphur smoke, they demurred with what spirit they had left. To little purpose. Ishmael was twice the size of any of them, and he had the will of his own rock-ribbed mountains. Likewise there was that reflected influence of the Judge to be taken into consideration.

He managed, in some incredible fashion, to superintend personally every household in the village. Even the burial of the dead, a feat almost beyond human coercion, he accomplished.

desperately to aid — quantities of *aguardiente*, which caused the wretched victim to scream out that she was on fire. There his science forsook him, and in the blackness of his despair he cursed its inadequacy. There remained now but the watch — never long. The struggle is at most mercifully one of hours.

In a quiet moment of her sufferings, Rafaela opened her dry lips and spoke: "You stayed! There was no use!"

"Am I so poor a thing that I cannot die with



"WE WILL GO BACK TO THE JUEZ!"

The means were his own, and suited to a sore necessity. To future generations his name was to be handed down as a terrorizing divinity.

A steady diminution of the death rate actually set in. Ishmael, secretly incredulous, redoubled his efforts. He met with no more resistance. The converted populace assisted in a body. The sanitation of the village was prosecuted to a point that threatened demolition.

It was while Ishmael was slowly choking the enemy out of existence that the grimmest fear of all was realized. Rafaela dropped down in an agony, waving him away with the terrible exhortation, "The pest!"

The one rude remedy he knew was called

you?" he demanded, with the savage's grim candor before death.

She made an attempt to turn her devastated little face. A strange fever burned in her eyes — and suddenly the hunger look was gone. "Ah," she cried, satisfied. "The *Sarjento* said I could never understand; but it has come to me, too — Rafaela, 'the nigger'; it was so he named me. I, too, wished to be set high, as the Americans set their women — to be grand enough to have one die for me, as the *salvado* died for the Americana.

"We were shut in the *convento*. The insurgents were all about — hidden everywhere in the country; and the Americans were too few. Therefore they waited behind the strong walls

till other soldados should come to take them out.

"Me they had taken to wait upon the Americana — she of whom I have told you — of the wonderful hair. Later there was no water. The river was at a dangerous distance. The woman could not endure as the soldados could, and the fever started in her head.

"A soldado — a young soldado who sat always smoking his pipe — took his water-can and went out in the dark. I ran to tell him that the moving shadows were not those of trees; but he never listened to me.

"After a great while he came back. There was bright moonlight in the patio, and I alone saw him crawl in. He set down the water, and put his face in his arms among the stones — and died.

"I called the Sarjento, who stood over him for a long time. I asked the Sarjento if the soldado had loved the woman — to do this thing. The Sarjento said no; the soldado had never spoken to the woman in his life.

"What was the meaning of it all, then, I wished to know? But the Sarjento sent me

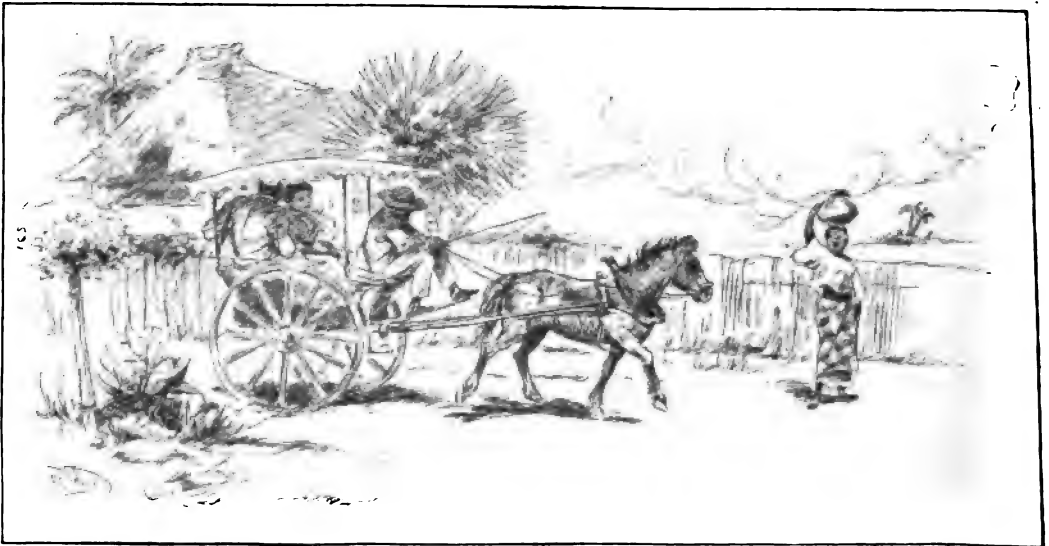
away, saying those things were not for such as I to understand. I know, though — now," she crooned secretly to herself. "I understand."

All through the night, life flickered around that unexplored margin line. At dawn Ishmael bent down to her to see how far it yet was to the end.

An incredible thing had transpired in the mysterious wells of life, whose portent stretched in the fluttering line of red across her lips. The Igorrote was not skilled in the magic of medicine, but he knew that promise at once. The plague that spares not one in ten had passed — and Rafaela lived.

A great heaviness fell from his shoulders as he moved to the window to breathe in the air of the new day. He looked over the town, saved and quieted; then his eyes traveled to an unseen goal.

"We will go back to the Juez!" he said to the figure on the bed, "when you are so restored that we can walk. We will go to the great cities and the schools. There is a new manner of fighting that I would know — for the ways of the Americans are miracles, as we have seen."



# THE CITY OF THE TOWERS

BY

MILDRED McNEAL-SWEENEY

ONE tower more doth now attempt the wind,  
And call the clouds about her swimming height,  
And straight to noon depart, a pilgrim bright,  
Her dwelling in the untraveled airs to find.  
Far down the murmuring harbors and behind  
Among the lands, at folding down of night,  
She flings her summons -- light on beamy light --  
The Marvelous Futures to The Valiant Mind.

And we, the pigmy lords, we trudge, below,  
These deep, resounding streets. But, as we pass,  
Something befalls our pride -- leaves our hearts dumb. --  
The hush of Stonehenge, ruined long ago!  
The steps of Paestum -- deep in blowing grass!  
The three fair columns by a street in Rome!



*Drawn by André Castaigne*

"...THAT'S WHERE THEIR THIRD ARMY IS..."

See "*The Joint in the Harness.*" page 547

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV

MARCH, 1910

No. 5



## HEROES OF THE CHERRY MINE

BY

EDITH WYATT

AUTHOR OF "EVERY ONE HIS OWN WAY" AND "TRUE LOVE"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

*The silent spirit of unconscious masses is the source of all great things.—RENAN.*

**C**HERRY, Illinois, is a small, flat town of the drab and dun frame houses of Scotch, English, German, French, Irish, Lithuanian, Polish, Scandinavian, and Italian mine-workers. Miners are the rovers of the deep of the lands of the earth as sailors are the rovers of the deep of its seas.

The town is six years old. It lies on the bare brown prairie, divided by a main street of sa-

loons and small stores. A square brick school-house, and two churches, one Roman Catholic and the other Congregational, stand at one end; beyond the other end rise the gray rock-dump and the chimneys and shaft-towers of the St. Paul Mine. In the daytime most of the male population of the town lives underground.

The shafts of the St. Paul Mine (see the diagram on page 489) run through three veins of soft coal, of which the first vein



*Photograph by Burke & Atwell, Chicago*

FATHERLESS CHILDREN, WAITING FOR LUNCH AT THE STATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY  
IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

is too thin to mine. Three hundred or more men work in the second vein, which is from four to five feet thick and lies 325 feet below the surface of the earth. Two hundred men, more or less, work in the third vein, which is three feet six inches thick and lies 200 feet below the second vein and 525 feet below the surface of the earth.

The miners go down to work in a cage through the main shaft. This main shaft runs to the bottom of the mine, but is not equipped for hoisting below the second vein, except with a dummy cage, which has never been used.

The main shaft reaches the second vein at the southwest corner of what may be called an irregular square of tunnels, like the streets about a city block. These tunnels, five and a half to six feet high, seven feet wide, and about three hundred feet long, are runways for the tracks of the coal-cars drawn by the mine mules.

The second-vein miners walk out along these runways to the entries leading to their rooms. Inside, the block is tunneled into entries, except for the mule-stable, the pump-room, and the main air-passage, a larger tunnel for ventilation.

To reach his work, the third-vein miner walks fifty feet from the main shaft to this main air-passage. It is a seven-foot tunnel, fourteen feet wide, running straight through the block,

starting 50 feet from the main shaft, and reaching the opposite runway at the middle, about a hundred feet from each of its rounded corners.

In the main air-passage the third-vein miners pass a boarded-over sump, or marshy bottom, opposite the mule-stable; and, a hundred and fifty feet beyond the sump, they come upon the air-shaft or escape-shaft, and go down its cage or its stairs to the bottom of the mine.

Up this air-shaft they hoist coal from the third vein to the second, where the cars are switched around on the runways to the main shaft, and hoisted up the main shaft to the top.

The air-shaft is divided by a partition. On one side are stairs leading from the third vein to the surface. Some people say that there was a stretch of ladder for a part of the way; others, that the stairs were continuous from the bottom to the top of the mine. On the other side of the partition, the fan above throws air down the air-shaft and through the main air-passage, where it is distributed by various channels through the whole mine and up through the main shaft.

In this situation, three hundred and three men were working in the second vein of the St. Paul Mine, and one hundred and eighty-one men were working in the third vein, when, at half-





*Photograph by Burke & Atwell, Chicago*

TWO WIDOWS WHOSE HUSBANDS WERE LOST IN THE CHERRY MINE DISASTER

past eleven o'clock on Saturday, the 13th of November, a car of six bales of hay for the third vein was sent down the main shaft and switched, in its turn, around behind other cars to the air-shaft, which it seems to have reached between

one and half-past one. Here it was pushed back into the air-passage out of the way, and the hay caught fire from a torch.

The cager and the assistant cager, Alexander Rosenjack and Robert Deans, seem to have



*Photograph by B. N. Rhodes*

THE ST. PAUL MINE, AT CHERRY, ILLINOIS

Soon after this, smoke coming up the air-shaft was seen from the town; and women and children ran to the mine. Two loads of coal were hoisted. Some of the women were reassured at hearing that the fire was only a car of hay, and returned home. Others cried to the engineer, "Hoist the men, not the coal!" The main-shaft cager, Richards, came up on the cage, and ordered the engineer to hoist instantly a car of

had words about the fire. They tried to put it out with their coats. Then they tried to push the car to the sump and to hose and water from the mule-stable; but the smoke and some obstruction in the passage made this impossible.

Deese, a French driver, Albert Buckle, a trapper-boy, and other men ran around to the mule-stable to bring water from the trough, but could not reach it, for the smoke.

Rosenjack ran downstairs and told the third-vein cagers, William Smith and John Brown, that he would send the burning car down to them in the cage; he asked them to prepare a hose to put it out. There is another sump at the bottom of the air-shaft.

In the meantime, a party of third-vein men had gone up to the second vein to catch the half-past one o'clock cage to the top, among them Mr. James Flood and his brother-in-law, Mr. Haney, president of the local Union.

They saw the fire, but did not think it serious. They lent Rosenjack a hand in pushing the car of hay toward the air-shaft. As he said he needed no more help, they went on, caught the main-shaft cage, and reached their houses with so little thought about the incident that they did not even mention it at home.



*Photograph by B. N. Rhodes*

SURVIVORS OF THE CHERRY MINE DISASTER; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THEIR EIGHT-DAY ENTOMBMENT IN THE MINE

dynamite and powder, which was brought up at once.

In the meantime there had been all sorts of difficulties in getting the car of hay down to the third vein. It stuck. Mr. Nourberg, the assistant manager of the third vein, went above to give orders about the draught. Andrew Lettson, an American boy from the third vein, came up into the second vein, while the car was half on and half off the cage. He immediately went below to the sump in the third vein, where he and John Brown waited to put out the burning car when it should be thrown down the open shaft. They expected Rosenjack to have the cage hoisted out of the way and to dump the car down underneath it into the third-vein sump a few minutes later.

Rosenjack then had the cage lifted above



*Photograph by Burke & Atwell, Chicago*

THOMAS WHITE, WHO, WITH NINETEEN OTHER MINERS, WAS ENTOMBED FOR EIGHT DAYS, WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING HIS CONVALESCENCE

the car. With other second-vein workers, he threw the car down into the third-vein sump; and Lettson and Brown put out the fire, as far as the hay and the car were concerned.

But as they now received no response to the signals they sent to the second vein, and as they heard the voice of Mr. Nourberg calling warnings and orders about the fire, Lettson ran upstairs again and lifted the trap-door at the top.

Rosenjack and Deans were gone; William Smith, the third-vein cager, was gone. Lettson saw the flames in the air-passage and air-shaft almost cutting off his escape. He turned and went deliberately back to the bottom, asked Thomas Hewitt, a mule-driver, to go in one direction and warn his father and brother and the men around them, while he, Lettson, went three hundred yards back to the face.

In speaking of this afterward, Lettson, in deprecation of praise, said: "Why, I had my chance; and I thought the rest ought to have the same chance."

When Lettson and Hewitt and their parties returned to the shaft, the men were crowding and fighting wildly in the stifling smoke now surrounding the foot of the third-vein ladder. Hewitt and Brown kept these men in line and started them on their way. Lettson led them into the smoke above. Brown said, "I am getting no signals from above. Better go up the air-shaft stairs." But the air-shaft stairs above the second vein were blazing.

Hewitt, Lettson, and Brown saved the lives of all those in the third vein who escaped that day. Hewitt was the last man to leave the third vein alive. He and those ahead of him

urged Brown to follow. But Brown stood quietly at the foot of the shaft in the black stiffl and horror around him. "I won't go until every man is out of this mine," he said.

These words, uttered from the heart of a fortitude that beggars all description, were the last utterance heard rising from the very bottom of the great disaster.

Lettson and Hewitt have no accurate count of the men in their party; there were probably about twelve or fourteen. Above, in the second vein, they entered into smoke and fire. Some men went in one direction, some in another. Oblivious of their own safety, Mr. Walter Waite, Mr. George Eddy, and Mr. Bundy, mine bosses and managers, were all going about in the depths of the second vein, crying warnings: "Go! Go quick!" Through the inclosing darkness and smothering smoke, the men in the second vein, realizing what was happening, were thronging out of the rooms and entries, around the runways to the foot of the main shaft.

When Noverio, a young Italian miner, with Hewitt and Lettson, entered the runway, it was

filled with smoke, cars, mules lying down, and men lying on their faces and crying. Tosetti, another Italian, ahead, called back that there was no hope. He, too, lay down and cried. Noverio shouted to the men behind him to keep up their courage and come on. And these men struggled, stiffling, running, climbing over dead mules and weeping, prostrate men, till they came out to the main shaft and managed to make the cage and reach the top.

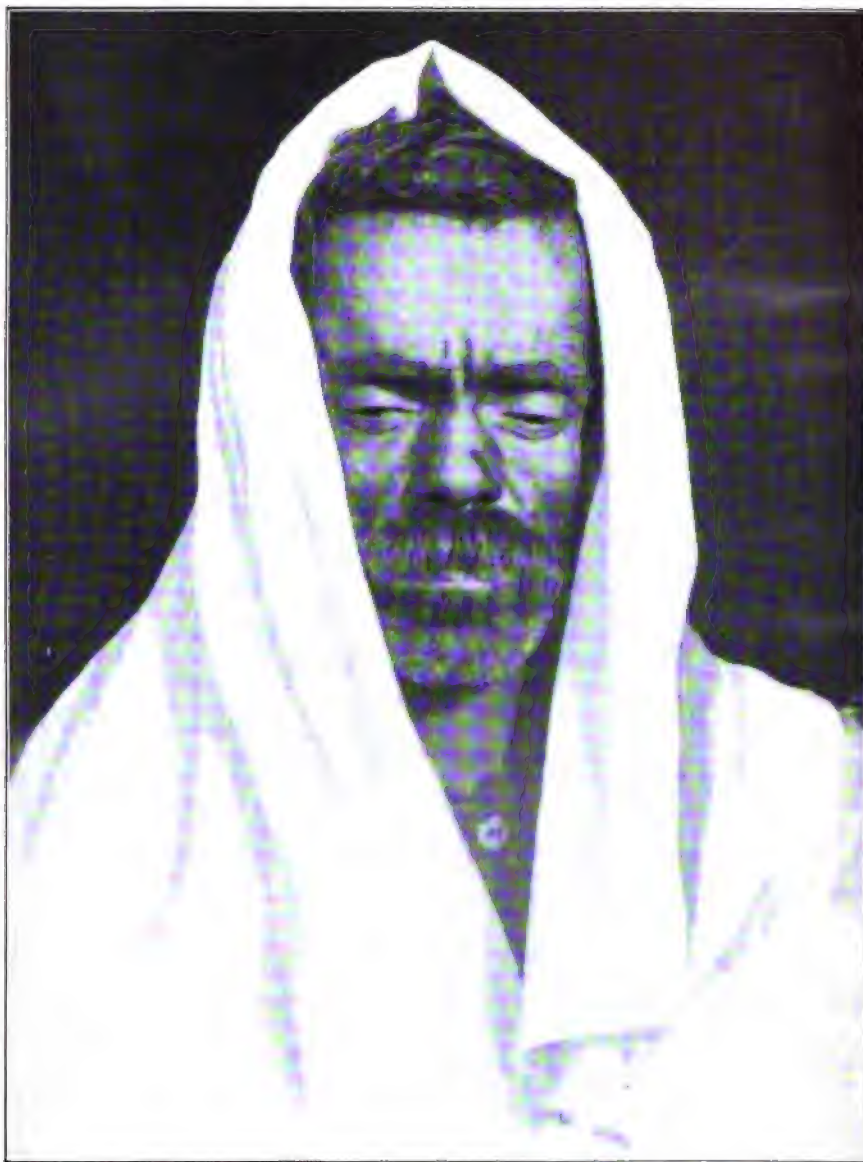
Lettson stood at the turn of the runway, holding a light to show the way for the others. Another American, Vickers, stood at another turn, holding a light till it went out. Some one gave him another light, and that went out. Then some one else gave him a lantern, just as he was ready to drop, overcome with smoke. He managed to hang this lantern on a nail before he was driven forward by a blast of smoke, to struggle, more dead than alive, along the smoke-filled passageways to the shaft. As he fell fainting against it, some one touched his hand. A voice said, "Take my hand, brother." Some one he could not see dragged him forward; and



*Photograph by Burke & Atwell, Chicago*

A MINER'S FAMILY AT DINNER; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE EXPLOSION; THE FATHER OF THE FAMILY NEVER RETURNED FROM THE MINE





*Photograph by Burke & Atwell, Chicago*

FREDERICO LENZE, ONE OF THE TWENTY WHO SEALED THEMSELVES UP IN A PASSAGE OF THE SECOND VEIN AND LIVED FOR EIGHT DAYS WITHOUT NOURISHMENT, UNTIL FOUND BY THE RESCUE PARTY

he knew no more till he was lying under the white light of day above-ground.

Here by this time men, as well as women and children, were running in an agony of apprehension toward the mouth of the shaft.

John Flood, a Scotch dry-goods merchant, the brother of James Flood, dropped his pen in the midst of an order for shoes in Chicago,—an order never to be finished,—and hurried to see whether his brother was safe. Charles Waite and John Smith, brother and brother-in-law of Walter Waite; George Brown, brother

of the brave third-vein cager; Peter MacCruden, with a father in the mine; Dominick Formento, a grocer from Turin; Joseph Hozie, an Austrian saloonkeeper; Ralph Eddy, a boy of eighteen, who was a top fireman; Ike Lewis, a livery-stable keeper; Dr. Liston Howe, the company physician; four Scotch mine-workers, Henry Stewart, Andrew McCluky, James Spears, and Robert Clark—all these men ran, in the sunlit afternoon, out of their houses and stores, many of them never to come back again.

Dr. Howe was among the first to reach the

shaft, just as Nourberg, who had come up to order the reversal of the fan, entered the cage.

"How are things down there?" he asked.

"Pretty bad," said Nourberg, coolly stepping into the little trap over the smoking funnel. He added that men were fainting in the smoke, and asked Dr. Howe if he would go down to help with them.

Below, the darkness and confusion were so great that Dr. Howe could tell where human beings lay only by kicking and striking something soft. This human body he dragged to the cage and hurled upon it.

Nourberg and Bundy, the two mine managers, Rosenjack, the air-shaft cager, away from his post, but risking his life momentarily at the main shaft, were working and calling in the darkness. Overhead, the timbers of the mine were burning, and in places might be heard the cracking and the warning of the rock.

As the cages of struggling, stifling men were taken up to the top by Nourberg, Bundy, Rosen-

jack, or Dr. Howe, to be revived, the doctor or one of the others would say, "Come along. Get in." One cage of rescued men to be revived came up as another cage of rescuers went down. All of those men mentioned, who had run from the town to the shaft, went down into the horror below in the next terrible half hour, forty minutes, hour — a length of time like eternity, and immeasurable, now, either from the comparison of the men who survived it or of the terror-stricken women and children at the top.

The descending rescuers dropped straight into tumultuous blackness and smoke and a hubbub of voices crying in many tongues from all parts of the second vein. At the foot of the shaft, John Zabriski stayed at his post. Charles Waite and James Stewart were seen there, too, giving signals. The rescuers were hallooing into the mine depths, running far down the flaming passageways, and dragging human figures out of an overwhelming blackness resounding with the confusion of the shouts of all those non-English-speaking Lithuanians, Germans, French, Poles, and Italians, who could only struggle forward with inarticulate cries, deaf to all word-of-mouth direction, through the very blindness of catastrophe.

In such sheer splendor as that of these fighters in the fiery mine depths, there can be no greater and no less. Survivors seemed to recall with preëminent vividness the great voices and powerful arms of the big Englishmen and Scotchmen, Bundy, Stewart, Spears, Flood, and Clark, and the strength of Nourberg, as they ran and shouted and saved. But the others could hardly have fallen behind them in power. When I read this statement, concerning the Scotch and English, to the dead John Flood's two brothers, members of an old Scotch-Irish mining family whose grandmother had worked in the mines of Scotland, James Flood said quietly: "You must mean the English-speaking men were the brave ones. For there were foreigners that were just as brave as any Scotch or English." And he directed me to Joseph Hozie, a fierce-eyed, calm-faced Austrian from Iglau, of really ex-



*Photograph by Burke & Atwell, Chicago*

L. ANTENORE, ONE OF THE SURVIVORS; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF HIM WITH HIS WIFE AFTER HIS EIGHT-DAY IMPRISONMENT UNDERGROUND



*Photograph by Burke & Atwell, Chicago*

MRS. URBAIN LEYNAND AND HER TWO CHILDREN; LEYNAND WAS ONE OF THE MINERS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE BURNING MINE

cessive moderation of speech. I give a part of what Mr. Hozie said of his experience in the mine, in his own words:

"I said to Dr. Howe: 'Wouldn't it be advisable for a lot of us fellows with good lungs to go down, half on the east and half on the west?' So Rosenjack and Dr. Howe went on the west side. George Brown and I went on the east side, with two other men.

"I went in forty feet toward the mule-barn. The smoke was pretty bad. . . . When I went in with air it was not so bad. Coming out against the air, I found it out that it was pretty tough. I had to get down on my hands and knees and my face along the rail to come out. . . . After that, I made out to go on the west side, on what we call the manway. I stopped and listened. I did not see no fire. But heard everything crackin' and burnin' and the warnin' of the rock. I noticed it was dangerous in there."

Mr. Hozie mentioned, with admiration, how

he saw John Bundy "pretty near all in"; and asked him "wouldn't it be advisable" for him to go up on top before losing his life. But Bundy refused to go. Mr. Hozie also saw Rosenjack "all in" and carried fainting to the top, where he threw himself on the earth, too weak to rise, and cried and groaned, as some people thought, in remorse and horror over his faults in judgment at the outset of the fire, but, in Mr. Hozie's opinion, "because he couldn't go down."

However that may be, let every one remember that as soon as Rosenjack could rise again, he did go down, and stayed down, working in the burning passages and bringing men up, to the very end. This, as nearly as could be ascertained, was about half-past three, when the last cage was hoisted.

Dr. Howe, who came up with Rosenjack and Eddy as the last cage went down, ran to the engine-room, and frantically urged Cowley, the engineer, to lift the other cage at once. But



Cowley did not dare to lift it without a signal from below. The last cage signaled then to hoist slowly — four bells; then one bell — to stop; then two bells — to go down again. Wild, meaningless signals followed. Then came two bells — to go down again. Was the signal out of order? What did it mean? The breathless watchers in the engine-house urged Cowley to lift the cage. But his last signal from below had been to let it down. The intervals between the cages had not been, since the descents for rescue began, longer than six minutes. After an interval said by some witnesses to have been twelve minutes long, and by other witnesses to have been half an hour long, Cowley lifted the cage, without the signal. It held twelve people. Two of these were poor fellows who had apparently cast themselves in at the moment the cage reached the bottom, John Zuky and John Robisa, men all but unknown in the town, without



*Photograph by B. N. Rhodes*

THE OXYGEN HELMETS THAT WERE USED IN THE DESPERATE EFFORTS TO FIND SURVIVORS OF THE DISASTER



*Photograph by B. N. Rhodes*

JOHN FLOOD, A SCOTCH DRY-GOODS MERCHANT WHO WAS BURNED TO DEATH WHILE ATTEMPTING TO RESCUE OTHERS

families, and not identified for weeks afterward. The others were the ten rescuers, Dominick Formento, Robert Clark, John Bundy, Alexander Nourberg, Henry Stewart, Andrew McCluky, Ike Lewis, James Spears, John Zabriski, and John Flood. They were all burned alive. They had been dropped into a furnace.

No more lives were flung down the main shaft after that. Both shafts were filled with impenetrable smoke and flame. About eighty men had been rescued. Hope for the two hundred and sixty-three men still in the second vein, hope for the one hundred and sixty men still in the third vein, was abandoned.

It was considered that the single faint chance for the continuance of life below lay in the smothering of the flames. So planks were laid over the mouth of the air-shaft and sand was piled on them to make the lid air-tight. Before four o'clock the air-shaft was sealed.

Perhaps that hour may best be expressed in the experience of Mrs. Charles Waite, an extremely brave woman, who had seen her husband, a night examiner, at home, just before she left her house, early in the afternoon.

Charles Waite was one of the second-vein rescuers who never came up, like Peter MacCradden and John Smith. His body was found on a road, far from the shaft, where he seemed to have run in rescue; the last tidings of him were

that he replied to some one urging him to leave the mine: "I am going to stay with the rest."

"As I came out of the dentist's," said Mrs. Waite, "I saw Mrs. Nourberg walking along the street, and she was crying. She said: 'Oh, they say there is a terrible fire in the shaft; they say Ike Lewis [her sister's husband] is in it. And they say — they say my man is in it, too.' I said, 'Oh, it couldn't be so bad as that.' And then a feeling came over me that maybe my man was in it. I thought: 'Oh, God! Surely he wouldn't go down in the fire.' Then I could hardly hold myself till I ran to the shaft. When I got there, I went back and forth to one and another and asked them had they seen my husband. And no one had seen him."

"And just then I saw that they had closed up the air-shaft. Oh, no one could know how terrible it was there, then, among those mothers and children. No one could know what it was except those mothers and children there."

## II

On Sunday morning the world had heard of the catastrophe at Cherry. Inspectors, doctors, reporters, the Red Cross, the company officers, foreign consuls, and mine-workers and members of the families of the men in the

mine, from all parts of Illinois, came pouring into the little town.

By special effort on the part of the mine officials, Mr. Williams and Mr. Webb, with oxygen helmets and apparatus from the State Mine Experiment and Mine Life Saving Station at Urbana, were rushed to Cherry before daybreak, in the company's hope of opening the shafts and sending workers down immediately.

Mr. Paul and Mr. Rice came from the National Mine Experiment and Mine Life Saving Station at Pittsburg. Mr. Newsam, the President of the State Mine Examining Board, and the ten mine inspectors of the State, were ordered by Governor Deneen to go to Cherry at once to take charge of the rescue work.

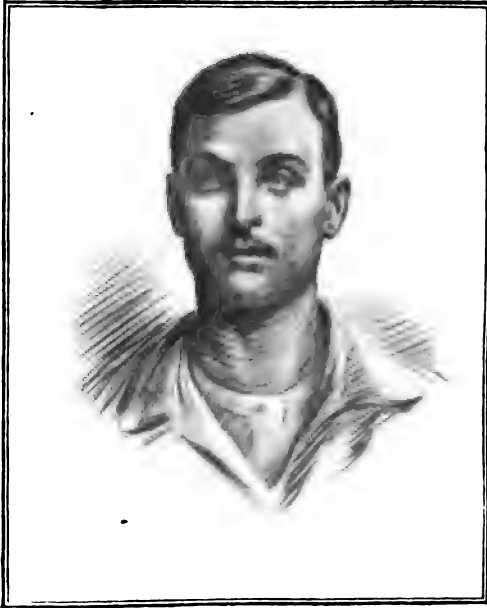
Though Mr. Newsam was made chairman of their conferences, no one of these men had legal authority over any of the others. The mine inspectors of Illinois have no department chief. Besides, all, with the exception of the local inspector, Mr. Hudson, were greatly handicapped by the fact that they had no practical familiarity with the conditions existing in the mine at Cherry, nor with its roads and air-passages. They were obliged to work, as best they could, with maps and blue-prints.

Most of the inspectors believed that leaving the main shaft unsealed would only increase the



*Photograph by B. N. Rhodes—Courtesy of the Chicago Record-Herald*

WOMEN WAITING AT THE MINE-SHAFT



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

DOMINICK FORMENTO, AN ITALIAN GROCER, WHO WENT DOWN WITH THE LAST RESCUE PARTY, AND WAS BURNED TO DEATH

draught and flame, and, in the impossibility of fanning air down, would retard the chances of any one's entering the mine. In this, as it afterward proved, they were right.

But the unconquerable feeling on all sides, that it was unendurable to close the mine's only means of entry while there were three hundred fellow creatures below, prevailed over everything else. Even if the inspectors and the company officials had insisted, they could not have kept the mine closed. The people around the main shaft would have opened it by force.

The air-shaft was unsealed on Sunday afternoon. Smoke instantly issued from it. It was realized that a barrier of flame was more impenetrable than one of planks and sand. The mine was closed again.

During the three days after Sunday, various unsuccessful attempts were made to unseal and enter the mine for the purpose of quenching the fire and recovering the dead. It was not believed that any human creature could have survived either the smoke or the black damp after Saturday afternoon.

It was not until the middle of the week that a lowered thermometer registered in the air-shaft a temperature in which human life could be sustained. The first descent was made at eight o'clock on a dark Wednesday night. A great crowd with lanterns and torches gathered about the mine. Williams of Urbana and John

Smith, a brave miner from Ladd, were lowered down the air-shaft in a bucket, equipped with oxygen helmets and an automobile horn as a signal. A man wearing one of these helmets, with their great tanks and impedimenta, is said to have about an eighth of his strength left to use for other purposes.

Before the descent, Inspector Taylor asked perfect silence of all the crowd, so that the faintest sound of the horn might be heard. There was perfect silence. The brave divers stepped coolly into the bucket and were lowered into the ruins of the mine. Here they were to play a hose containing fire-destroying chemicals on the fire that was still burning below. But the hose was so heavy that they could not manipulate it successfully, and they were obliged to abandon the attempt as impracticable.

On Thursday descents were made by Mr. Rice and Mr. Paul with oxygen helmets.

Thursday morning, Inspectors Taylor, Moses, and McAllister, wearing helmets, went down the air-shaft on a float cage built at furious speed on Wednesday night, and brought up the first body, which Williams and Smith had seen on the previous night. Later, on the same day, Williams and Inspector Moses went down the main shaft, and found dense smoke and bad falls of rock. Playing hose, timbering, scattering disinfectants, and removing the dead—all these various pieces of work had to be done by these first workers in the darkness, fire, and overwhelming odor.

In the next twelve hours the fan was started, and the mine was entered by Mr. Steele, the Mine Superintendent, and other company men, by Inspector Epperson of Indiana, and Inspector Hudson and other inspectors of Illinois; by volunteers from the United Mine Workers; by John Evans of the Ladd Fire Department, and Captain Kenny, Lieutenant Smith, and other members of the Chicago Fire Department. There was still fire at the shaft bottom, and hose was played on it all night.

From that time on, through Friday and Friday night and Saturday morning of the week following the disaster, firemen, United Mine Workers, company men, and inspectors, all worked in the mine, day and night, in the efforts described, and in carrying out the dead, blackened and bloated, rolling them in canvas, and bearing them to the shawled women always waiting at the top to identify their lost.

Each morning Mr. Bicknell, the President of the Red Cross Association, lifting the curtain of the St. Paul railroad car where he stayed, would see at the first light the rows of muffled figures waiting in the hopeless daybreak.

There had been much talk in the newspapers

about the wildness and hysteria of the mine tragedy. Mr. Bicknell had witnessed human conduct in the misery succeeding the San Francisco earthquake and the Messina disaster. I asked him about his own general impression of the behavior of the families of the lost at Cherry. It was then that he told me about the dawns he had watched beside the St. Paul shaft. "Hysteria?" he said. "I have never seen such fortitude."

Among the searching women was Mrs. Walter Waite. On the Saturday after the fire she stayed with a friend till nearly three o'clock, bending over body after body, looking for some recognizable belonging or feature. At last the



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

ANDREW McCLUKY, A SCOTCH MINE-WORKER,  
WHO WAS BURNED TO DEATH  
IN THE RESCUE WORK

two women could endure it no longer. Mrs. Waite went home, overwhelmed, and, unable to eat, even to drink, threw off her clothes and sank down on her bed in complete exhaustion. As she lay there, she heard footsteps and voices on the street and then at her door. "They say living men are coming out of the mine; and they say Mr. Waite is with them," the voices said.

She started up, threw on her clothes, and ran all the way to the shaft, around which the town was surging. The news was true.

### III

On the afternoon of the disaster, Walter Waite and George Eddy had both gone so far



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

HARRY STEWART, A SCOTCH MINER WHO  
WAS BURNED TO DEATH IN  
THE RESCUE WORK

into the recesses of the mine, warning others, that at last they found they could not make the shaft. The parties met, and were led by Mr. Waite and Mr. Eddy along the last feasible road to the main shaft. The air grew heavier and heavier as they walked. Then Mr. Waite and Mr. Eddy, who were in advance, saw three mules drop dead just ahead of them.

Mr. Waite turned and said quietly to Mr. Eddy: "We are caught like rats in a trap. But there is no need to tell the boys about seeing the mules." He directed the men back to the passage from which they had come, which seemed to have fresher air, and sat down and lighted a pipe and smoked. Some of the others smoked, too, reassured by his coolness. They were nineteen in number, including English, French, Germans, Italians, Scotchmen, Americans, Poles, and Lithuanians.

Mr. Waite seems to have been from that time the natural leader. He is a small, delicately built man, with the deep hazel eyes of a religious enthusiast. He is a fervent Presbyterian, a mine boss, and an Englishman, born in the Forest of Dean and brought up in Illinois, where he has mined soft coal for twenty years.

While this party sat smoking in the passage where there was fresher air, they heard cries near; and Mr. Eddy went out and dragged in two more men, White and Lorimer, almost overcome with black damp.

These men said they had almost reached the

main shaft. It was a furnace. On the road by which they had tried to reach it, they had seen ahead of them a father and his boy of eighteen, lying dead in each other's arms.

In this place of fresher air, on the insistence of Mr. Waite and Mr. Eddy, these twenty-one people stayed till the following (Sunday) afternoon. The air grew worse and worse; the men's desperation greater and greater.

Lasti, an Italian from Bologna, by Sunday morning was frantic, seized his miner's pail of heavy tin, crushed it furiously in his hands into a ball, and flung it on the rock and trampled on it. "I never use you in this shaft any more, nor in any other!" he called, in a passionate outcry. The others laughed at him.

In the afternoon, a Frenchman, Leopold Dumont, said they would die if they stayed longer, and broke away. The black damp began to surge in more heavily soon afterward; and they all started out, directed by Mr. Waite, who came last with an old Lithuanian, Dan Holafethek, in a serious condition of exhaustion. Within a few moments Dumont returned to them. He was stifling then, nearly dying. The effort of accompanying the rest back through the bad air he had encountered, to a refuge for which Mr. Waite was steering, beyond this difficult passage, was too much for the poor Frenchman. He drew his last breath; and the others were obliged to leave him dead on the way.



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

ALEXANDER NOURBERG, WHO WAS BURNED  
TO DEATH IN THE RESCUE  
WORK

In the less choking atmosphere they reached beyond, Walter Waite said they would build a barrier to keep in the air they had found. The twenty men, in a passage about thirty-five hundred feet from the main shaft, in the second west entry, sealed themselves into a prison about 500 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 5 feet high.

It had previously been supposed that no man could live in air so full of black damp as to quench the light of an oil-lamp. Now, on this Sunday afternoon, even inside the barrier all but the carbide lights had gone out.

"After that," said George Eddy, in his story of their imprisonment, "we knew that all there was to do was to die there. You know, they say black damp doesn't cause any suffering. We thought we would just go to sleep there." All the men wrote letters to their families.

Here is the letter of a young Italian:

DEAREST SISTER:

I notify you of my unhappy death. I have got to die from suffocation and hunger. I salute you with tears in my eyes. I give kisses to you and your husband and children. Pray God for me.

I recommend my poor father to you. [Here follow illegible references to property in Italy.]

In leaving I ask for your forgiveness — pray for your loving brother a beautiful funeral — a thousand kisses to all — I beg you to go to the father.

YOUR BROTHER.

I cannot write any more — go to heaven — 700 lire you will send them to the father for a nice funeral and a beautiful cross on my tomb. Pray God for me.

In my trunk you will find 5 dollars in a little box — take my poor wages. Good-by — I beg you send the money to the father.

Here is George Eddy's letter:

Nov. 14.

DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN:

I write these few lines to you and I think it will be for the last time. I have tried to get out twice, but was driven back. There seems to be no hope for us. I came down this shaft yesterday to help to save the men's lives. I hope the men I got out were saved. Well, Lizzie, if I am found dead take me to bury me in Streator and move back. Keep Esther and Jenny and Clarence together as much as you can. I hope they will not forget their father, so I will bid you all good-by, and God bless you all.

GEORGE EDDY.

Not long after the letters were written, Mr. Waite said they would have a little service for Dumont. The Protestants would have their service. Perhaps the Catholics would have their service. Then the English, Scotch, and Americans gathered together, and Mr. Waite prayed for their dead companion, and offered a prayer



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

CHARLES WAITE, WHO WAS LAST SEEN  
DIRECTING THE RESCUE WORK  
IN THE SECOND VEIN

for safety. The Catholics gathered together and said the Pater Noster.

Then Mr. Waite raised his voice and all sang "Rock of Ages":

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee,  
Let the water and the blood  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No one knew more than the first verse, but they all joined in. The Catholics did not know the song at all. "But all joined in; it made no matter," said Mr. Lasti. After that they all sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and then whatever any one knew—"choruses and anything; any little thing would do."

"Nobody knew anything all the way through," said Mr. Eddy, afterward, with a slow smile.

As long as they could see each other at all, it was not so bad. But the carbide lights went out on Tuesday, and then the darkness was complete. All but Walter Waite gave up hope. At intervals, he would call each of the men by name: "Are you asleep? How are you feeling? How are you getting along?"

The youngest of them, a boy of eighteen, poor Josep Bolfiliola, wept constantly, and Waite

could not console him. Josep's older brother, a driver, John Bolfiliola, had run off and left him in the fire; and Josep moaned, night and day, partly in grief at this brother's desertion, and partly in longing for him.

A Lithuanian, Brohaski, unless report from the darkness be in error, whistled constantly to cheer himself. He was a young man with a young wife and two children. "He called them his 'kilder,'" said Mr. Lasti. "The Slavs, they never speak at all. They have no tongue. They do not know a word of Italian language." Brohaski's whistling jarred every one's nerves. "Every one called out to him: 'Hi, you damn fool! You can stop that!'" Here, as Mr. Lasti's anecdote seemed to end suddenly, one might have supposed Brohaski had been suppressed.

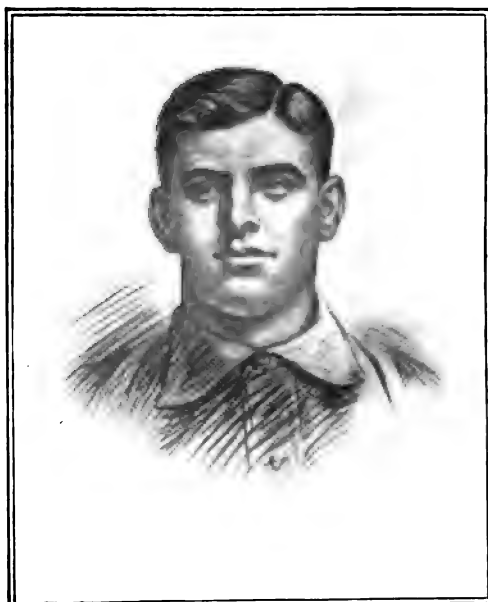
"Did he stop?" I asked, after a pause.

"No, no," replied Mr. Lasti, laughing, "not a bit."

Such was the discipline of the twenty men locked in the depths of the earth.

On the other hand, an Englishman attempted to break down the barrier and escape. If he had been successful, his effort would have killed himself and every one else with a rush of black damp. And it is said the leaders choked him till he nearly strangled, in restraining him.

The only food of the twenty was a little lard-oil, some of the oil known as "miner's sunshine," and the tobacco they happened to have in their pockets. Black damp deadens hunger



*Drawn by F. Van Sloan*

IKE LEWIS, A LIVERY-STABLE KEEPER, WHO  
WAS BURNED TO DEATH WITH THE  
NINE OTHER RESCUERS



for some constitutions. Consequently, a few of the men hardly suffered at all from starvation. Others suffered torments. Mr. Waite had not yet eaten his dinner when the fire broke out, so he was a meal behind the others, and suffered proportionately. He endured agonies.

One day he told them casually that he wished he had a bunch of bananas he had eaten once in Chicago. Everybody instantly begged him not to talk of them. But it was a favorite story of Mr. Waite's, and he went on to tell how he had heard an Italian vender calling, "Bananas, ten cents a dozen." He gave the Italian ten cents, and the man counted the fruit into a bag — "Two, four, six, ten, twelve." When Mr. Waite opened the bag there were only ten bananas, but he ate them all. At this, every one groaned again and begged him not to mention the ten bananas.

Mr. Waite smiled the gentlest, most humorous smile in the world as he told me of this — certainly a remarkable instance of masculine resolution in telling a favorite story even in the very jaws of death.

The twenty suffered not only from hunger, but from the severe cold. At what they called night — they determined the time by feeling the hands of their watches — the men slept in three groups, each group curled up together, for warmth.

But the party's worst torture was thirst. After the first day, the men were put to the most terrible shifts for water. Mr. Waite, groping around the passage, found in some places a little seepage from the walls. He directed the men to hollow out cups in the ground. Five of these cups were dug. They collected less than half a pint apiece in twelve hours. The men took turns in drinking the seepage, though it was filled with fine par-

ticles of coal dust and almost strangled them as they swallowed it.

Then an ugly thing happened. Several men went, in their right turn, to their appointed cups, to find the hollows of the cups licked dry. In the concealing blackness, some one among the twenty had been stealing the seepage.

At the second turn, after his cup had been surreptitiously emptied, George Eddy, too weak to do more than creep, crawled to his drinking-

place. The thief was lying there before him. It was one of the Lithuanians. Eddy came up silently behind him. "If I'd had a knife," he said to the man, "I'd have stuck it into you."

After that the man was guarded, and restricted to his fair share.

Toward Friday there was more and more despair. Even Mr. Waite, though he never lost hope, thought of cave-ins. And in one place in the diary his wife showed me, courageous, religious, exalted in tone though it is, he says his heart is breaking.

By placing his hand at the barrier, he could feel the air and know when the main shaft was sealed and unsealed. He constantly buoyed the others by telling them that he knew those above were try-

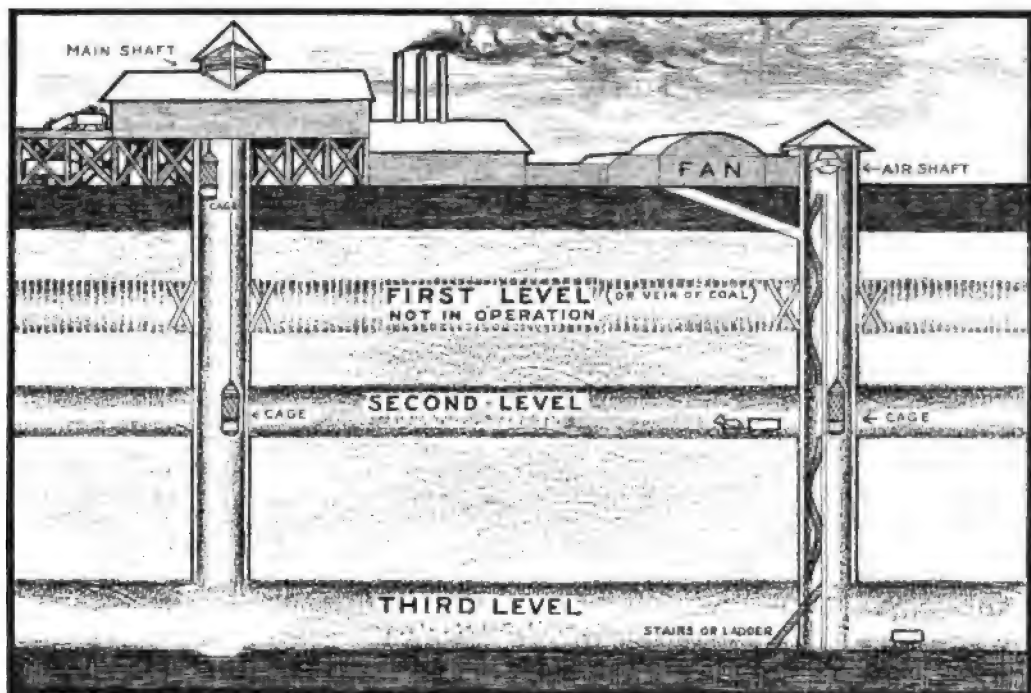
ing to save them. He would say to them: "We are better off than those on top; for we know we are alive, and they don't know it." And: "Don't give up. We are going to give those people up there the very biggest surprise they ever had, yet."

On Saturday morning, when four of the men could barely crawl, Mr. Waite felt fresh air at the barrier. He asked for four volunteers to go out for water, and to test the air for others as they went, turning back instantly if they felt themselves at all overcome. A second relay of four were to follow the first quartet of men,

Nov 14, at 2 o'clock.  
Dear wife and children  
I write these few lines  
to you and I think it will  
be for the last time we  
have tried to get out  
twice but was drove  
back there. I am so  
sick and hope for us I am  
own that I shall be  
to help to save the men's  
lives I hope the men I  
got out was soon will  
Lizzie if I am found  
will take me to bury in  
straiter and make her  
help rather and be a  
and join me together as  
much as we can I hope  
they will not forget  
their father & I will  
bid you all good by  
and God Bless you all  
Geo. Eddy

FACSIMILE OF THE LETTER TO HIS WIFE WRITTEN  
BY GEORGE EDDY, ONE OF THE IMPRISONED  
MINERS, AFTER ALL HOPE OF RESCUE  
HAD BEEN ABANDONED





*By courtesy of the Chicago Daily Socialist*

#### CHART SHOWING THE UNDERGROUND WORKS OF THE ST. PAUL MINE

The shafts of the mine run through three veins of soft coal. The first is too thin to work; in the second, 325 feet below the surface, about 300 men were employed; in the third, 525 feet below the surface, about 200 men were employed. The main shaft was not equipped for hoisting below the second vein, so that, to reach it from the third vein, the miners were obliged to mount the air-shaft to the second level, and walk fifty feet along this level to the main shaft.

and were to run forward and drag them back behind the barrier if the black damp made them faint. Mr. Waite, old Holafethke, and the sickest men remained just outside the hole for egress in the barrier. When the first four reached a certain entry, if the air was good and they felt that the hope of safety lay ahead of them, they were to whistle twice.

Beside the barrier Waite, Holafethke, and the rest stood waiting for an interminable time. Then, through the dark, sounded two whistles. The men at the barrier, wild with joy, cheered back to their comrades. Some of them started to creep along the passage. They were all still in an atmosphere that would have instantly killed men entering from fresh air. Time had injured their lungs to the lack of oxygen. Three hours after the first four had left the barrier, Waite suddenly saw ahead two little lights coming.

The lights came nearer. They belonged to the men with the oxygen helmets

#### IV

On the morning after the twenty survivors were brought up, we walked out over the brown

fields behind the shaft. A little German woman, with pink cheeks, a brave, sad face, and deep, mournful eyes, gave us directions to the house we were looking for. She was hurrying toward the shaft.

"Has there been any trouble at your house?" some one asked.

"Yes," she said. "My husband is down there. I am all alone." And she sobbed for a moment on another woman's shoulder, and tied her shawl tighter, and hurried back to watch at the shaft.

Beyond, we met a little Italian boy, with a miner's pick. Before we could ask him where the people lived for whom we were hunting, he had run up to us with a rapturous smile, swinging the pick. "My father is alive!" he cried. "He lies on the bed."

Through Cherry, on that day, the hope of rescuing more entombed men was surging with new force. The firemen were chafing at staying on top. The miners were eager to enter the third vein, which had not yet been reached, and could hardly brook the caution for their lives felt for them by the managing inspectors.

The baffling character of the whole situation may be summed up by two facts: First, the

first four of the entombed survivors had really walked out on the rescuers, whereas one would instinctively conceive of rescuers as breaking in on the entombed. Second, if it had been known above that twenty men were living in the mine on the previous Saturday night, the twenty would probably have been killed by fire draughts caused by the opening of the shaft.

While I heard little blame of individuals, I heard constant discouragement over a condition of things which certainly appeared to an outsider to be deeply dissatisfying and filled every one with a sense of great strain and pain.

It was as though human life were in danger, as in a fire or a surgical operation, and, in these conditions, conferences were held and charts consulted.

On Monday, the President of the United Mine Workers of Illinois, Duncan McDonald, went to the authorities at Cherry, and asked to be lowered, in a bucket, down the air-shaft to the third vein, to make certain whether there was impassable black damp there. The company promised that men would be sent down later. Two miners, one of the company men and an inspector, made the descent to the mine bottom that night. After wading to their waists in water, they came on a higher ledge, where they saw many dead bodies, how many they did not know.

The miners found below this ledge a dead man sitting upright with three pieces of slate in his hands. On the severed pieces were the figures 45, 23, and 92 — supposed to mean the decreasing or increasing numbers of the refugees. There were words, too, which were rubbed out in the difficulties of exit, and are not legible. The man who read them first thought they were, "We are all here to die together."

The next day the disappointed rescuers received another message from their lost comrades in the time-book diary of Sam Howard, a young miner who was found, with his brother, Alfred Howard, a boy of fourteen, in the east south gallery of the second vein. Sam Howard was to have been married on Christmas day to Mamie Robinson, a young girl in Cherry. A few days before he had bought a ring for her in La Salle, and ordered the ring engraved with her initials and sent to the Cherry post-office.

"14—1909. Alive at 10.30 o'clock yet.

"10.45, 11 sharp, Big Sam D. Howard. Alfred, my brother, is with me yet. A good many dead mules and men.

"I tried to save some, but came almost losing myself.

"If I am dead give my diamond ring to Mamie Robinson. The ring is at the post-

office. I had it sent there. Henry Caumicent can have the ring I have home in my good clothes. The only thing I regret is my brother that could help mother out after I am dead and gone. I tried my best to get out, but could not.

"I saw Jim Jamieson and Steve Yinsko lying dead along the road and could not stand it any longer.

"To keep me from thinking I thought I would write these few lines.

"There is rock falling all over, but we have our buckets full of water, and we drink it and bathe our heads with it. 3 o'clock, and poor air and black damp. 4.15 o'clock, change of place. No black damp, but poor air. We lost a couple of our group. Two men tried to get out and could not get back.

"7.50 o'clock, tired, hungry, and sleepy; but I could stand quite a bit of this if I could get out of this hole. So what is the use of knocking when a man is down?

"7.50 o'clock in the morning. This is Sunday. There is no air. We fanned ourselves with lids of our buckets.

"Twenty-five after 9, and black damp coming both ways.

"Twenty-five after 10 A.M. Sunday. Still alive; that is, you will find me with the bunch. It is 11 A.M. That is, five of us, Alfred Howard, Miller, Leyshon, Sam D. Howard, Steele. We are still alive. The only hope is the fan. I think I won't have strength to write pretty soon.

"Fifteen after 12 P.M. Sunday. We are having a swell time making fans. We take our turns at the fan. We have three of them going.

"Twenty-seven to 3 P.M., and the black damp is coming on us. Only for the fans we would be dead.

"11 to 4 P.M. Dying for the want of air.

"Fifteen after 2 A.M. Monday. Am still alive. We are cold, hungry, weak, sick, and everything else. Alfred Howard is still alive.

"9.15 A.M. Monday morning. Still breathing. Something better turn up or we will soon be gone.

"11.15 A.M. Still alive at this time.

"Sixteen to 1 P.M. Monday. The lives are going out. I think this is our last. We are getting weak. Alfred Howard as well as all of us."

The mine-workers still felt that their access to their dead, or possibly living, companions below was slower than they were willing to risk. On Tuesday, after a conference of the Executive Committee of the Mine Workers, Duncan McDonald went to W. W. Taylor, the manager of the Cherry Mine, with a statement that the United Mine Workers would be responsible for the lives of those volunteers among themselves

who wished to take risks in rescue in the mine, and asked that they be allowed free access through it.

Mr. Taylor was deeply touched. He gripped McDonald's hand and said: "Dunc, I appreciate what you and all these brave fellows are doing to save life here. I am willing that the United Mine Workers should take any risks approved by the inspectors; and we have no objection to the officials of the Mine Workers, or to any one else, inspecting any part of the mine."

Mr. McDonald telephoned and telegraphed to Governor Deneen, asking to have some one put officially in charge of the rescue work.

At this time Mr. Newsam, the former chairman, completely worn out, collapsed. Inspector McAllister was selected by the inspectors to fill his place.

On Wednesday morning, while arrangements were being made to pump out the third vein, it was discovered that fire had started in the coal itself. A meeting of all the authorities was held at midnight, when it was determined that conditions made further rescue work impossible, without mortal risk from the danger of conflagration in the shafts, the only possible means of entry to the mine. It was unanimously decided to close the mine till the fire was out.

This decision ended the rescue work. For weeks after that the mine was sealed.

## V

The courageous life-savers working at the Cherry mine, both during and after the catastrophe, are uncounted, and include, as will have been seen, besides the United Mine Workers, firemen, inspectors, mine life-savers, and company men. Men from all these bodies risked their own lives, freely and repeatedly, in rescue or the hope of rescue. Among these, the rally of the Mine Workers to their companions was to an outsider especially striking, and the responsibility and devotion of their officials seemed unflinching, from first to last.

Of course, not all the men who emerged from the disaster or remained in the mine were heroic. Drivers and cagers deserted their posts. Men fled, and fled over prostrate living bodies, and, like all the world, simply naturally sought their own safety. Some sought their own safety first, and afterward went back to die, in the hope of rescue. John Bolfiliola, the driver, remembered his younger brother, Josep, when he reached the top of the mine, and returned to its depths for him, and was lost when Josep, coming out with the twenty, asked for his beloved older brother.

Very stirring was the strength spent in rescue after the fire; very thrilling the long, cool planning and undying hope and endurance of Walter Waite and many of his companions who were entombed alive.

And there is one mute superiority in the conduct of the twenty that is like a classic touch of nobility and must not go unrecorded. None of them has ever told the name of the man who took the drinking-water.

The fortitude of those who fought for the lives of their fellow creatures, in the flaming depths of the earth, surpasses the splendor of conquerors in battle on land or sea. For the mine rescuers fought in a passion of unconscious sympathy and responsibility so much more gripping and abiding than all longing for conquest or glory as to thrill the mind with the sense of a new magnificence in mortal aims and powers.

Six months ago, many a person driving through the town of Cherry would have passed undreaming of the force and pride of life in its dumb houses and cindery streets and alleys. But out of these dumb houses arose human beings who have cried around the world the power of fortitude and of fraternity.

## VI

Loss of life in the mines of the United States may be called a chronic catastrophe.

According to the United States Geological Survey, 22,840 men have been killed in our coal-mines in the last seventeen years, and nearly 50,000 have been seriously injured.

John Mitchell says:

"In the coal-mines of the United States there are killed an average of four men annually out of every thousand employed: whereas in the continental countries of Europe less than one and in Great Britain about one and a half in every thousand are killed annually. . . . Coal-mining is the most hazardous industry in America."

"In no country," says the Bulletin of Labor issued by the Department of the Interior, "are the natural conditions so favorable for the safe extraction of coal as in the United States. The number of lives lost per thousand men employed is far higher than in any other coal-producing industry. . . ."

"In regard to deaths per million tons of coal, the United States not only occupies a position worse than that of most of the European countries, but is also showing an increase in the rate, whereas every other country is showing a decrease. . . ."

"It now remains to be shown that, unless ener-

getic means are taken to counteract the prevailing tendency, not only will the death rate in proportion to men employed and tons produced increase as it has done in the last few years, but it will increase at a much more rapid rate.

"With the depletion of the thicker and more favorably mined seams of coal, thinner and less regular seams must be worked. This factor will undoubtedly be of the greatest importance within a comparatively few years. And the natural result would be greatly to increase the death-rate.

"The rising price of timber will have the effect of decreasing the number of wooden props used in mining, and probably will increase the chance of accidents from falls of roof and coal.

"Another important factor in the mines of the United States may be found in the nationality of the miners. Most of the men are foreign-born, a large number are unable to understand English freely, and a still larger number are unable to read or write that language. Some of them are inexperienced and do not take proper precautions either for their own safety or for the safety of others. This becomes a most serious menace unless they are restrained by carefully enforced regulations. . . .

"A great increase in the number of accidents must be expected unless proper steps are taken to remedy the conditions that have brought about the present remarkably high death-rate in the coal-mines of the United States."

Bulletin No. 33:

"The United States is showing an increase in the rate, whereas every other country is showing a decrease."

In other words, Great Britain and the Conti-

nent have decreased their mine death-rates by enlightened legislation and enforcement.

The enormous subject of the value and success of many different governmental efforts of relief — employers' liability laws, more accurate knowledge of various explosives, such as is now being compiled by the United States Geological Testing Station at Pittsburg, laws in regard to fire-proof stables, mine telephones, shot-firing, installations of safety-devices — is beyond the scope of this account of one mine tragedy.

If great coal industries in other countries can, by enlightened legislation and enforcement, successfully maintain increasingly safe conditions in their mines, there seems to be no reason why the coal industries of the United States cannot adopt the same methods.

Few persons are, like Stewart, Nourberg, and Formento, capable of magnificently flinging away their lives to save the lives of others. Few persons are capable of heroism. But whole multitudes are capable of responsible and honest sympathy; and sympathy, the passion of democracy, was, at bottom, the force that inspired these heroes of peace, and saved every man rescued from the St. Paul Mine. The words written on the piece of slate in the third vein are true, not only of the hundred and sixty men in the mine bottom, but for every creature on the earth. Everybody worthy of the name of human knows at some time, with a proud thrill, the deep truth that we are all here to die together.

This sympathy and this knowledge should be potent in the future to make safer all work in the mines of the United States.

## AT EUSTON STATION

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

YON is the train I used to take  
In the good days of yore,  
When I went home for love's dear sake,  
I who go home no more.

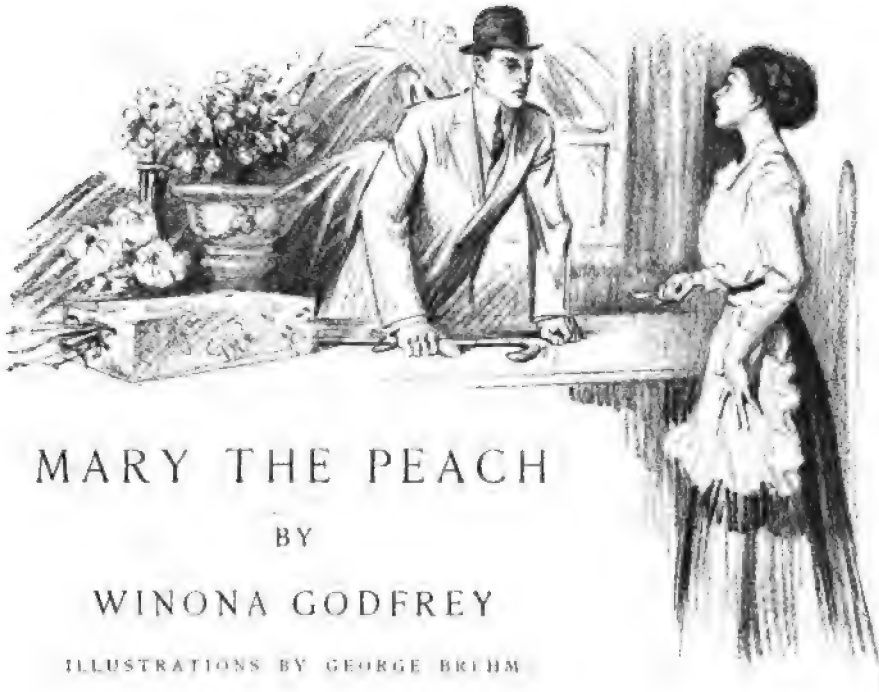
The station lights flare in the wind,  
The night is blurred with rain,  
And there was some one, old and kind,  
Who will not come again.

Oh, that's an Irish voice I hear,  
And that's an Irish face,  
And these will come when dawn is near  
To the beloved place.

And these will see when day is gray  
And lightest winds are still  
The long coast-line by Dublin Bay  
With exquisite hill on hill.

I would not follow if I might  
Who came so oft of old;  
No window-pane holds me a light,  
The warm hearth-fire is cold.

There is the train I used to take.  
Be blest from shore to shore,  
O land of love and of heartbreak!  
But I go home no more.



## MARY THE PEACH

BY

WINONA GODFREY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BREHM

**A**NICKNAME sometimes indicates a height attained, sometimes merely hints the special height desired. Mary's in a measure did the first, but only to the most subtly discerning could it even vaguely disclose the second. In the vernacular of her world the expression was the public acknowledgment of her superlative beauty.

And that this popular unanimity of opinion had also some commercial value was proved when Myrick voluntarily raised her salary from eight to ten dollars a week. Mary was undoubtedly worth it, for many young men came in for boutonnières who could ill afford them and who would have gone without very cheerfully had there been no Mary to pin them on.

Looking in the mirror was one of Mary's pleasures. She, too, had an eye for beauty, and it was almost impersonally for her beauty's sake that she was ambitious and mercenary. She longed to place that beauty in its proper setting, to embellish it, to have it fashionably clad — in short, to fit it with a suitable shrine where all might worship unashamed.

Her mother, a hard and handsome woman, had lived long enough to inculcate the lesson that Mary's beauty was Mary's only stock in trade. With it she must purchase wealth and

social position, a foothold in the smart sphere that pictured Mrs. Clyde's idea of heaven.

That Mary kept a cool head against the siege of many plebeian admirers was doubtless due to this careful teaching. Therefore, she went to the theater with Neil Kelly, the plumber; rode on the scenic railway with Eddie Perrin, the shipping clerk; and ate Bishop the football coach's chocolates, all very impartially and non-committally.

It was not until Haller came into the florist's shop the second time that she began to dream. He wished to select flowers for Sybil Renshaw, and his mind was full of her; still, he gave Mary an appreciative glance, and he did not try to make conversation with her, as most men did. Perhaps that was why he stayed so persistently in her thoughts.

When he had gone, she felt oddly depressed. She turned to inspect herself in the mirror behind her. Yes, she was pretty, very pretty — beautiful; but what was the use of it? Young men of the station she wished to adorn came into the shop and tried to flirt with her, perhaps asked her to lunch or to dine with them; but they did not invite her to ride with them in the park nor to sit with them in a box at the opera.

It was being Mary the Peach, who worked in a florist's shop, that made her a pariah to



"SO SYBIL TACTFULLY, BUT AT ONCE,  
BROKE WITH THE DISIN-  
HERITED KNIGHT"

"society." Well, one must eat, and Mary's talent was beauty, not intellect. She might go on the stage. Only — Mary wasn't wholly obvious; she had a freakish streak — she wasn't stage-struck.

So she went on arranging the roses lovingly (she looked a sister to them) and awaited the coming of that which should come. Among the roses she packed were those sent frequently to Miss Sybil Renshaw with the card of Mr. Kirke C. Haller.

Over these Mary the Peach used to pause a little. She wasn't particularly imaginative, but she could almost thrill over the make-believe that they were for her — from him. The Society Page had informed her that the two were engaged. Miss Renshaw was very pretty and very fashionable and ultra-"smart," and Mr. Haller was all these things in the masculine gender. Miss Renshaw, indeed, was the happy possessor of all that worldly paraphernalia that Mary craved — including, possibly, Mr. Kirke Haller.

She was actually musing upon something like this, alone in the florist's shop one rainy morning, when Haller himself suddenly opened the door and came in. He walked straight across the shop and stood looking at her without replying to her surprised "good morning." And she, not knowing what else to do, stood still, too, and looked at him.

He was pale, with dark circles around the eyes, and his mouth was set sardonically. Something about him rather frightened Mary. He was usually so courteous, so immaculate, so gently gay.

"Mary," he began (he didn't know her other name), "do you ever think of anything but money?"

Mary fell back a step. "Why, I — I —" she stammered.

"You remember me, don't you, Mary?" he tacked. "I've been in here often."

"Oh, yes — yes, of course."

"My name is Haller"; he handed her a card with a sort of mocking ceremony, and she read it stupidly over and over.

"I was just going by," he carefully explained, "and happened to look in and see you. So it occurred to me that I would just come in and ask you to marry me."

Mary did not blush; instead, the color slowly left her face. The poor young man!

"Oh, no, I'm not." His bitter smile widened as he read her thought. "I'm perfectly sane. Take a good look at me, Mary. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," said Mary steadily, wiping her hands absently on her little apron.

"All right. Now run and get on your hat and coat. If we hurry we can get it done before luncheon."

At this moment Myrick came out of the little back room. The young man turned to meet him.

"Mary and I are just going out to be married; so you needn't expect her back," he said. "The rain is bad for business, isn't it?"

Myrick opened his mouth and shut it again without emitting a sound. Mary had hurried to the back of the store, and, not even stopping to powder her nose, now reappeared putting on her hat, her coat over her arm.

"Married!" Myrick gasped. "Why — why — ain't this kind of sudden, Mary?"

Haller spoke for her. "Quite sudden. You're right, Myrick, it's quite sudden."

His short laugh had almost an ugly sound as he took Mary by the arm and led her out into the street. They walked a block without speaking; then Haller stopped a taxicab, which Mary entered, quite without the thrill she had always expected to feel upon that great occasion.

In fact, she was not conscious of any feeling whatever. She seemed in a trance, moving like an automaton, without reflection and without emotion. She had, indeed, been a little frightened at first, but she was not going with Haller because she was afraid nor because she

particularly wanted to go—she was just going.

It does not require much time to take the not wholly irrevocable step in these United States. Haller and Mary sat down to luncheon as man and wife, and they were such a distraught bride and groom that not even the waiter suspected that they had just been married.

Haller had something of the air of a person in a trance, and ate little; Mary's appetite, however, never failed her, and did not now, though she was not quite at her ease with all the forks and spoons. Conversation between them was virtually a minus quantity.

Haller frowned thoughtfully as they paused uncertainly on the sidewalk after leaving the restaurant.

"Let me see—what will be next? Oh, yes,"—he looked at Mary as if he saw her for the first time,—“clothes; that's it, clothes.”

A big department store was just across the street, and into this Haller led his wife. Though her face brightened, Mary made no comment. No one ever had, or ever would, consider Mary a garrulous person.

There is no denying the power of clothes. Clothe a beautiful woman shabbily, and her loveliness is dimmed as a diamond greased. Drape her with shimmery satin, wind her with velvet, or pour her melted into tailor-made broadcloth, and the wonder of her is become a devastating thing. So with Mary. Some women have a talent for music, for talking, for cooking; Mary's was for clothes.

Her cheeks reddened, her eyes shone, her breath came quickly, as she inspected and selected and tried on. The beautiful things she had yearned for almost hopelessly were hers. A pleasant excitement possessed her; more, she was happy: she was intoxicated with clothes.

Haller stood stoically by. At last she turned to him, flushed and smiling.

"I— I guess that's all."

"One of those low-necked things?" he suggested. "Did you get one to wear to-night?"

She shook her head, speechless.

"This way, Madam, if you please," begged the respectful saleswoman, who had lunched at cafeterias with Mary the Peach a hundred times, knew perfectly well who she was, and was almost out of her mind with curiosity.

Mary's unaccustomed feet trod reverently as the golden streets of heaven the velvet carpet of the "French Room." Marvelous "creations" were brought out respectfully for her

approval, filmy things that her very eyes caressed.

Presently Haller indifferently indicated a Nile-green robe. "Try this one on," he suggested.

When she again stood before him, the gloomy abstraction that had enveloped him melted a little. No mere man could look on Mary thus, wholly unmoved.

"That's fine," he conceded. "We'll take it." Then, as the thought struck him, he turned to her again. "That is, if you like it the best. Does it suit you?"

"Oh, yes, yes—if you like it," she acquiesced, with gentle eagerness.

While Mary was getting out of this last gown and into the street-suit, Haller paid the bill (which was shocking), and ordered everything sent at once to a certain fashionable hotel where he had engaged apartments by telephone.

While they were going there in the taxicab



"A SIGNAL FOR ALL THE LORGNETTES IN THE HOUSE TO TURN THAT WAY"



he sat looking at Mary in a sort of bewilderment. And when, afterward, she came to him dressed for dinner and the opera, as he had directed, something like consternation crossed his face.

"Mary, you're a beautiful thing!" he exclaimed, almost as if he hadn't noticed it before.

Mary was puzzled. She gazed at him helplessly.

"Y-yes," she said.

Every one stared as they entered the dining-room. Mary had never before been in so wonderful a place; but, fortified by a dim knowledge that she was the most wonderful thing in it, she bore herself with self-possession. After dinner came the theater, where Haller put her in the front of the box, a signal for all the lorgnettes in the house to turn that way. She came out of the whole ordeal very creditably; there was not much chance for social "breaks," and certainly there was no flaw in her outward perfection.

Thus began Mary's wedded life, and for some weeks it continued in very much the same way. Haller went to his office every morning, leaving her to her own devices, which were principally "doing" her hair and reading books on etiquette and "Social Usages"—and asking herself, Why—why was she Mrs. Kirke C. Haller?

She had attained the topmost height of her dreams. To be the wife of a gentleman, to go always beautifully clad, to live in what she had always thought of as "swell apartments," to have nothing to do—In her tiny bedroom at Mrs. Shanahan's she had thrilled at the dream the realization of which she had fancied would lift her into realms of earthly bliss, hardly even to be imagined. Now—oh, wonderful!—this dream was true, and yet—she marveled at herself, she was shocked at her own ingratitude—she wasn't so very happy. Why not admit the truth? She wasn't happy at all!

Here she sat in a beautiful room, dressed in a beautiful gown, her hair beautifully done, and she wasn't happy: she was only sad and lonely and misfit. Somehow, when she had dreamed of being married to a gentleman, she hadn't thought it would be like this. Child-like, she felt without knowing what or why; was perhaps dimly conscious of little reaching tendrils, deep within, groping out wistfully into the cold loneliness of the big world for some understanding soul about which to twine their tender and passionate fingers.

Why had Mr. Haller taken her from the florist's shop that day? What did he want her to do? What did he want her for? He didn't love her; he had never kissed her, had never so

much as taken her hand. All the men she had known had wanted to kiss her, had pleaded to kiss her just once; and she hadn't let them because she didn't care to be kissed—not by Neil Kelly or Eddie Perrin, anyway. And Mr. Haller—Kirke—didn't want to kiss her—which was strange; she couldn't understand it.

She looked critically in the glass—oh, yes, she was beautiful, but what was the good of it? He was kind and polite, and put her cloak around her, and all those things; yet, with it all, he never really *noticed* her.

She tried very hard to be a credit to him. To commit any blunder that might make him ashamed of her would almost have killed her. Fortunately, her natural refinement readily took on the artificial polish. Mrs. Clyde had had some early "advantages," so that in the matter of grammar Mary's training had not been altogether lacking, and her slow contralto speech had a charm of its own. For the rest, she was silent—not exactly discreetly so, but because that was her nature.

When they dined with some friends of Haller's, Mary acquitted herself so well that she yearned for his commendation. At home, he asked her carelessly how she liked the Fernalds. She replied truthfully that she liked them very much, and hoped that Mrs. Fernald liked her in turn.

"Yes," Haller agreed; "she would be a good friend for you. I expect you get lonesome," he added as an afterthought.

"Sometimes—a little," Mary admitted gently.

He looked at her attentively. "You don't have any of your old friends come to see you, do you?"

She shook her head.

"Why not?" he queried sharply.

She hesitated, her color deepening. "I was afraid you—wouldn't be pleased," she finally murmured.

He laughed rather ruefully. "Don't think me a snob, Mary, at least." Then, slowly, "And you wish—to please me?"

What a silly question! "Why, of course," said simple Mary.

He came and took her hands in his. "My poor girl"—his voice was gentle. "What a fool, what a brute I was! Mary, I have wronged you cruelly. And—I'm sorry."

Her big, deep eyes widened. "Oh, no, you haven't," she denied. "Why, you've just given me everything."

He dropped her hands and turned away.

"And—I've deceived you, too. I'm not rich, as you probably think."



...THERE'S THE WHOLE PRETTY STORY, MARY...

"Oh," she breathed in a tone of gentle regret, of sympathetic concern. That was why he had looked worried lately. "I'm so sorry." She used to say just that when some one pricked a finger on a thorn at the florist's shop.

He gave her that quick look again.

"Will you mind giving up all this?" He indicated their surrounding splendor. "I was thinking of going to another town, too. Would you mind so much?"

How thoughtful he was! "Of course not. And then, you know," she explained cheerfully, "I'm used to not being rich." It would be so much harder for him who wasn't used to it! She wondered why he laughed that bitter little laugh, though his eyes were so much softer than usual.

They moved to San Francisco, where Haller had accepted a position, and rented the dearest little flat, and had a little maid to do the work, who was exceedingly impressed by the beauty and style of madam, and who never would have dreamed of dreaming that she had once been Mary the Peach, pinning boutonnieres in a florist's shop.

And if Mary was not perfectly happy, she was very much happier. To her this sort of thing was not poverty; it was more than riches. She had almost learned to say "Kirke" without blushing about it; and Kirke talked to her, and consulted her, and took her to places, and introduced his friends to her. These gentlemen fairly genuflected before her, and wrung Kirke's hand afterward, which somehow pleased her, although she fancied that a peculiar expression always crossed Kirke's face on such occasions.

A good many months passed, and only some-

times, perhaps when she was sitting alone in the dusk, did she ask herself the old question: Why — why?

Then, one day, Kirke surprised her by coming home in the middle of the afternoon. There was something strange in his manner that made her heart beat a little faster, for now he never looked stern and terrible, as he had at first.

"Mary," he began, without preface, "I've been in the dust a long time without speaking; now I'm going to confess all my sins."

She had left her chair when he entered and stood before him, her hands clasped loosely, the old look of half-appealing puzzlement in her lifted eyes.

"I was engaged to a girl back there," he went on slowly.

"I *thought* so," murmured Mary to some old inner question.

"I thought I was very much in love with her, and she thought that I was going to be very rich." His quiet voice hinted not even a bitterness outlived. "In the midst of my fool's paradise, the girl —"

"Sybil Renshaw," supplemented Mary gravely.

Haller's smile was grim. "Exactly — Sybil Renshaw — discovered that, as a matter of fact, I would never come into the inheritance that was to have been mine. So Sybil tactfully, but at once, broke with the disinherited knight."

Mary's beautiful mouth drooped a little. In some vague way she felt that she was being hurt, that there was some old stab in all this that smarted afresh.

"I won't try to tell you how I felt. It was

a blow — a knock-out to my vanity, anyway. I suppose you don't know, Mary, how men take those things sometimes." He smiled at her faintly. "I don't remember planning any revenge, but I wanted to hurt her as she had hurt me. It was just spite, plainly. You see," — he hesitated, looking away from her, — "I'm not trying to — varnish the tale. So — just at the psychological moment, I guess — I passed Myrick's and — saw you through the window."

Mary winced; her color began to ebb. He dropped his eyes to the penknife he was turning in his hands.

"I wasn't consciously looking for the woman who would take me penniless, if she must; who would go where I willed and do what I wished, happily and without question, because it was what I wished —" he broke off. "I remember thinking that here was a girl whose beauty in the same setting would blot Sybil's prettiness into a blur — and — I wouldn't have to have a million — I expect you to despise me, of course."

Mary was silent. What was the use?

"It seemed to give me pleasure" — he recalled it with a sort of wonder — "to see her cringe when I flaunted you in her face."

Would he never stop?

"Oh, I know I'm hurting you," he cried savagely. "I can't scourge myself enough unless I do." His voice fell dully. "There's the whole pretty story, Mary."

At least, Mary was not Sybil — he should not see Mary wince. Perhaps the clasp of her fingers tightened a little.

"Well?" she said levelly.

"Well, I've got my million, after all." Not a note of elation sounded.

There was a pause. She was grateful that the room was beginning to darken. Presently —

"I'm glad for you," came the steady contralto.

"Glad for me!" he cried. He turned to her again, almost beseechingly. "But what can I do for you?"

"Why," — her laugh was carefully light, — "you've done lots of things for me."

"What?" he asked huskily.

"Given me all this," she made a little encompassing gesture, "and — all my gowns — and things —"

"Clothes," he groaned. "Good God!"

Suddenly she began to tremble; a terrible thought had come to her. Now that he had his million — if he were free, perhaps he wished —

"I see — I see now" — not quite as steadily as before — "why you are telling me all this. You want — I suppose you want to divorce —"

A harsh sound broke from him. The innocent knife had entered and turned in the wound. He caught her roughly in his arms, his face close to hers.

"Now," he whispered hoarsely, "that from you has made my punishment complete!"

After all, Mary was not so dull. Her beauty began to shine as a church window glows from a soft altar-light within.

"O-oh," she cooed consolingly, drawing his cheek down to hers.

## THE STAR

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

**B**ETWEEN the leaves of elecampane  
Above the pasture bar  
I glimpsed the Evening Star.  
I could have plucked it 'twixt two stalks  
Of feathery weed,  
Palpable as a globe of burning thistle seed.

Upward I climbed;  
Then it receded motionless,  
No longer by the hilltop bar,  
But proud and far  
On the blue threshold of another world,  
Flashing the while  
From that vast outland where it whirled  
A still and planetary smile.

# WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

## A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

### CHARACTERS

SIR CHARLES WORGAN,  
Newspaper Proprietor. } Brothers.  
FRANCIS WORGAN, Wanderer. }  
JOHN WORGAN, Provincial Doctor. }  
SAUL KENDRICK, Manager of Worgans, Ltd.  
HOLT ST. JOHN, Theatrical Manager.  
SAMUEL CLELAND, His Stage Manager.  
SIMON MACQUOID, Dramatic Critic.  
JAMES BRINDLEY, Earthenware Manufacturer.

EDWARD BRINDLEY, His Son.  
PAGE-BOY.

EMILY VERNON, Widow.  
MRS. CLELAND (Henrietta Blackwood).  
ANNIE WORGAN, Wife of John Worgan.  
MRS. WORGAN, Mother of the Worgans.  
MRS. DOWNES.  
SERVANT at John Worgan's.

TIME: To-day.

### ACT III

#### NOTES ON THE CHARACTERS

*The whole atmosphere of this act is provincial*

JOHN WORGAN.—Sir Charles' elder brother. Successful doctor in an industrial town. Overworked. Nervous. Thin. Highly educated, with very artistic tastes. A great scorner of unintellectual people; and a great scorner of the public. His lip soon curls. With that, a man of the finest honour. Age 43.

ANNIE WORGAN.—His wife. The matron. Capable. Sensible. Slightly "managing." Her husband has given her a certain culture, but fundamentally she is a housewife. She knows that she is always equal to the situation. Nicely dressed. Age 35.

MRS. WORGAN.—John's mother. Stern, but very old. Worries herself about nothing; is intensely proud of her sons, but is never satisfied with them. She and Annie, by mutual concession, get on very well together. Dressed in black. Age 67.

MRS. DOWNES.—A widow. A good provincial "body." Stoutish. Has money. Perfectly independent. Very good-natured. Strong common sense. "Dour." Age about 62; but better preserved than Mrs. Worgan.

JAMES BRINDLEY.—A successful manufacturer. Bluff. Kind. No fineness of perceptions. Loud voice. The average sensual man. Age about 46.

EDWARD BRINDLEY.—His son. Nervous, shy, but sturdy in defending his own opinions. Quite boyish in manner. Age 21.

All these people are fundamentally "decent" and sagacious.

JOHN WORGAN's library, in his house at Bursley, in the Five Towns. Comfortable. Rather shabby. One striking bookcase; several smaller ones, and odd shelves. Books lying about everywhere. On a desk are a decanter and glasses. Time: Sunday evening, in early July. FRANCIS is standing with his back to the fireplace. Enter MRS. DOWNES, shown in by a servant.

MRS. D. [*advancing*]. Is that you, Francis?

MRS. D. I'm nicely, thank you. Well, you're looking bonny. And I'm right glad to see you're making up a bit for those nineteen years when you never came near the old town.

FRANCIS. Looks like me, Mrs. Downes, doesn't it? [*They shake hands.*] How are you?

FRANCIS. Oh, yes. This makes three visits in eight months. Not so bad, eh?

MRS. D. Eh, if you'd only known how your dear mother missed you, I'm sure you'd have come sooner! For you've got a good heart, that I do know.

FRANCIS. Well, aren't you going to sit down? I'm only a visitor. Emily and I are staying here, you know — but I must do the honours, I suppose. Have this easy chair.

MRS. D. [*sitting*]. Eh, I don't want anybody to do the honours for me in your brother John's house. I lay I know this house better than you do. How do you find your mother?

FRANCIS. Very flourishing.

MRS. D. She *is* wonderful, isn't she, considering her age?

FRANCIS. You and she are as thick as ever, I suppose?

MRS. D. Bless ye, yes! It's many a long year since she and I missed having supper together on a Sunday evening. Two old widows! [*Confidentially*]. My word, she did want to have this supper to-night at her own house! But it would have been too much for her. Your sister-in-law wouldn't hear of it, and she was quite right.

FRANCIS. Of course! What does it matter, after all? The mater only has to step across the road. It's very convenient for her, living so close to John.

MRS. D. [*even more confidentially*]. It saves the situation. Especially as your sister-in-law is so good. But you can understand your mother wanting to have the supper at her own house, can't ye?

FRANCIS. Oh, yes.

MRS. D. [*in a more lively, more ordinary tone*]. And where's the great man?

FRANCIS. Charlie? The fact is, he hasn't come.

MRS. D. [*astounded*]. Not come! But I was told that you and Charlie and Emily were all coming down together yesterday evening by the express.

FRANCIS. So we were to. But Charlie didn't turn up at Euston. Of course, Emily and I came on just the same. No use all three of us making a mess of it! We expected a telegram here last night to say he'd missed the train or something. But no! Not a word!

MRS. D. But what a fearful state your mother must have been in!

FRANCIS [*nodding*]. There came a telegram this morning at eight o'clock — must have been sent off last night — to say he should arrive for lunch. Nothing else.

MRS. D. And he hasn't come yet?

FRANCIS. No.

MRS. D. I wondered why your mother wasn't at church this morning. I said to myself she must be stopping in to talk to Charlie. I never dreamt — and haven't you any idea —?

FRANCIS. Oh! something unexpected, I suppose! [*Enter ANNIE.*]

ANNIE. Well, Mrs. Downes [*kisses her*], glad you've come early. Nice thing about Charlie, isn't it? Not been near Bursley for seven years, and now playing us this trick!

MRS. D. Eh, my dear! What a state his mother must be in!

ANNIE. I should think so. And the children ill, into the bargain!

MRS. D. The children ill?

ANNIE. Sickening for something. John's examined them. He thinks it may be measles. But he isn't sure. He's just been into the surgery to make something up, and now he's gone across to his mother's to see if there's any fresh news.

MRS. D. And Emily, where is she?

ANNIE. She's in the nursery.

MRS. D. Poor thing! How upset she must be!

ANNIE. Oh, Emily takes it very well. I expect she knows her Charlie. Anyhow, she isn't one to work herself up into a state for nothing.

MRS. D. I'm glad to hear it. What a good thing for him he's marrying a sensible girl! After all, there's none like a Five Towns wife, that I *do* say, go *where* you will. [*Enter JOHN.*]

JOHN [*with false calm*]. Well, he's come. Hello, Mrs. Downes!

MRS. D. Eh, but that's a relief!

JOHN. He's been at the mater's about half an hour. [*Shakes hands absently with Mrs. Downes.*] It seems he was kept by something unexpected yesterday — something about the *Mercury* — he's very vague. Wired last night, but of course too late for delivery here! Started out in his motor this morning early, and had a breakdown near Tring that lasted seven hours. Cheerful! No telegraph office open in this Christian country! No train! However, he's here, car, chauffeur, and all! He's sent the car down to the Tiger.

ANNIE. I hope he hasn't brought a valet — your mother will worry quite enough as it is.

JOHN. I should think he hadn't. Charlie knows better than that, anyway.

ANNIE. You told him not to dress?

JOHN. Look here, infant! I shouldn't dream of telling him not to dress. He knows perfectly well where he is.

FRANCIS. Annie, you mustn't forget, even though Charlie is the Shah of Persia, John is his eldest brother and the head of the family.

ANNIE. I was only thinking of all the grand doings he treated me to last time I was up in London. [To JOHN.] How long shall we have to wait supper?

JOHN. We sha'n't have to wait supper at all. They'll be across in a minute or two.

FRANCIS. Johnnie wishes you to understand that there's no positive necessity to turn the house inside out merely because Charlie is in the town.

ANNIE. He needn't pretend. He knows he's just as excited and nervous as any one. [JOHN winks at FRANCIS, indicating good-natured scorn of women.] Have you made up that medicine?

JOHN. Yes, my dove. In spite of my excited and nervous condition I have made up that medicine. Divide it into three equal parts and administer one part to each of your marvellous offspring. You might also relieve Emily's natural anxiety as to her young man.

ANNIE. Come along, Mrs. Downes, and take a peep at the chicks — if you aren't afraid of measles.

MRS. D. Me! [Exit MRS. DOWNES and ANNIE. JOHN smiles to himself.]

FRANCIS. Well, how does he strike you?

JOHN [condescendingly]. Oh! he's the same as ever! Now, he's nervous, if you like. What would have kept him yesterday, do you know?

FRANCIS. Haven't the least idea.

JOHN. I thought you were in the counsels of the firm now.

FRANCIS. So I am; and it's the most enormous lark that ever was. But I never show myself on Saturday.

JOHN. Lark, is it?

FRANCIS. Well, you can imagine what fun it must be, from the *Mercury*.

JOHN. You don't suppose I read that thing, do you?

FRANCIS. You miss a treat, then. I hadn't used to read it. But now I wouldn't be without it. We've just got a new musical critic. I collect his pearls. Here's one [takes a cutting from his pocket] about the concert that Elgar conducted on Friday: "Sir Edward took his men through the initial movement of the 'Dream of Gerontius' at a smart pace. They responded willingly to his baton."

JOHN [impressed]. It's too fearfully wonderful, isn't it? I say, what do you think of Elgar, really?

FRANCIS. Tell you in fifty years.

JOHN. I agree with you. [Loud voice heard outside.] There's Brindley.

FRANCIS. Oh! He was here last time I was down, wasn't he? Full of stories from the *Winning Post*.

JOHN. Yes, that's the chap. I hope he won't bore you.

FRANCIS. My dear fellow, when one goes to school with a man, one must accept all the consequences.

JOHN. Well, he is a bit heavy. But he's a most frightfully good bridge-player, and he's fond of the kids — and so the wife likes him. I really asked him to-night because of his son, Edward; the youth shows signs of taking to literature.

FRANCIS. D'ye mean to say Jim Brindley has got a grown-up son?

JOHN. Why, it's eighteen years since his wife died. Teddy's a very decent boy. He's writing a play, and he wanted to meet you. I couldn't ask him without his father.

FRANCIS. Have I got to do the swell dramatic critic, then?

JOHN. Well, you know what youths are! [Enter BRINDLEY.]

BRINDLEY. How do, John?

JOHN. How do, Jim? Where's the boy? [They do not shake hands.]

BRINDLEY. He's coming a bit later. How do, Francis?

FRANCIS [shaking hands]. How do, Jim?

BRINDLEY. So you've come down from the village, then?

FRANCIS. Yes. [Brief awkwardness.]

BRINDLEY. And where's the great man?

JOHN. Charlie? Oh, he'll be across soon with the mater. He's only just turned up. Came in his motor and had a breakdown.

BRINDLEY. Oh! had a breakdown, did he? What's his make?

JOHN. Motor? Don't know! What is it, Francis?

FRANCIS. Don't know. He's got several.

BRINDLEY. Lucky devil! Did you see that joke in the *Winning Post* yesterday about the chauffeur and the chambermaid?

JOHN. Jimmy, about once a week I have to explain to you that my chief object in life is to avoid seeing the *Winning Post*. Have a drop of vermouth before supper?

BRINDLEY. A split soda's more in my line to-night; but I'll never say die! [Crosses the room to help himself; as he does so, to FRANCIS.] You wouldn't think, to hear him talk, that he was as fond of a tasty story as any of us, would you, Francis?

JOHN. You don't know what tasty is, my

poor James. In the regions of tastiness you've never got beyond a kind of sixth-form snigger.

BRINDLEY. Listen to him! Well, here's luck! [*Drinks.*]

FRANCIS [*amiable for BRINDLEY'S sake*]. Doctors, eh, Jim? Doctors!

JOHN. You sniggerers must be having a rare time just now with this Harrisburg M. P. divorce case — three columns or so every day.

BRINDLEY [*at once interested; in a peculiar low voice*]. It is a bit hot, ain't it?

JOHN [*to FRANCIS*]. There! What did I tell you?

BRINDLEY [*approaching the other two, glass in hand*]. But really! yesterday's papers were lively. I read several of 'em. The *Mercury* was pretty steep, but the London *Sentinel* was steeper.

FRANCIS. And none of them print all the evidence.

BRINDLEY [*impressed*]. Don't they!

FRANCIS. By Jove, no! Simply daren't! And there's worse to come, it appears.

BRINDLEY. Is there! Well, it's a rare good thing for newspapers. And I suppose they must make hay while the sun shines, same as the rest of us. [*In a still lower voice.*] By the way, seen this? [*Takes a paper from his pocket.*]

JOHN. What is it?

BRINDLEY. *Sunday Morning News*.

JOHN. Never see it.

BRINDLEY. It's one of Master Charlie's papers.

JOHN. But if I had to read all Charlie's papers I should have my hands full.

BRINDLEY. They've been giving a series of "Famous Crimes of Passion" every week now for a long time. They must rake 'em up from old newspapers, I reckon. To-day's is the Ashby-de-la-Zouch double seduction, specially illustrated. In 1881.

JOHN. I always thought there was something sinister about Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

BRINDLEY. And look here.

JOHN [*impatiently*]. What? [*He reads from the paper.*] "Next week. The famous Dick Downes case." What in the name of heaven —? Francis, do you know anything about this?

FRANCIS [*shakes his head*]. I've scarcely seen the paper except in bundles in the motor-vans. What is the famous Dick Downes case? Downes — Surely it's nothing to do with —

JOHN. Don't you remember it? Dick Downes was a Town Councillor of this town. It was a filthy thing. I can recollect as well as anything what a perfect deuce of a sensation it made — must be thirty years ago. Dick Downes was our Mrs. Downes' brother-in-law. He killed himself.

FRANCIS. I believe I have some vague recollection of it.

JOHN. I should say so!

BRINDLEY. Saucy, eh? What'll the old lady say?

JOHN. Charles must be gone right bang off his chump!

BRINDLEY. You may say they titivate these things up. Look at these headings of the Ashby-de-la-Zouch affair. "The virgin's chamber." "The criminal's amorous record." "The psychological moment." "The suppressed letter." "What the doctor said."

JOHN [*glaring at the paper*]. Of course, if they're going to embroider the Dick Downes case in that style —! [*Positively.*] Charlie simply *can't* know anything about it.

FRANCIS. You needn't look at me like that, Johnnie. I'm not the criminal. [*BRINDLEY drops the paper.*]

JOHN. I suppose you don't want that? [*indicating paper.*]

BRINDLEY. No. I only brought it in to show you. [*A door opens.*]

JOHN [*picking up the paper and crushing it angrily*]. Just keep your mouth shut, Jimmy. Here's — [*He pitches the paper into a waste-paper basket. At the same moment enter Mrs. WORGAN and SIR CHARLES.*]

MRS. W. Well, here we are at last. Good evening, Mr. Brindley. [*General awkwardness.*]

BRINDLEY. Good evening, Mrs. Worgan. [*They shake hands.*] Well, Sir Charles, glad to see ye. [*Shakes hands with SIR CHARLES.*]

JOHN. Look here, Jim, I don't think there's got to be any sirring. Titles are very useful in business, but we don't want to be bored with them here, eh, Charlie?

SIR C. Quite right.

BRINDLEY. You must excuse your brother, Charlie. If he isn't wearing a red necktie it's because he forgot to put it on this morning.

SIR C. [*laughs*]. How do, Francis?

FRANCIS [*nods*]. Well, you're a nice chap!

SIR C. Yes.

MRS. W. What's the latest about the children, John? And where are Emily and Annie?

JOHN. Annie and Emily will be here in a minute, mater. I believe the children are still alive.

MRS. W. John, I do wish you wouldn't talk like that.

SIR C. Measles, I hear!

JOHN. Probably. Sit down, mater.

SIR C. How did they catch it?

JOHN. I'd give a sovereign to know.

SIR C. I see you've got a new under-draught grate there.

MRS. W. Fancy the boy noticing that!

JOHN. Have you noticed my new bookcase?





JOHN MONTGOMERY FLAGG

JOHN [positively]. CHARLIE SIMPLY CAN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT

SIR C. Ah, yes! Where did you pick that up?

JOHN. Old Harrop's sale. [*General awkwardness increases.*]

BRINDLEY [to SIR CHARLES]. So you had a breakdown, eh? What was it? Ignition?

SIR C. Yes. What made you think of that?

BRINDLEY. Well — the weather, you know. I've got a small car myself.

SIR C. Have you?

BRINDLEY [self-satisfied]. Oh, yes.

SIR C. What mark? [*They talk.*]

FRANCIS [*in front of bookcase*]. What's this little "Selections from Swinburne," John? I never knew there was any volume of selections.

JOHN. It's the Tauchnitz edition. Do you mean to say you've never had it — you, a traveller?

FRANCIS [*examining book*]. No. So you smuggled it in?

JOHN. I just brought it in. I've got lots of Tauchnitzes.

FRANCIS. Is it any good?

JOHN. Pretty fair! But it only gives part of "Anactoria."

FRANCIS. Oh, be dashed to it, then! [*Puts it back.*]

MRS. W. I wish my sons would be a little more careful in their language.

FRANCIS. Is she shocked? She should not be shocked. [*Goes and kisses her, from behind, with a humorous gesture.*]

MRS. W. [*playfully repulsing him*]. Go away with you!

JOHN. And just look how he's shoved this book back!

SIR C. [*to BRINDLEY*]. And, of course, with no telegraph office open —!

JOHN [*as he adjusts book on shelf, without turning toward SIR CHARLES*]. Now, there's a thing you ought to take up in one of your mighty organs!

SIR C. What, Johnnie?

JOHN [*turning to him*]. The impossibility of telegraphing after 10 A.M. on Sundays. It's simply criminal. Ask any medical man. You might work it up into one of your celebrated *Mercury* sensations! There'd be some sense in that!

SIR C. No good at all.

JOHN. Why not?

SIR C. No genuine public interest in it.

JOHN. I don't know that there was such a deuce of a lot of genuine public interest in your famous campaign against Germany, my boy.

SIR C. Oh! that's all over now.

MRS. W. Eh, I'm thankful. We don't want any wars.

BRINDLEY. I saw the other day you had a leader saying that friendship with Germany must be the pivot of our foreign policy, or something like that.

SIR C. Well, you see —

JOHN. Who are you going to war with next, Charlie? You don't seem to have been doing much lately in the boom line, from what I hear.

BRINDLEY. So long as the Harrisburg case is on, I reckon you newspaper people don't want any boom.

MRS. W. Please don't discuss that case, Mr. Brindley.

BRINDLEY. I'm not going to, Mrs. Worgan. I was only wondering what there would be about it in Tuesday's papers.

SIR C. I can tell you what there'll be about it in the *Mercury* — nothing!

BRINDLEY. Really? But — [*Enter EMILY and ANNIE.*]

ANNIE. Ah! Well, he *has* come! How are you, Charles? Glad to see you.

SIR C. [*shaking hands*]. How are you, Annie? Very fit, thanks! You see, I'm not late for supper. [*To EMILY, shaking hands.*] I hope you weren't upset?

EMILY. No. Not upset . . . ! But what was it?

SIR C. [*confidentially*]. I'll tell you. . . .

MRS. W. What's this? What's this? Aren't you going to kiss her? Isn't he going to kiss you, my dear, after all this anxiety he's given us?

FRANCIS. Now, Charlie. You must be a man. [*SIR CHARLES and EMILY kiss.*]

MRS. W. That's better.

BRINDLEY. Nobody but old friends present. How d'ye do, Mrs. Vernon? [*Shakes hands with her.*] I haven't had time to congratulate Charlie yet. But I congratulate him now. Charlie, my boy, I congratulate you. You've got on to a bit of all right. [*SIR CHARLES nods.*]

ANNIE. Jim, the children want you. Go up at once, because supper will be ready in a minute. Mrs. Downes is there gossiping with the nurse. Bring her down with you.

MRS. W. Mrs. Downes has come, has she? John, you never told me.

ANNIE [*to BRINDLEY as he goes*]. We sha'n't wait for Teddy, you know — if he's late.

BRINDLEY. I've no control over Teddy. He offered me a cigar the other day.

MRS. W. I think I'll just go and have one peep at the children [*half rising*].

ANNIE. Now, mother, do give yourself a moment's rest. It isn't two hours since you saw them. And supper's ready.

MRS. W. Very well.

ANNIE [*to BRINDLEY*]. And don't excite them, whatever you do.

BRINDLEY [*at door*]. All right. [*Exit.*]

EMILY [*who has been talking apart with SIR CHARLES*]. But what kept you, so suddenly as all that, my poor boy?

SIR C. Well, there needn't be any secret about it. As a matter of fact, I was just going to tell Brindley. It's that Harrisburg divorce case. Kendrick had heard what Monday's evidence was likely to be, and I sha'n't be there on Monday, so he wanted to consult me as to what should be put in and what should be left out. It's frightfully difficult, as a question of principle.

ANNIE. But how can you decide beforehand?

SIR C. I'll tell you what I decided. I decided we wouldn't report any more evidence at all in either the *Mercury* or the *Courier*.

MRS. W. I'm thankful to hear it, Charles! I must say, some of the things one sees nowadays in the papers —

SIR C. It's quite time some newspapers made a stand for public decency. And we're going to do it. We shall put it on all the posters: "No report of Harrisburg evidence." No newspaper ever had a poster like that before. It'll do us a tremendous lot of good, and it'll be one in the eye for the *Sentinel*. I thought we ourselves went rather far yesterday, but the *Sentinel* went further. And we've got to beat the *Sentinel* somehow.

ANNIE. I think you've chosen a very good way.

JOHN [*ironically*]. Emily, he *is* a genius. Nobody else would have thought of that.

SIR C. [*half laughing at JOHN*]. So that's how it stands. Of course, we shall run a campaign. I had a great deal of difficulty in making Kendrick see the idea. It took us three hours to thrash it out. I did my level best to catch the last train, and missed it. [*Enter EDWARD BRINDLEY shyly.*]

ANNIE. Here he is! Young man, what have you been doing to be late?

JOHN. Teddy has been writing his play, I bet.

MRS. W. I hope he hasn't forgotten what day it is.

EDWARD. Good evening, Mrs. John; good evening, Mrs. Worgan. [*Shakes hands.*] Sorry I'm late. Good evening [*shakes hands with JOHN.*]

JOHN. This is Mrs. Vernon, formerly of the Prince's Theatre, Teddy. This is Francis, dramatic critic of *Men and Women*. And this is Charles, boss of the said theatre. You may be said to be in the theatrical world at last. But don't be nervous. [*To the others.*] Let me introduce Edward Brindley, dramatist. [*EDWARD shakes hands.*]

SIR C. So you want to write plays, do you?

EDWARD [*to JOHN*]. I say, Mr. Worgan, why have you started right off talking about me like this?

ANNIE. People who come late must expect to be conspicuous.

JOHN. Besides, you don't imagine you're asked here to-night in your private capacity, do you? Not a bit. You're asked as a playwright. Why! he's had a play performed at the Drill Hall! It had half a column in the *Signal*, and an uninterrupted run of one night.

EDWARD. Look here, Mrs. John, can't you stop him?

JOHN [*continuing*]. Have you read any of Francis' dramatic criticisms in *Men and Women*?

EDWARD. Yes.

JOHN. What do you think of them?

EDWARD. I think some of them are pretty good.

JOHN. And the others?

EDWARD. Oh — look here, I say!

JOHN. You see how uneven you are, Francis. [*To EDWARD.*] Got your new play in your pocket, Teddy?

EDWARD. Of course I haven't.

JOHN. Well, tell us about it.

EDWARD. Where's the dad?

JOHN. Never mind where the dad is. Perhaps he's under the sofa. Tell us about it.

EDWARD. No.

EMILY. Please *do*!

ANNIE. He's very shy for his age, isn't he?

EDWARD. What do you want me to tell you?

FRANCIS. Well, for instance, what kind of people are there in it?

EDWARD. Oh, just ordinary, common people — like us.

FRANCIS. Not provincials?

EDWARD. Yes. Five Towns people.

FRANCIS. We sha'n't care much for that, we critics.

JOHN. There! What did I tell you?

EDWARD. Why not?

FRANCIS. Why not? Well, you see, we've almost all of us come from the provinces, and we try to forget it. We live in clubs in Pall Mall or Dover Street, and we never leave them until it's time to go to the theatre. We don't even *read* about the provinces, except occasionally in Bradshaw. . . . I suppose you want to make a great success?

EDWARD. Yes.

FRANCIS. Then I should alter the scene to London.

EDWARD. But I don't know anything about London.

FRANCIS. All the better.

EDWARD. I'm sure you're only rotting me. [*To EMILY.*] Isn't he?

EMILY. I don't know. But you stick up for yourself.

FRANCIS. Of course I'm not rotting him. Who *are* the folks in the play?

EDWARD. Well, it's a Wesleyan Methodist set — they're very strong in the town, you know.

FRANCIS. Oh, I see. It's a farce?

EDWARD. No. It's very nearly a tragedy.

FRANCIS [*shakes his head*]. Won't do! Won't have a chance! If you want to make a London audience laugh, you've only got to mention the word Methodist, and the whole house will go into fits.

MRS. W. Really, Francis?

FRANCIS. Yes, mater.

MRS. W. I'm not partial to the Wesleyans myself, but I see no reason for going into a fit when I meet them in the street.

EDWARD [*to FRANCIS*]. But why?

FRANCIS. I suppose they perceive something fundamentally comic in a Methodist. A play full of Methodists would be a great idea for a farce, and I don't think it's ever been done. But if you're on the tragic side at all, you ought to change your Methodists to Church of England. That will at least make people gloomy. I suppose they're very rich — Methodists usually are.

EDWARD. No. They're all poor, except one, and he's a miser. The hero is a rate-collector. And he's supposed to live in one of those new cottages down Brougham Street. It's rather taken from life, you know.

FRANCIS. My poor young man!

EDWARD. I read in one of your articles that what the theatre needs is closer contact with life, anyway! And I've read it in lots of articles!

FRANCIS. Yes, I admit that's how we talk. But let any one try it on, and we're naturally disturbed in our habits, and we don't like it. Is it nearly done, this play?

EDWARD. It is done. I finished it to-night.

FRANCIS. Well, I really don't know what to say! A rate-collector in a new cottage down Brougham Street, Bursley, and all Methodists! Where were you thinking of sending the play, to start with?

EDWARD. I thought I'd try it on George Alexander. I believe in flying high.

FRANCIS. The very man! I never thought of him! [*All laugh.*]

EDWARD [*to JOHN*]. I know you've made it up with your brother to rot me.

JOHN. I assure you, Teddy —

EDWARD. Oh, yes, you have. But I don't care. I daresay it's awfully bad — in fact, I know it is — but it's like life, and I don't care!

EMILY. Will you let me read it?

EDWARD [*after examining her face*]. Yes. But they told me you'd done with the theatre now.

EMILY. So I have. But I should like to read it.

FRANCIS [*getting up and taking EDWARD by the shoulder, in a serious, kind tone*]. Come along, Edward, and let's talk about it somewhere privately. [*A gong.*]

ANNIE. You can't go and talk about it now — supper's ready. [*FRANCIS and EDWARD talk apart.*]

JOHN. I notice Charlie shows no rabid desire to let this play be produced at the Prince's. Nothing less than Shakespeare there nowadays! What's become of St. John, by the way?

SIR C. Gone to New York. You ought to come up and see "The Merchant of Venice." It's a colossal success.

JOHN. I've seen it. . . . Saw it last week but one.

SIR C. Really? You should have let me know you were coming.

JOHN. Oh! I was only up for one night. A "G.P." can't go away for six weeks. Your what's-his-name — Cleland — was very polite, and gave me a stall.

SIR C. Clever fellow, Cleland! Very clever! Well, what do you think of it?

JOHN. My dear chap — you're my guest.

SIR C. [*bluffing it out*]. Oh, go ahead, man.

JOHN [*after a pause*]. When St. John had the Prince's, it used to be worth going to.

SIR C. Yes, and till I came he invariably lost money.

JOHN. What does that matter?

SIR C. Exactly! Exactly! "What does that matter?" It's always the way with you superior persons. You want something, but you expect somebody else to pay for it.

ANNIE. John — that's one for you. Supper, please. Come along, mother.

MRS. W. I think there's a lot of wild talk been going on.

JOHN [*as the company is filing out*]. I say, Charlie.

SIR C. Yes.

JOHN. Just a word. You needn't wait for us, mater. Sha'n't be a minute. [*MRS. WORGAN reluctantly follows the others out. SIR CHARLES and JOHN remain alone.*]

SIR C. What's up?

JOHN [*quite friendly*]. Look here, Charlie, boy, you've been talking about public morals and the *Daily Mercury*. I agree with you in principle, though I think you're quite wrong to suppress the Harrisburg evidence entirely. But what I want to know is: How do you defend the *Sunday Morning News*?

SIR C. [*at a loss for an instant*]. Defend the *Sunday Morning News*? Oh! — it's the "Crimes of Passion" series that you're driving at? [*Laughs.*]

JOHN. It is.

SIR C. Well, you see, that's quite different. It's a question of a different public. There's something funny about the Sunday public — [*Stops.*]

JOHN. I suppose you mean that when the great and enlightened public has an idle morning to pass, its sole resource is indecency?

SIR C. [*laughing*]. Well, you know what people are. I don't expect anybody could teach you much.

JOHN. But how do you defend that "Crimes of Passion" stuff?

SIR C. I don't defend it. It doesn't need any defending. I simply give our readers what they want. I'm not a guardian of public morals.

JOHN. You pretend to be, in the *Mercury*.

SIR C. Don't I tell you the *Mercury's* different! If I go on the moral lay for a bit in the *Mercury*, that's because I think the *Mercury* public want it. But the Sunday public want something else, and I give it them.

JOHN. How can you be sure they want it?

SIR C. I can be sure because the circulation has gone up a couple of hundred thousand in four months.

JOHN. I was thinking perhaps you didn't know anything about it —

SIR C. Oh, yes! Naturally, I can't keep an eye on everything. But the main features of policy come from me — you may bet on that.

JOHN. Well, something's got to be done.

SIR C. My dear chap, what the deuce are you talking about?

JOHN. I'm talking about Mrs. Downes.

SIR C. What about Mrs. Downes?

JOHN. She's in my house. She's playing with my children. She's the mater's oldest

friend. You'll meet her at supper. And next week in one of your unspeakable papers you're going to rake up old scandals about her family.

SIR C. What —? [*At a loss.*]

JOHN [*snatches up paper, reads*]. "Next week, the famous Dick Downes case."

SIR C. [*smiles grimly*]. Oh! I didn't know they'd got on to that. Really! As I say, I direct the policy, but I don't see everything. Let's have a look. [*Takes paper and looks at it.*] Yes; it is a shade on the side of being awkward, isn't it?

JOHN [*sarcastically*]. A stickler for social conventions might conceivably object to the situation you've created, my boy.

SIR C. She hasn't seen it?

JOHN. Fortunately, no.

SIR C. Well, she won't see it to-night, unless you show it to her. So that's all right. . . . So you read the *Sunday Morning News*, do you? [*MRS. WORGAN appears at door.*]

JOHN [*violently*]. Indeed I don't read the filthy rag. Brindley brought it in to show me.

SIR C. Come, come, Johnnie! You needn't rave. [*Enter MRS. WORGAN, who has been listening uneasily at open door.*]

MRS. W. [*advancing, disturbed*]. What's amiss? What's this? What's this about Mrs. Downes?

SIR C. Nothing, mater, nothing.

JOHN. Mater, didn't I tell you to go in to supper?

MRS. W. What are you hiding from me? Charlie, give me that paper.

JOHN [*resigned*]. Better give it her now, and have done with it. It's public enough, in all conscience!

SIR C. Oh, very well. [*Defiantly hands paper to MRS. WORGAN, who with difficulty adjusts her spectacles to read it. A pause.*]

JOHN. Bottom of that page, mother — where you are now. [*An awkward pause while she reads.*]

MRS. W. [*much moved*]. Well, Charlie, I'd never have believed it of you. There are lots of things that I deliberately close my eyes to, and a Sunday paper is one of them. But I never dreamt that even in a Sunday paper . . . Raking up the Downes case! . . . [*Weeps.*] I shall fetch Emily. [*Exit quickly.*]

SIR C. It's unfortunate, of course, but these things do happen.

JOHN. There's no real harm done yet. Of course you'll stop it.

SIR C. Stop it! My dear fellow, how can I stop it?

JOHN. Aren't you the boss?

SIR C. It's too late. Those inner sheets will be on the machine to-morrow morning. We have to dovetail in our machining as well as we can. Besides, *why* should I stop it?

JOHN. But you *must* stop it. The thing's unthinkable, utterly unthinkable!

SIR C. It's simply a coincidence, an accident.

JOHN. What's simply an accident?

SIR C. Supposing I hadn't been down here? Supposing Brindley hadn't shown you the paper? You'd never have seen it. Or you'd have seen it too late. And you wouldn't have thought twice about it. But just because I'm here —

JOHN [*angrily*]. Shouldn't I have thought twice about it!

SIR C. No. After all, what is it? We're just reprinting what was common property twenty-five years ago. It isn't as if it had been kept private till now. How can it affect Mrs. Downes? *She* wasn't in it. Even her husband scarcely appeared in it.

JOHN. Rot! It will be a reflection on the whole Downes family. It must necessarily be very unpleasant for any member of that family.

SIR C. I can't help that. Dick Downes should have thought of that before he began murdering. If I had to be always considering about being unpleasant to people, I should have something to do — with forty papers. Look here, Johnnie. You're awfully clever and intellectual and all the rest of it; but you're looking at this in a rather provincial way. If you'd lived in London more —

JOHN. Don't be idiotic! London's the most provincial town in England — invariably vulgar, reactionary, hysterical, and behind the rest of the country. A nice sort of place England would be if we in the provinces had to copy London. I'm looking at it in a provincial way, am I? Well, it's a good thing I am!

SIR C. There you go! That's the provincial all over! [*smiling*]. Now, let me put it to you calmly, John. Here, I have an immense organisation —

JOHN [*savagely*]. To the devil with your immense organisation!

SIR C. I say, I have an immense organisation — an organisation that you've no conception of, perhaps. A paper that sells eleven hundred thousand copies a week. A paper that has a special distributing agent in every town of England. A paper that prints in every issue a sermon by a well-known preacher. A paper that has its Parliamentary sketch written by an M. P. A paper that comes up to the North every Saturday night in a special train — *my* train, with five or six vans full of parcels and my sorters. A paper that's known and read all over the world. One of the most complicated pieces of mechanism in the whole of journalism. And you want me to interfere

with it just because an old lady happens to be in the same house as I am! [*Snorts.*]

JOHN. My dear chap, I'm not a public meeting. I don't care how vast nor how complicated your mechanism is. What does it matter even if you sell eleven hundred million copies a week? This isn't a mathematical problem. If your vast and complicated mechanism makes it impossible for me to look one of my friends in the face across my supper table, then your vast and complicated mechanism has gone wrong and must be corrected.

SIR C. Nonsense! How can it harm her? It doesn't touch her. All she has to do is not to read it. It isn't so much the expense and the awful inconvenience of stopping the thing that I object to —

JOHN. Then what do you object to?

SIR C. The principle.

JOHN. Principle! I must say you've got a nerve, you have, to talk about principle!

SIR C. I've got my principles, like anybody else.

JOHN. You've got too many principles, Charlie. That's what's the matter with you. You've got one for the *Mercury* and another for this Sunday rag.

SIR C. Don't be childish! You surely ought to be able to see, with your brains, that I can't be the same in forty different papers. I've no desire at all to ram my personal ideas down the throats of forty different publics. I give each what it wants. I'm not a blooming reformer. I'm a merchant.

JOHN. On Sundays you're a muck-merchant. But you've no right to commit a nuisance.

SIR C. Rubbish! All I do is to reflect the public taste. And that's why the *Mercury*, for instance, is the most powerful newspaper in England to-day.

JOHN. Yes, among errand-boys — I believe.

SIR C. [*really vexed for the first time*]. You needn't talk like that. Of course, *here*, I'm only your brother —

JOHN. Well, I suppose you are. But I must say I never dreamt you'd make the slightest bother about stopping this monstrous outrage.

SIR C. And I must say I never dreamt you were so hypocritical. Damn it! every one knows all about the public. You stuff 'em with medicine. I give 'em something else. Both of us have to take the public as it is! [*Calming himself.*] No, no, my dear chap, I really must be allowed to conduct my own business.

JOHN. Let me ask you one question. Who gets the profits of this beastliness?

SIR C. I object to the word.

JOHN. Call it angelic pureness, then. Do you? [*Bell rings again.*]

SIR C. You may depend I get most of the profits.

JOHN [*with slow, cutting enunciation*]. And do you think I can allow two people to meet at my table, one of whom is making money out of a gratuitous exposure of painful secrets in the other's life — and that other an old lady? Whether Mrs. Downes knows what you're doing or not is beside the point. She will know it. Can't you see that the situation is absolutely impossible? Or have you got no sense of decency left?

SIR C. Aren't you talking a bit tall?

JOHN. No.

SIR C. Well, then, you mean you'd like me to go? [*Enter EMILY, unseen at first by the brothers. She has the newspaper in her hand.*]

JOHN. How can I answer that? There's the mater to think of.

SIR C. Well, I never guessed Bursley was such a hole!

JOHN [*who has seen EMILY*]. Think it over a moment. I'm going into the surgery for a second. [*Half to himself.*] I suppose that confounded supper is waiting. [*Exit.*]

EMILY [*deeply disturbed*]. Charlie!

SIR C. Yes, you may well say "Charlie!" I've brought you into a nice family, upon my soul! I suppose the mater's been telling you about this preposterous business. [*EMILY nods.*] Well, I must confess I'd no idea John was such a frantic prig. . . . Because I run a paper to sell, and I happen to — No, I'm damned if I can make it out! I'm damned if I can, and that's flat!

EMILY. There's your mother to be thought of. She is very upset indeed.

SIR C. My dear girl, I came down simply to satisfy the mater. That's all right. But I'm not going to have my family interfering with my business. It's too ridiculous. Why doesn't Francis knock some sense into some of 'em? Where is he? Cleared off, of course! That's Francis all over!

EMILY. But, Charlie, don't you think —

SIR C. Look here, Em, you can't understand these things. I don't expect you to, so far as that goes.

EMILY [*solemnly and stiffly*]. Do you mean to say that you won't put a stop to that Downes case, whatever it costs you?

SIR C. Certainly not! [*After a pause.*] I might just as well be asked to stop the whole series, and fill the pages with extracts from the Acts of the Apostles. [*EMILY is astounded, shocked, and desperate. She does not know what to do, and she hesitates. Then her whole demeanour changes. She approaches SIR CHARLES coaxingly, caressingly, putting forth all her*





ANNIE [playfully]. AM I TO BE MISTRESS IN MY OWN HOUSE, OR AM I NOT?

WILLIAM BENTLEY, NEW YORK. T. H. B. 1894

*charm and persuasiveness. She relies on her sensuous power over SIR CHARLES.]*

EMILY. Charlie, to please me!

SIR C. No, no [*half repulsing her*]. What you women want is peace at any price. You don't appreciate the argument at all.

EMILY. Dearest, I don't pretend to appreciate the argument. But to please me—it's the first time I've ever asked you to do anything for me. Do! Do! To please your Emily [*caressing him*].

SIR C. [*after hesitation*]. Oh, very well, then!

EMILY. And you'll be nice and jolly! You won't look glum! You know how nice you can be!

SIR C. [*sighing, half smiling, shakes his head humorously*]. You girls—you simply do what you like. [*Re-enter JOHN.*]

JOHN. Of course, Charles —

SIR C. That'll do, old chap. I'll stop it. I'll see to it first thing to-morrow morning. Keep your hair on.

JOHN [*looking at him*]. Oh, well, that's all right. [*Enter ANNIE.*]

ANNIE [*taking SIR CHARLES by the ear playfully, but with a certain concealed exasperation*]. Come along! Am I to be mistress in my own house or am I not? Never did I know such a family of arguers as you Worgans. But if you think I'm going to have my supper spoiled, you are mistaken. Come along, you others. [*Exeunt ANNIE and SIR CHARLES, followed by JOHN. EMILY is left alone. Enter MRS. DOWNES.*]

MRS. D. [*hurrying*]. Bless us, I hope I'm not keeping everybody. Are they gone in? And I haven't shaken hands with the great man yet.

EMILY. Mrs. Downes, I just want to tell you —

MRS. D. Eh, what's amiss?

EMILY. If anybody says anything to you about—about something in the *Sunday Morning News*—it isn't true. I mean it's been stopped. Charlie didn't know about it; he's —

MRS. D. Eh, bless ye, my dear. Do you suppose I don't know about *that*? Why, half a dozen different people took the trouble to tell me about it before nine o'clock this morning! But I make naught of it. I know what those Sunday papers are! No respectable person would look at one of them. You say Charlie didn't know—you'll excuse my plain speaking, my dear, but he ought to have known! . . . There's only one thing that puts me about, and that is—what will his poor mother think? [*Goes toward door, then returns to EMILY.*]

My dear, I do hope you'll be able to influence him for good. [*Exit. EMILY's face is a study. Enter FRANCIS.*]

FRANCIS. I say, the missis is getting cross. Hello! You surely aren't crying?

EMILY [*crying*]. No.

FRANCIS. Look here. I don't really see what you've got to be upset about. John and Charlie are simply behaving like angels to each other. The whole bother is settled satisfactorily, and I've no doubt it's you that did it. The fact is, you ought to be proud; you convinced him.

EMILY. No, I didn't convince him. I only caressed him.

FRANCIS. Well, I suppose this supper must be eaten. [*Movement toward door.*]

CURTAIN

## ACT IV

*Scene: Same as Act I. Time: Afternoon. SIR CHARLES and KENDRICK are sitting together.*

SIR C. [*handing document to KENDRICK*]. I think that'll do, for a draft. Be sure to have it typed with wider spaces between the lines this time, so that I can see to read it better. Shareholders don't like hesitations, especially in figures.

KENDRICK. Yes, I'll attend to that.

SIR C. [*rubbing his hands*]. Well, now there's the question of new developments, Kendrick.

KENDRICK. I should have thought we'd developed enough to satisfy anybody, for the moment.

SIR C. My boy, when I read that report, showing a dividend of thirty per cent, and a reserve of four hundred thousand pounds, and

a total annual circulation of seven hundred million copies, what do you suppose will be the first thought in the minds of the shareholders? Gratitude? Not much! Their very first thought will be that we ought in mere justice to give 'em thirty-five per cent next year instead of thirty.

KENDRICK. Greedy swine!

SIR C. By the way, talking of circs., how much did you say the religious department had fallen as a whole?

KENDRICK. Twenty-three thousand.

SIR C. There's pretty certain to be some awkward questions as to our row with the Bishop of London. I must think that

over. What's the paragraph in the report, exactly?

KENDRICK [*reading*]. "Your directors have pleasure in stating that, despite much unfair and not disinterested criticism, the religious journals of the company have, while conserving their high character, more than maintained their circulations, and that this important department of your activities is in an extremely satisfactory condition."

SIR C. So it is, considering the extraordinary slump in religion — which I hope to heaven is only temporary. You've sacked the Reverend Mr. Haliburton?

KENDRICK. No. Not yet.

SIR C. Kendrick, I believe you've got a weakness for that chap. [*With emphasis.*] He must be sacked.

KENDRICK. I've got no weakness for him. But who's going to take his place?

SIR C. I am — for the next three months! That satisfy you?

KENDRICK. Oh! all right, then! He'll never get another shop, you know.

SIR C. You needn't tell me he's growing old. I don't care if he's ninety and the only support of his aged mother. He doesn't understand religion, and so he's no use to us. [*Softening.*] You might offer him a sub-editorship, if you like. There's something vacant on *Racing Illustrated*, isn't there?

KENDRICK. Think he'd accept it?

SIR C. He'd accept it right enough. Besides, there's no compulsion. He can leave it if he likes. Now, listen. About new developments! [*With an important air.*] I've got something!

KENDRICK. Yes?

SIR C. The *Daily Mercury* and the *Courier* are going to become the militant organs of the women's suffrage. You understand — the militant organs.

KENDRICK. It's an idea!

SIR C. I should think it was an idea!

KENDRICK. And what about the *Courier's* celebrated question after the big House of Commons raid six months ago?

SIR C. What question?

KENDRICK. "Why not revive the ducking-stool?"

SIR C. Did we say that?

KENDRICK. We said it across four columns. It'll want some explaining away.

SIR C. Oh, no! We've been converted, that's all. Quite simple. Just see how public opinion has changed! We shall be the first really to take the thing up.

KENDRICK. Why! there's at least a dozen dailies that have been in favour of women's suffrage right through!

SIR C. Yes, but they don't count. Kendrick, how dull you are! When I say "take the thing up," I mean *take it up*. See?

KENDRICK. Oh! You mean *run it*.

SIR C. I do.

KENDRICK. A bit dangerous, isn't it?

SIR C. My dear fellow, if I wasn't sure that it's all over except the shouting I wouldn't touch it with my foot. But it's an absolute cert. And this is just the moment for us to come in and rake up the glory. It's now or never.

KENDRICK. Mrs. Vernon is a suffragist, she was telling me not long since.

SIR C. Oh, yes, naturally!

KENDRICK. You ought to write to Lady Calder and get *her* to do something. She's frightfully keen on it.

SIR C. No, I'm not going to write to Lady Calder. She'd be coming here. She'd be a nuisance.

KENDRICK. She'd be very useful, with her standing. Of course, I know she used to — sort of — as it were, run after you. But as you're engaged now — her hopes —

SIR C. My dear chap, I'm not going to write to Lady Calder. She's one of the kind that never give up hope till you're dead. We can manage this campaign without Lady Calder. Now, the first thing is — there are six suffragettes in Holloway. The *Mercury* has got to get 'em out. We must begin on the Home Secretary.

KENDRICK. Yes; but — [*Enter PAGE-BOY with a card.*]

SIR C. [*Impatiently*]. What's the use of the red disk being up? [*Taking card.*] Oh! Run down and tell his lordship I'm coming. [*Exit BOY.* SIR CHARLES *gets up and takes his bat.*] It's Lord Henry Godwin. He wants me to go down to him [*taking stick and gloves*]. I think I know what it is — [*Enter FRANCIS.*]

FRANCIS. I say, Charlie.

SIR C. Can't stop now. Sha'n't be long, I expect. [*Exit SIR CHARLES. He hurries, but tries to appear deliberate.*]

FRANCIS. I was going to tell my brother that you had better look out for another dramatic critic for *Men and Women*, Kendrick.

KENDRICK. Really? I'm sorry to hear that. Doctor been forbidding you to go out at night?

FRANCIS. No! It's simply that I can't stand that capricious widow any longer.

KENDRICK. Capricious widow? What capricious widow?

FRANCIS. The capricious widow. I came up specially yesterday from a holiday in the Five Towns to go to the new piece at the Globe, and there she was once more! She's been in nearly

every play I've seen, and she gets worse and worse.

KENDRICK. I see — you're joking again.

FRANCIS. Indeed I'm not! That eternal widow's charm, beauty, wilfulness, freaks, pranks, crotchets, and skirt-whiskings are having a serious effect on my constitution. I feel that if I am to be condemned to see her again, I ought to take the precaution of writing my obituary before I go to my execution.

KENDRICK. Well, speaking for myself, all I say is [*in a low voice*], give me a music-hall. [*Enter PAGE-BOY, who announces Mrs. VERNON.*]

FRANCIS. Mrs. Vernon! Sir Charles isn't here; but ask her to come in.

KENDRICK. You'd better give your notice to Sir Charles. [*Exit. Enter EMILY.*]

FRANCIS. Hello, Em! [*Shakes hands.*] What's the meaning of this?

EMILY. What's the meaning of what?

FRANCIS. You being here. I thought you were staying with the mater till the end of the week, to make up for Charlie's absence.

EMILY. N-no. It wasn't definitely understood. [*They sit down.*]

FRANCIS. I suppose you couldn't stand it any longer. I don't blame you. It must be very trying for a woman to have to stay with the family of her future husband. The fact is, some one ought to apologise to you on behalf of the family, and I'm inclined to do it myself.

EMILY. Don't be affected, Francis. You know as well as I do that John and his wife are just my sort of people, and I'm sure that nobody could have been kinder than your mother.

FRANCIS. Well, as a matter of fact, I suppose we *did* come through Sunday night rather well. After the shindy, the supper was really a credit to every one concerned. I was proud of us all. . . . I expect these episodes must happen in all families. . . . Still, I felt relieved, you know, when Charlie announced on Monday morning that he could only do what John wanted by coming to town himself. And, to be candid, Em —

EMILY. Oh, Frank — with your candour . . . !

FRANCIS. I wasn't what you may call sorry when I had to come back myself on Tuesday for that play. I was only sorry after I'd seen the play. By the bye, I've decided to give up dramatic criticism.

EMILY. Why?

FRANCIS. I'll tell you. I can't stand the wise, gentle, cunning, well-dressed philosopher of fifty. I assure you, I can't *stand* him.

EMILY. Which one?

FRANCIS. There is only one. He is appear-

ing simultaneously in eleven West-End theatres. I don't mind Sherlock Holmes; I don't mind Rufus Isaacs; I don't mind Marcus Aurelius. But when these three are all tied together with a piece of string and multiplied by eleven, I find the phenomenon very bad for my nervous system. No money is worth the strain.

EMILY. Told Charlie?

FRANCIS. No. I came here to break the news to him, but he was just going out. I'm surprised you didn't meet him at the lift.

EMILY. I walked up. Has he gone for the day?

FRANCIS. Oh, no! He said he should be in again soon. Better wait if you feel you can't live much longer without seeing him. When did you arrive?

EMILY. I've just come.

FRANCIS. Straight here from Euston?

EMILY. Yes.

FRANCIS [*after a pause*]. Now, look here, Em. What's happened? You and I are pals.

EMILY. My dear Francis, *nothing* has happened.

FRANCIS. Mater hasn't been making herself unpleasant?

EMILY. Oh, Francis, how tiresome you are!

FRANCIS. I was only thinking she might have been preaching morals at Charlie through you.

EMILY. Not at all. Charlie has scarcely been mentioned.

FRANCIS. And Charlie and you have kept the peace?

EMILY. You and I saw him off on Monday morning, didn't we?

FRANCIS. Yes. The parting seemed to lack none of the proper ceremonies. And no doubt since then you've exchanged letters.

EMILY. We've scarcely had time to exchange letters; but he's written to me, since you are so curious.

FRANCIS. Curiosity is my greatest virtue. Not had time! [*Pause. EMILY shuts her lips.*] I hope his letter was all that it ought to be.

EMILY [*ironically smiling*]. Would it interest you to read it?

FRANCIS. Because I gather vaguely that he spent most of Monday in massacring the whole staff. Yesterday he was less homicidal. To-day he is like an archangel. By the way, he hasn't stopped that series altogether — in the *Sunday Morning News*. He's just changed the Downes case for some other case. I suppose you knew?

EMILY. No, I didn't.

FRANCIS. There are some things that Charlie doesn't see.

EMILY. What do you mean?



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAUG

SIR C. [*looking at her hand*]. You just take a thing into your head, and  
IT'S ALL OVER AND DONE WITH!

FRANCIS. I mean he has a blind spot.

EMILY [*sarcastically*]. And you haven't enlightened him?

FRANCIS [*also sarcastically*]. No. We must leave that to you. You are the only person who can enlighten him — with your caresses! [*very slightly accentuating the last word.*]

EMILY. Frank, truly I don't know what's come over you to-day. You say we're pals, but —

FRANCIS. Em! [*With an impulsive slight movement toward her. Enter SIR CHARLES, who is very surprised to see EMILY.*]

EMILY [*self-consciously*]. Well, Charles, I'm here, you see. [*FRANCIS makes a gesture to indicate that he perceives he is in the way, and exit.*]

SIR C. So this is why there was no letter from you this morning!

EMILY [*as he approaches*]. Better not kiss me.

SIR C. Oh!

EMILY. I've got a cold. [*In a firmer tone, as he still approaches and seizes her hands.*] No, really! I mean it!

SIR C. [*with a gesture of uncomprehending submission*]. Nothing wrong, eh? I hope the matter hasn't been —

EMILY. Now please don't say all that Francis has just been saying. It's extraordinary how each of you Worgans imagines that the rest of the family is impossible to get on with. Your mother and I agreed perfectly.

SIR C. That's absolutely all right, my dear girl. [*Sits down near her.*] I was only wondering why you'd come back so suddenly.

EMILY. Suddenly? I slept four nights in Bursley. One night was enough for you.

SIR C. It is a hole, isn't it? Well, anyhow, I'm glad you're here. News, my child, news!

EMILY. Indeed?

SIR C. Did you see a carriage and pair at the door when you came in?

EMILY. Yes.

SIR C. Lord Henry Godwin's. He won't have a motor, you know. He sent up to ask me to go down and speak to him.

EMILY. I understood you and he weren't on speaking terms — after — after that epigram of his.

SIR C. Oh! errand-boys? What do I care for his epigrams — now that it suits me to play up to him?

EMILY. I should have thought that he might have come up here to see you, instead of you going down to his carriage.

SIR C. Gout. And he was in a deuce of a hurry. Besides — the point is that his uncle is Chancellor of Oxford University. It was his uncle who sent him to me. They want to make me an honorary D.C.L.

EMILY. What for?

SIR C. Well, considering that I'm by far the largest subscriber to their special fund! . . . D.C.L. of Oxford? That's something, you know. I only wish it could be conferred before our annual meeting. It would make some of them sit up, that would — a D.C.L. of Oxford presiding over a meeting of Worgan shareholders! It would show some of 'em I'm getting there, all the same. Em, that idea of yours, of me giving something handsome to the 'Varsity, was the greatest idea you ever had.

EMILY. It wasn't my idea at all.

SIR C. Oh, stuff! Don't be modest! [*Nods his head with slow content.*] D.C.L. of Oxford, eh? I've known for some time that they were thinking of it.

EMILY. What does D.C.L. stand for?

SIR C. [*slightly taken aback*]. It's Doctor of something. [*Rises to consult a book.*]

EMILY. I suppose so.

SIR C. [*shutting book with a snap*]. Doctor of Civil Law, that's it! [*Sits down.*] Well, I shall be a Doctor of Civil Law. And I'm running the Prince's, which has always been considered the most intellectual theatre in London. What's more, I'm running it at a profit. [*A pause. EMILY makes no remark.*] And there's another thing I must tell you. I'm going to run women's suffrage for all it's worth in both the *Mercury* and the *Courier*. Yes, I decided that in the train on Monday morning. I've been thinking it over ever since. You're quite right — all the cleverest men are on that side, and of course it's bound to win. It'll be

positively popular in six months' time. Don't you think so?

EMILY. I don't know about it being popular.

SIR C. [*a little dashed*]. Don't you? [*Decisively.*] Well, anyhow, I shall take the risk. I'll *make* it popular. And to begin with — I've settled one thing in my own mind — if your little friends the raiders aren't let out of Holloway quick, the Home Secretary will have to be shifted.

EMILY. Shifted?

SIR C. And the *Mercury* will shift him.

EMILY. But it isn't his fault. Everybody knows that.

SIR C. I don't care. He's the figure-head, and he must suffer.

EMILY. But what shall you *do*?

SIR C. I shall run a campaign against him, of course; a *Mercury* campaign! You'll see, you'll see! I say — what about that house in South Audley Street?

EMILY. House in South Audley Street? Oh, yes; you mentioned one in your letter.

SIR C. I want us to go and look at it at once. The fact is, Em, I'm simply dying to see you doing the hostess in my drawing-room. I haven't *begun* yet, and I want to begin, and I can't till we're married. Let's go along to South Audley Street now, eh, as you're here? I feel like a spree!

EMILY. Oh, not now!

SIR C. Why not?

EMILY. I didn't come here to go to South Audley Street.

SIR C. [*looking at her*]. Vexed, is she? I fancied there was something wrong.

EMILY. No. I'm not at all vexed [*shortly*].

SIR C. [*good-humouredly, cajolingly*]. Well, you surely aren't going to sit there and tell me that life is a dream of bliss at the present moment. What was afoot between you and Francis when I came in?

EMILY. Nothing.

SIR C. Come, now, there must be something. What is it? What was he telling you, or you him? You were as thick as thieves.

EMILY. Really, he told me nothing — except that you'd suppressed the Downes case.

SIR C. Well, as I'd promised to suppress it —!

EMILY. But that you were continuing the series.

SIR C. Oh! that's it, is it? Great Scott! Great Scott! Now, listen, Em. I don't want to argue. I prefer not to. But if you've still got that matter on your mind I'll suppress the whole blessed series. I can't stop next week's because by this time three quarters of it is

printed off, but the series shall end there. Simply to please you!

EMILY [*curtly*]. I don't want you to do anything simply to please me.

SIR C. [*burt*]. I like that — I like that, I must confess! What did you say on Sunday night? You admitted you couldn't appreciate the argument, and you asked me to stop the article just to please you. You said it was the first time you had ever asked me to do anything for you. And I gave in at once. I thought you were satisfied. Well, it seems you aren't. I offer to give in further, simply to please you, though I'm taking hundreds of pounds out of my shareholders' pockets and acting against my own judgment into the bargain, and you try to sit on me by saying that you don't want me to do anything simply to please you. What do you want? Whatever it is, you shall have it. I've no intention of bickering with you. That's not my style. But I should like to know where I stand.

EMILY. I hate the thought of you doing anything simply to please me — I hate it!

SIR C. Then why did you ask me to, on Sunday?

EMILY [*bursting out*]. Can't you see? Because there was nothing else to be done! You must be blind! The situation was simply unspeakable. It *had* to be brought to an end. And there was only that way of bringing it to an end. You weren't open to argument. You seemed to have no notion at all of what people's feelings were. So I just had to wheedle you into it! To wheedle you into it!

SIR C. [*laughing slightly and easily*]. Oh! that was it? Well, you had the best of me. It just shows how you can twist me round your little finger when you want to. That's all right! I make you a present of it.

EMILY. No. It isn't all right. It's because I feel it isn't all right that I've come back to-day — and straight here from the station! That's why I didn't answer your letter — because if I'd written I should have had to say something that I'm — well, I suppose it's too proud, yes, too proud not to tell you like this, face to face.

SIR C. And what's that?

EMILY. It would be a mistake for us to marry.

SIR C. [*incredulous*]. Do you mean to say you want to throw me over?

EMILY. I don't think we ought to marry.

SIR C. [*after a pause*]. When did you begin to think that?

EMILY. On Sunday night.

SIR C. I don't know what you're driving at, and that's flat! Here I do exactly what you

ask, and before I know where I am I'm to be chucked! Because you can simply do what you like with me, you want to chuck me! I'm glad I never pretended to understand women, anyway!

EMILY. It isn't a thing that can be argued about, Charlie. I've thought it over very carefully, and I'm perfectly sure that it will be best for us to break off. Of course, I'm awfully sorry. It's very awkward for both of us. And it's nobody's fault. I'm certain we shouldn't do ourselves any good by discussing it. So let's leave it at that.

SIR C. No! I'm damned if I'll leave it at that! I've always played the game with you, and I expect you to play the game with me. I say I *expect*. I've done nothing that I'm ashamed of.

EMILY. I don't think you have. That's just the trouble.

SIR C. What's just the trouble?

EMILY. We differ as to the precise point where shame ought to begin.

SIR C. I don't see — [*Stops.*]

EMILY [*boldly*]. Of course you don't. You needn't tell me that! Do you imagine that if I thought you saw, I should be talking to you like this? Not exactly! I should simply have returned your ring with my compliments.

SIR C. [*sarcastically*]. I've no doubt I'm a very odd person, but —

EMILY [*approaches him*]. You *are*, Charlie! A man that could hold out as you did against your brother on Sunday night must be — well, as you say, odd. I ought to have guessed it earlier. But I didn't. You see, I'm being frank with you.

SIR C. Oh, I see *that!* . . . [*Disgustedly.*] Of course, it's no use talking a lot of rot to you about reconsidering your decision and all that. . . . I suppose it's occurred to you that you're making a fearful mess of my affairs?

EMILY. I'm quite sure that I'm avoiding a fearful mess.

SIR C. That's all very fine! That's all very fine! There are some things that I can't talk about. . . . I can't talk about love, for instance. But let me tell you, you don't know what a fearful mess you're making!

EMILY. I'm sorry.

SIR C. No, that's just what you aren't. You're glad. You're glad to be out of it. You're jolly glad you've told me and got it over. You look down on me, and I don't know why, upon my soul! You're quite different when you talk to Francis or John. And yet, I'm the cleverest chap in our family, by a long chalk. I could wipe the floor with either of my intellectual brothers, any day.



EMILY. Charlie, I wish you wouldn't talk like that. I don't look down on you.

SIR C. I'll swear you do. . . . And all this, if you please, because of a newspaper article, one single newspaper article. Where's the common sense of it? You knew all about me before we were engaged.

EMILY. I didn't understand what your system meant.

SIR C. My system! . . . Supposing I say to you that I'll throw up the entire business, leave journalism altogether — and be content to enjoy myself on the miserable interest of a million and a half in first-class securities — what price that for an offer, eh? I'm not much of a drawing-room singer, but what price that for an offer? Will that satisfy you?

EMILY. No; I could never agree to such a thing. It would be madness.

SIR C. Now I'm mad! Naturally! Well, you've taken it into your head to ruin my show, and that's an end of it! All I have to do is to shut up and look pleasant. I kept off women for forty years, and I wish to God I'd kept off 'em for forty-one. I might have known.

EMILY [*bolding out her hand*]. Good afternoon, Charlie.

SIR C. [*looking at her hand*]. You just take a thing into your head — and, *psst*, it's all over and done with in a minute!

EMILY [*moving away*]. I should think better of you if you didn't go on in this way. You seem to forget that I suffer too.

SIR C. [*more and more carried away*]. And whose fault is that? Is it mine?

EMILY. When you talk about "just taking it into my head," you are insulting [*moving toward door*].

SIR C. [*bitterly*]. That's it! Try to put me in the wrong! But you can't. I've not changed. I've never made any pretensions. I've never hidden anything. I've never said I was a moralist. I've never posed as being better than other people. But I've always maintained the right of the public to give what they want, and my right to give 'em what they want.

EMILY. Sell — not give.

SIR C. Sell, then.

EMILY. No matter what they want?

SIR C. Certainly, so long as it's legal! Supply must meet demand!

EMILY. Yes, and I do believe if the sacred public wanted your wife you'd meet the demand! [*Exit. SIR CHARLES walks about and lights a cigarette. Enter KENDRICK.*]

KENDRICK. Oh, you are back!

SIR C. Yes; what is it?

KENDRICK. Well, about this new campaign?

SIR C. [*sits down*]. Sit down. I'll tell you. Can you put your hand on any of those limerrick clerks we had to get rid of?

KENDRICK. I should think it's quite possible.

SIR C. Well, you might get hold of twenty or so.

KENDRICK. What for?

SIR C. For correspondence. It's like this. There are four hundred and fifteen M.P.'s who have declared themselves in favour of women's suffrage. And yet nothing is done. Every damned one of those hypocritical rotters has got to be brought fairly to bay, in his own constituency, not here in London, but where he can be frightened.

KENDRICK. You may say without exaggeration that this'll be a bit of a job.

SIR C. Yes, it'll keep a few of you employed.

KENDRICK. Mr. Francis would be useful, I should think. Has he told you he means to stop doing dramatic criticism?

SIR C. No. By the way — [*Hesitates, as if at a loss.*] See here, Kendrick, I'll go on with this later. I was forgetting. [*Stops again.*] To-morrow morning, eh? [*Rises.*]

KENDRICK [*rather puzzled*]. All right. What time?

SIR C. Ten o'clock. [*KENDRICK nods and exit. SIR CHARLES opens door.*]

SIR C. I say, Frank.

FRANK [*off*]. Hello?

SIR C. I just want to speak to you a minute. [*Enter FRANCIS.*]

FRANCIS [*self-consciously and hesitatingly*]. Well? [*He shuts door carefully.*]

SIR C. [*after hesitation*]. I hear you intend to give up theatrical criticism?

FRANCIS. Yes.

SIR C. What's the meaning of this new move?

FRANCIS [*with a jocular appearance of being confidential*]. The fact is, I've come to the conclusion I can't stand the actor-manager any longer.

SIR C. Can't stand the actor-manager?

FRANCIS. Merely to see him in his magnificent splendour makes me feel such a worm that it's positively bad for my health. I've stood him as long as I can.

SIR C. I suppose this is a hint that you'll be leaving us altogether soon?

FRANCIS. Well, I never gave you the idea that I should be a permanency, did I? And, really, overhauling obituaries isn't what you'd

call a feverish joy. As soon as I've got down to W, and attended to you and myself, Lewis Waller, James Welch, John Strange Winter, Wilbur Wright, A. B. Walkley, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and a few other important people, it's quite on the cards that I may resume my travels. You've given me a unique time, and taught me all that I didn't know about human nature. Also I've accumulated a pile of money.

SIR C. That's it — you'd better all go together!

FRANCIS. What do you mean?

SIR C. [*in a low voice*]. Emily has thrown me over.

FRANCIS. Look here, Charlie. Of course, as I'm your brother, I can't boil over in sympathy; but I'm very sorry — really. [*Pause.*]

SIR C. You don't seem exactly staggered.

FRANCIS. N-no. Besides, I knew.

SIR C. Knew? How did you know?

FRANCIS. She's just told me. She came straight into my room.

SIR C. How did she come into your room?

FRANCIS. By the corridor, naturally. She's in there now.

SIR C. Hm! And I suppose you were discussing me inside out. I must say that with *you* Emily was always more —

FRANCIS. No, no! She simply came to consult me about a question that is naturally very much on her mind.

SIR C. What's that — if I'm not being too curious?

FRANCIS. The question of how she is to earn a living, of course! She hasn't a cent, and she's no prospects. She's in a devilish awkward hole.

SIR C. [*after a pause, quietly*]. That's true, and I can't offer her anything. . . . I say, Frank, you must fix that up for me, somehow. It'll have to be done very delicately.

FRANCIS. As you say, very delicately.

SIR C. Of course I can easily find her some-

thing pretty handsome — some place that'll keep her for life.

FRANCIS. I don't imagine she'll need it for quite that long.

SIR C. Not need it —

FRANCIS. Well, it'll be a miracle if a woman like Em doesn't marry some one before she's very much older.

SIR C. What does that mean?

FRANCIS. How do I know? [*They look at each other. FRANCIS moves toward door.*]

SIR C. Where are you going?

FRANCIS. I can't leave her in there alone indefinitely.

SIR C. [*after a pause*]. It'll be a lesson to me, I can tell you.

FRANCIS. What will?

SIR C. All this! I've done with you superior, intellectual people. I'm going right away on the other tack now. As regards journalism, you shall cater for yourselves.

FRANCIS. Oh! I expect we shall manage to do that.

SIR C. I don't care if every friend I have leaves me!

FRANCIS. My dear fellow, the great British public is your friend. What more do you require?

SIR C. You may laugh. But nobody can stop me from going ahead, and I shall end in the House of Lords. [*Prepares to speak into dictaphone.*]

FRANCIS. It's the very place for you, Charlie. No sensible person would think of trying to stop you from going ahead right *into* the House of Lords. You keep on giving the public what it wants just as long as ever you can. That's your mission in life. Only prepare for the rainy day.

SIR C. What rainy day?

FRANCIS. The day when the public wants something better than you can give it. [*Exit.*]

SIR C. [*into dictaphone*]. My dear Lady Calder —

CURTAIN

THE END



"SHE WAS THE MADONNA OF MY IDOLATRY"

## THE INFLUENCE

BY

ETHEL M. KELLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

THERE never was a baby with a prenatal influence like our baby's. For, from the moment that Jean realized the imminence of Sylvia's arrival in the world, she gave up her life to protecting, developing, and encouraging that influence. It was the thing that she lived by for the brief and busy months that antedated our offspring's advent, the months that Jean declared were not half long enough to get the influence all in. But with such potency did her mother invoke the atmosphere of subtle and seraphic peace that surrounded us that, when at last Sylvia opened her rosebud mouth on a June world, with the large and lazy yawn that was her first recognition of the existence

to which she had committed herself, she had not so much as the shadow of a prenatal discomfiture to bless herself with.

"She ought to be a perfect baby," said Jean, brushing her lips across the fairy down on the top of Sylvia's head. "I never so much as sighed once while I was expecting her—Mother's bless-ums!"

The baby's pink toes, which Jean had been exhibiting to me for something like the seventeenth time that morning, curled complacently, as if her mother's remark were agreeable to her.

"I don't know about her being perfect, Jean," I said, "but I am sure that I never saw a baby before that looked so *bland*."

"But, now that it is all over," my wife con-

tinued, and her eyes widened with a wistfulness not altogether consistent with the remark that was to follow, "I feel as if I should like to relax a little. I've been harmonious and high-minded so long that I feel as if I should burst. I want to be bad."

But at this juncture Jean was interrupted by a wail, the first wail to which our daughter had given utterance since her entrance into the family circle — a wail so poignant and prolonged that Jean flew to her rescue in genuine alarm. And, in soothing the little cry that is like no imitable sound in all the world, she forgot what more she was about to say.

But my heart had lightened curiously to her confession. In the angel of sweetness and light who had been moving among us for the past few months I had scarcely been able to discern a trace of the wife I had married. My blithe, dimpling little Jean had merged into a being serene and gracious, wrapped about with an almost perceptible halo of glory, who was getting herself ready to be the mother of Sylvia. And, in spite of the difficulty of drawing my breath at such an altitude, I was never guilty of the sacrilege of wishing her otherwise. She was the madonna of my idolatry, and I worshiped her. I had not understood that the beginning of life was a matter of so much miracle and mystery. I was as one in the perpetual attitude of prayer; but, when the months had passed and the ordeal was bravely over, I found myself in the position of a man getting somewhat stiffly up from his knees.

Sylvia, actually among us, swung in her

bassinet, and, attempting to scratch a perfect but infinitesimal ear entirely off her head, was not to be taken quite so seriously. She was no longer the vague sprite of our dim dream, the miracle not yet manifest, which we had hardly dared believe might be for us, but a tangible human asset, a somewhat comic bit of underdone personality that we admired heartily, with some mental reservations.

As the *Hawkville Carrier* duly chronicled, "A little stranger had entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Sylvanus Blankhurst," and, like all strangers on a nearer inspection, had proved to be, in spite of a certain difference in quality, very much like all the other people in the world. After all, though, somewhat to my surprise, we were bigger than she was. And I confessed, in the face of the accomplished fact, I was conscious of a feeling of flatness, of ennui, almost. Here was Sylvia, and here were we. I had caught the car of parenthood and was sitting on the front seat. The excitement was over.

But the possibility of Jean's sharing my state of mind had not occurred to me. I thought of her as being borne ever higher and higher on the tide of maternity, leaving me further behind her with each experiencing hour; and it was only when she actually confessed her own state of mind that I began to hope that our mutual achievement might not involve the perpetual adjusting of the halo to my unworthy head.

"Jean," I said, resuming our interrupted conversation, "I am with you. As soon as you are up, put on your flame-colored gown cut too low down the back, and go as far as you like.



"I FEEL AS IF I SHOULD LIKE TO RELAX — I WANT TO BE BAD"

There is not only a bottle and a bird included in this prescription, but a motor-car, and I'll be d —"

The scream from our infant daughter at this point was so shrill as to be almost human in its significance.

"John," said my wife in a queer little shamed voice, "don't swear before the baby."

It was not until several days later that we took up the subject again; for, every time we had tried to talk of our reversion, as Jean called it, our daughter had interrupted us with one of her rare periods of weeping. This was all the more curious because Sylvia was not a crying baby. She had the most seraphic expression of any baby I have ever seen. She was Cedric Errol and Little Eva and Paul Dombey, all rolled into one. And yet, whenever Jean and I got together for a little private conversation, she seemed distressed and sincerely uncomfortable.

"Jack," said my wife finally (Sylvia was safely asleep in the crib), "I am afraid, if I keep on being good any longer, I can't stop. I'm afraid I've got the habit. I'm drugged with my own patience and docility. I'm not only sick of being sweet — I'm scared for fear I can't stop. I've got to break it, somehow. Come here and let me pinch you."

"Jean," I said, "the baby said 'Ouch!'"

It was then that I noticed a strange look pass over the face of my wife. She did not laugh at the whimsical flavor of my jest; she simply turned a startled look in Sylvia's direction, and continued rapidly:

"I want to begin to be hateful again. I want to talk about my neighbors. I want to talk scandal. Oh, Jack!" — her face lighted up with sudden inspiration — "now is the time to tell me about the Crandalls' divorce. I didn't like to know the details before Sylvia was born."

I lighted a cigarette and with considerable relish moved nearer to the couch on which my wife was reclining, prepared to begin my story. I had been wanting for a long time to tell Jean about the Crandalls. The story was very interesting. Jean is one of the few women I have ever known who can appreciate a rather brutal story without getting the emphasis wrong. Her sense of humor is almost Balzacian — not, I believe, in spite of her pureness and delicacy, but because of them. She *knows*, that's all. That's one of the reasons why she is my wife. I was sure, therefore, that she could appreciate the rather biting flavor of the story I had to tell.

"Well, you know," I began, waving the smoke away from the expectant face before

me, "Crandall is the devil, but that wife of his —"

There was a sound of choking from the crib.

"Hand me that baby," said Jean in a curious voice, "and go on with your story!"

I did as she requested, and noticed, with some surprise, that she pressed the convulsed face of the infant to her breast.

"Go on," she insisted strangely.

"Mrs. Crandall's disregard of the ordinary —"

"Jean, your baby is choking to death! Let me get some hot water, or swing her by the toes —"

"No," said my wife sternly, "nothing. Go on with your story."

I made an effort to continue, but the struggles of our Sylvia, apparently gasping her life away in her mother's arms, were too much for me. I paused again.

"If you don't finish that story now," said Jean, and I saw her brow was moist with the effort of her speech, "you may never be able to tell me another. We've got to get the better of her before it is too late."

I don't know exactly what happened to me then. I suppose the significance, dim and tremendous, of all that Jean's speech connoted, was having its subconscious effect, but I do not remember any particular emotion at the time. I had been trying to tell my wife a story, a story in which we were both intensely interested, and I had been many times interrupted by my offspring, who seemed uncommonly unwell. I was not conscious of resenting the fact, any more than I resent the myriad kindred facts of my existence, or even of recognizing the look of mingled determination and desperation on my wife's face; but what I said, suddenly and without premeditation, was:

"Give that damned baby to me!" and I held out my hands mechanically.

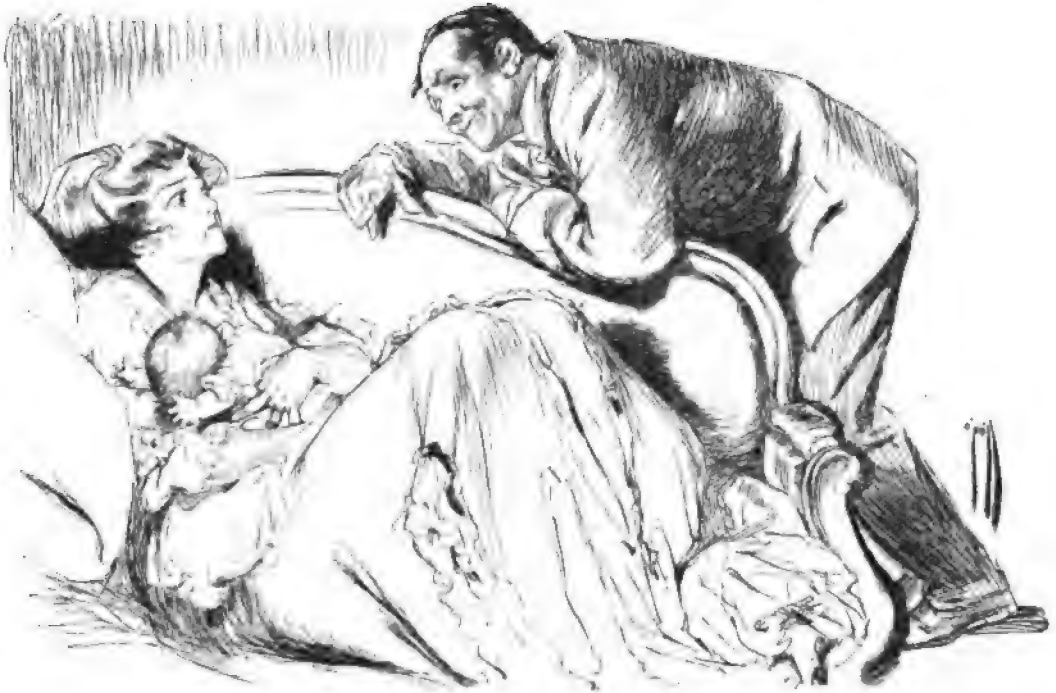
As instantly as if she had been stabbed through the heart by an invisible sword, the child in my wife's arms stiffened and grew still. I saw the pallor spread itself over the little brow, and the wee, downy head fall back, lifeless and inert, while the baby fingers relaxed their convulsive clutch and spread themselves stiffly beside the little body. But the eyes remained fixed on my face, as if staring at some vision of horror too terrible to sustain.

Jean's remarkable utterance rings in my ears yet:

"Oh, my God, Jack — oh, my God, we have killed her!"

She chafed the little hands, and wrung her own in anguish, moaning and weeping.

Suddenly she turned to me.



"GO ON WITH YOUR STORY!"

"Kneel down," she said; "kneel down in front of your baby and talk to her. You can save her. Pray to her! She understands what you say. Swear to her that you will never curse again. Tell her that all shall be peace and harmony in our home. Tell her that we will live up to the influence. Swear it to her, Jack, or she will die, and we shall be her murderers. Oh, my little baby!"

I sank to my knees and began mechanically quoting my wife's words, Jean prompting me, with her anguished eyes on the baby's still face.

"I swear," I was saying, "that we will never talk about the Crandalls again," when I saw a flutter of the little eyelids. No man who has not seen the damp of death on the brow of his first-born can understand the depth of my emotion at that moment.

"We will live up to the influence," prompted Jean.

"We will live up to the influence ——"

"And think only noble and harmonious thoughts ——"

"And think only ——"

It was not a simple pledge that I was in the act of making. As I finished, the tense muscles of my offspring relaxed, a quiver ran over the little body, and in a moment more she lay breathing regularly but weakly in her mother's arms.

Later, in my arms, her mother told me all about it.

"It was the influence," she sobbed. "We overdid it. I've suspected it for a long time — ever since I began to tell you I was tired of being good. She never cried at all until we mentioned a bird and a bottle. She never even whimpers unless somebody says something — worldly. Whenever you come into the room, I have to watch her so carefully. When you light a cigarette, she turns pale; and when you mention having a thirst, she chokes. It was the 'damn' that nearly destroyed her. Oh, Jack, what shall we do? Our baby is a prig — an automatic, self-acting prig. What will she be when she grows up? How can we live with her all our lives?"

It was a strange situation that my wife and I were suddenly called upon to face. Through a combination of what had seemed to us most fortuitous circumstances, we had been able to bring into the world an infant whose congenital conditions were technically perfect.

Sometimes an ironmonger, by miraculous accident, casts a bell without a flaw, and its tone is of an unearthly, almost intolerable sweetness. So with our Sylvia. We had, in our ignorance, disobeyed that law which decrees that man shall not create a perfect thing. We had brought into being a child without human frailty or weakness, who suffered from a hint of



“‘NOBODY EVER SPOKE AN UNKIND WORD TO THE LITTLE LAM!’”

evil as the ordinary infant writhes at a pinprick. Now that we realized these conditions, we were facing the alternatives of reforming our entire method of existence or shocking our Sylvia into an early grave.

We decided to get a competent trained attendant for the baby, and see as little of her as possible until we could adjust ourselves to the new relation. I suggested that we go away to some quiet place together, leaving the baby to her own devices and the mercy of a staff of imported sisters from the Mother Church, while we entered into a season of meditation and prayer. But Jean would not hear of leaving her child.

“Do you think it will be all right,” I asked anxiously, “if I break off gradually?—if I get it down to a cocktail a week, say, and swear only at the club? Do you think she would notice, if I never came home with a breath?”

But my wife gave me no encouragement.

“She’s so sensitive!” she cried.

We had little sleep that night, and the next day, such was the condition of Jean’s nerves, and the resulting physical reaction, that she could not provide our daughter with her usual sustenance.

Our family physician was hastily summoned, and experiments were made with different kinds of artificial foods, which Sylvia accepted with her usual composure, and rejected immediately afterward, with bewildering regularity. We were in absolute despair, when our good doctor

made the suggestion that we try a foster-mother.

“I know the very woman for you,” he said, “and I will send her round this afternoon. Don’t feel so badly, little mother,” he added, with a paternal hand on Jean’s head. “She is a very superior woman, and you will all be better for having her in the house.”

The face of my offspring, who was lying in the maternal arms at the moment, broadened into a smile.

Of all the objectionable persons it has ever been my lot to meet in a world fairly well peopled with objectionable individuals, Mrs. Parker seemed to me to outclass them all. She was none of your subtle, insidiously virtuous women. She was blatantly, aggressively virtuous. She was a caricature of all New England righteousness and forbearance.

Her front teeth were plain but prominent. She spoke with little pious rushes of words, over which she smacked her lips as if they were edible. And she wore her pongee-colored hair strained back so tightly that she could scarcely wink. She spoke of her two ungainly children as her “little flock.”

“Just Sylvia’s class,” I said, when I saw her; and for the first day or two it seemed as if we had found the solution of our problem. My infant daughter cottoned to her as if she were the sister of her soul, and at each fresh utterance of a pious platitude the smile on Sylvia’s face grew blander.



"That baby will *bust*, Jean," I said one day, as I watched Sylvia expand to Mrs. Parker's rendering of

"Life is real, and life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its gold."

"I had hoped," Jean replied, with the wistful look that was becoming her habitual expression, "that there might be some way of breaking it. But now that Mrs. Parker is here, I am afraid it will never be any different — only worse, all the time."

And, indeed, the spiritual condition of our daughter did not seem to be in the least modified as time went on. Sylvia seemed perfectly satisfied with things as they were. She would lie for hours, feasting her small eyes on Mrs. Parker's unfortunately located features with an expression of the utmost beatitude on her own tiny face.

"Just the best baby in the world, ain't you, dearie?" Mrs. Parker would say to her. "Goin' to grow up to be a credit to your pretty mar and your sweet parpar. Nobody ever spoke an unkind word to the little lam'. Nobody ever shall. Did-she-was?"

Sylvia swallowed it all (I speak in metaphors) and came back for more.

Jean and I grew more despondent. We did not dare to ask each other how it would end. In fact, we could only imagine our ordeal going on unendurably until the end of time.

But a shift of conditions was even then in the air, and the change came just when we had ceased to anticipate it or deem it possible. After all, Sylvia was the daughter of Jean and me, and the blood that flowed through her veins was the same blood that had boiled furiously, for generations, at the cant and hypocrisy of the whole race of Pharisees. We did not know it, but Mrs. Parker, in homeopathic doses, was the best possible remedy for our daughter's affliction. We had unwittingly fed Sylvia with a hair of the tail of the dog that bit her, and the cure was working within her.

"Father dear," said Jean one morning, as I was slitting myself with my razor before her dressing-table mirror. It was the worst light in the world, but

so nearly had our affliction drawn us together that I spent every available moment in Jean's vicinity.

"Don't let this encourage you too much, but the baby seems different to me these last few days. Yesterday she almost made a face at Parker when she began that about nobody ever speaking an unkind word."

I made an incision with the razor.

"Don't flatter yourself," I said. "She had a vision of an angel scratching its wing, or dusting its halo, or somethin' like that. She's nuts on Parker. She ——"

I was interrupted by a sudden commotion in the nursery. The voice of Mrs. Parker, raised loud and insistent:

"Such a good baby, with such a pretty mar and a sweet parpar! Take the nice milk out of the lovely bottle. Take the nice milk from the kind Mrs. Parker."

Jean opened the nursery door, which led from her own room, and looked in.

"Come here a minute," she said softly, and beckoned me to her side.

Mrs. Parker was in the act of inducing Sylvia to take a little artificial food. She held the baby awkwardly on her left arm, and I reached the door just in time to see the storm that had been gathering in the face of Sylvia break into tears.



"THE STORM THAT HAD BEEN GATHERING BROKE INTO TEARS"

"Take the nice milk —" Mrs. Parker was beginning, when, with a yell of rage, my daughter Sylvia knocked the bottle from her nurse's hand and sent it crashing to the floor.

Mrs. Parker painstakingly, and with some creaking of the joints, bent to pick it up.

She was a curiously unlovely spectacle, her face red from the exertion, her angles protruding with the same graceless insistence as her front teeth. This was the specimen of humanity that our Sylvia preferred to her doting parents.

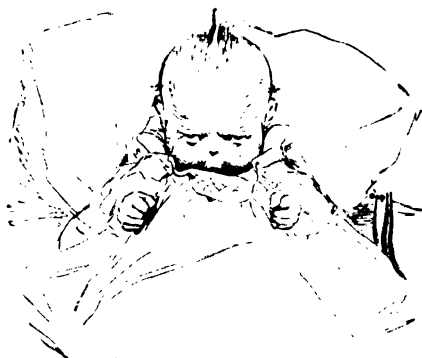
"Take the nice milk from the kind —" she patiently reiterated, and she laid the infant again on her knees. "Nobody ever spoke —"

She attempted again to press the rubber mouth-piece between Sylvia's rosebud lips.

The baby lay very still now. Her fusillade of kicks was over. The storm of weeping that had preceded it had passed. She lay unnaturally quiet in her nurse's arms, until Mrs. Parker made a last attempt to force the nipple upon her.

Then she opened her eyes wide on her nurse's face, with a look of the most serene and malignant exasperation I have ever seen on a human countenance.

"Da-da-da-damn!" said my daughter Sylvia.



## VINTAGE

BY

WITTER BYNNER

THE vintage-feast in Vevey came  
 Ten years ago this day,  
 Led by a boy with cheek aflame,  
 Bacchus in garb, Bacchus in name,  
 A lad whose body was his fame  
 When the vintage-feast in Vevey came  
 Ten years ago to-day.

Marble of limb, but with melting eye,  
 Human and warm and young,  
 He passed the village maidens by,  
 Who could not help themselves but spy,  
 Some openly, some secretly,  
 His laughing lip, his half-clad thigh  
 That moved so free and young!

In Vevey comes the vintage-feast;  
 And Bacchus comes to-day,  
 A newer youth with the flush of the east  
 At his temples, and a vine-hung breast,  
 Dogged by a riotous, lurching beast —  
 Bacchus of that other feast,  
 Silenus of to-day!

# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA

BY

XAVIER PAOLI

*Special Commissioner of the Sûreté Générale, Detailed to Accompany Royal Visitors to France*

AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF EUROPE"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**M**UST I confess it? When I was told, a few weeks before the opening of the International Exhibition of 1900, that I should have the honor of being attached to the person of Muzaffr-ed-Din, King of Kings and Shah of Persia, during the official visit that he contemplated paying to Paris, I did not welcome the news with the alacrity that it ought doubtless to have evoked.

And yet, I had no reason for any prejudice against this monarch: I did not even know him. My apprehensions were grounded on more remote causes: I recalled the memories that a former Shah, his predecessor, had left among us. Nasr-ed-Din was a strange and capricious sovereign, who had never succeeded in making up his mind, when he came to Europe, to leave on the farther shore, so to speak, the manners and customs of his country or to lay aside the troublesome fancies in which his reckless despotism loved to indulge. Was it not related of him that, while staying in the country, in France, he caused a sheep or two to be sacrificed every morning in his bedroom, in order to insure the Prophet's clemency until the evening? And that he had the amiable habit of buying anything that took his fancy, but of neglecting to pay the bill?

Lastly, this very delicious story was told about him. The Shah had asked whether he could not, by way of amusement, be present at an execution of capital punishment during one of his stays in Paris. It so happened that the occasion offered. He was invited to go, one morning, to the Place de la Roquette,

where the scaffold had been erected. He arrived, with his diamonds and his suite; but, the moment he saw the condemned man, his generous heart was filled with a sudden tenderness for the murderer.

"Not that one — the other!" he ordered, pointing to the public prosecutor, who was presiding over the ceremony.

Picture the magistrate's face while the Shah insisted, and thought it discourteous of them not to yield at once to his wishes!

I therefore asked myself with a certain dismay what unpleasant surprises his successor might have in store for me. I pictured him coming from the depths of a very old and mysterious race of humanity, traveling from his capital to the shores of Europe slowly, by easy stages, as in the medieval times, across deserts and mountains and blue-domed dead cities, escorted by a fabulous baggage-train of rare stuffs, of praying-carpet, of marvelous jewels, an army of turbaned horsemen, a swarm of officials, a harem of dancing-girls, and a long file of camels.

I asked myself if I, too, would be obliged to assist at sacrifices of heifers, and to console unpaid tradesmen, or to be pointed out by His Majesty as a "substitute" under the knife of the guillotine.

However, I was needlessly alarmed. In Persia, thank goodness, the Shahs succeed but do not resemble one another. I became fully aware of this when I was admitted to intimacy with our new guest. Muzaffr-ed-Din had nothing in common with his father. He was an overgrown child, whose massive stature, great, bushy mustache, very kind round eyes,

prominent stomach, and general adiposity formed a contrast to his backward mental condition and his sleepy intelligence. He had, in fact, the brain of a twelve-year-old school-boy, together with a schoolboy's easy astonishment, candor, and curiosity. He busied himself exclusively with small things, the only things that excited and interested him. He was gentle, good-natured, an arrant coward, generous at times, and extremely capricious; but his whims never went so far as to give him pleasure in the suffering of others. He loved life — was enormously attached to it, in fact; and he liked me, too, with a real affection, which was spontaneous and, at times, touching.

"Paoli, worthy Paoli," he said to me one day, in an expansive mood, fixing his round pupils upon me, "you — my good, my dear domestic!"

When I appeared surprised, and even a little offended, at the place that he was allotting me in the social scale —

"His Majesty means to say," explained the grand vizir, "that he looks upon you as belonging to the family. 'Domestic,' in his mind, means a friend of the house, according to the true etymology of the word, which is derived from the Latin *domus*."

The intention was pretty enough; I asked no more, remembering that Muzaffr-ed-Din spoke French with difficulty and employed a sort of negro chatter to express his thoughts.

## II

At the time of his first stay in Paris, the Shah had the privilege of inaugurating the famous Sovereigns' Palace, which the Government had fitted up in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne for the entertainment of its royal visitors. The house was a comparatively small one, but it was sumptuously decorated. The national furniture repository had sent some of the finest pieces to be found in its historic store-rooms. In fact, I believe that the Shah slept in the bed of Napoleon I. and washed his hands and face in the Empress Marie Louise's basin — things that interested him but little. Great traditions were a matter of indifference to him; he infinitely preferred futile realities in the form of useless objects whose glitter pleased his eye, and of more or less harmonious sounds whose vibrations tickled his ears.

His tastes were proved on the day of his arrival by two quick decisions: he ordered to be packed up for Teheran the grand piano that adorned his drawing-room and the motor-car that awaited his good pleasure outside, after

hearing the one, trying the other, and lavishly paying for both. He would not be denied.

His amazement was great when he visited the Exhibition for the first time. The wonderful cosmopolitan city that seemed to have leaped into existence in the space of one of the thousand and one nights of the Persian legend stirred his Eastern imagination, strive though he might to conceal the fact. The splendor of the exotic display exercised an irresistible attraction for him. The glass cases of jewelry also fascinated his gaze, although he himself, doubtless without realizing it, was a perambulating shop-window that any jeweler might have longed to possess. On his long Persian tunic, with its red edges and ample skirts, creased with folds, he wore a remarkable display of precious stones, and one did not know which to admire most — the gleaming sapphires that adorned his shoulder-straps, the splendid emeralds, the exquisite turquoises that studded the baldric and the gold scabbard of his sword, the four enormous rubies that took the place of the buttons of his uniform, or the dazzling and formidable diamond, the famous Daria-Nour, the "Sea of Light," fastened to his *kbola*, the traditional head-dress, whence jutted, like a fountain of light, a quivering aigrette in brilliants. Thus decked out, Muzaffr-ed-Din was worth thirty-four million francs net; and even then he was far from carrying the whole of his fortune upon his person.

In his solemn walks through the various sections of the Exhibition, where my modest frock-coat looked drab and out of place among the glittering uniforms, he was attended by the grand vizir, the only dignitary entitled, by the etiquette of the Persian court, to carry a cane in the presence of his sovereign, who himself always leaned upon a stick made of some precious wood. He bought everything indifferently — musical instruments, old tapestries, a set of table-cutlery, a panorama, a "new-art" ring, a case of pistols. He looked, touched, weighed the thing in his hand, and then, raising his forefinger, said, "*Je prends*," while the delighted exhibitor, greatly touched and impressed, took down the order and the address.

Nevertheless, Muzaffr-ed-Din was not as rich as one would be inclined to think. Each time he came to Europe, where he spent fabulous sums, he procured the money needed for his journey, not only by raising a loan, generally in Russia, but also by another method, which was both ingenious and businesslike. Before leaving his possessions, he summoned his chief officers of State — ministers, provincial governors, and the like — and proposed

the following bargain to them: Those who wished to form part of his suite must first pay him a sum of money, which he fixed in accordance with the importance of their functions; it varied between 50,000 and 300,000 francs. In return, he authorized them to recoup themselves for this advance in any way they pleased. Here we find the explanation of the large number of persons who accompanied the Shah on his travels, and the quaint and unexpected titles that they bore, such as that of "Minister of the Dock-yard" (though Persia has never owned a navy), and one still more extraordinary, that of "Attorney to the Heir Apparent." Although they sometimes had romantic souls, they invariably had terribly practical minds. Eager to recover their outlay as quickly as possible, they practised on a huge scale and without scruple or hesitation what I may describe as the bonus or commission system. This explained how, on each of his trips to France, the Shah was able to spend from eight to twelve million francs in pocket-money.

As soon as the people about him knew what shops His Majesty proposed to visit in the course of his daily drive, a bevy of courtiers would swoop down upon the awe-struck tradesman and imperiously insist upon his promising them a big commission, in exchange for which they undertook to prevail upon His Majesty graciously to honor the establishment with his custom. The shopkeeper, as a rule, raised no objection — he was quite content to increase the price in proportion; and when the good Shah presented himself in the shop a few hours later, his suite praised the goods of the house so heartily that he never failed to let fall the traditional phrase, "*Je prends.*" Nor did any of those who surrounded him dream of making a secret of the traffic in which they indulged behind their sovereign's back: it was a right duly acquired and paid for.

I am bound to say, however, that the grand vizir — no doubt because he was already too well off — appeared to be above these sordid and venial considerations. This important personage, whose name on that occasion was His Highness the Sadrazani Mirza Ali Asghar Khan Emin es Sultan, combined an acute understanding with a superior cast of mind. The Shah showed him a very noteworthy affection and treated him as a friend. These marks of special kindness were due to a curious cause, which an amiable Persian was good enough to reveal to me.

It appears that when the late Shah, Nasr-ed-Din, was shot dead at the mosque where he was making a pilgrimage, the grand vizir of the time, who was none other than this same

Mirza Ali Asghar Khan, pretended that the Shah's wound was not serious, had the corpse seated in the carriage, and drove back to the palace beside it, acting as if he were talking to his sovereign, fanning him, and asking occasionally for water to quench his thirst, as if he were still alive.

The death was not acknowledged till some days later. In this way, the vizir gave the heir apparent, the present Shah, time to return from Tauris, and averted the grave troubles that would certainly have arisen had the truth been known. Muzaffr-ed-Din owed his crown, and perhaps his life, to his grand vizir; small wonder that he showed him some gratitude.

His court minister, Mohamed Khan, could also have laid claim to gratitude, for he gave proof of remarkable presence of mind at the time of the attempted assassination of Muzaffr-ed-Din during his stay in Paris in 1900.

The incident is perhaps still in the reader's recollection. The Shah, with the court minister by his side, and General Parent, the chief French officer attached to his person, seated facing him, had just left the Sovereigns' Palace to drive to the Exhibition, when a man sprang on the step of the open landau, produced a revolver, and took aim at the monarch's chest. Before he had time, however, to pull the trigger, a hand of iron fell upon his wrist and clutched it with such force that the man was compelled to let go his revolver, which fell at the feet of the sovereign, while the would-be murderer was arrested by the police. Mohamed Khan, by this opportune and energetic interference, had prevented a shot the consequences of which would have been disastrous for the Shah and very annoying for the French Government, all the more so as the author of the attempt was a French subject, a sort of fanatic from the south, whose action had been suggested by the recent assassination of King Humbert of Italy.

Here is a curious detail: I had received that very morning an anonymous letter, dated from Naples, but posted in Paris, in which the sovereign was warned that an attempt would be made on his life. Although this kind of communication was frequent, I had ordered the supervision to be redoubled inside the palace; as a matter of fact, I did not much fear a surprise outside, for the Shah's carriage was always surrounded by a detachment of cavalry when he drove out. But, as ill luck would have it, he took it into his head to go out that day before the time he himself had fixed, and without waiting for the arrival of the escort. I have shown the result.

During the whole of this scene, which lasted only a few seconds, he did not utter a single word; the pallor that overspread his cheeks alone betrayed the emotion that he felt. He ordered the coachman to drive on; but when, at last, they reached the Champs Élysées, and he perceived numerous groups waiting to cheer him, he emerged from his stupor.

"Is it going to begin again?" he cried in terror.

### III

He was given, in fact, to frequent and strange fits of alarm. He always carried a loaded pistol in his trousers pocket, though he never used it. On one of his journeys in France, he even took it into his head to make a high court official walk before him, when he left the theater, carrying a revolver pointed at the peaceable sight-seers who had gathered to see him come out. As soon as I saw this, I ran up to the threatening body-guard.

"Put that revolver away," I said. "It's not the custom here."

But I had to insist pretty roughly before he consented to lay aside his weapon.

The Shah, for that matter, was no less distrustful of his own subjects. I observed that, when the Persians were in his presence, they adopted a uniform attitude which consisted in holding their hands crossed on their stomach, no doubt as evidence of their harmless intentions. It was a guaranty — of a very casual sort, we must admit.

For the rest, his "alarms" displayed themselves under the most diverse aspects and in the most unexpected circumstances. For instance, there was no persuading him to ascend the Eiffel Tower. The disappointment of his guides was increased by the fact that he would come as far as the foot of the pillars; they always thought that he meant to go up. But no; once below the immense iron framework, he gazed up in the air, examined the lifts, flung a timid glance at the staircases, then suddenly turned on his heels and walked away. They told him in vain that his august father had gone up as far as the first floor; nothing would induce him to do as much.

I remember a day — it was at the time of his second stay in Paris — when, on entering his drawing-room, I found him wearing a very care-worn expression.

"Paoli," he said, taking my hand and leading me to the window, "look!"

Look as I might, I saw nothing out of the way. Down below, three bricklayers stood on the pavement, talking quietly together.

"What!" said the Shah. "Don't you see those men standing still down there? They have been there for an hour, talking and watching my window. Paoli, they want to kill me."

Repressing a terrible wish to laugh, I resolved to reassure our guest with a lie.

"Why, I know them!" I replied. "I know their names: they are decent workmen."

Muzaffr-ed-Din's face lighted up at once.

"You seem to know everybody," he said, giving me a grateful look.

The most amusing incident was that which happened on the occasion of an experiment with radium. I had described to the sovereign, in the course of conversation, the wonderful discovery which our great savant, M. Curie, had just made. The Shah was extremely interested in my story, and repeatedly expressed a desire to be shown the precious magic stone. Professor Curie was accordingly informed, and, in spite of his stress of work, agreed to come to the Élysée Palace Hotel and give an exhibition. As complete darkness was needed for radium to be shown in all its brilliancy, I had with endless trouble persuaded the King of Kings to come down to one of the hotel cellars arranged for the purpose. At the appointed time, His Majesty and all his suite proceeded to the underground apartment in question. Professor Curie closed the door, switched off the electric light, and uncovered his specimen of radium, when suddenly a shout of terror, resembling at once the roar of a bull and the yell of a man who is being murdered, rang out, followed by hundreds of similar cries. Amid general excitement and consternation, we flung ourselves upon the electric switches, turned on the lights, and beheld a strange sight: In the midst of the prostrate Persians stood the Shah, his arms clinging to the neck of his howling grand vizir, his round pupils dilated to their rims, while he shouted at the top of his voice, in Persian:

"Come away! Come away!"

The switching on of the light calmed this mad anguish as if by magic. Realizing the disappointment that he had caused M. Curie, he tried to offer him a decoration by way of compensation; but the austere man of science thought right to decline it.

The instinctive dread of darkness and solitude was so keen in the Persian monarch that he required his bedroom to be filled, during the night, with light and sound. Accordingly, every evening, as soon as he had lain down and closed his eyes, the members of his suite gathered round his bed, lighted all the candelabra, and exchanged their impressions

aloud; while young nobles of the court, relieving one another in pairs, conscientiously patted his arms and legs with light, sharp, regular little taps. The King of Kings imagined that he was in this way keeping death at a distance, if perchance it should take a fancy to visit him in his sleep; and the extraordinary thing is that he did sleep, notwithstanding all this massage, light, and noise.

#### IV

The need that he felt of having people constantly around him, and of reproducing the atmosphere of his distant country wherever he fixed his temporary residence, was reflected in the picturesque and singularly animated aspect that the hotel or palace at which he elected to stay assumed soon after his installation. It was promptly transformed into a vast exotic caravansary, presenting the appearance of a French fair combined with that of an Eastern bazaar. The house was taken possession of by its new occupants, from the kitchens, ruled over by the Persian master cook who prepared the monarch's dishes, to the attics, where the inferior servants were accommodated. One saw nothing but figures in dark tunics and asrakhan caps, squatting in the passages, leaning over the staircases. Along the corridors and in the halls, the shopkeepers had improvised stalls as at Teheran, in the hope that the monarch would let fall from his august lips, in passing, the "*Je prends*" that promised wealth. In the uncouth crowd which the desire of provoking and hearing that blessed phrase attracted to the waiting-rooms of the hotel, all the professions rubbed shoulders promiscuously: curiosity-dealers, unsuccessful inventors, collectors of autographs and postage-stamps, ruined financiers, charlatans, unknown artists, women of doubtful character.

Their numbers had increased so greatly, on the faith of the legend that the Shah's treasures were inexhaustible, that a radical step had to be taken: when Muzaffr-ed-Din returned to Paris in 1902 and 1905, the applicants for favors were forbidden to resume their little manoeuver. Thereupon they changed their tactics: they sat down and wrote.

I have kept these letters, which the Shah never read, and which his secretary handed me regularly, without having read them either. They arrived by each post in shoals. One could easily make a volume of them that would provide psychologists with a very curious study of the human soul and mind. Among those poor letters are many obscure, touching, comic, candid, and cynical specimens; some

are absurd, others imprudent or sad. Most of them are signed; and among the signatures of these requests for assistance are names that one is surprised to find there. I must be permitted to suppress these names and to limit myself to reproducing the most typical of the letters that fell under my eyes.

First, a few specimens of the "comic note."

SIRE: The feeling that prompts me to write to you, O noble King, is the love which I feel for your country. I will come straight to the point: I will ask you, O Majesty, if I, a plain French subject, may have a post of some kind in your ideal kingdom.

Dentist I am; a dentist I would remain, in your Majesty's service. All my life long, you would be assured of my complete devotion.

A future Persian dentist to his future King.

P. J. L.

Pray, Sire, address the reply to the *poste restante* at Post-office No. 54.

ON MY WAY HOME,

27 August, 1902.

YOUR MAJESTY: Yesterday, Tuesday, I was in Paris, waiting to have the pleasure of seeing you leave your hotel. That pleasure was not vouchsafed me.

But, on the other hand, a ring set with a diamond, which I was taking to be repaired, was stolen from me by a pickpocket.

This ring was the only diamond which my wife possessed. In consequence of the theft, she now possesses none.

I put to myself the question whether I could not indict you before a French court, as being the direct cause of the theft.

I find nothing in our French law-books likely to decide in my favor.

And so I prefer to come and beseech you to redress the involuntary injury which you have done me.

A choice stone, which I could have set as a ring, would make good all the damage that I have suffered.

I am well aware that you must have numerous and various requests for assistance. This is not one of them.

But I should be infinitely grateful to you if you would understand that, but for your coming to Paris, I should not have been robbed, and if you would kindly send me a choice stone to replace the one stolen from me.

Will your Majesty pray receive the homage of my most profound respect.

G. P.

Attorney-at-law,

Barbezieux (Gironde), France.

Now comes a touching note:

A little provincial work-girl, who has not the honor of being known to His Majesty, kneels down before him and, with her hands folded together, entreats him to make her a present of a sum of 1,200 francs, which would enable her to marry the young man she loves. . . . Oh, what blessings he would receive day by day for that kind action!

I beg the Shah to forgive me for the offense of this letter against etiquette, with which I am not acquainted. I kiss His Majesty's hands, and I am

His most humble and obedient little servant,

A. C.



Is not the following letter an exquisitely candid specimen of the proper art of "sponging"?

YOUR MAJESTY: As you are a friend of France, I propose to write to you as a friend; you will permit me to do so, I hope.

The question is this: I have the greatest longing to set eyes on the sea; my husband has a few days' holiday in the course of October; I should like to make the most of it and to go away for a little while.

Our means are very small indeed; my husband has only 105 francs a month; and I could not do what I wish without encroaching on my housekeeping money, which is calculated down to the last centime.

I therefore remembered your generosity, and thought that you might be touched by my request.

You would not like a little Paris woman to be prevented from enjoying the sight of the sea which you have doubtless often admired.

You are very fond of traveling; you will understand my curiosity.

Will your Majesty deign to accept the expression of my most respectful and distinguished sentiments?  
Mme. A. A.

The following original proposal came from a well-known business house:

SIR: After the Monza crime and the attempt of which you were the object yesterday, and in view of the solemnities during which you might be too much exposed to danger, I consider it my duty to bring to your notice certain particulars which might be of the greatest use to you and those about your person.

I refer to secret waistcoats of my own manufacture which I am able to offer to you, and which are absolutely warranted.

The waistcoat which I am offering is proof against a revolver-bullet and, of course, against a sword or dagger.

As an absolute guaranty, I can assure you as follows by experiment: the fabric consists of a very close and solidly riveted coat of steel mail; the shape of the links has been specially studied so as to allow of great suppleness, while preserving the greatest solidity.

It resists the 12-mm. bullet of the regulation revolver, 1874 pattern.

I have specimens at which bullets were fired at a distance of four yards; they give an exact idea of the resisting power.

The coat of mail is lined with silk or satin, which gives the appearance of an ordinary garment and does not for a moment suggest its special object.

The waistcoat covers and protects the back, the chest, the stomach, and is continued down the abdomen.

I must add that the waistcoat is very easy to wear, and in no way inconvenient, on condition that I am supplied with the necessary measurements or, better still, with an ordinary day waistcoat of the wearer's, fitted to his size.

Hoping in the circumstances to be of some use to you, I beg your Majesty to accept the expression of my most profound respect.  
R. G.

Let us pass to the children. Less unreasonable than their parents, they content themselves with asking for postage stamps, bicycles, or autographs.

YOUR MAJESTY: I begin by begging your pardon for my presumption; but I have heard everybody

say, and I read in the paper, that your Majesty is greatly interested in motor-cars. I therefore thought that you must also have ridden the bicycle, which you now, no doubt, care less for; and it occurred to me that, if you happened to have an old one put by, your Majesty might do me the honor to give it to me.

Papa and my big brother Jean go out riding on their bicycles, and I am left at home with mama, because I have not a machine and they cannot afford to buy me one.

I should be so proud to have a bicycle given me by your Majesty.

I shall not tell papa that I am writing to your Majesty, because he would laugh at me, and I shall take three sous from my purse for the stamp on this letter.

I pray God not to let those wicked anarchists attack your Majesty, to whom I offer my profound respect.

MAURICE LELANDAIS,  
aged 9½ years.

Another schoolboy:

VERVIERS, 3 September.

GREAT KING OF PERSIA IN FRANCE — SIR:

I have read in the paper that you are very rich and have lots of gold.

My father promised to give me a gold watch for my first communion next year, if I worked hard at school.

I did study, Sir, for I was second and the first is thirteen years old and I am only eleven and a half. To prove it to you, here is my prize-list. Now, when I ask if I shall have my watch, my father answers that he has no money and he wants it all for bread. It is not right, Sir, to deceive me like that. But I hope that you will give me what they refuse. Do me that great pleasure. I will pray for you.

I love you very much.

M. J.

Here is an artless request from a little English girl:

YOUR MAJESTY: I hear that you are taking a holiday in Paris, and I think that this must be the best time to write to you, for you will not be so busy as in your own kingdom.

First of all, I want to tell you that I am an English girl, fourteen years of age, and my name is Mary. I love collecting autographs, and so far I have been very lucky and have got some of celebrities, but I have none of a King, except Menelik, who is a black majesty.

Now, I should ever so much like to have a few lines in your handwriting.

Do be so very kind as to write to me.

MARY ST. J.

To conclude with, here are a few lively letters from ladies, dark and fair:

PARIS, 27 July.

SIR: I won the last beauty prize at Marienbad, and I am simply dying to make your acquaintance. In this hope, I have the honor to greet you.

FERNANDE DE B.

MARSEILLES, 1 August.

SIRE: It is a pleasure to me to write to you. From my childhood's days, I have admired Persia, that beautiful country, so dear to my heart. Since I have heard you mentioned, I love you, Sire; I should like to be at your service. I do not know the Per-



A PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN BY THE SHAH OF PERSIA TO M. PAOLI, SHOWING THE SHAH SEATED BETWEEN HIS TWO GRANDSONS AND SURROUNDED BY HIS SUITE; M. PAOLI STANDS AT THE EXTREME RIGHT



THE GRAND VIZIR OF PERSIA, WHO SAVED THE THRONE OF THE SHAH

sian language, but, if you adopt me, I shall know it in a few days and you shall be my master.

Receive, Sire, my sincere greetings.

MIREILLE —.

P. S. Please reply. I will start for Paris at once.

TO HIS MAJESTY MUZAFFR-ED-DIN.

We should be greatly honored if you would do us the honor to come and spend a few days in the principality of Monaco.

A group of ladies:

BLANCHE.

JEANNE.

ADÈLE.

## V

All these efforts of the imagination, all these prodigies of ingenuity, all these amorous suggestions, were wasted. As I have said, the Shah took no notice whatever of the six hundred and odd begging letters of different kinds addressed to him during his visits to France. Pleasure-loving and capricious, careful of his own peace of mind, he dreaded and avoided emotions. Nevertheless, he was not insensible to pity nor indifferent to the charms of the fair sex. At times he was capable of sudden move-



MUZAFFR-ED-DIN, THE FORMER SHAH OF PERSIA, FOR WHOSE PERSONAL SAFETY DURING HIS VISIT TO FRANCE M. PAOLI WAS RESPONSIBLE

ments of magnificent generosity: he would readily give a diamond to some humble workwoman whom he met on his way; he would of his own accord hand a bank-note to a beggar; he freely distributed Persian gold pieces stamped with his effigy.

He would also fall a victim to sudden erotic fancies that sometimes caused me moments of cruel embarrassment. I remember that, one afternoon, when we were driving in the Bois de Boulogne, near the lakes, Muzaffr-ed-Din saw a view that he liked, ordered the carriages to stop, and expressed a desire himself to take some snap-shots of the charming spot. We at once alighted. A little farther on, a group of smart ladies sat chatting gaily, without taking the smallest heed of our presence. The Shah, seeing them, asked me to beg them to come closer, so that he might photograph them. Although I did not know them, I approached and spoke to them, and, with every excuse, explained the sovereign's whim to them. Greatly amused, they yielded to it with a good grace. The Shah took the photograph, smiled at the ladies, and, when the operation was over, called me to him again:

"Paoli," he said, "they are very pretty, very

nice; go and ask them if they would like to come back with me to Teheran."

Imagine my face! I had to employ all the resources of my eloquence to make the King of Kings understand that you cannot take a woman to Teheran, as you would a piano, a cinematograph, or a motor-car, and that you cannot say of her, as of an article in a shop, "*Je prends*."

I doubt whether he really grasped the force of my arguments, for some time after, when we were at the opera, in the box of the President of the Republic, we perceived with dismay that His Persian Majesty, instead of watching the performance on the stage,—which chanced to be that exquisite ballet "*Coppélia*," with some of our prettiest dancers taking part in it,—kept his opera-glass obstinately fixed on a member of the audience in the back row of the fourth tier, giving signs of manifest excitement as he did so. I was beginning to wonder with anxiety whether he had caught sight of some "suspicious face," when the



HUSSEIN ALI MIRZA, THE PRESENT SHAH OF PERSIA, WHO SUCCEEDED TO THE CROWN AFTER HIS FATHER WAS DETHRONED



court minister, in whose ear he had whispered a few words, came over to me and said, with an air of embarrassment:

"His Majesty feels a profound admiration for a lady up there — do you see? The fourth seat from the right. His Majesty would be obliged to you if you would enable him to make her acquaintance. You can tell her, if you like, as an inducement, that my sovereign will invite her to go back with him to Teheran."

Again!

Although this sort of errand did not fall within the scope of my instructions, I regarded the worthy Oriental's idea as so comical that I asked one of my detectives, who, dressed to the nines, was keeping guard outside the presidential box, whether he would care to go upstairs and, if possible, convey the flattering invitation to the object of the imperial flame. My Don Juan by proxy assented, and set out on his mission.

The Shah's impatience increased from moment to moment. The last act had begun when I saw my inspector return alone, and looking very sheepish.

"Well," I asked, "what did she say?"

"She boxed my ears."

The sovereign, when the grand vizir conveyed this grievous news to him, knitted his bushy eyebrows, declared that he was tired, and ordered his carriage.

## VI

The Shah's days were always full of engagements. Rising very early in the morning, he devoted long hours to his toilet, to his prayers, and to political conversations with the grand vizir. He worked as little as possible, but saw many people; he liked giving audiences to doctors and purveyors. He always ate his meals alone, in accordance with Persian etiquette, and was served sometimes with European dishes, which were better suited to his impaired digestive organs than the Persian fare served to him at other meals, consisting of slices of Ispahan melon, with white and flavorful flesh; of the national dish called *pilaf tiobab*, in which meat cut up and mixed with delicate spices lay spread on a bed of rice just scalded, underdone, and crisp; of hard-



MOHAMED ALI, THE SUCCESSOR OF MUZAFFR-ED-DIN, AND FATHER OF THE PRESENT SHAH, WHO WAS DEPOSED BY HIS SUBJECTS IN A RECENT REVOLUTION

boiled eggs and young marrows; or else of *stilo* grill, consisting of scallops of mutton soaked in aromatic vinegar and cooked over a slow fire of pine-wood embers; lastly, of aubergine fritters, of which he was very fond. I am bound to say that Persian cooking, which I had many opportunities of tasting, is delicious, and that the dishes that I have named would have done honor to any Parisian bill of fare.

After rising from table, Muzaffr-ed-Din generally devoted an hour to taking a nap, after which we went out either for a drive round the Bois or to see the shops or the Paris sights. To tell the truth, we hardly ever knew beforehand what the sovereign's plans would be. He seemed to take a mischievous delight in altering the afternoon program and route which I had worked out with his approval in the morning. Thanks to his whims, I lived in a constant state of alarm.

"I want to see some museums to-day," he



MUZAFFR-ED-DIN AND THE PERSIAN MINISTER COMING OUT OF THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE HOTEL

would say at eleven o'clock. "We will start at two."

I would at once inform the Minister of Fine Arts, and telephone the military governor of Paris to send an escort.

At three o'clock we would still be waiting. At last, just about four, he would appear, with a look of indifference and care on his face, and tell me that he would much prefer to go for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne.

One day, after he had spent the morning in listening to a chapter of the life of Napoleon I., he beckoned to me, on his way to lunch.

"M. Paoli," he said, "I want to go to the Château de Fontainebleau to-day."

"But, Sir, you see —"

"Quick, quick!"

There was no arguing the matter. I rushed to the telephone, warned the panic-stricken railway company that we must have a special train at all costs, and informed the keeper of the palace and the dumfounded sub-prefect of our imminent arrival at Fontainebleau.

When the Shah, still under the influence of his morning's course of reading, stepped from the carriage, two hours later, before the gate of the palace, he was seized with a strange freak. He demanded that the dragoons who

had formed his escort from the station should dismount and enter the famous Cour des Adieux after him. Next, he made them fall into line in the middle of the great quadrangle, leaned against the steps, looked at them long and fondly, muttered a few sentences in Persian, and then disappeared inside the palace.

Greatly alarmed, we thought at first that he had gone mad; but at last we understood. He was enacting the scene in which the Emperor takes leave of his grenadiers. It may have been very flattering to the dragoons; I doubt if it was quite so flattering to Napoleon.

His visit to the Louvre will also linger in my memory among the amusing episodes of his visits to Paris. M. Leygues, who was at that time Minister of Fine Arts, and who in this capacity did the honors of the museum to the Shah, had resolved carefully to avoid showing our guest the Persian room, fearing lest the King of Kings, who perhaps would not realize the importance of the priceless collection which Mme. Dieulafoy and M. Morgan had brought back with them, should show a keen vexation at finding himself in the presence of jewels and mosaics that he might have

preferred to see in his own country.

The Minister, therefore, conducted him through the picture and sculpture galleries, trying to befog his mind and tire his legs, so that he might declare his curiosity satisfied as soon as possible.

Lo and behold, however, the Shah suddenly said:

"Take me to the Persian room!"

There was no evading the command. M. Leyques, obviously worried, whispered an order to the chief attendant, and suggested to the Shah that he should take a short rest before continuing his inspection. The Shah agreed.

Meantime, in the Persian room, keepers and attendants hurriedly cleared away the more valuable ornaments and mosaics, so that Muzaffr-ed-Din should not feel any too cruel regrets; and at last the King of Kings, far from revealing any disappointment, declared himself delighted to find in Paris so well-arranged a collection of curious remains of ancient Persian architecture and art. And he added slyly:

"When I have a museum at Teheran, I shall see that we have a French room."

For that matter, he was often capable of administering a snub when we thought that we were providing him with a surprise. For instance, one day, when, with a certain self-conceit, I showed him our three camels in the Jardin d'Acclimatation —

"I own nine thousand!" he announced, with a scornful smile.

Our Zoological Gardens did not interest him; he really enjoyed himself there only twice, to my knowledge. The first time was when, at his own request, he was allowed to witness the repugnant sight of a boa-constrictor devouring a live rabbit.

The second time that he seemed to amuse himself was on the occasion of a wedding dance that was being held in a room next to that in which he



THE SHAH AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION



THE SHAH AND HIS SUITE AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE  
PIGEON-SHOOTING GROUNDS



THE SHAH WATCHING A PROCESSION FROM HIS  
HOTEL BALCONY



MOHAMED ALI'S RUSSIAN TEACHER, HOLDING THE CROWN PRINCE ALI MIRZA

had stopped to take tea. On hearing the music, he suddenly rose and opened the door leading to the ball-room. The appearance of the devil in person would not have produced greater confusion than that of this potentate, covered with diamonds and wearing his tall astrakhan cap. But he, without the slightest embarrassment, went the round of the couples, shook hands with the bride and bridegroom, gave them pieces of Persian gold money, and made his excuses to the bride for not having a necklace about him to offer her. I was waiting for him to invite her to accompany him to Teheran, but the husband's presence no doubt frightened him.

He seldom left his rooms at night. Sometimes he went to circus performances, or an extravaganza, or musical play. He preferred, however, to devote his evenings to more domestic enjoyments. He loved the pleasures of home life. Sometimes he played with his little sons, "the little shahs," as they were called, nice little boys of from seven to thirteen. At other times he indulged in his favorite games,

chess and billiards. He played with his grand vizir, his minister of ceremonies, or myself. The stakes were generally twenty francs, sometimes a hundred. We did our best to lose, for, if we had the bad luck to win, he would show his ill temper by suddenly throwing up the game and retiring into a corner, where his servants lighted his great Persian pipe for him, the *kaljan*, a sort of Turkish narghileh, filled with a scented tobacco called *tombeki*. Often, also, to console himself for his mortification at billiards, he called for music. I then heard songs behind the closed hangings, harsh, strange, and also very sweet songs, accompanied on the piano or the violin. It was a sort of evocation of the East in a modern frame; and the contrast, I must say, was rather pleasing.

## VII

The Shah and I grew accustomed to each other, little by little, and became the best of friends. He refused to go anywhere without



me; I took part in the drives, in the games at billiards, in the concerts, in all the journeys. We went to Vichy, to Vittel, to Contrexéville. It was here, at Contrexéville, where he had come for the cure, that I saw him for the last time. His eccentricities, his whims, and his diamonds had produced the usual effect on the peaceable population of the town.

A few days after his arrival, hearing that Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia had taken up her quarters at a hotel near his own, he hastened to call and pay his respects, and departed from his habits to the length of inviting her to luncheon.

On the appointed day the Grand Duchess, alighting from her carriage before the residence of her host, found the Shah waiting for her on the threshold, attired in a gray frock-coat, with a rose in his buttonhole. He ceremoniously led her by the hand to the dining-room, making her walk through his rooms, the floors of which he had had covered with the wonderful carpets that accompanied him on all his journeys. The Princess, charmed with these delicate attentions on the great man's part, was beginning to congratulate herself on the pleasant surprise that Persian civilization caused her, when—we had hardly sat down at the table—a chamberlain approached the King of Kings, bowed low, and handed him a gold salver on which



THE SHAH'S CHIEF PALACE AT TEHERAN

lay a queer-looking and at first unrecognizable object. The Shah, without blinking, carelessly put out his hand, took the thing between his fingers, and, with an easy and familiar movement, inserted it in his jaw. It was a set of false teeth. Imagine the consternation!

The day after the luncheon, the Princess



THE PALACE WHERE THE SHAH DIED

Vladimir received a bale of Persian carpets of inestimable value, accompanied by a letter from the grand vizir, begging her, in the name of his sovereign, to accept this present, His Majesty having declared that he would not allow other feet to tread carpets on which Her Imperial Highness' had rested.

I, less fortunate than the Grand Duchess, never, alas! succeeded in obtaining possession of the one and only carpet that Muzaffr-ed-Din had deigned, quite spontaneously, to offer me.

"My ministers will see that you get it," he said.

When the day for his departure for Persia drew near, I thought that it would be wise to ask the court minister in my most respectful manner for my carpet.

"Oh," he replied, "does it belong to you? I am sorry to say that it has been packed up, by mistake, with the others. If you want it, they can give it to you in the train."

As I was to accompany our guest as far as the German frontier, I waited until we had left Vichy, and then discreetly repeated my request at the first stop.

"Certainly," said the minister; "you shall have it at the next station."

I was beginning to feel uneasy. At the fol-



THE SHAH PIGEON-SHOOTING



MOHAMED KHAN, THE PERSIAN COURT MINISTER, WHO SAVED THE SHAH'S LIFE AT THE TIME OF HIS ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION IN PARIS

lowing stopping-place there was no sign of a carpet. We were approaching the frontier, where my mission ended. I therefore resolved to apply to the minister of public works.

"Your Excellency —"

"Your carpet?" he broke in. "Quite right, my dear M. Paoli. The orders have been given, and you shall have it when you leave us at the other station."

But here again, alas, nothing! And, as I complained to a third Excellency of this strange piece of neglect —

"It's an omission. Come with us as far as Strassburg, where you will receive satisfaction."

At this rate, they would have carried me, by easy stages, to Teheran. I therefore gave up all hope of my carpet; and, taking leave of these amiable functionaries, I heard the good Shah's voice crying in the distance:

"Good-by, Paoli, worthy Paoli! — till our next meeting!"

I never saw him again.

[THE APRIL INSTALMENT OF M. PAOLI'S REMINISCENCES WILL DEAL WITH HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA]

# THE PRETENSIONS OF CHARLOTTE

BY

WALTER BEACH HAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

“**C**HARLOTTE CRANDALL, come here this very instant!” cried a sharp, penetrating voice. “Let me speak to you again and you’ll know it!”

The speaker was a tall, thin, sour-appearing woman of middle age. Her hair, black without a single trace of gray, was parted in the center and drawn back into a small knot on top of her head, a knot so tightly wound that the woman’s eyes seemed to be drawn into narrow slits in consequence. Her hands were long and bony, and attracted one by their restless activity; her general appearance was unkempt; she was evidently a person who had known a long life of hard work. Every line of her face and figure, every motion she made, every move, bore this out; she was always at work, and she expected every one about her to follow her example.

Her field of action just now was the kitchen, and she was engaged in the first preparations for dinner. She moved about with surprising agility for one of her years—it was plain that, to her, time was a precious thing. “Charlotte Crandall!” she called again — this time even more sharply.

To this second summons there was a faint answer of “Yes’m” from the porch which opened off the kitchen, and, immediately following the response, a sad-faced child of eleven or twelve entered the room. She was not pretty, nor even good-looking, and her clothes were worn and untidy; there was nothing about her to attract one, except a pained expression that would have touched even a hardened heart.

“You was callin’ me?” she asked in a voice that was scarcely audible. There was a certain pathos in her intonation, too; her whole bearing suggested that she was overwhelmed with some great sorrow.

The woman turned quickly and faced the child. “Callin’!” she cried. “Callin’! Well, I jest guess I was callin’!” Then she stopped suddenly. “For heaven’s sake, Charlotte!

Whatever makes you look so meek and lowly?” she exclaimed.

A faint color came into Charlotte’s cheeks, and fire was awakened in her eyes. “I ain’t really meek and lowly,” she explained, with a quick, nervous accent. “I’m pretendin’.”

“Pretendin’!” said the woman, in disgust. “You jest quit your pretendin’ and shell them peas. But what you could ever pretend that ’ud make you meek and lowly is beyond me!”

Charlotte began mechanically to shell the peas. “Well, you see, Mis’ Epps, it ain’t hard to pretend, if you jest know how,” she said. “I began by thinkin’ it was ever so long ago. My husband and six sons had all gone away with the Crusaders, and every one of ’em was killed. I was jest overcome with grief when I got the news, which was brought back by the only man in the whole lot that wasn’t killed. I simply sat down and wept and wept. And, as if that wasn’t enough bad luck for one poor woman to bear, along come a band of marauding knights and besieged the castle, and my servants, and slaves, and vassals, and pages, and every one, was all killed in trying to protect me from harm. And when they was all dead, I jest went up to the very highest-up room in the very tallest tower, and sat down with Christian resignation to meet my fate. I could hear the heavy tramp of feet upon the stairs. It was jest awful, but I didn’t shriek or make no noise; and jest as those fierce men was breakin’ in the door to my room, you called, Mis’ Epps. You always *do* call,” cried the girl vehemently, “jest when things is gettin’ inter’stin’. I was jest bravely wonderin’ what they’d do to me, when you yelled and spoiled it all.” The child had paused in her work, and her hands lay idle in her lap.

“Here, that’ll do!” exclaimed Mrs. Epps. “You’ve done enough pretendin’ for one day — you jest naturally get in and work. What you think I sleep and feed you for, anyway?”



"CHARLOTTE GRANDALL, COME HERE THIS VERY INSTANT!"

At this, Charlotte again mechanically took up her task. For some moments there was silence in the room; then the girl asked, "Was you really wonderin' why you sleep and feed me, Mis' Epps?"

Mrs. Epps made no reply; her slow mind was no match for the swift and unexpected mental skirmishes of the child, and she had been caught unaware too many times to plunge blindly into even the most innocent appearing argument.

Charlotte seemed not the least discouraged at the lack of interest displayed by her companion, and, altogether disregarding the heavy

silence that clung about Mrs. Epps, spoke again: "Well, you know I wouldn't amount to much if I didn't get some food and sleep. I couldn't work so very long without them."

"Work!" said Mrs. Epps scornfully, suddenly forgetting herself. "Work! It's precious little work you *ever* do!"

"Yes'm," replied Charlotte, assuming a very meek tone. "But, you see, Mis' Epps, it's mighty little sleep I get, too, and I could eat *more* food'n I get!" Then, quick as a flash, her manner changed, and there was a passionate ring in her voice. "I wish," she said, "I was a hog! Hogs ain't perticular what they get, but they get

all they want, and all they have to do is jest to grow fat. No one ever tried to make me fat. They all try to see how very much I can work on a very little. You're tryin' to see how much you kin git out of me, and I'm tryin' to see how little. I've made up my mind to work jest accordin' to the way you treat me. It won't do you any good to strike me," she continued, as Mrs. Epps' hand rose threateningly. "I'm not afraid. If you hit me, I'll pretend I'm dead, and then you'll git no work out of me at all."

She paused reflectively. "I'll pretend you're the maraudin' band that took me and killed me; and the more you beat me, the more I'll look happy—I won't be here, you know; I'll be in Paradise with my husband and six sons that was killed in the Crusades, and my joy will be so beautiful that it

will shine forth on my earthly visage!"

The woman's hand slowly descended to her side without inflicting any harm.

"That's right," said Charlotte. "It's a good thing to listen to reason sometimes, and you know well enough that you or Mr. Epps never gained nothin' by beating me—and you won't ever, either! I'm glad I'm incorrigible and rebellious, and I'm glad I ain't afraid of any one—not even the minister, and I'll answer him up jest as I did last time if he warns me any more about the everlasting torments of the hereafter. He meant hell, but he daren't say



it, for fear folks 'ud think he was swearin'. I'd answer him jest as I did then, and I'd say I didn't expect to mind the change much, and I'll bet you I'd be shellin' peas down there for you jest the same as here!"

"You say another word, Charlotte Crandall," cried Mrs. Epps, "and I'll strike you, good or no good. I won't have such awful talk in my house!"

"There, that's done!" said Charlotte calmly. By the delighted sparkle in her eye, it was evident that she was enjoying her mistress' anger; but she gave no sign other than this that she was aware of having transgressed in the slightest. "I suppose it's the potatoes next," she went on. "I like mine best with their jackets on — every one would if they had to do their own peelin'."

She fell to work with a will on the potatoes, and it was surprising to note the speed and dexterity with which her fingers moved; it did not seem possible that a dreamer could work so well. She was silent for a while; then she broke out so suddenly that Mrs. Epps jumped.

"I wish," she said, with much feeling, "they'd have taken Donaldson and hung him! Any one with sense could see he done it, even if they couldn't prove it."

"What you got against Donaldson?" asked Mrs. Epps, pausing long enough in her work to give the child a penetrating look.

"I've got it against him because he done it," said Charlotte, with finality. "It ain't speakin' very well for a man to kill another man jest because he didn't like him, and for no other reason, and then let some one else get punished jest because he was afraid to take his own medicine. I like Mr. Johnston—he's polite; he tips his hat, and says 'thank you' and 'please'—I've heard him dozens of times."

"Now, Char-

lotte," put in Mrs. Epps, "you mustn't say you know he done it, because you don't know nothin' of the kind—maybe he did and maybe he didn't."

"He done it," responded Charlotte, not in the least moved. "He used to beat his wife, and he was cruel to his baby, and they had to run away and leave him." The girl took a long breath, her cheeks suddenly turned deep crimson, and her eyes flashed dangerously. "I'd like to see my husband try to beat me!" she cried. "He'd not do it more 'an once. I'd fight back and I'd make him afraid of me. If I was Donaldson's wife, I'd —" She broke into a full laugh at this. "That's silly to think about, for I wouldn't ever have been fool enough to marry Donaldson—I know men too well," she said, in a manner strangely mature. She had stopped work again, and was looking out of the window and across the beautiful meadow to the still more beautiful hills beyond. "But, jest the samey, if I was a woman grown and owned my own farm, my very own farm, I'd not let my husband come along and bend my will. No, siree. If



CHARLOTTE

I wanted the truck garden in the north field near the house, it wouldn't be put down at the far end of the south field, not for no reason. I'd ——"

Mrs. Epps knew that this was meant as a personal attack, and whether it was made in the spirit of contempt or simply as an encouragement to open rebellion was all one and the same to her — it was, in either case, such flagrant presumption as to be deserving of a severe reprimand, and at this point in the discourse she prepared to make a sudden descent on the culprit. She was anticipated in her designs, however; for a large, muscular man of rough appearance, somewhat Mrs. Epps' junior, stepped quickly into the room and took Charlotte roughly by the shoulder.

"See here, you," he said in no gentle tone, shaking the child; then he turned to the woman. "What do you mean by letting her talk like that?" he said. "I'm *master* here — do you understand? *Master!*"

Charlotte turned fearlessly on the man. "Epps," she said, "you're a bully. I won't take it back, and I'll think it, even if you do hit me." At this he gave her a stinging slap on the cheek, which she received with wonderful self-control.

"Jest talk that way some more," said the man tauntingly; but his victim was silent, and refused even to look at him — she was pretending to herself that he was not there. He left her alone after a moment or so, and went back to his work, showering the woman and girl with profanity and threats as he departed.

Charlotte talked no more that day. She worked on steadily at whatever task was before her, but by the look in her eyes it was clear that her mind was far away. That night she stole off to bed as early as she could, and the next morning she was gone.

Work was neglected while they searched about the place, but Charlotte was nowhere to be found. Epps himself was the most anxious of the searchers. He felt that, should Charlotte get away and not be found, the report would go abroad that she had been treated so badly that she could no longer endure life on the Epps farm. But their painstaking efforts to locate the child's whereabouts were unrewarded. They were somewhat handicapped, of course, by the fact that they did not want it to become generally known that Charlotte had run away. After they had devoted all the time that they could spare, they gave up the quest as hopeless. She was gone, and there was nothing to do but make the best of it.

Three days later, Mrs. Epps, busily engaged in her kitchen as usual, was startled, on turning

round, to find Charlotte standing in the doorway leading from the porch. "Lord save us!" cried the woman fervently.

"How-dy-do," the girl said. "Did I scare you? You see, I jest came back — I didn't have any place else to go. I guess you'll let me stay; I'm handy to have about, you know."

"What made you run away?" asked the woman. "Was it because Epps slapped you?"

"I'm not quite sure," replied Charlotte. "I think maybe that was what started me. You see, I began to pretend I was a beautiful slave girl, and my father had been whipped to death, while I stood by without being able to protect him one mite, and my mother had been sold to an awful cruel master 'way down South. Then I jest got so interested, I forgot all about you folks, and I really was jest that poor nigger girl, and there wasn't nothing else for me to do but to run away from my master and missus, who were very cruel and heartless. It was the easiest pretendin' I ever did in my life. So I jest ran off and hid in the bushes, and pretended some more that the hounds and the men, with guns and knives, were out after me, and pressin' on me tighter and tighter. And after a while I found you were all lookin' for me, and I had a grand time feelin' creepy and unhappy. I was sorry when you give it up, because it kind of spoiled the game; but I didn't care much, for I had a fine time jest chasing around and making b'lieve things was after me."

"Where'd you get fed?" asked Mrs. Epps. "You don't look as if you'd had much to eat."

"'A wanderin' minstrel,'" replied Charlotte, "'aged and poor, he begged his food from door to door.'"

"You've got too much learnin' for one of your size," the woman said.

"That ain't really the truth," the girl remarked. "I lived on berries and other things that didn't need to be cooked. It was fine to get away where you couldn't even smell victuals."

"Don't you think you need a good lickin'?" asked Mrs. Epps.

"You can lick me, if you want to," Charlotte said placidly. "It'd be a fine ending for the beautiful slave girl. I'd pretend she was caught, and of course then she would be brought back and licked. I ain't afraid. See what I've got!" She drew from the folds of her dress a rusty revolver.

She seemed pleased with her climax, for she laughed as Mrs. Epps drew back with a stifled exclamation.

"There's nothin' to be afraid of," she said reassuringly. "It's no good for *shootin'* now, but it's Donaldson's gun. It's the one he used, you know. I found it under a big rock by the

creek when I was hidin'. He'll git his, now. It's evidence — it's the evidence they couldn't find."

Mrs. Epps swayed a little — there was a frightened catch in her voice as she spoke. "What you so hard on Donaldson for?" she asked unsteadily.

"It'll save Mr. Johnston," said the girl simply; "and, what's more, I never had no use for Donaldson, and I don't care who knows it."

"Give me the gun," said the woman; there was something almost kindly in her voice. "You're all pegged out; run along and git into bed. Epps'll be pretty mad when he finds you're back, but I won't let him touch you. I'll show him, for once, that he ain't master all the time."

"Don't you let no one git the gun," Charlotte said as she gave up the weapon. "I am kind of tired and I guess a bed'll feel pretty good." She moved wearily across the room and into the dark passage that opened on the back stairs.

When she was gone, Mrs. Epps laid the revolver on the shelf and went on with her work. "Ain't it strange, though?" she said to herself. "And — oh, Lord! Ain't it awful!"

A few moments later Epps came in,

and his wife turned on him sternly. "Epps," she said, "Charlotte Crandall's back."

The man swore horribly and asked where the child was now. Mrs. Epps made no reply until her husband had quite exhausted his abundant supply of appropriate profanity; then she said slowly: "Epps, you've called yourself master here for a good many years. Well, here's one time when you ain't the master. You ain't goin' to touch that child. This ranch is mine — there's six hundred acres, and they're all mine; and the money in the bank's mine; and this



"'WORK' IT'S PRECIOUS LITTLE WORK YOU EVER DO!"



house is mine; and all the stock's mine, and the crops. I've held out against you that far, and here's once more when I'm goin' to have my way—I ain't quite broken. You're not to strike that child.

"You needn't say a thing. She's all tired out and she's gone up to bed. It was a game she was playin', and while she was hidin' she found Donaldson's gun, and she's jest hopin' the evidence'll hang him. Oh, Epps, ain't it awful—and to think Donaldson's her father!"

The man was trembling. "It won't do no good to hang Donaldson now," he said. "He got killed in a drunken row last night. Where's the gun?"

The woman produced the weapon from the shelf. "It's his," she said. "There's no question. See the 'D' scratched in. I've seen him carry it."

Epps stretched out a hand which he vainly tried to hold steady. "Give it to me—I don't believe it's Donaldson's gun anyhow," he said. "Even if it is, it can't do him no harm now."

"But it can save Johnston," remarked his wife.

"They let Johnston go—they couldn't hold him on the proof they had," said Epps uneasily. "Give me the gun. It's no good to anyone now."

"What makes you act so queer? What are you a-tremblin' for? What's the matter with you, anyway? The gun's no good to you, either," said his wife.

The man came a step forward. "'D'" he said in an uncertain voice, "can stand for something besides Donaldson. It could stand for a Christian name; it could stand for—David, or maybe Daniel——"

His wife drew back. "Oh," she breathed faintly. "I see. You—you done it—you! I knew you hated him—but I never thought—nobody ever thought that—you would do a thing like that. Don't you come near me! Jest you take a step, and I'll scream—the men are near enough to hear me. You jest come near to me, and I'll tell 'em what you said!"

He reached out his hand again. "Give me that gun," he said again. "I'll hide it this time so as nobody'll ever find it again; then nobody'll ever know."

"Only Charlotte," added his wife. "The best thing you can do, Epps, is to go away somewhere—somewhere good and far away; I don't care where. I can save you till you get a safe start; I can't promise to do more if it ever gets out. Perhaps I'm wrong in doin' this much for you; but you're my husband,

even if you weren't ever very kind to me. I never had no romance in my life; I've always had jest work and trouble—and now this awful thing—this awful thing that's got to be lived down."

"You're afraid of the kid," said the man. "I'll silence her for keeps."

"I'm not afraid of the kid, and you'll not touch her," responded the woman defiantly. "She's the nearest thing to a romance that ever come into my life. You ain't ever goin' to hurt Charlotte again. I've a strange feelin' here"—the woman put her hand to her heart—"it's a dull sort of pain. I never had it before. I want you to go away—I want you to clear out—I don't want to never see you again. I'll keep Charlotte—I won't ever give her up. And as for you, if you ever dare to come back, I'll tell all I know, and—I'll keep the gun to prove it. I want you to go—don't think for a moment that I'm foolin'."

The woman faced the man almost fiercely. Their eyes met, and his fell under her steady gaze. His outstretched hand fell to his side; he murmured something, and, mumbling to himself, left the room. The woman watched him pass down the path outside, through the gate, and away—whither she neither knew nor cared. The lines of her face seemed to deepen as she looked out on the man who for a dozen years or more had been her husband, looked out upon him and saw him passing from her life; but her lip did not tremble, nor was there a trace of a tear in her eyes.

But, though she appeared so unmoved, she was unconscious of all that went on about her. She did not see a slender child come cautiously from the dark passageway. She thought, if she thought of the matter at all, that she was alone. The piteous voice of the child called her back to herself: "Mis' Epps!" She turned; Charlotte was at her side. The girl threw her arms around the woman's neck. "Oh, Mis' Epps," she sobbed, "I'm so sorry! I wouldn't have fetched it if I'd 'a' known. But I'll try to make it up the best I kin. If you'll jest pretend you're my mother, I'll pretend I'm your little girl jest as hard as I know how."

"There, there, Charlotte," Mrs. Epps said gently, "never mind. Don't cry. I'll pretend, if you'll jest show me how. I never had no little girl, and you never really had no mother."

Charlotte hid her face for a moment; then she looked up. "Pretendin' is awful easy when you jest know how, and I'll show you how." And they laughed softly together.



"I'LL KEEP THE GUN TO PROVE IT."





*Drawn by André Castaigne*

"IN THE INTENSE LIGHT, THE FLYING-MACHINES WERE VISIBLE."

# THE JOINT IN THE HARNESS

BY

‘‘OLE LUK-OIE’’

ILLUSTRATIONS (SEE FRONTISPIECE) BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

*Railways are the arteries of modern armies. Vitality decreases when they are blocked, and terminates when they are permanently severed.*—“IMPERIAL STRATEGY,” 1906.

**H**ISS — click — bang!’’  
The monster pile sank perceptibly as the monkey descended with a thud, and the ooze at its foot quivered in ripples of protest which expanded into circles of silver where they caught the electric light. A gout of oil shooting out on to the mud formed a blot of nacreous color, slowly fading as it spread, and became lost in the film of scum. The steam pile-driver rained vicious blows with almost the precision of a Nasmyth hammer, its armored-hose steam-pipe kicking convulsively in the air in a grotesque dance to the measure.

Behind the pile-driver, by the loaded trucks, waited a group of men. They were for the time all quite idle, pending the arrival of their turn with its allotted task. Some were lying asleep; some were leaning against trucks, smoking, or sitting on the rails, head in hand, elbows on knees; others were squatting on the timbers, playing a mysterious game of cards by the light of a naked candle, which burned steadily without a shade in the still air.

In their dirty suits of dungaree, it was impossible to say exactly what these men were. To a soldier, however, the actions of some of them hinted that they might be soldiers. One was drumming with two bolts on a fish-plate, keeping time to the lilt of a rollicking rag-time air which a second was softly playing on a mouth-organ. Whatever their race,—for music-halls have made rag-time music international,—it was more like a soldier than an ordinary workman to produce a mouth-organ to keep things going in the small hours of the morning. Their talk settled the point: they were soldiers — sappers, to be exact.

Their task would soon come, when, at the last stroke of the monkey, a new pile would have to

be hauled into position, or, if a pile-pier were completed, the heavy balks be placed and the sleepers and rails spiked down. Then the cumbersome caterpillar truck would be pushed slowly forward over the creaking timbers of the newly finished span to a fresh position, where its paean of brute force would start again. Behind these men, along the pile-bridge, stretched a line of trucks loaded with balks, rails, and sleepers; and alongside, downstream, floated fresh piles, swaying to and fro in the stream as they waited to be towed out, in their turn. In the half-gloom they looked like captive saurians, as the flood foamed against the blunt snouts and their wet edges gleamed.

A young man sat in his shirt-sleeves, smoking, watch in hand. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow — the engineer officer on duty. Every now and again he made a note in a pocket-book as he took the time, for he was timing progress. Slow work it seemed to him, this advance by inches, for each blow produced small visible result in the tenacious silt; but, if slow, it was sure and not entirely mechanical, for every stroke, with its hiss-click-bang seemed to him to say in a tone of cheerful confidence, “So-much-done,” “Sso-much-DONE,” and the pile-driver regulated the progress.

The pile-driving machine was carried on a caterpillar-like truck of many wheels, some of which were clamped to the rails of the bridge. At its rear end was the boiler; in front, supported by long arms, which overhung the end of the bridge by some distance, was the gaunt framework and guide, almost hugging the pile which the monkey above was maltreating. The end of the bridge had reached a point, about the center of the river, where the water shoaled on a sandy mud-flat; but from below the many-wheeled truck, back to the near bank of the

river, the dark stream was swirling against the piles, a man's height underneath. So swift was the current that it was not good to gaze for long down between the sleepers at the oily water streaking past, with a chuckle, from the moonlight into the shadow of the bridge and out into the light again.

There was bustle, there was haste, but there was also method on this low-level bridge. For long periods comparative calm reigned, with no other sound than the hiss of the steam, the rush of the water, the roar of the high-pressure flare lights, the distant clang of the riveters' hammers on high, and the refrain of the pile-driver, monotonous on the night air as the tom-tom obligato of a Persian nautch-song. But when the whistles shrilled, this peace, such as it was, changed to turmoil. Sheaves squealed in the blocks, men grunted as they hove on the falls of tackles, and bolts and spikes were hammered home. The insistent key-note of the scheme was work — strenuous, unresting work.

The river was wide. Even allowing for the deceptive moonlight, it seemed a quarter of a mile from bank to bank. A burnished strip in the bright light of a full moon, it was dotted here and there with eyots that stood out dark. It flowed between steep banks at the bottom of an amphitheater — a complete circle of hills, save for the gaps through which ran the river and the railway which had crossed it.

Away on the far side, starting from a point on the dry sand, in prolongation of the pile-bridge, and swinging in a double curve up the steep bank, were a number of smoking naphtha-lamps. Below, in the bed of the river, groups of men were digging out boulders, the metallic click of their crowbars sounding faintly across the water. Antlike strings of workers were carrying the loosened stones to a causeway that was growing up in alignment with the bridge. Higher up, following the curve of lights, and silhouetted against clouds of illumined dust, a swarm of toilers were excavating the cutting that was to take the steep deviation loop from the level of the pile-bridge up to the main line.

But, after all, neither this bridge nor its approaches — though at present the center of pressure and activity — was the feature of the scene; for, just above, sixty feet up, loomed the broken high-level bridge. With its huge girders and titanic piers, it dwarfed its lowly neighbor and dominated everything, its grandeur accentuated by the chasm of the break in its center. In this gap stood three unharmed piers, like sentries, gaunt, black, and shining. A fourth — the damaged pier — was surrounded by a cluster of staging and tall

derrick-masts dripping ropes and tackle, and was completed on top by a funnel-mouth, the under sides of which stood out darkly against the arc-light above.

In the centers of three of the broken spaces were large timber stages, each in a different state of completion, but all alike in that they twinkled with lights and swarmed with men, some climbing, some in slings, but all hammering, boring, or sawing like demons. Between the piers lay the broken girders, moved to one side, half in, half out of the water — a network of iron through which the muddy river foamed.

Above the derricks and the tangle of cordage — carried on timber frames placed at intervals along the girders — two steel cables gleamed in the moonlight. Every few minutes, with the bleat of a motor-horn, a dark body, upon which glowed a red lamp, silently glided out upon them from one end of the bridge to a point above the broken pier. It stopped, a trap opened, and a glistening cascade of concrete poured with a rattle into the maw of the funnel and so down into the hollow iron pier. Then the dark body slid back to its lair at the bridge-end as silently as it had come out. Beyond, under the big girders, could be seen a floating bridge that stretched from bank to bank.

The spectacle of the colossal bridge reaching out majestically from each dim bank, with this gaping wound in its center, was pathetic. The blank ends stood up opposite each other, dumb but reproachful witnesses of the havoc below.

From a little distance it was like a fairy scene. Over all shone the great moon. Above the high-level bridge the blinking arc-lamps shed their violet rays, thrown downward by the shades, so that they formed shimmering cones with edges clearly defined against the night beyond. In contrast, the under side of the girders seemed cut from black velvet, and the shadows danced darkly on the water. The riveters' fires along the girders glowed red, the flare-lights on the low-level bridge shone yellow, and golden was the glare on the dust-clouds of the far bank. The crudity of the colors was softened in places by the spirals of escaping steam winding aloft in the calm night air, and the whole gamut of illumination was reproduced in the drawn-out reflections that quivered across the glistening waters to the sluggish pools near the shore.

The low-level bridge was not a safe place to walk about, for there were loose planks, greasy spots, bights of ropes, and other traps for the unwary, and things were continually falling. Sometimes a red-hot rivet would drop from

above, with a flop and a hiss, into the river. Occasionally a warning shout of “Stand clear!” would ring out, followed by a crash, and perhaps a couple of men would slowly bear away to the shore something on a stretcher. But no one else stopped: there was no sympathetic gathering; the work continued without a pause.

Now and again, from a hilltop to the north the darkness was pierced by a succession of flashes. Flash, flash, came the reply from somewhere to the south; and then, a long medley of dots and dashes between the two points. No use, even for one knowing the code, to try to read the messages, for these were in cipher. If there were still any doubt as to the nature of the toilers, this would settle the matter; for no civil works would require signaling-posts on the surrounding hills.

The moon grew more mellow as it sank. A mist rose from the waters, creeping up till it lay, a solid white mass, over the river, half-way up the giant piers — a damp mist suggestive of malaria, not one to spend a night in; but no workers left the bridge.

The moon faded blood-red into the haze. The air turned colder as the night wore on. Another day dawned, at first gray and sad, then rosy and golden. But, heedless of the glory of the changing heavens, the workers toiled on, and there could be heard rising from the moist white blanket the song of the pile-driver.

In the warmth of the rising sun, the mist curled off the water in thin wisps; the lights went out, and the scene of the night's toil stood revealed. The day exposed all the squalor, grime, and discomfort — the muddy, swirling water, the wet and weary men, the burnt-out lamps, dripping timbers, and rusty ironwork. Even those iridescent blots that had seemed so beautiful in the light of the moon or the glare of electricity showed up for what they were — foul pools of viscid oil or tar.

II

It was again night.

Throughout the livelong day the work had proceeded, as shift relieved shift.

It was not till some time after the mist had risen that the same young engineer, once again on night duty, left the work. Closing his notebook, he picked his way, stepping carefully from sleeper to sleeper, lantern in hand, along the low-level bridge, which had grown in length and by now passed the little mud-flat. He

buttoned his jacket as he went, for, no longer at work, he felt the damp chill of the mist, which was dripping from his hair and mustache. A thick-set man, his squatness was exaggerated by bulging pockets filled with note-books; from one protruded a foot-rule. As he passed under the glare at the end of the bridge, he smiled. Of a sanguine temperament, he was cheered by the progress of his work at a time when others were depressed. Stumbling on abstractedly over the lighted area into the comparative gloom over the dry mud beyond, he had just climbed above fog-level and proceeded scarcely a hundred yards, when a hoarse voice addressed him from the shadow of a bush, where a man was sitting smoking. It was that of the Railway Traffic Officer — otherwise known as the “Shunter.”

“Well, my Captain of Plumbers, how goes it? Aren't you across yet?”

“Hullo, is that you? I'm just off up to see my Chief. What are you doing down here, away from your beloved yard? What's your grumble now? Come, talk with me a while and learn something.”

“Oh, I'm taking half an hour off, watching the illuminations and looking for you in this deadly mist. Things above are quite hopeless. Sit down and smoke.”

“Not I; I'm too cold. You come and stroll, or dance with me all in the moonlight, you old truck-fancier.” With that he executed a *pas seul*, scuffling about in what he called a “cellar flap.”

The other got up and joined him, but not in the dance. A taller and older man, he was thin and hollow-chested. There was light enough to see that he wore a uniform and had a serious expression. He coughed violently.

“I say, it's just as well you don't have to work in that mist; you would soon cease to trouble us. With that cough, I can forgive you for hogging it in the lap of luxury up above, so snug among your trucks. Walk as far as the pontoons?”

With that, the “Plumber” took a frayed cigar out of his pocket and examined it ruefully, and the two strolled off toward the invisible pontoon-bridge.

“You seem very cheerful, young man, and not as if you had just spent half a shift in that fog. Have you struck a spouting-well of liquid gold with that beastly noise machine of yours, or have you discovered a ford fit for railway traffic? What is it? I don't see much to dance about.”

The “Shunter,” not being of a sanguine temperament, was a much-worried man; for, as time went on, he had not the satisfaction of

seeing visible progress made: on the contrary, every hour made his position more hopeless and more complicated.

"That's just it; we should make the most of all our little gifts, and smile at anything we can, just now. Old man, she's a beauty. That little steam pile-driver is going to save the situation — save the Third Army. Just listen to her now, snorting and butting so prettily down there. It's music."

He continued: "I've now timed another four spans — sixteen more beastly piles — being put in, and it will take us, at the present rate, barring cataclysms, just fifty-one hours from midnight, say forty-eight from now, till the rails are fished up and the first train runs across. Let's see; this is Monday morning. That is, by three o'clock the morning after next — Wednesday. I told my Chief six o'clock, yesterday, and as the Commandant has wired that all over the Theater —"

"What the deuce are you talking about?" snarled the other.

"I thought you'd say that; why, the Theater of Operations, of course. All the papers call it that. Over the whole blooming country, if you like it better."

There was only a grunt for reply.

"I shall let it stay at that, which will give me a margin of three hours for 'unforeseen contingencies'; not that it is necessary, 'cos there ain't going to be any. I've foreseen all. The men need no driving; they are still working like devils. I tell you, 'Mit Hast, ohne Rast' is our motto; but I wonder how long they can stand the strain. Some are already used up. Eight hours on and eight hours off is pretty stiff, you know, and the mist knocks out all the chesty ones. But it's the —"

"Yes, yes; what's the use of giving me all this flip-flap? I'm not a correspondent. Come to the point."

"Well, I think the Third Army should see the first train reach them, say, at noon on Wednesday, followed, I suppose, by a solid stream of 'em. However, *my* job's done when the first train gets across."

"Oh, I'll shove trains enough across when the time comes, but they won't be the ones they want first. Before I prepare for this great event, tell me, are you *sure*? Have you taken every factor into your calculations — made allowance for everything?"

"Yes, old croaker, everything. I've foreseen every single thing within the wildest dreams of probability. The deviation approach on this side is already done, and is working. The earthwork on the other side'll be done in twelve hours and the rails laid in twelve more, so all

that will be done before my show. If only we could have put in trestles instead of piles, we should have been across this cursed river by now." He paused a moment in thought, and the two paced on in silence.

"I am sorry for the never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated fool who reported that this river could be trestled. He will be the cause if the army gets scuppered; but he'll probably arrange to be killed, I should think. Anyway, taking the pile-bridging as the slowest part, it is the ruling factor, and fixes the time, and, I tell you, it is moving. 'Mit Hast, ohne Rast' is our —"

"Oh, damn your motto; if you say it again, or talk of Sturm und Drang, I'll hit you. How about accidents — floods?"

"All right, all right; slowly, softly, catchee monkey. There's not the remotest chance of an accident. I have crowds of timber, piles, and stuff all ready. The driver ain't a sensitive plant, exactly. Boiler's new and working at low pressure. As to floods, the glass is high; they can give us forty-eight hours' warning of any storm away up in the hills, and, anyway, it's got to be a biggish flood to rise over my bridge — and that will be finished in fifty-one — I mean forty-eight hours. Besides, even if we do have a flood, so long as we are able to rush across the trucks you have in your yard — and some engines — before it arrives, it won't much matter. That little lot will be enough to keep the army shooting and eating for some days, by which time the high-level bridge will be repaired enough to run over — then so much for the enemy's great demolition!"

"How about their interfering?"

"This place simply stinks of men now since we got the extra infantry and guns — you know that perfectly well. They would need a much larger force than they can spare to attack us. The footling breaks they make in the line ahead don't count; they are made good as soon as done. They can't touch us here; and this is the spot." He sighed as he continued: "What a time those poor devils at the front must have had! We've not been sitting on plush settees, eating oysters, exactly, but we've always got our 'vittles reg'lar.' Now, you tell. I am so busy down below, I hear nothing of what's going on."

"I only know that they have further reduced rations — how much reduced I can't say, as the Chief naturally keeps a good deal of the worst news to himself. They've fired almost their last round of gun ammunition, they have had a lot more sickness in the last two days, and they are now dying like flies. It's touch and go whether they can last. It's awful."

"I suppose you're working your head off."



“Pretty well. I do nothing but send and answer wires, receive traffic, and see stray idiots who want to go to the ‘front.’ The yard’s so crowded with trucks we can’t move. I have now 453, including 45 of ammunition; we have already added ten extra sidings, and shall have many more down by the time you’re through with the bridge. And what annoys me is that, though I wire till I am blue to stop all trains, the fools keep on automatically cramming up more. They say that the little bridge away back at 94 is weak, and they’re rushing everything over they can, in case it breaks. That’s your doing. That comes of you scamping your work.”

“Couldn’t help it; had to get through. It has already carried more trucks than you can deal with, so I don’t see what you are grouching about. After we’ve done here I can see to it again.”

“You’d think they might know at the front what a state we are in here; place stiff with trucks chock-a-block. Well, the supply officer comes to me with all the fool telegrams he gets asking for individual pet trucks to be sent up with the first train — single trucks to be sorted out from this mess, mind you. They’ll be damned lucky to get any train at all. I must just let them have what comes — I can’t shunt. They would have had five trains of forage first, if I hadn’t been able to off-load it.”

“That’s all very well, my boy; but you’ll be hanged if you don’t send up trucks in the exact order they’re wanted. That’s what you’re for, to sort out and arrange trucks — nothing else. When their stomachs are full, and their tails are up again, they will remember, and some one on the staff will say: ‘Where is that incompetent officer who sent up truck 45,672 loaded with Gruyère instead of 45,627 loaded with Double Glo’ster? Haul him out! Try him! Shoot him! Waster! doesn’t know his job.’ They won’t believe you were crowded; not they. Oh, yes; whatever happens, you’ll be hanged all right.”

With that he whistled offensively.

“Dare say. Can’t help it. Can’t off-load and re-load without room. As you are here, I wish you would come up and see after Numbers eleven and twelve sidings. There is some hitch, and they are not shoving on as they should. That’s one reason why I was looking out for you. I’m expecting two more trains before morning. The main line will be solid with trains and cold engines soon; a lot are cold already — the brutes have emptied the boilers to make their coffee.”

“Right-o. Cheer up. I’ll come up on my way, though it’s against ‘professional etiquette.’ It’s not my job.”

“By the way, we caught a brute in plain clothes about two hours ago up near the forage.

He had a lot of fusees, and dropped a can of kerosene. We tried him on the spot and —”

“Yes, we heard a volley, and wondered what it was.”

“Just imagine, if the forage had been set on fire! How are you against that sort of thing down here?”

“Outpost system excellent —”

“I know; but I mean single spies. One man with a stick of dynamite or gelatin would upset all your precious sanguine estimate. Have you allowed for that possibility?”

“That’s all right,” chuckled the other. “The place is so well guarded that not a man could get to the bridge, dynamo, or engines, without being seen. It’s all lit up near the shore ends, and where required, like a billiard-table. They can’t get near it, unless they have trained birds or rats to carry dynamite on their tails — eh, what?”

The idea tickled them, and both laughed as they arrived at the deserted pontoon-bridge — strained into a curve by the current. A guard at the end and sundry cable-watchers seated on the decks of the pontoons, cross-legged like images of Buddha, were the only signs of life.

“Pretty dreary for those poor devils in the mist,” said the engineer. “Why is there no road traffic now?”

“No transport. We’ve sent up all we have and can get. That big capture took a lot; crowds of animals have died and motors broken down. Anyway, road transport is no good to deal with the bulk we have to handle. No one expected such delay here, thanks to that infernal fool. The railway is the only thing possible — railway and trucks.” Trucks were his obsession.

Turning back toward the pile-bridge, they went down into the mist, where an engine was standing on the low level; and, with much panting from the little locomotive and shrieking of wheels against guard-rails, they were soon speeding out of the mist up the steep grade and sharp curves of the newly laid deviation approach.

As they moved on, their nostrils were greeted with a succession of odors, ranging from the stench of river-mud, through that of dead animals and refuse-pits, up to that of tarpaulins and forage as they reached the station yard. From the top of the bank the white tents of the sleeping troops in the different camps could be seen, for by this time many men as well as trucks had collected at this congested spot, and there was quite a small army, composed of “details,” detachments, and individuals seeking their regiments — the flotsam and jetsam of the communications.

The yard, which seemed to weigh so much on the “Shunter’s” mind, was a maze of loaded

trucks — nothing but rolling stock. He must indeed have been a fancier, this railway traffic officer, for his collection was large and varied. Here were covered trucks, open trucks, box trucks, short trucks, bogie trucks, black trucks, brown trucks, gray trucks — all full of supplies for the army ahead. This mass had overflowed the original fan of sidings, and fresh ones had been laid everywhere, inside the yard, outside the yard, even down the streets of the little village — everywhere that the ground was fairly level. In one corner stood huge mountains of forage, some of it not even covered. At frequent intervals in the lanes between the lines of rail strode sentries. Above spluttered electric lights, whose beams were reflected from the shining tarpaulins, and in places there were lamps under the wagons to illumine the dark corners where a man might lurk. On high the lights on the signal-posts twinkled derisively as they waited for the traffic that did not come. The station itself was a roofless ruin.

The engineer proceeded toward a cloud of dust lit up by flare-lights that showed the position of the work on the new sidings, leaving the "Shunter" in his element. After a few minutes he picked his way over to the office of the Commandant, to report to his own Chief, who was there. The Commandant was busy even at this hour, for he had just got a chance to talk on the wire with his distressed senior, the Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army. As the "Plumber" entered, he heard:

"Yes, sir, we shall be through without fail at six on Wednesday morning, and you will have your first train in the afternoon. — What? — Yes. — What? — No, that's the very best we can do. — *Afternoon* of Wednesday. — Yes, sir; yes. — Till then. — Of course; I know. — Yes, we are hustling all we know. —" The speaker looked up as the "Plumber" entered.

"Hullo. You've not come to tell me that you're going to put off the time of getting through again?" he snarled in his anxiety. "You've heard what I told the Chief? Is that still right?"

"Quite right, sir; same time — six on Wednesday morning," was the reply.

"I'll tell him again. — Hullo — hullo! Nonsense — eh, what? Line cut again? — Damn them, they cut the line every two minutes! This is the first talk I've had with the Chief for thirty-six hours. However, I told him the main thing, luckily. I wish they had their wireless!"

For five minutes the "Plumber" conferred with his own Chief, who was in charge of all the bridging operations, and was then dis-

missed: "I'm glad all is going so well. You'd better be getting back. Good night."

"Poor old Commandant!" he thought, as he strode away in the gloom, for the moon was just setting. "No wonder he is a bit ratty, with this responsibility and strain." Just then he almost ran into the "Shunter," who was gazing up into the sky toward the still luminous West.

"Did you see that?" the latter shouted.

"No — what?"

"Something passed overhead; sort of blur in the sky. Heard something, too — soft noise like a motor."

They both looked up. There was nothing in the serene sky but the after-glow of the moon.

"Bird?" suggested the "Plumber."

"Much too big for a bird."

"Vulture — bat — goose — mongoose?" he went on, evidently skeptical; then added quickly:

"Look here, my man, get to bed and rest; you're jumpy from worry and want of sleep. Go to bed; your trucks can't fly off."

"Perhaps you're right; I am chock-full of quinine. I'll turn in. Good night."

The "Shunter" did turn in; but he did not sleep, for the banshee-like screeches of a circular saw some distance away seemed to him an omen of evil.

The "Plumber" went on his way whistling. He was of a sunny nature, and at last the end seemed in sight. As he neared the low-level bridge, the sound of the pile-driver in her song of progress greeted his ears. Little did he guess that it was her swan-song she was so cheerfully singing down there in the mist.

### III

The bridge, slowly creeping forward behind its noisy head, was not the only spot where progress had been made that day. The same sun that dissipated the clinging mist from the river and revealed the bridgers at work lit up another scene of toil in a village some thirty-five miles away — toil less imposing, but no less important in its results. This little deserted village was the "hornet's nest" or lair of one section of the raiders. Nestling on one side of a low hill, and hidden by others slightly higher all round, the spot was well chosen for its purpose. On each side of the principal street straggled houses once white but now blackened and roofless. From a cow-shed at one end there issued the sound of hammering, and now and then the hum of a motor-engine, driven for short bursts at high speed, rose

to a whine. Taraulins clumsily stretched on charred rafters and weighted with stones formed the roof of the shed. Never a savory spot, an odor as of a motor garage now hung about the place, its pungency unpleasantly intensified by the smell of some extinguished acetylene lanterns; for here also they had been working through the night. Men kept passing in and out of the shed — they were erecting machinery out in the yard.

In a room of the village inn, still the best house in the place, four officers had just finished a hasty meal and were pushing back their ammunition-box seats from the packing-case table. One of this group was noticeable: very pale, he carried his arm in a sling, and had been eating clumsily with his left hand. Another was almost as conspicuous. He was a wiry man with a freckled face and red hair, and he wore a hybrid naval uniform. Upon his yachting-cap shone a metal badge representing some insect. The third, the Commandant of the section of raiders, was big and bull-necked, with a sly expression in his protuberant eyes not usually associated with men of his build. All of these men were under middle age, but the fourth was the youngest. He had nothing to distinguish him but pink cheeks and a bread-and-butter face; he was attached to the nautical man only, and did not wear the same uniform.

“We can’t spread this map in here,” said the senior in a guttural voice, lighting his pipe; “let’s go into the next room, or, better, into the tap-room, where there’s a bar.”

Following him, the party filed in on each side of the long counter, the pewter top of which was thick with dust, pieces of plaster, and broken glass. It was a moment’s work to sweep this off and add to the wreckage on the floor. The little run, where some buxom “*patronne*” or “Miss” had formerly reigned, was more than ankle-deep in broken glass and crockery; the shelves behind were bare of their former array of bottles. Behind the shelves, the sharp edges of the slivers of a dusty mirror, radiating outward from one or two points, caught the light in a prismatic sparkle, the brightness of which accentuated the brutal squalor of the room. Even the smell of dust and plaster had not altogether exorcised the established reek of stale tobacco smoke and spilt liquor that still hung about.

“Anyway, I am glad to find you here,” said the last speaker. “I heard you were on the way, but many expected things do not arrive these days, and I was not too hopeful. And though I must confess that I am even now a bit skeptical about your box of tricks, I am

only too keen to try. Have you unpacked your — what do you call them? — squadron, fleet, covey, swarm?” The speaker had only just returned from an expedition.

“Yes, sir,” somewhat stiffly answered the man in the nautical suit. “They’ve all been unpacked, and my men are rigging them up in a shed we found. I have twelve — the *Gadfly*, *Wasp*, *Bee*, *Mosquito*, *Tsetse*, *Ichneum* —”

“Steady, steady; I haven’t time to listen to the whole entomological dictionary. How many will be ready by this evening — for business, I mean?”

“All, I hope.”

“Are your anarchists, engineers, chauffeurs, or skippers prepared to proceed on individual forlorn hopes? Mind you, those who do not blow themselves up or get smashed by a fall, but taken prisoner, will almost certainly be shot as spies, and it’s odds that good-by at starting will be good-by forever.”

“We quite realize all that, sir, and we’ll take our chance. ‘Tis a forlorn hope, in a way; but the prizes are large. Why, just think; given a chance —”

“Yes, yes, I know. I see you are a cran — I mean an enthusiast, and quite rightly. Well, I’m going to give you a bellyful of chances!”

The other smiled.

“Now, listen. As you are a newcomer, I’ll put you in touch with the position in a few words. Never mind if I tell you something you know already; don’t interrupt — listen. See square D 14? That’s where their Third Army is, some seventy thousand strong. They’re in a good position, holding some villages at a strategic point — the names don’t matter. They’ve been there five days. Our Western force, which is not strong enough to attack, has been hanging on to and harassing them; we cannot make a grand attack, yet we hope to scatter their army and bag much of it. It has marched a long way, fought a lot, and lost nearly all its transport, and it must be starving, quite played out, and very short of ammunition; and — this is the point — it has only got one line of rail communication, which is cut! The railway’s back along here — see?”

The other nodded.

“Of course, we cut this line when we retired. In fact, I believe, though I’m not entirely in the confidence of Headquarters, that it was arranged for the enemy to advance here. Naturally, they have been doing their best to reopen communication. Being splendid engineers, they’ve done a lot; but, so far, they have not succeeded, for no trains have gone up, and only a small wagon convoy or two — a mere trifle. The country all round

for miles is a desert, as far as supplies go,— *we* saw to that,— and they must be in a very bad way. We know from spies that they have been for days on reduced rations, and have many sick; and their guns are not as busy as they were. My duty, like that of the other raiding parties, for the last five days has been to prevent communication being reestablished on the railway. We've cut the line and telegraph — we captured all their wireless gear — till we are sick. The bridges are very strongly guarded, and all the petty damage we can do is repaired almost at once; unluckily, it is a double line, and they repair one pair of rails from the other. Altogether our efforts are futile. That's the General Idea. Got all that?" He paused to relight his pipe.

His listener nodded silently.

"Good! Now, I don't believe in your new machines flying about vaguely and killing a few men here and there with a bomb, and I think the Chief must agree, as he has sent you here. I believe in attacking some sore spot, and going back to it again and again. The one place where they are vulnerable is at the big broken bridge — here, one hundred and thirty-odd miles from the army. They're working like devils to repair the break, or, rather, to cross the river by a temporary bridge first, and they are doing it much too quickly. They may be through in a day or two, and, if so, their Third Army is saved; but if we can delay the repair for three or four days even, I think it is lost! They know all this, and they've made a regular Port Arthur of the bridge-head. We've tried in vain to get near it, but the whole place is surrounded by outposts, barbed wire, and all that, and they have lit up the bridge till it looks like a gin palace. My sapper officer, who destroyed the bridge originally, spent some hours, night before last, watching them from a hill, and, thanks to their illuminations, saw a lot. He had with him three men carrying dynamite: one blew himself up, two were captured, and he himself was wounded in the arm. Nothing that *walks* can get near the bridge. That's the Special Idea. Got that?"

Again the other nodded.

"Well, that's the place to attack — that's their sore spot; and here you are, O Beelzebub, Prince of Flies, with your horde! Your duty, so long as a single insect remains, will be to fly to that spot every night, and bite or settle or sting or do what you will to delay the work. Remember, if the bridge is delayed for three days, I suspect the Third Army will fall into our mouths like a ripe plum. No food, no ammunition, no horses, they cannot retreat far. Now you have the whole position."

"Yes, quite; but as to the details —"

"My sapper, here, has a large-scale plan of the place, and knows every inch of it. He will arrange all details with you. He has the very latest information. I'll leave you two; I want some rest."

"Very good, sir."

"Hold on; there is one thing more, and then you will have all my ideas. The aerial attack will be made to-night. Now, how about the news of this reaching the other forces of the enemy?"

"Oh, that seems simple," interposed the youth. "I suppose you'll have every wire cut, and kept cut, so that not a whisper —"

"I thought so. Not so fast, young fellow. I see you are not yet a psychologist, and do not appreciate the 'Moral Factor' in war," he answered, quite pleased at catching the youngster. "The attack takes place to-night, and, whether it succeeds or not, it will certainly cause consternation and alarm at the bridge. I *want* that consternation and alarm to be transmitted to the starving army; I *want* the news of the blasting of their hopes, or even of a mysterious attack, exaggerated by ignorance of its exact nature, to be the last message they receive. Therefore, from daylight till ten to-morrow morning their wires will not be interfered with; but after that they will be cut, and kept cut, without chance of repair, and we'll stop all messengers, so that after the final bad news there will be mysterious silence. That will give time for the news to rankle, for rumors to breed, and for the doomed army to exercise its power of imagination. The silence will assist. To men in their position a word of discouragement is worth an army corps to us. Afterward, if any machines are left unexpended, we might further assist the hunger-bred fantasies of the poor brutes by flying over them and dropping a bomb or two, or even by flying over them and just showing a light. That's all now. I'll leave you to arrange details. *You*" — turning to the youth — "come along and show what your box of tricks is like." With these words he went out, followed by the youngest officer, who came back for a moment to put his head in at the door and say in a whisper of deep admiration, "Perfect devil, ain't he?"

Then followed a long confabulation between the two engineers over the large-scale plan of the bridge, which showed the information gathered the previous evening.

"How many and what size bombs do you carry?" said the man with the wounded arm.

"Four eight-pounders each."

"Well, that's not much good unless you get a detonation alongside some vital spot. It

won't do the structure of either bridge itself much harm. Can you drop accurately?"

"If the night is as calm as it is now, we shall be able to drop one bomb out of two on to a patch a little bigger than this room. If the wind rises it is more difficult, because we have to turn up-wind to hover, and the balancing is not so easy. You see, we have to hover anyway to aim, and that's the difficulty. That's what the secret gear and auxiliary-lifting propeller are for — the thing you called the little 'whing-whang,' I mean."

"Quite. Now I know what sort of thing you can do, and this, I think, is the scheme. You see, their rate of work depends absolutely on their pile-driver. If that is destroyed they will have to drive by hand, which will take — oh, five or six times as long. Therefore, that's the sorest point in the sore spot. They're working night and day, partly by the aid of electric light; if that's destroyed, it will hamper them, but they can still carry on the low-level bridge with flares. That's the second sorest point. Agree?" "Beelzebub" nodded. "As they're so deuced near finishing, we must try and make a dead cert. of stopping them to-night, as, once their bridge is done, we cannot really damage it with these little bombs. Therefore, I think you should sail out with all your fleet and do your devilmost to-night."

"Yes; that's sound. I quite agree."

"Take on the pile-driver first, and if you get that, or burst its boiler, switch off on to the dynamo-house. That will be a much easier target: it's bigger. If you get only one bomb to burst inside, even without hitting anything, it will probably wreck the show, for one splinter in the moving parts of the engine or dynamo revolving at high speed will cause the whole thing to fly to bits. Two fair shots ought to do the trick. Can you count on two bull's-eyes out of forty-eight shots?"

"I think so, if there is no wind. Can't we set anything alight? I'm stocking a splendid line in incendiary bombs, pretty things of petrol and celluloid, that look like capsules."

"Nothing. I don't know where their ammunition is, though they must have tons there. Hold on — yes, I saw some mountains of stuff just here; mark it on the map, will you? That is probably forage. After you have done all you can, and expended all your explosive, sail along and drop a few capsules on to these mounds and over the yard. You may set something alight, with any luck. By the way, can you signal to each other?"

"Yes; we carry colored lights and little lamps in our tails. How about finding our way?"

"I was thinking of that. When you get over

the hills about eight miles away from the bridge, you will see the glare of it in the sky and can steer straight for it. To assist you before you spot this glare, we'll send out a dozen men who will have lights on poles, shaded so as to shine upwards. Will that do?"

"Excellent. And about a place for landing, in case any of us come back — that's the great difficulty. Have you a pond near here?"

"Yes, about half a mile away; I'll take you to it later."

"That will do. You must put lights to mark the pond, in case it is still dark when we get back, and, if it is deep, have some men with a raft to haul us out."

"Right."

"Beelzebub" went out to coach his men in the details and to finish off the flies. As the other still sat musing, he thought of the feelings of those whose work was going to be so suddenly destroyed, and he felt a sympathy for them.

As the day passed, the number of curious-looking erections drawn up behind the cow-shed increased. Each was supported by a kind of dwarf bicycle and tied down. They were skeletons, with great flat awnings of membranous material and queer shape, stretched taut on light frames stayed with wire. In their spidery appearance they had a remote semblance to reaping-machines. This semblance was borne out by the gaudy fancy of the artist who had painted them, for he had run amuck with his vermilion and blue in a manner usually confined to agricultural machines or toy locomotives. All the metal was painted, and there was none of the bright brass or burnished steel about the machinery that might have been expected. Each had its name painted on it and carried a small silk national flag at one end.

"Good heavens! what gingerbread-looking things!" was the somewhat tactless remark of the officer commanding the raiders, when he first saw them rigged up.

"Shades of Icarus, Lilienthal, Pilcher, and all others! What d'you expect?" retorted the pseudo-naval man, somewhat nettled. "D'you want traction-engines or the winged bulls of Assur-bani-pal?"

It took the foxy one at least five minutes to smooth matters over, and he had to suffer a long technical lecture before he succeeded.

An hour and a half before the moon went down, the first fly made a start down the sloping road. She was the "flagship," and was manned by the "admiral." He was seated in his machine, held up by four men.

"All aboard!" he said. "All clear, you?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Cast off."

With that the assistants gave the machine a running shove forward, the skipper pedaled, the motor snorted, and the propeller began to revolve. Faster, faster spun the blades as the clumsy machine gained way, until the propeller was nothing but a halo, whose loud hum almost drowned the throbbing of the motor. The Thing buzzed down the street like a cockchafer, and, when clear of the houses, soared away steadily into the moonlight, shedding its wheels like the skin of a chrysalis. This was repeated successfully eleven times; but when the last machine, manned by the pink-cheeked second officer, should have left its wheels and sailed away into the night, there was a flash, and a violent detonation shook the houses. Fragments rattled back among those watching two hundred yards away.

"There go the bravest men I've ever met," remarked the chief of raiders. As he reached the hole blown in the road, he added, "Poor little chap!" and his voice was even a little more guttural than usual.

#### IV

It was nearly four in the morning, and all was well, when the "Plumber," reaching his post on the bridge once again, made himself snug on a plank resting upon two sacks of fish-bolts. The pile-driver was still thudding monotonously, the steam and the flare-lights still roared, and the water lapped against the timbers, while the mouth-organ whined a hymn-tune a short distance back.

A sudden hiss, and — splash! into the river, not a pile's length away, fell something. All but simultaneously, a column of spray shot up, with the muffled report of an explosion under water, and, falling backward, revealed a heaving blister of mud, just visible through the mist. The men who were playing dropped their cards and sat up. The whine of the mouth-organ froze in the middle of a bar. But the pile-driver continued its blows, for the fat man still mechanically jerked the string, though his eyes were all but starting out of his head. Silent, stupefied surprise held all.

The mud fountain had barely subsided when — a second hiss and splash close alongside the bridge, and another subaqueous explosion followed, with its geyser of mud and water, which, as it fell on the track, would have washed the dazed fat man away but for the string to which he clung. At last the pile-driver stopped. Barely had the soused soldiers got

their breath after this douche when they were shaken by a racking detonation, accompanied by the sound of rending timber, some thirty yards back along the trestles. The air hummed with fragments, and near the end of the structure every one lay prostrated by the blast of this shock. Still another detonation followed, this time right among the men, as the bomb struck a sack of bolts. Bodies were thrown right and left amid a volley of bolts, which shrieked as they spun through the air, dealing death all around. It was worse than any shrapnel shell, for these missiles were heavy and jagged as pot-leg, and the force behind them was terrific. The boiler was pierced by one. It burst with a deep roar, capsized the truck, and the whole machine toppled over into the swirl below, but not before the cloud of steam, gushing out, had scalded the maimed and helpless men close by. To add to the horror, the wrought-iron reservoir of the flare-light was torn, and the flaming oil poured out over the timbers into the water, and spread in a blazing film, momentarily lighting up the inferno, before it was swept downstream. The cries of the mangled were loud.

After a minute's respite, a faint crash sounded overhead, succeeded by a burst of yellow light, and two flaming masses fell spinning in a sickening spiral, plumb on to the girder-bridge above, where their flight ended in a volley of explosions against the iron. Again the sound of flying metal filled the air, and other detonations followed in quick succession.

This sudden cataclysm was too much. Men born of women could stand no more. Discipline was lost, and from the river-bed a general war arose. Those who, day and night, had toiled like slaves, dropped their tools, their work, and fled off the bridges toward shore.

A bouquet of dazzling red stars now burst out on high, with a soft liquid report, and slowly floated to earth. In the crimson glow the panic-stricken fugitives paused in terror. What was coming next?

There was not much time to doubt, for a succession of detonations round the corrugated-iron dynamo-shed showed where the attack was falling. These ended in one report with a metallic ring, for which there was no flash, and the electric light went out as a grinding crash sounded from the shed. A second shower of red stars slowly sank to earth. Then, with many little explosions, fires sprang up in the "yard" by the station. Most of them soon burned out without doing damage, but the stacks of forage had been touched, and burst into a blaze. As the dense clouds of smoke and long tongues of flame mounted up, from overhead

a shower of magnesium stars were wafted gently downward. In their intense light, the flying-machines circling round were visible to all those above the mist. The work of destruction ceased.

Rifle shots rang out, close by at first, then growing into a general fusillade, which became fainter in the distance, like an irregular *feu-de-joie*, toward the farthest outpost line. They marked the course of the angels of destruction, still to be seen in the light of the conflagration. This wild shooting was not quite without result, for two flaming masses were seen to fall — curving toward one of the hills in the north.

As the flames of the burning forage gained strength, and clouds of sparks and a huge volume of lurid smoke rose to the sky — now of the gray hue preceding dawn — the roar and crackle of the conflagration drowned all other sounds.

Against the glowing embers, the half-dressed figure of the consumptive railway traffic officer stood gazing helpless at the scene — the realization of his fears. He was not thinking of his yard, of his friend the "Plumber," or of the horrors around him. He was dreaming of the

fate of an army, and of the ultimate results of its destruction.

## V

A solitary man stood by a hedge. In his hand was a charred pole, on top of which a light, screened from below, was burning feebly. Close by, a hobbled horse cropped the scant grass. No other sound broke the stillness of the night as the man gazed steadily upward. The moon had sunk and the stars were growing pale in the gray of false dawn, when the horse threw up his head and snorted. The man gave no sign. A moment afterward he heard a faint rustle in the sky as of a flight of geese. Ghostly in the mysterious light, a shape loomed up overhead and swept past on a long slant. This happened seven times, in quick succession. To the weary eyes of the watcher, the shapes seemed to be traveling in long swoops — now up, now down — and slower than when they had passed him on their outward journey.

For the others that he had seen go out he waited,— waited till the hills to the east stood out purple against the blushing sky,— but waited in vain.

## HILLTOP SONG

BY

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

WHEN the lights come out in the cottages  
     Along the shores at eve,  
 And across the darkening water  
     The last pale colors leave;

And up from the rock-ridged pasture slopes  
     The sheep-bell tinklings steal,  
 And the folds are shut, and the shepherds  
     Turn to their quiet meal;

And even here, on the unfenced height,  
     No journeying wind goes by,  
 But the earth-sweet smells and the home-sweet sounds  
     Mount, like prayer, to the sky:

Then from the door of my opened heart  
     Old blindness and pride are driven,  
 Till I know how high is the humble,  
     The dear earth how close to heaven.



# A TASK APPOINTED

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "VROUW GROBELAAR AND HER LEADING CASES," "THE MARTYRDOM LOTTERY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

**A**MONG the acquaintances of Mr. Lucas there were perhaps a dozen who knew that he spoke Spanish. The rest never guessed it; it was the last accomplishment one would have attributed to that carefully restricted personality. He was a blithe elderly man, clean-shaven and pink in the face; and in his bearing and the plain, decent fashion of his clothes there was a touch of countrified smartness. He looked like a man with an eye for good land, and a tolerable judge of a horse. It was not carried to an extreme; it did not go so far as to make him seem out of place in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he practised as a solicitor of the highly confidential sort.

The cabmen against the railings knew him, and liked the look of him as he passed them on the pavement, glancing with mild criticism at their horses; they saw in him a gentleman after their own hearts, one who never failed to lift a forefinger to his hat-brim in answer to their salutations. And, since the London cabman is a country gentleman mislaid, this was a tribute to Mr. Lucas' success in life. His knowledge of Spanish, and his fine proficiency in that cordial speech, he reserved for those of his professional affairs that called for it; he was careful that it should not appear among his characteristics.

But when, one June morning, his secretary entered his office and laid before him certain papers, Mr. Lucas was aware that the time had come for Spanish. He frowned slightly as he drew the papers toward him.

"You have looked at these?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." The secretary was a young man with a human as well as a professional interest in the affairs of his fellow creatures, and he spoke with a trace of eagerness. "There is a report from Madrid which — well, it looks as if the man had been found."

Mr. Lucas ran his eyes over the report in ques-

tion — half a dozen sheets of thin foreign paper covered with delicate handwriting. As he read his frown deepened. The tall young secretary watched him in silence till he laid the sheets down.

"I see," said Mr. Lucas reflectively.

"The fellow seems rather a bad lot, I'm afraid, sir," suggested the secretary.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Lucas slowly. "Yes. But, none the less," — he looked up with a manner as of challenge, — "none the less, Mr. Worthington, the fellow seems to be Lord Morven."

The secretary shrugged his shoulders, and sat down at the other side of the table as Mr. Lucas began again to study the report of his Madrid correspondent.

It was an old affair that was drawing to a close under his hands, and it held the key to his mastery of Spanish. The family of Morven, whose title deeds were stored in the black tin boxes in his strong-room, had derived fully one half of its blood from Spain ever since its founder had come back from the South with a Spanish bride. It was one of those families whose character is expressed in its destiny, whose tragedies are scandalous and obscure. For nearly forty years it had been one of the chief concerns of Mr. Lucas to guide its men, if not along the paths of righteousness, at least along the way of silence; and, ever since the last Lord Morven had died of drink some ten years before, he had been seeking throughout Europe for traces of his younger brother, the heir. The report now in his hands announced the discovery of the son of that brother in the prison at Madrid.

Mr. Lucas finished reading the letter through for the second time, and shuffled the other papers aside impatiently. He caught Mr. Worthington's eye.

"I must go down to see Lady Morven, of course," he said.

"Yes, sir," agreed the secretary.

"Wire that I'm coming," said Mr. Lucas. "I'll take the first train after two o'clock." He frowned again. "This will mean going out to Madrid," he added gloomily; "that's what it'll mean, in the end." His lips shaped themselves for an ejaculation, but he caught it before it was uttered. The secretary dutifully looked away.

Yet it is to be recorded that when Mr. Lucas, having caught the first train after two o'clock, came forth from the little Kentish station to the waiting carriage, he allowed no hint of his preoccupation to be seen. It was a brisk day of sun; the land was vivid with green; the roads ran white and hard between the high hedge-rows. Mr. Lucas sat back in his seat and let his eyes travel slowly over the gradual landscape, where the young crops were beginning to foretell the harvest. He saw it all with warm relish; it stood to him for the best in life. The feverish vicissitudes of the Morvens, the tropical quality of their fortunes, rested on a lower plane; and it was with a sigh that he looked up when the gates of Morven Park stood across the way and the carriage swept through them to the great door of the house.

It was a house of shadows. Perpetual gloom abode within it and made its atmosphere. From the wide hall Mr. Lucas was ushered at once to a high-ceilinged, sunless chamber where Lady Morven awaited him. The servant shut the door noiselessly behind him, and the old lady bent gravely in acknowledgment of his bow.

"It was necessary that I should see you, Lady Morven," said Mr. Lucas formally. "I trust I am not interrupting your arrangements?"

"No," she answered.

Her voice was softly sonorous, musical with the tones of her mother tongue. In her chair beside the hearth, she sat upright and straight-backed, her head and shoulders shrouded in a black mantilla. The oval of her face, with its olive eyes, looked out from it with an impassivity like the heedless calm of the dead; she was like a monument to burnt-out passions and old sorrows. Over the mantel, a great ebony cross carried an ivory Christ; like ivory, too, was her delicate pallor and the smoothness of her long, beautiful hands, which lay idle in her lap. In such a quietude she had grown old and outlived all but the bare memory of her cordial youth, when her marriage with a Morven had added another pungency to the chronicle of that house.

Mr. Lucas had a black bag with him; from it he produced neatly docketed papers and sorted them in order upon the table. Then he drew forward a chair and seated himself.

"There is news," he said succinctly.

The pale austerity of Lady Morven's face was unmoved; only her hands clasped themselves for an instant and then slackened again.

"News," repeated Mr. Lucas in his matter-of-fact way. "Whether it is good or bad I find it hard to decide. I hope the value of it will be clearer to your ladyship."

He looked across at her with pursed lips. Save that she met his eyes, she gave no sign of attention. But Mr. Lucas' life was punctuated with such interviews, and he went on calmly.

"My Madrid correspondent," he continued, "writes me that he has found, not your ladyship's son, but a grandson. However, I will read you his report at length."

He shifted in his chair to let the light fall on the papers, crossed his legs, and began to read the elaborate Spanish letter. As he did so, his face changed. There came out lines that hardened it; the mild eyes narrowed shrewdly; a certain expression, not known to Mr. Lucas' friends in London, governed and rather coarsened the whole countenance — so well did Mr. Lucas know Spanish. Lady Morven neither moved nor spoke; only when the document described the verification of her son's death and the finding and identification of his grave, she glanced up once at the crucifix. Then followed the account of his marriage, twenty-five years before, with a girl suspected of being a gypsy; then a terse biography of his only child — hanger-on at a bull-ring, lottery tout, and so on.

"A youth of factious tendencies," wrote the Spanish notary, with a discriminating choice of words, "in whom is perpetuated much of the disposition of his parents. His escapades were many, but unworthy of note until early this year, when he permitted himself a part in the assassination of a *ventero*. For this ebullience, he lies now in prison here under a sentence of death; but it is just to note that he was thus sentenced in ignorance of the exalted station which I understand he may now claim. He is twenty years of age, a youth of good stature and of a bold countenance, much blackened by the sun. If measures of intervention on his behalf be contemplated, it is recommended that there be no loss of time."

There was more to similar effect, concluding with the writer's assurance of high regard and a dignified sympathy for a noble house thus enmeshed in embarrassments. Mr. Lucas read it to the last word, and laid the sheets down. He looked across at Lady Morven with a tightening of the lips.

"An exceedingly difficult position," he observed — "exceedingly difficult."

There was a brief interval of silence. At the end of it, the old lady sighed and let herself sink back in her chair. Her lips moved, and Mr. Lucas leaned forward to catch what she said.

"A bold countenance, much blackened by the sun," she was murmuring.

"I have no doubt the description is accurate," said Mr. Lucas, with a tinge of impatience. "No doubt the young gentleman is, in every essential, a Spaniard. The report suggests it. Even his — er" — he referred hastily to the letter for the word — "even his ebullience is in keeping with it. But the position is none the less one of extraordinary difficulty."

Lady Morven sat up again. "There is, then, little time to spare?" she demanded.

"Very little," granted Mr. Lucas. "It is your ladyship's wish that I should —"

He stopped short, for the old woman opposite to him was staring at him with a sudden arrogant fixity. The smooth, ivory mask of her face showed color, a hectic tinge on each cheek. The cold ashes of the woman's soul had kindled. For a space of seconds her eyes held him; when she spoke, it was in a voice full of harsh contempt.

"It is my wish that you should not talk," she said very clearly. "It is plain what you have to do." A pause, and her hot stare grew in intensity. "You have the garrote in mind, and a Lord Morven strangling to death before the crowd! You are to see that there is no such spectacle."

Mr. Lucas bowed obediently, his pink face pinker with certain emotions.

"I have my instructions, then," he said, and began forthwith to gather his papers together. "It will cost —" he was going on, when Lady Morven interrupted him again.

"There is no such thing as cost," she said in a clear voice. "It is a good bargain, whatever it costs."

Mr. Lucas bowed again. He understood entirely. In fact, his comprehension was a part of that talent which furnished him with his facility in Spanish. He made the urgency of the business his excuse for not stopping to eat, and was driven back to the station through sunlight slanting richly from the west, while all about him the loaded lands breathed fragrance.

A stout farmer passing in a gig gave him greeting, and he responded urbanely. But in his mind was anger and resentment that the main path of his life should lie so far from all this serene domesticated nature. There dwelt with him yet the figure of old Lady Morven, fragile and still, holding in loneliness her grim attitude of rigidity, motionless through the hours, save for those uneasy glances aside at

the crucifix; and his thoughts were touched with angry weariness as he realized that his work in the world was to watch, to know, to understand, and to serve such as she.

None of that weariness, however, colored his activities. Mr. Lucas understood the art of brisk civilized travel, and Lady Morven herself would have been content with the expedition with which he removed himself to Spain. His Madrid correspondent, the notary of the report, one Señor Borrego, met him at the station at Madrid, with an obvious reverence for his sober, prosperous personality. Señor Borrego was a plump, swarthy little man, who gave himself much trouble to suppress beneath a manner of grave dignity a natural tendency to vivacity. He drove with Mr. Lucas to his hotel in order to take counsel with him at once.

"Ah, Señor," said the little man, as the carriage jolted over the cobbles, "if only one had known sooner! If only one had known before the trial! The affair would then have been arranged so well."

Mr. Lucas was looking out of the window, watching the sparse traffic of the pavement. He nodded absently.

"But now," pursued the notary, "who can say? It appears that there were others in this murder, a company of *mala gente* who have much perplexed the roads about the city; and, of these, the only one captured is this young man. I have made my inquiries, Señor; I have occupied myself to prepare the way for you; and I fear — I greatly fear — you will experience difficulties."

Mr. Lucas reluctantly withdrew his eyes from the street.

"So long as there is time," he said, "some arrangement can always be made."

The little notary shrugged, and looked Mr. Lucas in the face with an expression of helplessness.

"There are five days," he said.

"Only five days?" Mr. Lucas was stirred at last.

"No more, Señor. And I have done my best. Doubtless you will wish to go to the prison, the Carcel de la Corte, as soon as may be?"

But Mr. Lucas shook his head. "There is nothing to be done there," he decided. "No. This morning I will call on my Ambassador and the British Consul; and this afternoon I will make a visit to the Ministry. That can be arranged?"

"Without doubt," replied the notary readily. "I will arrange for you to be received, Señor. And, if you should desire it," he added in a tone of significance, "the manager of your hotel will be able to direct you to your bank."

"I shall not omit to visit my bank," said Mr. Lucas. They looked at each other, and the notary nodded. There was perfect understanding. Mr. Lucas needed no instruction as to the use of money in such an affair as this.

Señor Borrego had by no means exaggerated the difficulty of the task that Mr. Lucas had undertaken. The case had received publicity; the gang with which the young man had been implicated had much afflicted the roads north of Madrid, and in Spain the roads are still the chief means of travel. A captain of the Guardia Civile had earned distinction by his capture. There was eagerness to see him made an end of that no Ministry could afford to despise. At the Embassy, in a carefully informal conversation, these facts were impressed on Mr. Lucas. His audience at the Ministry did nothing to lighten them. He was shown through the parquet-floored outer offices, where the drowsy clerks maintained their endless aimless conversations, to that inner bureau where dwelt the official power, and found himself face to face, across a rose-wood table, with a big, bland man who welcomed him with a smile. Mr. Lucas did not like the smile; it seemed to know and to discount his mission. To meet it, he put on a profound gravity.

"Give yourself the trouble to be seated," begged the Minister. "The day is hot, Señor, and you cause yourself unnecessary fatigue."

His big, smooth face was suave and courteous, but the words had an undertone of meaning that Mr. Lucas did not fail to notice.

"I hope not, your Excellency," he answered.

He helped himself to a cigar from the box that was pushed across to him, then reached for the taper to light it. The Minister was watching him with faint amusement.

Mr. Lucas sat up.

"Let me help your Excellency to a light," he said. He drew from his pocket a packet of paper bound with an elastic band, and slipped from it a piece of stiff colored paper, which he twisted into a spill. The Minister, watching him, half raised a hand in protest; but Mr. Lucas lighted it imperturbably and passed it across. The Minister took it and lit his cigar; then, still smiling, let it burn down to his fingers before he dropped it in the ash-tray. But he had not failed to see the figures on it, and the look he turned on Mr. Lucas was touched with deference. The rest of the bank-notes still lay on the table where Mr. Lucas had laid them — a plump bundle that drew the eye.

"I will not detain your Excellency longer than I must," said Mr. Lucas. "I come, then, in the affair of the young man who is sen-

tenced to death. My friend Señor Borrego has, I believe, communicated the facts concerning that young gentleman."

The Minister bowed. "I was deeply distressed," he said in a rich, throaty murmur. "The more so, since I was powerless."

Mr. Lucas scanned him sharply. The Minister was smoking serenely, his heavy-lidded eyes half closed. His large face, shiny with heat, was empty and amiable. Mr. Lucas was conscious of a sudden sinking of the heart. He knew his Spaniard completely, and was aware of that streak of stoicism which differentiates him from the northern European. This man had already been approached by Borrego, who would not have failed to use all the arguments that could be expected to move him. Mr. Lucas knew that, once he had decided that it was not possible to earn his bribe, that he could not reach for the lavish money to be provided, he would speak and look in no other manner than that in which the Minister was now speaking and looking.

"I am encouraged to hope that there is yet time for consideration," said Mr. Lucas.

He leaned forward to drop the ash from his cigar into the ash-tray, and as he did so his arm touched the bundle of bank-notes and pushed it half-way across the table. The Minister opened his eyes wide for a moment.

"Señor," he said, "I beg you to believe that I have given to this matter the most earnest thought. Its aspects have been studied. I have even delayed a decision, in the hope that I might receive representations from the Ambassador of your country. But there have been none. Possibly, however, you can tell me that such representations will be forthcoming?"

He waited for Mr. Lucas' reply with a glance of sleepy good humor. When none came, he settled once more into his chair.

"Thus," he went on, "there is nothing that removes the case of this young man from the category in which it was placed by the prosecution. And, further, I will not deny that public opinion is much engaged in the matter."

He put out a fat hand and took up the bundle of bank-notes.

"These cigar lights are expensive, Señor," he said blandly. "You will lose them if you are not careful."

Mr. Lucas took them with grave thanks and put them in his pocket.

It was a bad beginning; it reduced the available days to four, and nothing had been done. Worse still, there was little left to do. There was in progress one of the constant political crises of Spain, and this added itself to Mr.

Lucas' difficulties, since it seemed that the execution of his client was regarded as one of the strong cards of a government pledged to clean the roads. But it was not until three more days had passed that Mr. Lucas found himself face to face with failure. He had worked unwearyingly, with a marvelous adroitness, thrusting himself into quarters where his advent must have appeared strange indeed. Outwardly always the level-headed, insular, responsible lawyer of Lincoln's Inn Fields, gray-clad, black-hatted, English to his finger-tips, he made his way to ears difficult of access; he established himself—and that at a moment's notice—on the sheltered and confidential side of political society. But at last there came the evening before the day set for that spectacle which he was commissioned to prevent. Mr. Lucas drove home to his hotel in the afternoon with a new expression on his face, something deeper than gravity, more patient than purpose. To Señor Borrego, who was waiting for him, he turned with absent-minded courtesy.

"There is no more to be done," he said, before the other could ask the question. "The thing is hopeless. To-night I will go to the prison and see the young man."

Little Señor Borrego heard the regret in his tone, and lowered his voice to answer.

"Then I will obtain a permit for you. You are weary," he said.

"I have already a permit," returned Mr. Lucas. He smiled a little as he spoke. "In fact, I have everything that I require."

As he turned to move away, Señor Borrego touched his arm to detain him.

"You—you will attend the—er—the function to-morrow?" he asked hesitatingly.

Mr. Lucas considered him for a moment seriously. "No," he answered; "I think not."

It was dark when Mr. Lucas produced his permit at the entrance to the prison. It was not a permit in the regular form, and he was made to wait in an ill-lighted stone-walled room till the governor of the prison could be brought. But he had plenty of time, and he sat very serenely under the eye of the tall, unshaven warder who kept him company till the governor, having read the permit, came hurrying in.

"You wish to see the prisoner named here?" asked the governor. "This place and all in it are yours, Señor."

He bowed profoundly to Mr. Lucas, and brushed some crumbs from the front of his tunic.

"I wish to speak to the prisoner as privately as may be," said Mr. Lucas. "I have messages for him. The permit in your hand makes that clear?"

The Spaniard bowed again; his teeth gleamed white in the lamplight under his mustache as he smiled accommodatingly.

"Abundantly clear, Señor," he said. "Yet, if I may be permitted—this is a young man of strange habits. There will be an armed man within sight, Señor—no more. He will not hear."

"That will do very well," said Mr. Lucas.

"Then, if you will follow me, Señor," suggested the governor, "I will lead you to the prisoner. He is *en capilla*."

Mr. Lucas followed. The way was through a succession of courtyards, linked together by narrow stone-flagged corridors, where their feet rang loudly as they went. The lantern by which they walked shone on walls greasy with filth, on smooth old stones polished by the passage of generations of the violent, the vile, and the unhappy; and in the air was a faint taint, as of sick men near by. Mr. Lucas walked behind the governor in silence, till they turned at last into a passage from the end of which shone lights. They had reached the *capilla*, the chapel, in which those condemned to death spend their last hours. It was only a space cut off at the end of the passage by a grating, within which there was a confusion of lights on a little altar, and, in the shadow to one side, a pallet-bed. Two sentries lounged at their posts, one within by the altar, the other at the door in the grille. On the pallet-bed Mr. Lucas could distinguish the dark outline of some one lying on his elbow.

"Here, then, is the place," said the governor. As he spoke, the form on the bed raised its head, black against the lights, to look. There was a swift abruptness in the movement which Mr. Lucas took note of. The governor ordered the sentry out of the cell, and despatched him and the one outside the door to stand twenty yards up the corridor. He held open the gate for Mr. Lucas with the formality of a man making way for a lady, and his crooked shadow zig-zagged up the wall as he moved.

"Should you require them," whispered the governor, with a motion toward the sentries, "you have but to raise your voice."

"I thank you," said Mr. Lucas, and entered.

The gate closed behind him with a jarring crash, and the governor's footfalls echoed flatly as he retired. The man on the bed remained propped on his elbow till the official had passed from sight; then, with quick, jerky movements, he rose and sat on the side of the bed.

"Well?" he demanded; "and what now?"

The candles of the altar shone full on him. He was staring at Mr. Lucas with a hard fixity that recalled irresistibly the harsh gaze





*Drawn by Walter Jack Duncan*

"THERE IS NOTHING FURTHER. GO WITH GOD!"



of old Lady Morven when she had last given him his orders. There was more there, besides. The quiet scrutiny of Mr. Lucas took full account of that face, "much blackened by the sun," and something almost like excitement quickened his pulse as he identified one feature after another. The man might have walked into Morven Park and established himself there on the warranty of his face alone. His was the long oval countenance, the narrow predatory nose, the small full mouth ripe for forbidden fruit, the straight, cruel eyebrows. And most wonderfully his, too, was the sum of all those details — the bold, nervous, arrogant manner that characterized and betrayed the Morvens.

Mr. Lucas took it all in before he answered. Had there been another person present to mark it, — Señor Borrego, for example, — he might have seen a change in Mr. Lucas, too. When he replied, there was a peculiar quality of familiarity in his unimpeachable Spanish.

"I come from your family in England," he said. "You have heard of me?"

The youth made a sound of assent, still staring at him. "Old Borrego has been here," he said. "He is an old fool."

But there was expectancy in his tone; his voice had the uncertainty of hope. Mr. Lucas was fumbling in his pockets, as though in idleness. When he spoke, it was as if he mentioned a matter of no importance.

"There is no reprieve, my lord," he remarked.

"Ah!" The youth on the bed breathed hard, and his eyes traveled for an instant beyond Mr. Lucas to the apparatus of the little altar.

"No," went on Mr. Lucas; "there is no reprieve. All that was possible has been done. Money has been spent — your money. But it was impossible."

The lad on the bed sighed. It was like a sigh of relief, as though the removal of a great tension of hope and doubt gave him ease. He fumbled on his pillow, and found and lighted another cigarette, sitting with his chin resting in his hands and his elbows propped on his knees. His dark, desperate face, aged with evil living and hardship, confronted Mr. Lucas.

"So," he said drawlingly, "so I am Lor-rd Morven?"

"That is so," acquiesced Mr. Lucas gravely, still fumbling in his pockets.

The lad seemed to think upon the fact for a while; then he drew his cigarette from his lips and spat in sudden vehemence, with a gross oath.

"And to-morrow," he said, — "to-morrow —"

He broke off. All his hardihood was not equal to realizing what to-morrow would bring.

Mr. Lucas' eyes were narrow; the line of his jaw was, of a sudden, clear and hard as a knife.

"To-morrow," he said, with an intensity of tone that made the youth start, "Lord Morven will make a spectacle for Madrid. When they put the cords on him and bring him out, with a priest whispering in his ear, when the crowd remarks how pale he is, when they bear him backwards till he falls into the chair, when they swing the iron collar about his neck and hide his face with a handkerchief —"

He paused; his clean-shaven face was cruel. The youth on the bed was swaying to and fro, making little noises like a miserable animal.

"Lord Morven," said Mr. Lucas. "Behold Lord Morven! And yet, there is a way out."

The wretched lad paused in his flurry of agony. "A way out?" he babbled. "A way out?"

Mr. Lucas drew his hand from his pocket and held it to him. There was a white tablet in the palm, like one of those round peppermint sweets that country-folk take with them to church.

"Here it is!" he said. The youth stared at him with open mouth. "It will save all," said Mr. Lucas urgently. "A moment of resolution, and the hangman has no power. Take it, Lord Morven."

The lad recoiled as Mr. Lucas thrust it forward. "No, no!" he cried incoherently.

"Take it, Lord Morven," repeated Mr. Lucas. "Take it!"

There was a long silence. The youth hid his face in his hands, and one of the candles set up a slow sputtering, like the trickling of water. Down the corridor, one of the sentries yawned luxuriously. At last the youth looked up. Under the swart of sunburn on his face was the hue of pallor, but the precarious courage of desperation had come to him.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, and took the tablet from the outstretched hand of Mr. Lucas.

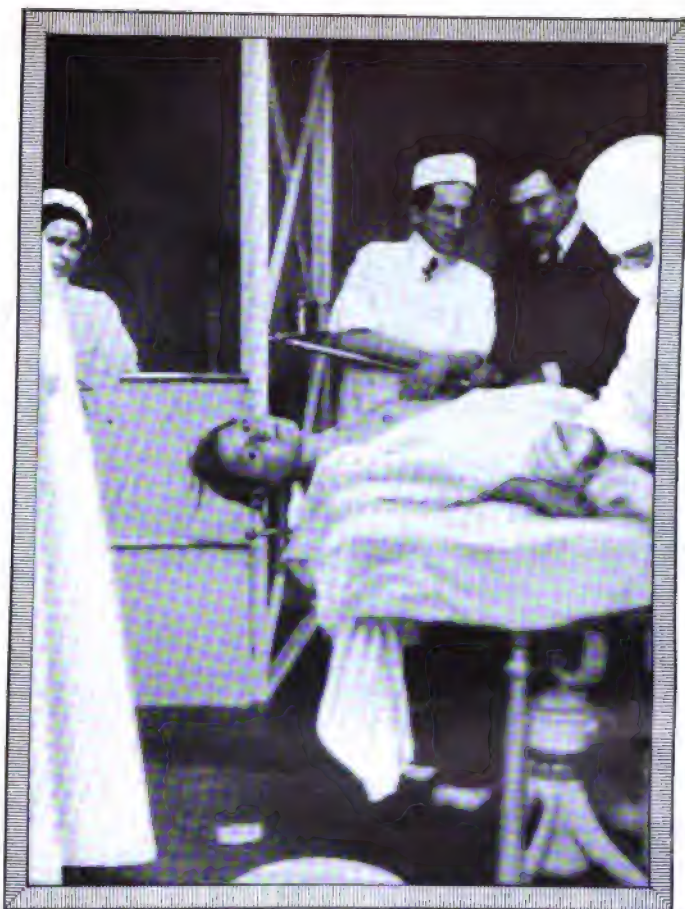
Mr. Lucas rose and stood before him. He was very formal, very grave.

"I have the honor to salute your lordship," he said. "Has your lordship any further orders for me?"

The youth took the cue. "There is nothing further," he said calmly. "Go with God."

Mr. Lucas watched him lie down again in the shadow and draw the blanket over him. Then he signed to the sentry to come and let him out. He did not look back at the little *capilla* where the last of the Morvens was paying the debt he owed to his name. The night air at the gate struck fresh on his face, and the turnkey who let him out voiced a fear that there would be rain.

"It will be good for the crops, at any rate," replied Mr. Lucas.



DR. JONNESCO PERFORMING AN OPERATION ON A YOUNG  
GIRL'S HAND. THE PATIENT IS CONSCIOUS,  
BUT SUFFERS NO PAIN

## THE NEW ANESTHETIC—STOVAINE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**A** FEW months ago, a small six-year-old boy was wheeled into the operating theater at the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled, in New York City. He was one of the several thousand children of the tenements who annually find their way into this great

philanthropic institution, suffering from what, to the lay mind, seems a hopelessly incurably injury or malformation. This particular patient had a crippled and paralyzed leg; and, to restore its usefulness, it was necessary to cut deeply into the heel, stretch the "Achilles tendon," and make other changes which,



without the usual anesthetic, would involve excruciating suffering. According to the attendant nurses, the child belonged to the "noisy" class; that is, he was extremely sensitive to pain, screamed at the approach of the surgeon, and could be examined only when forcibly held down.

As the child came into the operating-room he presented an extremely pathetic figure—small, naked, thin, with a closely cropped head of black hair, and a face pinched and blanched with fear. Surrounded by a fair-sized army of big, muscular surgeons and white-clothed nurses, and a gallery filled with a hundred or more of the leading medical men of the metropolis, he certainly seemed a helpless speck of humanity with all the unknown forces of science and modern life arrayed against him. Under ordinary conditions he would have been etherized in an adjoining chamber and brought into the operating-room entirely unconscious. This cripple, however, had been selected as a favorable subject for an interesting experiment in modern surgery, for he was to undergo an extremely tortuous operation in a state of full consciousness.

Among the assembled surgeons was a large-framed, black-mustacied and black-haired, quick-moving, gypsy-like Rumanian—Professor Thomas Jonnesco, dean of the Medical Department of the University of Bucharest, and one of the leading men of his profession in

Europe. Dr. Jonnesco, who had landed in New York only two days before, had come to the United States with a definite scientific purpose. This was to show American surgeons that the most difficult operations could be performed without pain, without the loss of consciousness, and without the use of the familiar anesthetics, ether or chloroform. Dr. Jonnesco's reputation in itself assured him the fullest opportunity of demonstrating his method in New York, and this six-year-old boy had been selected as an excellent test subject.

Under the gentle assurances of the nurse that "no one was going to hurt" him, the boy assumed a sitting posture on the operating-table, with his feet dangling over the edge. Then, at the request of Dr. Jonnesco, he bent his head forward until it almost touched his breast. This threw the child's back into the desired position,—that of the typical bicycle "scorcher,"—making each particular vertebra stand out sharply under the tightly drawn skin. Dr. Jonnesco quickly ran his finger along the protuberances, and finally selected the space between the twelfth dorsal and the first lumbar vertebrae—in other words, the space just above the small of the back. He then took an ordinary hypodermic needle, and slowly pushed it through the skin and tissues until it entered the small opening between the lower and upper vertebrae, not stopping until it reached the open space just this side of the spinal cord.

As the needle pierced the flesh, the little patient gave a sharp cry — the only sign of discomfiture displayed during the entire operation. When the hollow needle reached its destination, a few drops of a colorless liquid spurted out — the famous cerebro-spinal fluid, the substance which, like a water-jacket, envelops the brain and the spinal cord. Into this same place Dr. Jonnesco now introduced an ordinary surgical syringe, which he had previously filled with a pale yellowish liquid, — the much-famed stovaine, — and slowly emptied its contents into the region that immediately surrounds the spinal cord.

### *Complex Operation Painlessly Performed*

For a few minutes the child retained his sitting posture as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Dr. Jonnesco patted him on the back and said a few pleasant words in French, while the nurses and assistants chatted amiably in English.

"How do you feel now?" the attending surgeon asked, after the lapse of three or four minutes.

"All right," replied the boy, animatedly, "cept that my legs feel like they was going to sleep."

The nurses now laid the patient down upon his back, throwing a handkerchief over his eyes, so that he could not himself witness the subsequent proceedings. There was, naturally, much holding of breath as Dr. Virgil P. Gibney, the operating surgeon, raised his knife and quickly made a deep incision in the heel of this perfectly conscious patient. From the child, however, there was not the slightest evidence of sensation.

"Didn't you feel anything, my boy?" asked Dr. Gibney, pausing.

"No, I don't feel nothin'," came the response from under the handkerchief.

An operation lasting nearly half an hour ensued. The deepest tissues of the heel were cut, the tendons were stretched, the incision was sewed up, all apparently without the patient's knowledge.

Soon after Dr. Gibney began the operation, three other patients were brought in — a girl of twelve with a club-foot, a boy of thirteen with a double hernia, and a woman of thirty-six with a dislocated hip. All, perfectly conscious, underwent difficult operations entirely without pain.

### *No Disagreeable After Effects*

Those familiar with the usual operation under ether or chloroform might have concluded, from the simplicity of this procedure under

stovaine, that a new era in surgery had arrived. That nauseous impregnation of the atmosphere with the fumes of ether or chloroform was happily absent. The services of the industrious anesthetist were dispensed with. Any one who has seen an average child anesthetized, with the accompanying choking, struggling, and screaming, would have regarded the slight pain caused by the injecting-needle as a small price to pay for the elimination of that preliminary discomfort. There were also few marked signs of the other frequent accompaniments of etherization — the labored, stertorous breathing, the blue pallor of the face, and the not unusual nausea and vomiting. The patients lay calmly, entirely conscious, and evidently undergoing no discomfort.

Stovaine manifested its most marked advantage over the prevailing anesthetics, however, in its after effects. As is well known, it frequently takes etherized or chloroformed patients several hours to recover from the drugs. During this time they are not only exceedingly miserable themselves, but are the cause of much discomfort and anxiety to their friends. They behave much like alcoholics recovering from a prolonged debauch. They are often violent, and this violence may at times become so strenuous as to disturb the results of the operation. But, in the operations described above, the effects of the anesthetic had disappeared in an hour and a half or two hours. There were practically no disagreeable after results — merely the gradual return of sensation to the affected parts. There was only a slight nausea — no drunken hallucinations, no delirium. A couple of hours after his operation, the six-year-old boy described above was sitting up in bed whistling and in other ways manifesting his return to youthful normality.

### *Spinal Anesthesia an American Discovery*

It must not be assumed from the foregoing that this eminent Rumanian surgeon has discovered any new form of anesthesia. He himself makes no such radical claim. All that he has done has been to make certain improvements upon a procedure that is about twenty-five years old. With the idea of spinal anesthesia — that is, the producing of insensibility to pain by bringing a drug directly into contact with the spinal cord — modern surgery has long been familiar. And this idea, like the idea of anesthesia in general, originated on this side of the Atlantic. Probably America's greatest contribution to medical science is this far-reaching gift of painless surgery. The very word itself, anesthesia, is of American origin,

having been borrowed from the Greek by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in 1846, to describe the condition of insensibility produced by the inhalation of sulphuric ether. The use of this beneficent vapor in surgical operations to-day is essentially the same as that introduced sixty-five years ago by Dr. Charles Jackson and Dr. W. T. G. Morton of Boston. Before their time, the idea that surgery could be performed painlessly had occasionally arisen in men's minds, but had gained little foothold.

"The escape from pain in surgical operations," wrote the celebrated Velpeau in 1839, "is a chimaera which it is idle to follow up to-day. Knife and pain in surgery are two words which are always inseparable in the minds of patients, and this necessary association must be conceded."

In those days, the only anesthetic given for the amputation of a leg, or the excision of a cancer, was, for the devout, a prayer by the neighborhood clergyman, and, for the more worldly, a preliminary drink of whisky or Jamaica rum — with, perhaps, when the pain became excessive, a bullet or a nail to bite upon. Five years after Velpeau wrote his despairing words, however, Horace Wells, a dentist of Hartford, Connecticut, began extracting teeth from patients who had been anesthetized by nitrous oxid gas, and in 1846 Europe was electrified by the news that, in the Massachusetts Hospital at Boston, several elaborate surgical operations had been painlessly performed upon patients who had been rendered unconscious by inhaling sulphuric ether. Within a few months practically the whole medical profession in Europe had adopted this simple procedure. A year later James Y. Simpson, an eminent Scottish surgeon, announced the anesthetic properties of chloroform. From that day, up to a comparatively recent time, these two chemicals, ether and chloroform, have been the only substances found generally useful for inducing perfect anesthesia.

We shall understand better the action of stovaine if we examine the effects of these two well-tried anesthetics upon the human body and their manifest shortcomings. Until their discovery, mankind knew that many substances would render the human mind unconscious, but the difficulty was that this unconsciousness invariably resulted in death. The problem was to find something that, while it temporarily interfered with sensibility, did not seriously disorganize certain vital bodily organs, especially the lungs and the heart. If we trace the progress of the ether and the chloroform molecules through the body, we

shall see why those products met the two essential requirements. The anesthetic, like the oxygen with which it must be administered, finds its first lodgment in the air-spaces of the lungs. Here, like the oxygen itself, it is taken up by the blood and rapidly disseminated to all parts of the body. It does not appreciably affect the patient until it reaches the center of the whole nervous system — the brain. It has a most voracious affinity for all the nerve-cells — that is, it unites with them and effects the most important temporary changes in their structure.

Now, the brain, with the spinal cord, is, as most people know, the organ that regulates all the functions of the body, whether these functions comprise the composition of an epic poem or the beating of the heart. Each part of the brain has its appointed duties. The upper part, the cerebrum, which fills the large section of the skull, is the seat of our conscious life. It is we ourselves. It is the part that remembers, that thinks, that loves and hates that experiences pleasure and suffers pain. Immediately below this is a smaller, darker segment, the cerebellum, which regulates the complicated physical performance known as coördination. When we raise a fork to the mouth, for example, it is the cerebellum that so supervises the operation that the fork actually enters the mouth and not an ear or an eye. When we attempt to clap our hands, it is the little cerebellum, again, that makes the hands really come together. Without this delicate mechanism we could not walk symmetrically or accurately perform the simple physical movements. Below the cerebellum and forming the connecting-link between the spinal cord and the brain, is the section that is even more essential to physical life — the medulla oblongata. This is the part of the nervous system that, among other things, controls the mechanism which regulates respiration and the heart-beat. It is the one section of the brain that, in the strictly physical sense, is indispensable to human life.

If the cerebrum be removed, we can still live — that is, our hearts will beat, our lungs will breathe, the processes of digestion and absorption will still go on. We should know nothing about it, of course, for consciousness would be absolutely destroyed; we should be reduced to the intellectual level of vegetables — irreparable idiots. Life, however, in the technical sense, would still be intact. If the cerebellum were taken away, we could also exist, and in this case, exist consciously; but we should be like drunken men, and practically have no automatic control over our muscles. But if



medulla oblongata were excised, respiration and pulsation would suddenly cease and life would immediately end.

Nature, in accordance with that beautiful economy which she exercises in all her works, has bestowed protective powers upon these several sections of the brain in direct proportion to their indispensability in performing bodily functions. Science maps the several parts of this organ according to what it calls their several degrees of stability — the varying degrees, that is, to which they resist attacks from outside substances. The part that gives way most quickly to extraneous influences is the cerebrum — the seat of consciousness. That consciousness is easily lost is a commonplace fact of our every-day lives. A good knock on the head suffices to make most of us dead to the world. Nature tolerates this easy loss of consciousness because the physical frame can exist without it. The cerebellum, which controls muscular coördination, is rather more necessary to physical existence, and therefore offers greater resistance to outside attacks. But the medulla is the most antagonistic of all — simply because its destruction at once ends life itself. Only the most frightful blow can annihilate it; for the vital forces, when once it is assailed, concentrate all their most powerful energies upon its preservation.

#### *People Who Cannot Take Ether or Chloroform*

In the normal person, the ether or chloroform molecules, once started on their passage in the blood-stream, soon reach and saturate all parts of the brain. And they affect its several parts precisely in the order given above. If the patient has a healthy medulla, the anesthetic disturbs it very little or not at all. This indispensable organism remains essentially the same as if no anesthetic had been administered, and the indispensable heart-beat and breathing continue quietly. The cerebellum, likewise, though it does not have the great resistant properties of the medulla, maintains its equilibrium fairly well. But the comparatively non-resistant cerebrum rapidly succumbs. As long as the anesthetic retains its integrity, this section of the brain suspends its operations; the patient loses the sense of his own existence, and consequently feels no pain. It may be something of a shock to learn that the part of us which controls our higher lives is the least resistant to the influences that seek to destroy it, but it is this feebleness that has made possible the alleviation of pain and the progress of modern surgery.

These facts explain the possibility of anes-

thesia by ether and chloroform, and they also explain certain of their shortcomings. Authorities do not agree as to the extent to which these anesthetics are dangerous. The recently published *Encyclopedia of Medicine and Surgery* says that, of every 2,286 human beings who take chloroform, one dies; and one out of every 6,020 who take ether. On the other hand, "*Keen's Surgery*," while giving about the same statistics for chloroform fatalities, places those from ether at only one in 16,000. It is usually people with weak hearts, or sufferers from asthma or some other disease of respiration, who die under general anesthetics. In other words, their vascular and respiratory mechanism does not offer that resistance to the drug that is manifested in people who are normally strong. In the large majority of cases, the medulla fights off the ether or chloroform; when the patient is in a weakened condition, however, it does so less successfully. As the heart action and respiratory apparatus vary in different people, so their behavior under the anesthetic varies. Some patients sleep as quietly as children, with respiration and pulsation virtually undisturbed; others breathe laboriously and give evidences of weakened heart action. Patients with badly diseased kidneys or livers are also unfavorable subjects for general anesthesia.

People addicted to the excessive use of alcohol or to drugs take ether or chloroform badly. Alcohol itself, in sufficient quantities, is an anesthetic, and its constant use tends to render one immune — precisely as the daily inhalation of mild doses of chloroform for a number of years would so accustom the body to the drug that it could not be used to produce surgical unconsciousness. And it is not only confirmed drunkards who make bad subjects, but "high livers," people habituated to the conventional consumption of cocktails and champagne — these also usually give the operator trouble. In the case of many people anesthetics positively cannot be used, and they must either endure the horrors of an operation under full consciousness or die from their affections. With a still larger number, ether or chloroform can be administered only with extreme caution.

Again, science has eagerly investigated new anesthetics in the hope of finding one that might exert some favorable influence against the dangers which it describes under the name of surgical shock. The sudden cutting and the tearing of tissue produce certain physiological effects that not infrequently result in death. The precise changes that take place are exceedingly difficult to define, but the outcome is none the less real. Thus, "death from shock" is not



infrequently the verdict of a surgical fatality. Now, general narcosis, such as is produced by ether and chloroform, only slightly eliminates these dangers. All it does is simply to abolish the sensation of shock from the consciousness. The nervous reactions reach the brain, only we do not feel them. The resulting destruction, however, is precisely the same as if we did. We die — only we do not know it. It is like anesthetizing the condemned criminal before handing him over to the hangman.

### *Many Have a Horror of Losing Consciousness*

Many people have an indescribable and irresistible dread of losing consciousness. Why some men and women will submit to torture, rather than take a dose of chloroform or ether, is an interesting problem for the psychologist; but such people do exist. All these people, of course, lose consciousness every night, when they go to sleep; but they morbidly shrink from it when produced artificially. And a large number, because of this aversion, postpone operations or absolutely refuse to have them performed.

Of course, we must not assume, from these considerations, that the medical profession is dissatisfied with these famous anesthetics. For nearly seventy years they have saved mankind from incalculable misery, and few believe that any adequate substitute for them will ever be found. In recent years, so many practical improvements have been made in their administration that the great mass of mankind can now take them safely; the fact remains, however, that, in many isolated cases, for the reasons enumerated above, they cannot be used, or can be used only with difficulty. Surgical science is seeking, not something that will replace ether and chloroform, but something that will supplement them. In most cases, the abundantly tested anesthetics will always be used; but for people with weak hearts, poor respiration, degenerated kidneys and livers, and for victims of alcohol or drugs or of an abnormal dread of losing consciousness — cannot something be done for them? Above all, is it not possible to mitigate the almost nameless dread that hovers above every surgical table — the danger of death by shock? Modern surgery will not rest satisfied until it possesses the resources that make every operation both painless and safe.

### *Discovery of Cocaine*

In 1884 Carl Koller, a talented young medical student of Vienna, became deeply interested in a substance that medical science

had had in its possession, in one form or another, for more than three hundred years — ever since Pizarro had made his incursion into Peru. In those days, as now, the Peruvians habitually renewed their physical and mental vigor by chewing coca leaves, a product, like the quinine bark, indigenous to their own country. In 1859 a famous German chemist succeeded in isolating from the coca leaves the alkaloids that gave them this stimulating quality, and called the extraction cocaine. Its most useful characteristic, however, remained virtually unknown until Koller's time. In reading some old literature, this observing young man was struck by a remark made twenty years before by another German savant, Professor Scharff — that cocaine, when placed on the tip of the tongue, produced a certain dryness and insensibility. Apparently no one had acted upon this pregnant hint, but Koller at once took a guinea-pig and dropped a little cocaine into its eye. When, a few minutes afterward, he pushed a pin-head against the retina, there was not the slightest indication of sensation. Koller immediately dropped a small portion of the drug into his own eye, and found that he could rub his finger against that organ, roll it around, and irritate it in numerous ways, all without the slightest sensation. No ambitious medical student ever started his career more brilliantly than did this young man, for Koller had virtually discovered a substance for which surgical science had been looking for fifty years — a local anesthetic, something that would render possible painful operations in circumscribed sections of the body, without recourse to all the inconveniences of ether or chloroform.

This discovery of the anesthetic properties of cocaine was one of the medical sensations of the nineteenth century. Nowhere did it stimulate greater interest than in the United States. One of the earliest and most successful experimenters was a young neurologist of New York, Dr. J. Leonard Corning. In the practical uses of cocaine Dr. Corning made many important discoveries. He also clearly perceived its disadvantages. At first the medical world believed that cocaine would supplant ether and chloroform in all operations, but Corning and others soon demonstrated that this was not likely. Its shortcomings are easily explained in a few words.

Theoretically, cocaine is a perfect anesthetic: once placed in affinity with nerves or nerve centers, it quickly destroys all sensation. The difficulty, though, was to bring about this conjunction. Nerves are exceedingly ramified and complex, and if the field of operation is large, it is almost impossible to reach, with the inject-

ing-needle, all nerves and branches of nerves that may connect it with the brain. One important instance soon convinced Dr. Corning of the futility of this method. A surgeon friend had a patient whose leg required immediate amputation. As the man was an advanced alcoholic, ether or chloroform could not be used, and Dr. Corning was requested to inject cocaine. Up to that time, so radical an operation under the new anesthetic had not been recorded. Dr. Corning made the attempt, however, and with virtually complete success — that is, the leg was almost painlessly removed. Still, the process of anesthetization was prolonged and difficult. Dr. Corning had to inject the needle thirty or forty times, in order to reach and make insensitive the entire operative area. Clearly, such a method, for general use, was out of the question. A simpler way of deadening the nerves must be found, or cocaine would be useful only in surface operations, such as on the eye or throat, to which it seemed chiefly adapted.

#### *Dr. Corning Uses Cocaine in Spinal Anesthesia*

It was in studying this problem that Dr. Corning hit upon the original idea that has made his name famous in medical annals. Up to that time, cocaine had been injected in the particular area of the body where the operation was to take place. Why this method was unsatisfactory has already been explained. But there was one point from which the cocaine, once securely lodged, might render large areas absolutely insensible. That was the spinal cord.

Those who write upon the nervous organization usually compare it to a kind of telephone system, of which the nerves themselves are the wires and the brain the "Central." When we wish to express our consciousness in action — to walk, to run, to eat, and so on — this "Central," or the brain, telephones the particular impulse through the motor nerves to the muscles, which immediately respond with the desired act. When an outside influence comes in contact with the body, a sensation, whether agreeable, painful, or simply neutral, immediately speeds toward the brain over these same telephonic nerves. These are two most important functions of the nervous system — to move muscles and to register sensation. If we adopt this general comparison to a telephone system — as we may conveniently do — then we may describe the spinal cord as its *cable*. The ultimate destination of all sensory and the most important motor impulses is the brain, and the nerves carry these impulses into the brain by way of the spinal cord. It is the great trunk line of

which they are merely the branches. All along its length, these delicate strands enter this comprehensive structure, which thus tenaciously holds in its grasp the elaborate mechanism which controls sensation and movement. If, by some artificial mechanism, we could cut the wires in this cable, we should end sensation and motion in the particular parts of the body affected. If we should cut it at about the waist-line, then the nerves that strike the cord below this point would cease communicating with the brain, and the parts of the body reached by them — in this case, about everything below the waist — would lose sensation and movement. All the nerves above the section shut off, however, would still communicate with the great cerebral center, and the parts of the body with which they connect would still retain perfect sensibility. Obviously, the nearer we approached the brain in shutting off this communication, the more general would be the anesthesia and paralysis.

Now, Dr. Corning conceived the idea of chemically disconnecting the spinal cord in accordance with the principle just described. He believed that he could do this by subjecting it to the influence of cocaine. The spinal cord and the brain are entirely surrounded by a pale watery fluid; and Dr. Corning imagined that any medicament injected into this fluid, or into the immediate vicinity of the spinal cord, would quickly find its way into that nervous center, and thereby prevent the transmission of sensations to the brain. Instead of painstakingly anesthetizing the particular field of operation, he would stop sensation in the part where the nerves converged.

Not until then had medical science dreamed of introducing a foreign substance into this delicate structure, and had Dr. Corning merely suggested the idea at a meeting of medical men, he unquestionably would have been howled down; but in the quiet of his own laboratory he made his preliminary experiments in the usual way, upon animals. The young dog he selected for his first trial responded almost immediately. He injected a small dose of hydrochlorate of cocaine in the region of its spinal cord, and in five minutes the animal's hind legs began to give marked signs of weakness, scraping aimlessly along the floor. Dr. Corning then applied a strong electric current to the affected members; there was not the slightest sensation. When he fastened the same current to the dog's fore legs, however, the creature howled dismally with pain.

Apparently, Dr. Corning had proved his case. Had he divided the spinal cord with his knife, he could not more completely have prevented

the nerves of the lower part of the dog's body from sending their sensations to the brain. In four or five hours the animal had completely regained its normality. Encouraged by other successes, Dr. Corning was now emboldened to try the same experiment upon a man. In this case, he injected the cocaine between the eleventh and twelfth dorsal vertebrae—almost the same spot selected by Dr. Jonnesco, the other day, for his first operation in New York. Dr. Corning did not have the hardihood to thrust his needle in as far as the spinal canal, but paused just outside, relying upon the numerous minute veins to take the cocaine to the proper destination. Medical men now believe that the experimenter actually reached the spinal fluid, although he did not intend to, for the results were virtually the same as those now regularly obtained. After ten minutes, this patient exclaimed, precisely as did the six-year-old child the other day at the New York hospital, that his legs were "going to sleep." In another moment Dr. Corning found that he could thrust a needle deeply into the man's legs, or into the soles of the feet, without producing any sensation. Powerful stimulation with an electric battery likewise failed to disturb this profound anesthesia. Yet, above the point of inoculation—that is, above the waist-line—the nerves were normally sensitive.

Dr. Corning called this new method "spinal anesthesia," and thus he not only discovered the thing, but gave it its present name. He published his experiments in the *New York Medical Journal* in October, 1885, and later, in 1894, in his book on "Pain." He urged upon surgeons its practical usefulness in operations, especially those in which, for any one of several reasons, ether and chloroform could not be used. But the idea of injecting a drug like cocaine into the spinal cord seemed too terrifying to find general acceptance; and so, for five years after the publication of Dr. Corning's book, little was heard of spinal anesthesia.

And now followed one of those episodes that have figured so commonly in the history of American medical science. European investigators seem to have developed a well-ingrained habit of "discovering" facts already brought to light on this side of the Atlantic. About the year 1900, a violent controversy arose in European scientific circles concerning priority in a new "discovery"—that cocaine, introduced directly into the spinal canal, would produce anesthesia. In 1899 Professor Bier, a distinguished German surgeon, first announced this important fact; and in 1900 M. Tuffier, a leading medical man in France, gave many

practical demonstrations of the same thing. German and French savants immediately began hotly discussing whether Bier or Tuffier was entitled to credit as the real discoverer. The argument did not last long, however, for Dr. Corning's numerous publications in scientific journals immediately disposed of the claims of both men. There is no longer any controversy on this subject; and scientific writers on spinal anesthesia, American and European, almost invariably begin their theses by making full acknowledgment to Dr. Corning.

### *The Use of Cocaine Abandoned*

About 1901, surgeons all over the world enthusiastically adopted the idea as that long-looked-for desideratum, a new anesthetic. Many have used cocaine in sporadic cases ever since. In the main, however, this outburst of scientific enthusiasm soon gave way to acute disappointment. Professor Bier, who was chiefly responsible for the new interest, himself lost faith in it. He used it in many operations without accident; one day, though, as a personal experiment, he took an injection himself. It required nine days for him to recover from its effects. At about the same time, two men, whose spines had been cocainized, died on the operating-table in Paris. Paul Aubourg, a well-known French surgeon, performed an operation, according to the new method, upon a South American suffering from lupus. A few hours after its completion, the patient gave signs of acute suffering, manifesting all the symptoms of meningitis. Soon afterward, M. Reclus, who had tried the new method, denounced it before the Académie de Médecine of Paris, giving a long catalogue of casualties.

The chief objection to cocaine injected intraspinally was its poisonous effect. Its use as a local anesthetic had frequently been deprecated for the same reason. When injected into the spinal cord, it created, in many cases, acute disturbances—headache, nausea, stricture of the muscles of the back and neck, and other even more serious difficulties, and, as a result of M. Reclus' denunciation, spinal anesthesia with cocaine again fell into neglect. Several eminent surgeons still continued to use it with success, but the dangers apparently precluded its general acceptance. That Dr. Corning's discovery was an extremely valuable one, everybody recognized; unless some milder substance than cocaine could be found, however, its practical usefulness seemed necessarily limited. The general cry now was for some such harmless drug, and chemists began an industrious search for it.

*Discovery of Stovaine*

In May, 1904, M. Reclus, the same man who, three years before, had so vigorously denounced cocaine, appeared before the French Academy of Medicine to present the discovery of a new substance — stovaine, which, he believed, adequately supplied this need. Ernest Fourneau, a young French chemist, was the man who had won in the race for the new anesthetic. Fourneau attached his own name to his discovery, though in so modest a fashion that it is not easily recognized. He simply translated his name, which means *stove*, into English, and so called his new substance *stovaine*. It would take an immense amount of chemistry to explain precisely what stovaine is. It is not, as many apparently think, a derivative of cocaine; it has absolutely no connection with the substance that, in intraspinal injections, it seems destined to supplant. It is, in chemical language, a synthetic product — something that the chemist, in the quiet of his laboratory, painstakingly puts together from other better-known substances. If you ask this same chemist what stovaine is, he will tell you that it belongs to the "tertiary series of amino-alcohols," and if you are still more curious, he will inform you that stovaine is the hydrochlorate of  $\delta$ -dimethylamino  $\beta$ -benzoyl pentanol. Its effects, however, are not as difficult to comprehend as its name. In general medical practice, it apparently has most of the valuable properties of cocaine, without its drawbacks. It is as completely anesthetic as cocaine, and as successful in local anesthesia — for use in throat sprays, eye operations, and the like. In this connection, it has one great practical advantage in that its occasional use does not lead to a dreadful habit, as cocaine so frequently does. It produces no exhilarating or stimulating effect, — virtually no sensation at all, — so that the conscientious practitioner can safely prescribe it, without the fear of morally destroying his patients. Experiments have shown that it takes three times as much stovaine as cocaine to kill a guinea-pig; in other words, it is only one third as poisonous. It is also antiseptic, is a heart tonic, and has numerous other technical virtues.

*Sense of Touch Retained, but Not the Sense of Pain*

And, with this discovery, Dr. Corning's idea of spinal anesthesia sprang into new vogue. Soon the very men who, three years before, had despairingly abandoned the new method, began enthusiastically using it again. Bier tried stovaine in three hundred cases, without one

casualty. Tuffier used it with similarly favorable results. Judging from the reports of French and German surgeons, the effects of stovaine seem fairly uniform. The anesthesia manifests itself two or three minutes after injection. When injected in the lumbar region, a prickling sensation — the "going to sleep" described by the patients — starts at about the waist-line, and gradually descends, finally passing off at the extremities.

Sometimes the patient loses all sensibility in the lower part of the body — as if some one had quietly and painlessly taken his legs away. At other times, there is a sense of heaviness — as if a weight had been laid upon them. At still other times, the patient retains the sense of touch, even of cold and heat, though almost never the sense of pain. He can feel the surgeon's hands, his knife, the sponge, and accurately place the region affected, all without the sense of pain. Under stovaine, a man could undergo all the tortures of the Inquisition, know precisely what his tormentors were doing, and yet suffer no physical discomfort. "Do you feel anything?" Dr. Jonnesco once asked a patient. "I can feel some one touching me," he answered. This "touch" was the surgeon's hand exploring the whole abdominal cavity. At other times, even this tactile sense is lost, and the patient has no more knowledge of what is going on than if he were entirely unconscious. "When are you going to begin to operate?" the patient will ask the surgeon, after the lapse of several minutes. He is frequently amazed when informed that the operation is finished. The after effects are also mild, compared with those of cocaine or general anesthetics. In many cases, the patient has been known to get off the table unaided, and walk out of the room. There are headaches only rarely, and little nausea and vomiting. In an hour or two, in most cases, the patient can take food, and his general condition offers an encouraging contrast to that of patients in the same ward getting over the effects of ether or chloroform.

*Stovaine Tends to Diminish Shock*

An early claim made for spinal anesthesia was that it also decreased the danger of death from shock. Under general anesthesia, as already explained, all the injuries of shock are still present — the impulses, that is, are carried to the brain, and do just as much injury as if we felt them. The physical pain gets there, only the ego knows nothing of it. But when sensation is cut off in the spinal cord, the shock never reaches the brain. There is actually no pain, not even unconscious pain. The spinal cord cannot register sensation; only the sensory

section of the cerebrum can do that; and, by cutting the telegraph wires farther down, the messages never reach their destination. Dr. Corning has always regarded this as the greatest advantage of his discovery; and many French surgeons, as well as Dr. Jonnesco, believe that the new method does markedly diminish, if it does not altogether eliminate, shock. Others declare that while the operation is under way, and the anesthetic is in complete control, there is certainly no shock, but that after it is finished, and the patient is resting quietly in bed, the lacerated tissues convey their impressions to the sensory centers. It is believed that it will thus require further experiment to decide precisely the bearing of the new method upon surgical shock.

### *Can It be Used on the Face and Head?*

Up to the present time between 40,000 and 50,000 operations have been performed under spinal anesthesia, about 800 of which have ended fatally. The large majority of these have been with cocaine, or derivatives of cocaine — so that this mortality rate, about two per cent, is not a fair measure of the usefulness of the method under stovaine. The fact that most of those selected for spinal anesthesia represented the desperate class upon whom ether or chloroform could not be used must also be taken into consideration in properly estimating this mortality. These operations also represent the early experimental stage — before the delicate technique required had been fully developed. The majority have been performed upon that part of the body below the heart. In the early days several surgeons tried injecting cocaine higher up in the vertebral column, so as to anesthetize the head and face; but this idea had soon to be abandoned. Higher injections were dangerous, for reasons already explained; the drug, if injected too high, might reach the medulla oblongata in large quantities, and end respiration and heart action. The spinal fluid, into which the drug is injected, extends from the base of the spinal column up to and surrounding the brain. If the injection is made in the lower region, and the patient is placed in a recumbent position, very little of the anesthetic will find its way into the medulla. This is true for the same reason that water will not flow uphill. The spinal column is not straight, but curved, and, just as it reaches the neck, it makes a sharp turn forward, or, if one is lying down, upward. By keeping the patient in the proper position, the flow of the fluid upward can still further be guarded against. In some operations, the body must necessarily be placed in such a position that small quantities

of the anesthetic may reach the centers of respiration and pulsation, but this will not be in large enough quantities to cause marked disturbances. In order to make possible operations in the arms, the breast, the face, and the head, it is necessary to inject the stovaine so high that it will reach this important region. That is why most surgeons have rejected its use in these cases.

The claim is now put forth by Dr. Thomas Jonnesco that the new drug can be used harmlessly for operations in the upper as well as in the lower regions. To overcome the drug's depressing action on the heart, Dr. Jonnesco adds a small quantity of strychnine. Since October, 1908, Dr. Jonnesco has absolutely abandoned ether and chloroform and used stovaine in all his operations. According to his elaborate statistics, published in the *British Medical Journal*, he has personal records of 1,015 spinal stovainizations, "without a death and without any serious complication either during anesthesia or afterward." He has performed the most complicated operations on the skull, the face, the throat, the thorax, the neck, and the breast. He has used it on people of all ages and of both sexes, from a year-old infant to a seventy-year-old woman. He has found it harmless when used upon people suffering from advanced heart disorders, from diabetes, and from alcoholism, and even upon some critically ill with acute infectious diseases. Evidently, Dr. Jonnesco has submitted his method to every possible test, with results entirely satisfactory to himself. His general belief, based upon his own experience, is that spinal anesthesia, with stovaine or some similarly efficacious drug, "will be the anesthetic method of the future," displacing ether and chloroform in all operations.

### *Use of Stovaine Probably Limited to Special Cases*

American medical men, however, do not accept this conclusion. The prevailing judgment appears to be that spinal anesthesia is an extremely valuable addition to the resources of modern surgery. Jonnesco and others have clearly demonstrated its successful use in the lower part of the body; that it is beautifully effective in these regions is now abundantly clear. For that large number of people who, for reasons already explained, cannot safely take chloroform or ether, stovaine will hereafter be largely used. As for higher injections, though, medical science demands further proof. Dr. Jonnesco's operations on the upper trunk and head, in England and in the United States, were not convincing. They did not fail as

completely as the newspaper reports would indicate, but several times, in order to finish the operation, it was necessary to fall back upon the old anesthetics, ether and chloroform, which Dr. Jonnesco was discrediting. It is not unlikely that eventually spinal anesthesia may be as useful above the heart as it is now below it, but surgical science will demand further proof before generally using it in these cases.

### *Physical Pain and Psychological Pain*

The fact that the patient remains conscious is both an advantage and a disadvantage. He does not suffer the preliminary discomfort that so many experience in the course of etherization, and he does not have to undergo the process of "sobering up" that usually succeeds it. At times, the surgeon has also found the patient's intelligence useful. This may happen in cases of mistaken diagnosis. A year or two ago, in Paris, the surgeon, after he had made a large incision, discovered that he had made a mistake, and that the operation would require the removal of certain important organs. He could perform no such operation without the patient's consent; so he moved up to the head of the table, explained the situation to the perfectly conscious man, obtained his permission, and quietly went on with his work. Under ordinary conditions, the man would have been taken back to the ward, and interviewed a day or two later, after the effects of the anesthetic had passed away.

Patients who morbidly dread the loss of consciousness, and who in consequence frequently

postpone or entirely neglect essential operations, will also find a surcease in stovaine. There are still many people, however, who do not care to assist at their own operations. Some suffer almost as much, nervously, as they would, physically, were no anesthetic used. In demonstrating the force of auto-suggestion, the new method has much interest for the psychologist. As the stovaine is injected the heart-beat increases, and as the operation progresses it usually goes down, thus showing that emotional excitement, and not the drug, causes the accelerated pulsation. In a recent operation for a bone tumor on the head, in the Post-Graduate Hospital in New York, the patient gave such signs of suffering that the observers regarded the use of the anesthetic in his case as a failure; but the next day the sick man informed the surgeon that he had felt no pain whatever, and that his behavior was pure nervousness, caused by the fact that he could feel the surgeon chiseling his skull. A hysterical woman will give a sharp cry when merely touched by the surgeon's hands, and then remain quiescent when the knife goes in — showing again that the suffering is not physical, but psychical. And this consideration itself will probably prevent the supersession of ether and chloroform, even though the present method reaches full perfection. The average human being, about to undergo so severe an ordeal as a surgical operation, will still prefer oblivion, and leave the new anesthetic to the thousands of less fortunate patients for whom the old lethal vapors offer no relief.

## THE SOURCE OF SONG

BY

ARTHUR STRINGER

SEE, old and empty is my House of Dream,  
 Where only walk the restless ghosts of Youth  
 To whom the world has done its grievous wrong!  
 Yet in the cobwebbed gloom on some old beam  
 A rat is gnawing, gnawing with a tooth  
 As sharp as Sorrow's — and you call it Song!



# THE DEPTH AND BREADTH OF THE SERVANT PROBLEM

BY

I. M. RUBINOW AND DANIEL DURANT

**T**HE servant girl is disappearing. From year to year it becomes increasingly difficult to get efficient help; or, if efficient, at the right price; or, if at the right price, for any reasonable time; and, frequently, *any* help, at *any* price, for *any* length of time.

To the middle class this spells tragedy. The rich employ men servants; the poor employ wife servants: but the middle class, neither above social convention nor below it, finds itself confronted by a situation that grows more menacing from day to day. It faces a new Servile War—a revolt none the less terrible because entirely passive and even comic in some of its phases. On one side are ranged a million housewives, fighting for the ordered comfort of a home. On the other side is a ragged army of conscripts, working joylessly, struggling hopelessly, deserting whenever possible, shirking when desertion is impossible.

Naturally, mistress blames maid; and, also naturally, maid blames mistress. Each side regards the question as a personal one, requiring for its solution merely the exercise of a little tact and patience by the other side. This is the more natural because women, being more highly developed on the personal side than men, are always prone to observe social problems from the personal angle, and also because the servant problem does touch our personal life more nearly than most social problems. But at bottom it *is* a social problem; for the great initial difficulty, that of *getting* efficient help, is due entirely to a "tight" labor market; and this, as we shall see, is due to a number of causes that ramify far and wide in the network of modern life—causes universal rather than particular, social rather than personal, involving lord and master no less than mistress and maid, factory no less than home, store and shop no less than kitchen. To locate these causes must be our first business, for cure is

impossible without a knowledge of cause; while, on the other hand, the discovery of the true cause is generally followed by the prompt discovery of the true cure.

The servant girl is disappearing. On this point the census figures speak plainly. During the last thirty years, they tell us, the demand for help has doubled,\* while the supply has increased only by half—in the last decade only by five per cent. In 1870 there was one servant girl to every eight families, in 1900 only one to every twelve; even in the recent crisis, when the cities were filled with unemployed, the demand still outran the supply. And yet, during the thirty years past, the number of self-supporting women—that is, the actual labor market—has more than trebled. Forty years ago a woman thrown upon her own resources would tend to select housework for a living; in fact, one woman in two did so select. Thirty years ago only every third woman entered domestic service. Ten years ago only one woman in four rapped at the kitchen door. The other three applied—where?

Every one knows: at the shop, the factory, the store.

Why? Ask the average housewife, and you will get a prompt reply. "First," she will say, "social stigma; loss of caste; cap and apron. Second," she will add, "dislike for housework and—I hate to say it—a fondness for the frivolities of life." As formulated by a clever journalist, the answer runs: "The trouble with the servant girl is that she wants an easy job terminated by an easy husband."

This is pat and plausible, but, like most snap judgments, not entirely error-proof. When a girl elects to run a laundry-machine ten hours or stand behind a counter nine hours a day,

\* In order to avoid a plague of figures we have compressed the statistics into a note at the end of the article.

you cannot very well accuse her of fondness for an easy job. As to the second charge: her ambition to own an easy husband is, it must be admitted, obvious, but not unique; it is shared by a large element of the female population in all walks of life. Yet it does not make for a shortage of teachers, stenographers, factory operatives, and shop girls. All these professions are notoriously overcrowded in spite of the wide prevalence of this most anti-social aspiration to marry and have a home. There must, then, be another cause at work.

### *Loss of Caste Not the Chief Drawback to Domestic Service*

The theory that social stigma is the main cause of the defection deserves serious consideration, because it is most widely held and because there is a great element of truth in it. Miss Gail Laughlin, in her interesting report to the Industrial Commission, states it most fairly:

In other countries social distinctions are more marked than in the United States, and are recognized and accepted. Women coming here from other countries are not deterred from entering domestic service because of social stigma. But American women, accustomed to see other women respected and not regarded by the mass of the people as social inferiors, are not willing to enter an occupation to which social stigma is attached.

That the stigma is an important factor cannot be denied. But its importance may easily be overestimated. We know as a matter of common observation that, where a livelihood is concerned, loss of caste is no real deterrent. Scavengery and street-sweeping, in spite of all stigmata, are chronically overmanned rather than undermanned. Moreover, the assumption that self-respecting Americans have left the degraded field to servile foreigners has no real basis in fact. Were this true, we should expect to find the number of native-born servants decreasing and of foreign-born servants increasing from year to year. But what has actually taken place has been the very reverse of this. During the decade 1890-1900 the number of native white servants had increased by 60,000 (from 540,000 to 600,000), while the foreign-born had decreased by 45,000 (from 375,000 to 330,000). And this decrease took place in spite of the enormous growth in foreign immigration during that same period. Thousands of foreign girls enter our hospitable land every month. Many of these are without male support and are forced to earn a living for themselves. Owing to their ignorance of the language and customs of the new country, they

find most occupations closed to them; but there is one avenue not only wide open but insistent: the piers are literally besieged by middle-class housewives in search of cheap and docile foreign domestics. The newly arrived immigrant is conscripted into domestic service, but she is a conscript who deserts at the first opportunity, often sooner than her American cousin, who is supposed to be so much more sensitive to the stigma involved.

### *Housework the Most Exacting of Industries*

Again, this theory of social stigma seems to imply that domestic service alone, of all the occupations open to women, is so afflicted. But, as a matter of fact, there is a well-established hierarchy of feminine vocations, each with its well-defined social grade: teaching, clerical work, selling, factory work, laundry work, domestic service, farm work, the submerged professions.

Now, social stigma might militate very strongly against a change of occupation involving a fall from the upper rung of the ladder to a lower or the lowest. But, as a rule, the changes do not occur in groups widely separated so much as in those near each other. A teacher may become a stenographer; a saleswoman may become a factory operative; and a factory girl a servant. *In each case there is some loss of caste, but this is not powerful enough to prevent the step, if it is desirable in other respects.* Yet, domestic service is practically the only one to suffer from wide ostracism on the part of the workers. We are driven inevitably to the conclusion that there must be some other powerful cause at work to produce this lamentable scarcity. It is impossible to believe that the ebb and flow of the great tide of human labor, which everywhere else is governed by strict economic law, should here take so capricious a twist merely because of social stigma. This most popular theory breaks down, therefore, in three places: it goes against the facts, against common sense, and against well-established social laws.

But, abandoning all theories for the moment, let us look facts squarely in the face and see what we shall see. The situation, at first glance, is utterly paradoxical. Housework is, by all tradition, woman's work — wholesome, congenial, natural; factory work, on the other hand, is admittedly unwholesome and unnatural. Yet the home, which is in sore need of willing workers, must go a-begging, while industrial establishments, already overcrowded, find a new army of despair besieging their doors every morning. Is this because of some

perverted instinct on the part of the working-woman that drives her into unnatural occupations? No; for she hates the machine to which she is chained, the counter to which she is shackled. Ask her, haggard and weary at the end of the day's work, whether she would be willing to live that day over again, or any part of it, or any week or month or year. You know what the answer would be. And yet she declines, by the hundreds and thousands, our offers of room and board, leisure, culture, and comfort. Something must be wrong with our bid. Let us compare the demands and the offers of industry with those of the home.

Industry, we know, demands just one quality from its workers, and that is, efficiency. Given a cheap, rapid service, it is practically indifferent to all other qualifications or disqualifications. The factory and the shop want speed, the store a certain neatness and brightness; that is all. But domestic service requires more than mere efficiency—or, rather, efficiency in service implies more.

### *What the Kitchen Demands*

The first quality sought in a servant is loyalty; the second is servility. Bernard Shaw brings this out well in his "Arms and the Man." Louka, the servant girl, becoming somewhat uppish because of a fancied security in the household, based upon her knowledge of some of the family secrets, is cautioned by the elder man servant, Nicola.

NICOLA. You take my advice, and be respectful; and make the mistress feel that no matter what you know or don't know, they can depend on you to hold your tongue and serve the family faithfully. That's what they like; and that's how you'll make most out of them.

LOUKA (*with searching scorn*). You have the soul of a servant, Nicola.

NICOLA (*complacently*). Yes: that's the secret of success in service.

A royal prince may bear the humble motto "Ich Dien"; a haughty noble may subscribe himself, "Your humble, obedient servant": but for the menial these metaphors do not soften one iota the base laws of servitude.

The second demand made by the kitchen is a long and indefinite work day. The average, as ascertained by careful inquiry on the part of the Domestic Reform League, of Boston, is thirteen hours on week days and eight on Sundays. True, the servant is not at work all the time she is on duty, and there is pleasant diversion in marketing; but, on the whole, it means that all her waking hours, her whole life, in fact, is at the beck and call of another. This is the most terrible demand that the kitchen

makes, and, as we shall see later, the most powerful cause of desertion. For it means that all that this great civilization of ours has to offer her is Dead Sea fruit. All-impelling is the call of the city to the lonely youth on the farm, but greater still is that same call to the city worker who is in the midst of that life, yet who may not participate. The fullness of personal life is closed to any one who works thirteen hours a day.

Another demand is celibacy. Another is moral conformity. If the servant lives in the intimacy of our home, self-protection compels us to exact of her regular hours, to have a certain control over her social life, and to demand that in other respects she conform to our standard of character and conduct rather than to hers.

### *Loneliness of the Servant*

Of 2,300 girls questioned by the Michigan Bureau of Labor, *only fifty-one* belonged to fraternal societies of any kind. Of 230 girls questioned by the Domestic Reform League, *only twenty* belonged to clubs and *only fifteen* to classes of any sort, while 118, or more than half, had no men callers whatever. Yet the vast majority of these were under thirty and life was calling loudly to them even as to you and me. Moreover, the loneliness of the servant is of the worst type. She is in a family but not of it. Our home deprives her of a home. This may seem grotesque when we consider the great disparity, in comfort and culture, between the home from which she comes and the one in which she serves. But, to quote one girl: "Home is the place where the loved ones live—a place of freedom, with the companionship of equals on equal terms. Home is not the kitchen and back bedroom of a house belonging to another."

There are comfortable folk who argue that all this psychologizing over the feelings of a servant girl is sheer nonsense; that the poor do not feel things in the same degree that educated, sensitive folk do; that they take pain and pleasure on a low plane, like Chinamen and snails. That may be. It is possible that, when a working-girl deliberately escapes what is to her a pain economy and seeks what is to her a pleasure economy, she does it, not on high psychologic grounds, but impulsively and thoughtlessly. That may very well be; yet her action calls our hand. She thereby creates a problem that wiser folk must concern themselves with, willy-nilly. And no possible solution of this problem can be a final solution if it ignore this psychic factor.

Finally, there is the genuine loss of caste. The servant loses her family name, assumes cap and apron, becomes a drudge, a slavey, a thing — "merely Mary Ann." Her chances for marriage are lessened because of the snobbishness in her own circles. A young mechanic, when his fancy turns to thoughts of love, looks up, to the school-teacher, and not down, to the despised housemaid. This is a contributory factor of no slight importance; it cannot be ignored, but it must clearly be recognized as a concomitant or symptom rather than a cause.

So much for the relative demands of industrial and domestic service. It must be admitted that the balance is easily on the side of the former. Now to a comparison of what they have to offer.

### *What the Factory Offers*

The factory hours are regular. Even though the machine break the back, even though life is shortened by many years, yet the end of the day's work spells freedom — to rest, to look around, to plan escape, even to dissipate. But housework — is never done.

The factory provides human fellowship. At work, or during the noon hour, or after work, social life is possible and real. But in the solitude of the kitchen petty irritations may grow and fester. The veriest trifles may there assume the power to obsess the mind, to poison the soul. Every one has observed that the factory worker, sweated and driven though she be, is yet more cheerful than her sister in the kitchen. For who ever saw a cheerful servant girl except on the stage?

The shop and factory offer incentive to promotion. The cards are shuffled oftener. One may become rapidly expert and perhaps earn more. One may specialize in one direction and look for better openings. One may, some day, become "forelady," buyer, manager — who knows?

The factory pays in real money. The weekly wage is not adulterated by a cheerless bedroom, a discarded ball-dress, or leavings from the family dinner. The factory worker gets less, in the long run, than she would in service, but it is in more convertible form. It can be translated directly into units of comfort or happiness or folly, at one's own will or pleasure.

### *What the Kitchen Offers*

First, better wages. The servant can save more than most women workers. Her average money wage is \$4.50 a week, or, together with board and lodging, the equivalent of about

\$400 a year. Since she has no car-fare, few personal expenses, and no social position to keep up, she can probably save \$150 a year, which is more than the average school-teacher can do on a salary of \$400 or \$500 a year, from which must be deducted board and lodging, car-fare, expenses for books and stationery, personal requirements, etc.

Second, there is security of position. Given a fair degree of efficiency and a certain degree of compatibility, her place is practically permanent. There is no slack season to dread.

Third, the life is healthier, offering, as it does, a greater diversity of labor, with many opportunities for outdoor work. But this is to an extent offset by the unsocial character of the work, the poor sleeping accommodations generally provided, and the cramped life of the modern flat, so that, on the whole, the average servant is not much healthier than the average factory or shop girl. Tuberculosis is a housemaids' disease.

Finally, the service provides a certain training for home life that an intelligent girl contemplating marriage can, and often does, utilize. It means, frequently, an atmosphere of refinement and culture that she could never approach otherwise, and, also frequently, personal opportunities for self-education.

Here, then, are the bids that industrial and domestic service make for the girl. Let us tabulate them to get a clearer view:

<i>The Home Demands</i>	<i>Industry Demands</i>
Long, irregular hours	Efficiency, i.e.,
Sunday and evening work	Speed
Servility	Skill
Loyalty	and (at times)
Celibacy	Neatness
Isolation	
Loss of caste	
Conformity	
Sacrifice of home	
<i>The Home Offers</i>	<i>Industry Offers</i>
Good wages	Independence
Steady work	Social life
Room and board	Sundays and
Healthy work	evenings
Training	Incentive
	Home life
	Money wages

### *The Working-Woman Chooses*

An unprejudiced reading of this table should show why the working-woman prefers shop and factory, with all their horrors, to housework. All that goes to make life livable — freedom,

incentive, sociability — you find on the side of industry, while all that represses and depresses seems to be in the kitchen. It is a ghastly mockery to speak of factory work in such terms, and yet every year hundreds and thousands of women make a deliberate choice of the one as against the other, and on these very grounds. Industry gets the pick of the market: those who are bright, quick, ambitious, go to it; the home gets the "seconds" — the servile or inefficient or penurious. The working-woman weighs the bids, and goes to the bidder *who offers her more of personal life*. The factory sweats her; the trade-union repels her; the machine breaks her; but what is left of her life is all her own; and this remnant, pitifully small though it be, she clings to eagerly.

But why does the home make these peculiar demands? Is it, as is so often charged by reformers, because of selfishness on the part of the mistress — woman's inhumanity to woman? Hardly; for, after all, it is the mistress who suffers most from these periodical upheavals in her kitchen, and we know well enough that even the most flagrant selfishness takes heed when penalized by personal discomfort. There must be something inherently peculiar in the organization of the home itself which compels these peculiar demands.

### *The Medievalism of the Home*

The fact of the matter is that the home of to-day, in spite of all modern improvements, is still, as far as its economic organization is concerned, virtually medieval. To the student of industrial history nothing is more interesting than the evolution of the personal freedom of the laborer. In the Middle Ages *all* labor was in the very same status that domestic labor is in to-day. The workman lived in his master's home; room and board were part of his wages, precisely as with the servant of to-day; his work day was long and irregular; and his whole life was lived in conformity with that of his master. It was a patriarchal relation, and a perfectly reasonable one when we bear in mind the fact that the worker could actually look forward to entering the family of his master through marriage with the daughter of the house.

As industry developed, however, and modern capitalism set in, this relationship was found embarrassing. It clogged the wheels of progress. Therefore it was abandoned in favor of the more impersonal relation that prevails to-day. The employer buys labor power and the worker sells labor power. There the transaction ends. The steel worker in Pittsburg has defini-

tively abandoned all hope of marrying the daughter of the Steel Trust.

Sentimentalists may bewail the change, but it was inevitable. It has its drawbacks, but it also has its advantages, of which personal liberty for the worker outside of working hours is the greatest and most highly prized. For, under modern industrial conditions, the laborer is, during working hours, merely an attachment to a machine. The "joy of labor," which buoys up the skilled handicraftsman or the professional worker, is unknown to the unskilled machine worker whose ten-hour day is spent in deadly repetition of one specialized motion of the hand. *He* must seek his personal life outside the shop. That is why the great industrial battles of modern times rage around the question of hours. To the machine worker one hour less of labor means one precious hour more of life.

In the Middle Ages it was the *person* who was hired; to-day it is his *labor power*. This distinction may seem academic and elusive, yet it has a tremendously important bearing on our problem; for, of all the industries, domestic service alone has retained this patriarchal anachronism, and dearly do we pay for it. Many a store on the lower East Side of New York has a large sign bearing the single word SERVANTS. In this simple fashion does the dealer announce that he trades, not in cigars or groceries, as his neighbors do, but in human beings. It is not *service* that he rents out, but *servants*. Naturally human goods are more troublesome than live stock or furniture. This medieval bone sticks in the throat of modern society. It must out or it will work mischief.

By this time it should be clear that this servant problem is *not a personal problem* — a mere difficulty between mistress and maid, that can be smoothed away by gentle spiritual applications of tact, forbearance, kindness, consideration, and all those other homiletic virtues that are so highly praised and never practised — but rather a big *social* problem, ramifying far and wide in the complex network of modern life. As long as it is regarded as a *personal* problem, the average maid will blame the mistress, the average mistress will blame the maid, and the average man, when the kitchen barometer reads "Storm," will blame both. All three tend to reach a state of mutual irritation that quite prevents them from seeing the problem as a whole. But, once recognized as a social malady, it should become susceptible to analysis and treatment. Humanity, in its forward march, has solved many a problem greater than this.

*As to Remedies*

The crux of the problem is the medievalism of the home. All our clues have led to this point and all our remedies must start from this point. Moreover, these remedies should be not far to seek, for all experience has shown that, once the cause of a disease is located, the remedy is somewhere around the corner. Unfortunately, however, social therapeutics is much more complicated than physiological. When a disease spot sets up in the physical organism, all the vital forces in the body combine in a great effort to cure. In the social body, on the other hand, there is ever present a host of conflicting forces and interests that tend to increase the irritation. Then, too, we have as yet no regularly licensed sociological physicians whose advice we would be willing to follow. This may be due to our lack of faith in their specifics, or perhaps we lack the faith because they lack the licenses. This, however, is beside the mark. Let us examine such remedies as are offered, to see if they will bear the test of application.

Now, of remedies for social ills there seem to be only two kinds: first, those that are popular but terribly unscientific; second, those that are scientific but terribly unpopular. To this rule the servant trouble offers no exception. The popular remedies range all the way from the Golden Rule, education, and bonuses, to fines and penalties, Blue Laws, and hanging.

*Why the Golden Rule Will Not Govern the Servant Problem*

"Apply the Golden Rule," runs one homily. "Treat your servant as a member of the family, as an equal." To such a call the heart of the sentimentalist goes out most eagerly. He is thrilled by the fine humanism of Whitman's

He that sweeps the walks and empties the cesspools,  
To him do I give the family kiss and him do I greet  
as brother.

But should he attempt to put this democracy into practice, he would discover, first, that the servant really does not care for social equality in that sense; she is embarrassed by it and would gladly trade it for an increase in wages. Secondly, he would find that such a policy would be tantamount to inviting an utter stranger into one's home to become one's most intimate friend. Now, this would be beautiful and even possible in Arcadia, but in this matter-of-fact world, with its multitude of distinctions that, though artificial and unjustifiable

from a big human standpoint, are nevertheless real and, for the present, ineradicable, would it not be rather stupid to select one's best friends through a fortuitous employment agency? And could *any* friendship stand the test of a twelve-hour day at \$4.50 a week?

To remove the stigma by calling the servant "Miss" instead of by her first name, and by abolishing cap and apron, is another favorite remedy. So far, excellent; but in most homes, it is worth remembering, only one servant is employed and the uniform adopted only on ceremonial occasions; and, as between servants and servants, those who wear the uniform are more often proud than ashamed of it. Besides, we have seen that the social stigma is not a cause, but a symptom. To remove the one while leaving the other untouched would, therefore, be as childish as ineffective.

*Increased Efficiency Does Not Mean Increased Wages*

We have before us the twenty-first annual report of the "London Society for the Improvement and Encouragement of Female Servants, by Annual and Other Awards, No. 110 Hatton Garden (Four Doors from Holborn), 1834." The objects of the society, as stated quaintly in the report, are "Female Domestic Servants Hired by the Year." The aim is "To encourage them to be correct and trustworthy in their conduct, and abide as long as possible in the same service." The report, you will note, is dated 1834,—seventy-five years ago,—but the society, judging from the tone of its plaint, might have been founded yesterday in Boston. The bonuses were tempting enough. A servant who had stayed a whole year in one place was entitled "to a Bible, with an inscription." If she was already the fortunate possessor of a Bible she was entitled to half a guinea—"if," the report adds, with a hint of disapproval, "she prefer it to receiving another Bible." That this method has failed it is hardly necessary to point out, since the problem is almost as acute in England as in America.

The establishment of training-schools has been regarded with favor in many quarters. This seems, at first glance, to offer many possibilities, but a closer examination does not bear them out. The first objection lies in the obvious impossibility of finding candidates to train for a position that is known to be socially undesirable and economically unprofitable. The second objection lies in the lack of inducement offered to trained servants as against untrained. Of 230 housewives who were asked by the Domestic Reform League whether they



would be willing to pay more if competent help were available, 142 answered with a prompt negative. Of 197 who were asked whether they would be willing to give extra privileges, such as shorter hours or definite free time each day for superior service rendered, 114 answered, "No." We refuse to pay for trained service, that is clear. Why, then, in a practical world like this, expect to get what we refuse to pay for?

### *Some Tentative Scientific Remedies*

All these very popular remedies are impracticable, not from lack of good faith or good will, but simply because they do not offset the competition of the home with the factory. The advocates of certain scientific remedies, on the other hand, recognize frankly the utter and inevitable defeat of the home in this one-sided competition, and simply propose to raise the bid: to offer regular hours, straight money wages, and even an interest in the business in the shape of a limited form of profit-sharing. That such means will prove entirely successful is too much to expect, but, so far as they point the way to an ultimate solution, they are worth recording.

One household of our acquaintance has established an eight-hour day — from 7 to 10 A.M. and from 2 to 7 P.M. — which is apparently working excellently. The servant gets six dollars a week, provides her own food, and lives with her family, several squares distant. Under this arrangement everybody is happy, but it would, of course, be quite impracticable in a household with several children or with considerable social life. It can easily be seen that altogether such a plan involves a high order of executive ability on the part of the mistress and a degree of efficiency on the part of the maid that are not to be found in combination in the ordinary household.

Another home practises a form of profit-sharing. Each week a stipulated sum is set aside for household expenses. Whatever is saved from that is divided equally between mistress and maid. Breakage is deducted from total saving. Thus the servant is offered an incentive to economy and carefulness which, judging by reports to date, is fairly effective. But it is not difficult to imagine a situation in which the innocent husband might fare badly through an excess of economy on the part of the combination.

Another household has an electrically heated contrivance in the dining-room that does away with the necessity of waiting on table, thus insuring privacy for the family and freedom for the servant.

These examples illustrate certain tendencies already at work. They are sound in principle, but so long as they remain isolated individual solutions, they still leave the question where they found it. Individual homes may, by shrewdly adjusting this or that phase of the situation to their particular needs, reach some sort of satisfactory private solution of the universal difficulty. But such favored households may not only fail to solve the problem as a whole, but even aggravate it for those less fortunately situated — just as the rich American tourist with his over-generous tipping notoriously makes travel abroad much harder for his poorer countrymen who can afford only moderate tips. This problem will never be solved by personal applications of copy-book maxims. The individual mistress may be ever so "good" to "her" servant, but it will count for naught in the great sweep of economic law that ordains that labor shall flow most freely where it is freest.

The true solution must be a workable social solution, generally applicable and generally applied. The ills from which society suffers can be cured only by society itself, through collective, regulative action. That this doctrine is unpopular we know full well. It runs counter to most of the current beliefs on the subject, yet nothing has been proved more often and more clearly. To declare, for example, that the passage of an eight-hour law for servant girls would hasten the solution of the problem would seem to be the height of paradox and the depth of nonsense; for, since the present difficulty is due to a scarcity of servants, how would the intensification of that scarcity help matters? And yet it might be demonstrated with almost mathematical certainty.

### *The Antiquated Machinery of the Kitchen*

No age and no country has been so well equipped with efficient labor-saving machinery as ours. Yet the kitchen remains a most primitive institution. Is housework so complex and mysterious an affair that the human mind cannot design mechanical appliances to lighten woman's burden? Of course not. The Patent Office in Washington is even now filled with devices that would reduce all housework to a matter of pushing buttons. Why are these not in use? Because it does not pay to market them. Why not? Because — and this is an important, though open, secret — during all these years there has been a plentiful supply of cheap human labor — mothers, wives, sisters, unappropriated aunts, country girls, im-

migrant girls, orphan girls, widows, etc., to do all this helot labor by hand. But mark what is happening under our very eyes. The past two decades have opened many new avenues of employment to women, and they have rushed in eagerly — the better educated going into literature, arts, business, and the professions; the less educated into offices, shops, and stores; and the least educated into factory, laundry, and mill. *The diversion of this stream of cheap human labor had an immediate effect in stimulating the demand for kitchen appliances.* Witness the growing number of advertisements for washing-machines, prepared foods, vacuum cleaners, etc. A manufacturer who pays from \$200 to \$2,000 and more for a single page insertion in a single issue of a periodical knows that there are enough homes that need his commodity to justify this apparent extravagance. And he is right. Every order that he receives is a flag of surrender from some harassed housewife who has been battling single-handed and in vain these many years. And every order that he fills enables him to extend his market, in turn cheapening and perfecting his appliance, this in turn creating a greater demand, and so on in an ever-widening circle, until every household shall be supplied.

### *The Startling Possibilities of an Eight-Hour Day*

The first step in this process of modernizing the home has been taken blindly and even reluctantly. Had any one dared to predict, twenty years ago, that the exit of the servant girl by one door would be followed by the entrance of an army of cleaners and wash-machines through the other door, he would have been laughed into oblivion. But to-day it is almost an accomplished fact. Now, may one dare to predict the consequences of the further limitation of the domestic service corps by the passage of a law forbidding a servant to work more than eight hours a day? Easier to predict the tremendous agitation that would be organized against it — an agitation enforced by all the latent possibilities of wit and caricature centering around such a hyper-ludicrous notion as that the servant girl should quit work at a given hour, exactly like the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker. It would strike the national funny-bone as nothing in the history of crank legislation has yet struck it. And yet — suppose some such law did actually get on the statute-book and came to be enforced, what would actually happen?

At first, probably, a transition period of readjustment that would, in many cases, be

maladjustment, as all transition periods are. Then would arise a cry from all over the country for help, for mechanical help. At once, as by magic, the market would be flooded with devices — pot-scrubbers and window-cleaners and dish-washers and contrivances electrical, gasoline, hot air, compressed air, and what not. Then would follow a competition among these various devices for the American home trade that would be something unprecedented in commercial history; for here would be a market not only at our very doors, but literally in our very doors, far more potential for wealth than that of China or India. The struggle would be short, sharp, and decisive. Within a few years the most efficient and best selling would be perfected, cheapened, standardized, trustified. Another decade and the readjustment would be complete: every home would be supplied with a host of contrivances such as even the very rich cannot afford to-day. Central stations would radiate hot water, electricity, compressed air, steam, just as central stations now radiate cold water, gas, and telephone service. Push buttons and bulbs would do the rest. And all at a cost that would seem incredibly low to-day, because then the market would be universal, compact, and steady. With such a market anything is possible.

Does this seem Utopian? Ask the Patent Office for the technical possibilities; ask any large manufacturer for the commercial possibilities; ask any student of industrial history for economic probabilities.

### *How the Apartment-House is Revolutionizing Domestic Service*

But, admitting the present impossibility of legislating on the subject, — an impossibility not inherent in the problem itself, but due merely to an unaroused public opinion, — what are the existing forces and tendencies already working toward a solution? Of individual efforts and their limitations we have already spoken. Conscious social effort, in the sense of State regulation and control, there seems to be none. Of blind economic forces, on the other hand, there are several.

The first and most important of these blind forces is, as we have already seen, this very defection from the ranks of domestic service that we bewail so loudly. For this spells a scarcity of household labor; scarce labor means dear and inefficient labor; dear and inefficient labor spells, inevitably, the introduction of mechanical devices. Nothing can be more certain than this. As the years progress and

the servant problem becomes more and more acute, we shall be compelled to turn to the great reserve army of machinery even now ready and waiting for the call. The recalcitrant servant girl becomes, then, through the irony of economic fates, an effective, though humble and unconscious, instrument of social progress.

Another force at work to break up the medievalism of the home is the apartment-house, which tends to break the strongest of the medieval bonds—the living in of the servant. The high rentals in the larger cities make the cost of additional room a serious consideration for the average family. In the South, also, there is a growing disinclination to have the negro servant in the house after her work is done. Should this spirit spread,—and there is little doubt that it will,—it will work a quiet revolution in domestic service. For, so long as the servant remains under the roof of her employer, the latter has a perfect right to govern her actions to some extent; but the moment the servant finds for herself a home outside, her employer can have no more right to control her personal life in any way than she would that of her laundryman or baker. This factor alone will be most potent in raising the standard of the service. It will at once put domestic service on a par with hotel and restaurant service, with which it is really identical; the latter are to-day higher in the social scale only because of this absence of personal despotism.

#### *The Competition Between Factory- and Kitchen-Made Products*

Until recently the factory was a negative force only, contenting itself with enticing away the worker from home and kitchen, for purposes of its own. But now it is beginning to assert itself positively through the competition of its own products with the home-made article. Yesterday it was deferential and apologetic in pushing its wares; it conceded the superiority of "mother's bread" and "home-made" pies, but deprecatingly begged to offer its humble substitute to those poor creatures who could not have the luxury of the genuine; it never claimed more than an almost-as-good quality for them. But to-day it boldly enters the kitchen, plunks down its product confidently, and says: "This isn't almost as good; it's *better*." The following advertisement of a brand of baked beans, culled from recent magazine pages, is a good specimen of the new shirt-sleeve style of advertising diplomacy:

#### TO OUR FAIR COMPETITORS

Let us discuss home baking [of beans].

##### *Your way:*

You bake in a dry heat oven.  
The top beans crisp, but the beans below  
get half enough heat.  
So your beans don't digest; they ferment  
and form gases. They are mushy and broken  
while every bean should be whole.  
The tomato sauce isn't baked in.  
The dish isn't very inviting . . . your people  
don't want it often.  
The result of your time and trouble has been  
to spoil Nature's choicest food.

##### *Our way:*

We pay \$2.25 per bushel to get the choicest beans  
grown.  
We bake in steam ovens—in a heat of 250  
degrees. We bake in small parcels, so that  
full heat goes through.  
Thus all beans are baked alike—baked until  
they are mealy—baked so they all digest.  
Yet no bean is crushed, no skins broken.  
If you knew what you miss . . . what your  
people are missing . . .  
*Learn what the difference is.*

It blazes this *argumentum ad feminam* insistently over the land, through every device that modern advertising has invented for that purpose. Yesterday it apologized; to-day it brags; to-morrow it will bully; finally it will project its great claw into the kitchen and move from it anything and everything related to household industries, thus completing the revolution begun, over a century ago, with the invention of the loom and spinning-jenny.

These forces, then, are working definitely, though unconsciously, toward a complete reorganization of the home. Whether this is desirable or not may be open to question; but desirable or undesirable, it is inevitable. The struggle against it is to struggle against the natural evolution of society. For our part we prefer to believe that it will liberate womankind from a galling drudgery that is nothing but an unnecessary survival of primitive slavery and medieval serfdom. Once liberated from the helot burden of the primitive kitchen, womankind will work out its own salvation. Here, too, we prefer to believe that its general will work out a salvation not only for itself but for the future race.

"But," cries one alert young wife, "this is a condition that confronts us, and not an economic theory. Enough of your blind faith! The problem is pressing us close, and we want some sort of a workable solution right now. We want to serve in our own War of Liberation. We want to master these forces

direct them skilfully to our own ends, so that we too, and not merely our children's children, shall live in the promised land."

Well taken! But these forces are strange Frankenstein monsters that can be driven only one way — forward, in the direction of social evolution, and not backward, in the direction of medievalism. The malady is long-standing and complicated. The first step toward a cure must consist in the formulation, clearly and honestly, of those principles that are modern and progressive in spirit, in order to be guided by them, and, with equal clearness and honesty, of those principles that are feudalistic and reactionary, in order to avoid them.

### *How the Servant May Be Re-Attached to the Home*

To re-attach the servant to the home; to deprive her of an opportunity for personal life; to cheapen human labor; to prolong the working day; to re-introduce household drudgeries: these are reactionary measures, unworthy of striving for, difficult to attain, and impossible to maintain.

To put domestic service on a par with other worthy service — by encouraging specialization and initiative on the part of the servant; by permitting her to live her own life, in her own home, in her own way; by exacting only one day's efficient work in exchange for a day's pay in real money; by abolishing the personal relation as between mistress and maid and establishing a frank business relation as between employer and employee; by eliminating household industries as much as possible, at the same time keeping a vigilant eye on guard against the adulteration of the commercial product; by promoting coöperative neighborhood service bureaus; by improving domestic architecture so that a roomy kitchen laboratory will replace the kitchenette: this is in line with twentieth-century tendencies and possibilities.

So, and so only, will the home get the maximum of efficient service and the worker the maximum of self-respect and contentment.

The old way, the way of the past and present, spelled cheap slovenly service through cheap servile labor crudely applied; the new way, the way of the future, spells cheap service through dear but efficient labor scientifically applied.

#### *To recapitulate:*

What is the servant problem? A scarcity of skilled houseworkers.

Why the scarcity? Because working-women desert housework in favor of industry.

Why? Because industry offers more of personal life.

Why? Because industry is modern and the home medieval in its organization.

Why is the home medieval? Because of the lack of mechanical appliances and labor-saving devices.

Why so backward in this respect? Because hitherto there has been an over-supply of cheap female labor.

What forces are working toward a solution? Many. The chief are: The scarcity of servants, which will stimulate the introduction of appliances. The invasion of the kitchen by factory products. The recognition of the human rights of the servant, and the equalization of conditions in domestic service with other services.

What effect will these have? Housework will become more desirable as an occupation.

And then? This will re-attract competent workers to the home.

So far, we have assumed that the problem may solve itself by natural evolution without conscious aid or hindrance from organized society. That is possible. But the other alternative — of conscious, collective effort — is also possible, and, we believe, preferable.

#### NOTE—STATISTICS OF DOMESTIC SERVICE

*Supply and Demand.* From 1870 to 1900 the demand for servants doubled, while the supply increased only by half. Within that period

The total population increased 95 per cent — from 38,558,371 to 75,994,575.

The number of families increased 114 per cent — from 7,579,363 to 16,239,797.

The working population increased 132.5 per cent — from 12,505,923 to 29,073,233.

The number of servants increased only 49 per cent — from 975,734 to 1,453,677.

*Ostracism of Domestic Service.* From 1870 to 1900 the number of working-women trebled, but the percentage entering domestic service fell steadily.

In 1870 there were 1,836,288 working-women, of whom 873,738 were servant girls — or 47.58 per cent.

In 1880 there were 2,647,157 working-women, of whom 969,975 were servants — or 36.64 per cent.

In 1890 there were 4,005,532 working-women, of whom 1,216,639 were servants — or 30.37 per cent.

In 1900 there were 5,319,397 working-women, of whom 1,283,763 were servants — or 24.13 per cent.

The percentage in four successive decades fell from 47.58 to 36.64 to 30.37 to 24.13.

This can be stated in another form:

In the decade 1870-1880 the number of working-women increased 44.2 per cent, but the number of servants increased only 11 per cent.

In the decade 1880-1890 the number of working-women increased 51.3 per cent, but of servants only 25.4 per cent.

In the decade 1890-1900 the number of working-women increased 32.8 per cent, but of servants only 5.5 per cent.

*Native and Foreign Servants.* From 1890 to 1900 the number of native white servant girls increased by 62,460, or 2.6 per cent, while the number of foreign white servants decreased by 41,390, or 4.9 per cent.

# EDITORIAL

## EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

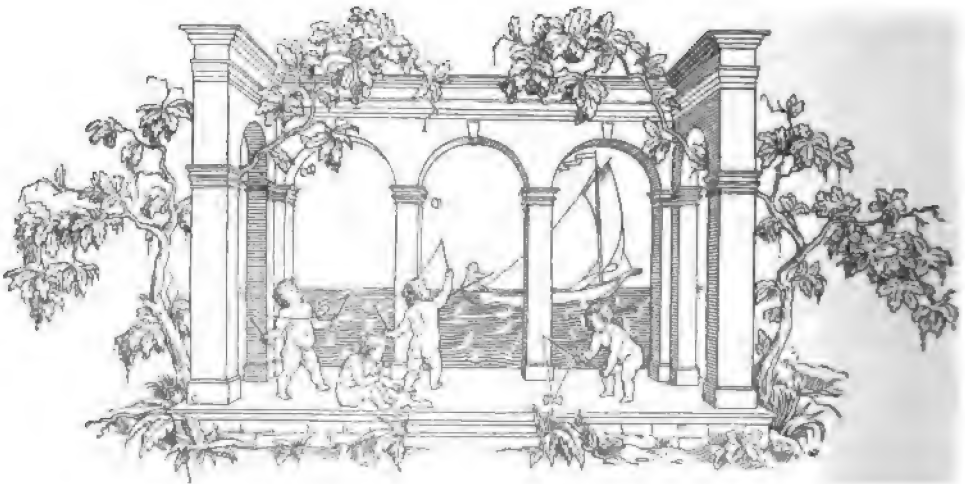
MISS WYATT, whose article, "Heroes of the Cherry Mine," opens this number of *McCLURE'S*, is peculiarly fitted by sympathy and association to write the story of the Cherry Mine disaster. Her father, Mr. F. O. Wyatt, is manager of large coal-mines at La Salle, Illinois, which is only a few miles from Cherry. Ever since leaving Bryn Mawr ten years ago, Miss Wyatt has divided her time and energy between literary and social work. On the civic side, she has been active in the National Consumers' League, and is Vice-President of the Illinois branch. In connection with the work of this League she has made important investigations regarding cruelty to animals at the Chicago stock-yards, and has published a report on the Chicago Garment Finishers.

Few writers have made so careful a study of sociological questions as Miss Wyatt; certainly few people are better equipped to write about them.

In a review of Miss Wyatt's literary art, Mr. Howells once said:

"The author's work, so far, is the apotheosis of the Democratic spirit. If you yourself have been so distinguished by your Maker as to have some essential difference from your fellow creatures, you will think it very common; but if you are, on the whole, not able to make out that you are better than others, you will be disposed, as I am, to rejoice that the average of human nature is so apparently kind and beautiful as Miss Wyatt sees it. . . . This is the really valuable contribution of the West—and of that Chicago in which the West has come to its consciousness—towards that poor American condition of English literature which has long been trying so hard to be itself in the face of such temptations to be something else.

"The Democracy which was the faith of New England became the life of the West; and now it is the Western voice in our literary art."









*Drawn by Robert Edwards*

"NOW YOU'VE SWORN AT ME, BRADY, COME ON AND HIT ME!"

*See page 646*

# M<sup>c</sup>CLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV

APRIL, 1910

No. 6



## THE ADVENTURES OF A MODERN PRINCE

LUIGI AMEDEO, DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI

BY

RENÉ LARA AND FRANZ REICHEL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**A**T daybreak on the 12th of last September, the steamer *Oceana*, arriving from Bombay, entered the port of Marseilles. Among the noisy and hurrying throng who made haste to land as soon as the vessel was docked there was one who seemed to be the object of deferential curiosity: the captain and his officers escorted him to the gang-plank; some of the passengers saluted him. He was still a young man, in spite of the fact that the hair

at his temples, beneath his yachting cap, had begun to turn gray. Of medium height, nervous and muscular, with an energetic head, and a smooth, deeply tanned face to which two very clear gray eyes imparted fire, he suggested, as he stood there enveloped in a huge, dark-colored ulster, the classical type of the Anglo-Saxon.

Silent and courteous, he confined himself to shaking the hands that were offered, while his traveling companion endeavored to push aside

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indiscreet reporters. As soon as he reached the shore, he walked through the wind and rain straight to an automobile which was waiting near at hand, seated himself in the chauffeur's place, grasped the steering-wheel, and sped away.

Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi, had returned from his expedition to the Himalayas, and was on his way to Turin.

It has been justly observed that there is no princely figure more sympathetic and attractive than he; we should feel tempted to add that there is none more enigmatic. The Count of Turin, his brother, once said: "My brother the Duke of Aosta is the dandy, my brother the Duke of the Abruzzi is the learned man, and I am the *bon vivant*—the gay boy."

Luigi Amedeo of Savoy is, in fact, a grave and singular spirit, who has grown up under the spell of the unfathomable mystery of nature, the complex problems of science. Nevertheless, we know that he has not escaped the universal law of sentiment, and that before he attacked the cliffs of far-away mountains he had already passed through the vicissitudes of a sad and romantic love affair.

It is not our place to discuss with the reader this chapter of his life, which is said to be concluded. It has already provided sufficient material for gossip for the public to have become amply informed, and for the principal figures in the tale to have suffered in their most intimate susceptibilities. This, indeed, is said to be the cause of the instinctive antipathy which the Duke of the Abruzzi expresses for journalists. Truth to tell, he seems to have been reared in the school of silence, in the solitude of the great snowy peaks, and to have brought back a reflection of their melancholy. A learned man he is without a doubt, as his scientific works, his reports of his expeditions, his notes and his reflections demonstrate. Contemplative? One wonders whether he has ever had the time to be so; for he is, above all things, a man of action, a sportsman in the fullest sense of the word, enamoured of movement, of change, possessed by a passion for danger and difficulty; he is a voluptuary of a special sort, who delights in the inward joys that peril, faced and conquered, affords him. Add to this that there is no pedantry about his learning: very simple and reserved, he always endeavors to pass unnoticed and his manners are democratic in the extreme.

An illustrious artist of the Paris Opéra, who spent a month last autumn in the same hotel with him at Salsomaggiore, the famous Italian baths, remarked to us: "We saw him arrive one day in his automobile, a few weeks after his

return from the Himalayas. He was alone. No one was expecting him. He installed himself in a modest room on the second floor and went down to the table d'hôte, where he took his meals with the rest of us; he had not even brought his servants with him: his chauffeur served as his valet. As he happened to know several members of the Italian aristocracy who were stopping in the hotel, he joined our circle almost immediately.

"Naturally, he became the target for all the pretty eyes in the place, the object of all the coquetries. And I must admit that he was not insensible to these glances. He is a flirt—a taciturn flirt. One would never have imagined that the ardent and gallant man who was to be seen every evening flitting like a butterfly among the rocking-chairs could possibly be the bold explorer who had just broken the record for altitude, for his modesty was such that he never spoke of his exploits, unless in discreet allusions, when he referred to some piquant anecdote of his travels. His simplicity, which constituted his charm, was especially displayed in his attitude towards the lowly, and here is one instance of it among a thousand: At Salsomaggiore there was a laundress who had always, up to that time, enjoyed the patronage of the Duke whenever he came there to take the cure on his return from one of his expeditions. The Duke, of course, knew nothing about this matter, which was attended to by his chauffeur-valet. Now, for some reason of which I am ignorant, the servant had taken a notion to change laundresses; hence great humiliation on the part of the good little woman who, naturally, prized her celebrated patron. What was she to do? She wanted to get an explanation of the matter, at any rate; so one day she placed herself on the road where the Duke was to pass. When he came up, she said to him: 'Your Highness is no longer satisfied with your former laundress?'

"Who said so?'

"Why, Your Highness no longer sends me his linen, and I am very unhappy about it.'

"My poor child,' exclaimed the Prince, 'I knew nothing about it! Come with me, and we will settle the matter out of hand.'

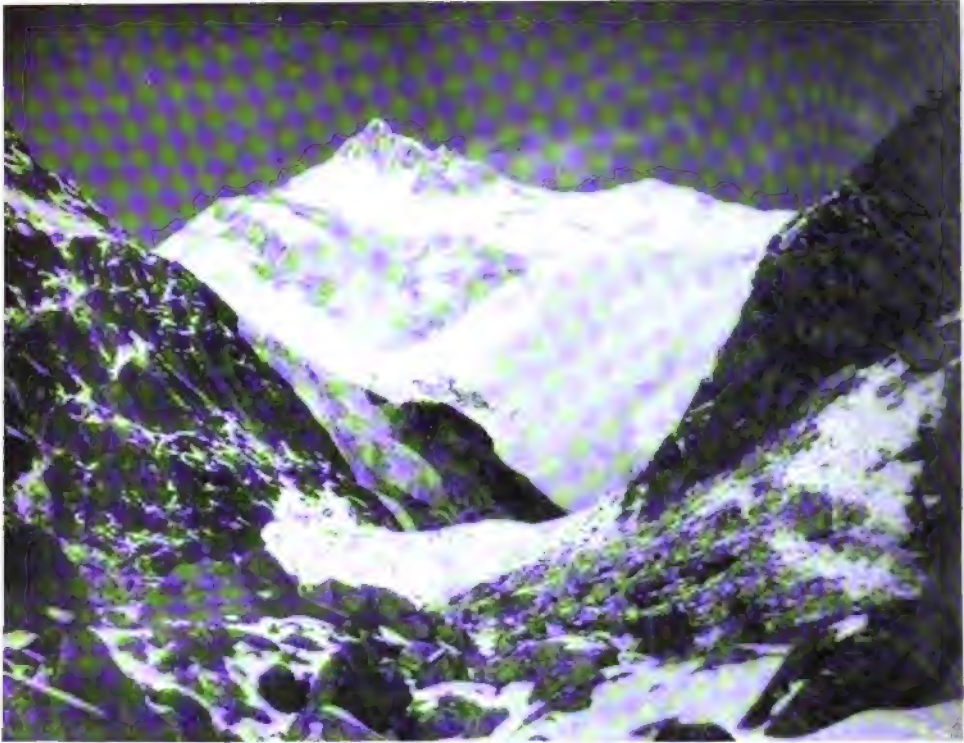
"No sooner said than done. The Duke ordered his chauffeur to send his linen to his usual laundress in the future, and when she narrated the incident to me (for I was also one of her patrons), she added enthusiastically:

"And he isn't a bit proud, isn't our Duke, for he is the first man who ever lifted his hat to me."

After that, one can understand the popularity that he enjoys in Italy.



LUIGI AMEDEO, DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI, WHO BEAT THE NANSSEN RECORD IN HIS POLAR EXPEDITION OF 1900, AND WHO IN HIS MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN THE HIMALAYAS REACHED THE HIGHEST POINT YET ATTAINED BY MAN



THE KANCHANJUNGA, IN SIKKIM, 19,300 FEET HIGH. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE VALLEY OF PRAIG-TEHOU

## II

Such is the man. But it is, above all, in his work, which is so well known, and which, nevertheless, no one has, as yet, examined as a whole, that the personality of this modern Prince becomes clear, stands out in relief, and acquires its real value.

We have spoken of his adventurous spirit. When still almost a boy he began to train himself for the perilous enterprises that he was destined to accomplish, risking his life in difficult ascents among the Italian Alps. In the space of three years he visited all the peaks, all the "needles" that were accounted inaccessible in that fine chain of mountains which rear their snow-white masses between France, Switzerland, and Italy. Thus did he prepare himself for the first expedition that marked an important stage in his career — that in search of the North Pole.

Nansen's last exploration — the one in which he was thought to be lost forever, since he was

obliged to camp for three years in the polar seas — had advanced to within two hundred and twenty-seven miles of the Pole. The Duke made up his mind to attack Nansen's record. From the moment that he came to this decision, he became entirely absorbed in his project, and, although it was his first journey in the Arctic, organized his expedition with so much foresight, and laid out his plan with so sure a touch and so much skill, that he succeeded at the first trial.

His plan was to make his way past the Emperor Franz Josef Land, beyond Spitzbergen, and to spend the winter months there on the ice, in order that he might try to reach the Pole by a dash in sledges. He made lengthy preparations for his voyage, chartering a stanch whaling-vessel, the *Polar Star*, which he was destined to render forever famous. The *Polar Star* was slow but strong; it was 130 feet in length, 30 feet in breadth, and had an engine of 60 horse-power, capable of a speed of six or seven miles an hour. This whaling-vessel





THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT JANNU, 25,353 FEET HIGH, ONE OF THE HIMALAYAN PEAKS INCLUDED IN THE DUKE'S ITINERARY

carried provisions for a stay of three years in the polar seas, tents, weapons, lamps, stores of oil and petroleum, furs, sleeping-bags, sledges, and one hundred and fifty dogs, chosen with care from the best and hardest to be found. The crew was composed of fiery Italians and stubborn Norwegians. Frigate Captain Cagni and Dr. Carvalli accompanied the Duke, who knew that in them he had reliable and heroic assistants. And so they proved themselves to be.

In the spring of 1899 the *Polar Star* quitted the desolate shores of Spitzbergen and steered for the Pole.

The stern battle with hostile and formidable Nature began at once. The *Polar Star* had passed Rudolf Land, and was plunging deeper and deeper into the ice, when suddenly its path was blocked and the ice closed around it with terrible pressure. The situation was grave; the *Polar Star* was menaced with destruction. It was imperative that it be lightened, in order that, under the pressure, it might slide along, climb, if necessary, upon the ice.

With that spirit of decision which is his salient characteristic, the Duke acted at once; he gave orders to unload everything that was contained within the swelling sides of the *Polar Star*. With sails and rods of whalebone, a huge, stout tent was constructed which could be used as the dwelling of the whole expedition for the space of nearly a year.

Unwavering in his calmness, his confidence, the Duke upheld the morale of his companions through the interminable polar night, helped them to combat a torpor which would have been fatal, constrained them to activity, forcing them to take a few paces of exercise every day around the dreary encampment. Inside the tent, by the flickering light of the smoking lamps, he helped them to pass the time by laying out with them the plan of march for the sledges, so that, at the very first opportunity that should present itself, the dash for the mysterious and virgin Pole might be undertaken. The expedition was to be divided into three parties, each furnished with two kayaks (the light and



practical boat of the Eskimos) and fifty dogs; one was to be commanded by the Duke of the Abruzzi, another by Captain Cagni, the third by Dr. Cavalli.

The Duke had decided, while waiting for the time of departure, to make sledging trips in the neighborhood of the camp, in preparation for the final dash. The first sally came near proving fatal. The dogs had been galloping for an hour on the ice, when the fog suddenly closed in with squalls of snow, and a gale of unprecedented violence began to blow. The tracks disappeared, erased by the storm; the dogs, when they could no longer find them, rushed about bewildered, and finally, with alarming rapidity, started off down a steep slope.

"Where were we?" writes the Duke of the Abruzzi. "We were on a glacier. I dashed forward with Petigax; but we had traversed barely sixty-five feet, when we perceived that the ice came to an abrupt end. Then we tried to halt our companions by shouting to them, but in vain. The dogs, seeing Petigax's lantern in front of them, dashed on at a gallop in that direction. Cagni and I, together with our two sledges and their dogs, were precipitated from the glacier into the bay—a fall of thirty-three feet. Happily, the other sledges were able to stop in time. Cagni's first words, mingled with the howls of the dogs, made me tremble, but I was soon reassured. Like myself, he had escaped uninjured. After having calmed our comrades, who, from the top of the glacier, were pelting us with anxious questions, we waited until they could join us.

"A quarter of an hour (it seemed a century to me) elapsed. At last I breathed freely, for I caught the vague gleam of a light, and beheld the shadow of a tall man appear. It was Petigax. He was already quite close to me, and preceded our comrades and our sledges. We immediately began to hunt for our road. Petigax marched at the head. Every few moments the wind extinguished our lantern, and compelled us to halt and form a circle around it, in order to relight it. At first we tried to follow a given direction, but we were soon forced to retrace our path because of the holes and crevasses which we encountered at every step.

"At last we were able to get out of the hole into which we had fallen, and we found a smoother stretch of ice, which must be that of the bay. But even then we were not done with our troubles. We marched on haphazard, supposing that we were going in the right direction, but without knowing whither, because we could see absolutely nothing. The snow froze on our eyelashes, and from time to time we were

obliged to rub them with our hands, to melt it and keep our eyelids open.

"I was already beginning to fear that we should be obliged to remain exposed to that tempest for many hours, when suddenly the sky cleared and permitted a view of the stars. We were able to recognize one of them, and we made haste to direct our march by its position. Soon we heard the distant sound of a bell, the one belonging to the camp, which our comrades, feeling uneasy about us, were ringing in order to help us recover our road.

"We had lost only one dog, which had been wounded in the fall, and two sledges, which we were obliged to abandon. I was already congratulating myself on the lucky outcome of our excursion, when, on taking off my gloves, I found the fingers of my left hand partly frozen."

"The fingers of my left hand were partly frozen." The Duke states the fact quite simply: but the injury was more far-reaching than he had supposed, for it was necessary to amputate two of his fingers to prevent gangrene.

Moreover, this injury was to have distressing consequences, since he was obliged to forgo the sledge expedition that was soon to set out for the Pole. He was compelled to wait for long months—long months of hope and of anguish—for the return of his companions who had set out, after having sworn to their Prince and friend that they would save the honor of the expedition by pushing their march northward as far as human strength would permit.

On March 11, the sledges set out in two parties, constituting one expedition, under the command of Captain Cagni. He dashed forward with thirteen sledges, each loaded with six hundred and forty pounds of baggage, and drawn by one hundred and two dogs. Encamped at Cape Fligely, at a temperature of 33° below zero, the Duke, with a heavy heart, witnessed the departure of his friends, and there awaited the return of his lieutenants.

April and May passed; June was drawing to its close, and the Duke was giving up hope, when suddenly a pitiable convoy made its appearance. It was Cagni and his three companions, haggard, exhausted, at the end of their strength. They had only two sledges left; the rest they had been forced to abandon as they had been obliged gradually to sacrifice the disabled dogs. They were absent one hundred and four days.

Cagni narrated the frightful tale of his adventures, and as he pictured the dangers encountered, the hardships endured, the difficulties conquered, the Duke's regret constantly increased.

Cagni had gone farther than Nansen. On April 25 he reached latitude 86° 34', and



MISS KATHERINE ELKINS



VITTORIO EMANUELE III., THE KING OF ITALY, FIRST COUSIN OF  
THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI

longitude 68°, and as he had then provisions for only thirty days more, two hundred rations of pemmican, four sledges, and thirty-four dogs, this result consoled the Duke for his misfortune.

"How I envy you!" he said, over and over, to his intrepid companion.

Unfortunately, dogs and sledges were not the only thing that the expedition had lost. The first party of Cagni's caravan had got separated from its commander during the return

journey, had gone astray and disappeared amid the ice.

After eighteen days spent in fruitless search, the Duke of the Abruzzi was forced to give up all hope of finding his three unfortunate comrades.

Moreover, the thaw came. The *Polar Star* broke loose suddenly, and, borne by the floes of ice, floated away abruptly, while the crew were engaged in packing up their stores in order to put them aboard. A headlong chase for the



THE COUNT OF TURIN, YOUNGER BROTHER  
OF THE DUKE

whaler ensued — a chase in which each man boarded her in the clothes that he happened to be wearing at the moment, abandoning on the land everything — tents, weapons, furs, and so forth.

Cables were thrown out, the *Polar Star* was moored, and all the stores which the party had been afraid they must sacrifice were put on board. On August 16, 1900, the *Polar Star* quitted the Bay of Teplitz, where she had remained pocketed for almost a year.

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The Duke brought back from this expedition a keener taste than ever for adventures far afield. He had lost all taste for sedentary life; he had but one thought: to set off afresh for other horizons, to attack new obstacles of nature.

Chance was to furnish an occasion a few months later.

In 1901, at a meeting of the English Geographical Society, Stanley expressed a wish that

"some person devoted to his task, some lover of the Alps, would take Ruwenzori as his goal, and make a finished job of it by exploring it, from top to bottom, in all its spacious valleys and its profound gorges."

From the day that wish was expressed, the Duke of the Abruzzi determined to bring it to realization.

The work was well fitted to tempt him; it gave him pleasure to coöperate with the celebrated explorer — to carry on his task and complete it. Moreover, his taste for adventure and for the unknown was peculiarly whetted by the mystery of this gigantic mountain mass, which had been forgotten for twenty-four centuries and was suddenly rediscovered on the morning of May 24, 1888, by the immortal Stanley, in the course of one of his long and daring journeys, which had led him along the shores of Lake Albert Nyanza, to the foot of a mountain with white peaks, which people declared — so his servant told him — were covered with salt. It was Ruwenzori, the marvelous pile of which the most remote history had spoken, but which was believed to be merely legendary, since the record had asserted that the Nile had its source in a mountain of silver, and that Egypt was rendered fertile by the abundant snow that fell in the heart of Africa.

The exploration of Ruwenzori had attracted several travelers — W. G. Stairs, in 1889; Dr. F. Schulmann, in 1891; G. F. Scott Elliott in 1894 and 1895; G. S. Moore and Sir Harry Johnston, in 1900; W. H. Wyld and Ward, in 1901; the Rev. A. B. Fisher, in 1903; Dr. J. David and M. T. Dawe, in 1904; Douglas W. Freshfield and A. L. Mumm, in 1905; but not one of these explorers, not one of these expeditions, had succeeded in exploring the whole of the mountain; no one had been able to describe its configuration, to make an accurate list of its peaks, to fix the line where the water-sheds part, to draw a complete map of it. Little or nothing was known even about the results that had been obtained, when the Duke of the Abruzzi decided to apply himself to the realization of the wish expressed by the great Stanley, who was fated to die before it had been granted.

The Duke made his preparations for this exploration with as much thoroughness as on previous expeditions. He selected his companions with great care, took men in whom he had perfect confidence, and devoted himself for a period of many weeks to arranging the details of the expedition. The planning of the equipment was particularly difficult, since he had to prepare himself for a long journey in the tropics and also for a prolonged sojourn amid snow and ice.

For companions the Duke of the Abruzzi se-

lected Captain Cagni, who had already so often shared with him hardship and danger; Edward Winspeare, naval lieutenant; Achille Cavalli Molinelli, doctor major of marines; Alexandre Roccati, doctor of natural sciences; and Vittorio Sella, the photographer. To this general staff he added two experienced and reliable guides with whom he had accomplished many daring climbs, Giuseppe Petigax and Cesare Ollier, and the intrepid porters, Giuseppe Brocherel and Lorenzo Petigax; an assistant photographer, Erminio Brotta; and a well-tested cook, Igino Igini, who had already more than once cooked for His Royal Highness in queer and trying places: on the polar ice, on the ice of the mountains, and on the rocks of mountain peaks.

On April 16, 1906, the Duke of the Abruzzi and his companions in adventure embarked on board the *Burgermeister*, and sailed toward Africa, landing at Mombasa on the Indian Ocean. On May 4 the expedition took the train, which in two days conveyed them across immense and monotonous plains, depopulated by the sleeping-sickness, — that terror of Africa, — to Kisumu, on Lake Victoria, where it embarked on the evening of May 6, arriving at 3.30 in the afternoon of the 7th at Entebbe, the terminus. It was now about to plunge into semi-virgin regions.

On May 15 the preparations for departure were completed. The caravan was carrying complete materials for camp-tents, beds, sleeping-bags, camp-stools, tables, baths, tableware; hermetically sealed cases containing clothing, photographic apparatus, and instruments for zoölogical, mineralogical, and botanical research, and other cases containing the carefully packed weapons for hunting — the whole forming a total of 114 bales, numbered and labeled, which, as each bale weighed fifty pounds — amounted to a load of 5,700 pounds.

The stock of provisions had been calculated to cover an absence of forty days in the high mountains, above the snow-line, and the time requisite to reach the mountain from Entebbe and return. There were 80 packages of provisions, each of which weighed 50 pounds, making an additional burden of 4,000 pounds.

For the transportation of these 194 bales of baggage, with their total weight of 9,700 pounds, one hundred and ninety-four porters were required, to whom were added the chiefs of the caravan, and their own porters, the blacks in charge of the horses and mules, divers servants — in all, a body of four hundred persons, a perfect regiment, on whom the Duke of the Abruzzi imposed a severe but indispensable discipline.

On May 15, 1906, this imposing and picturesque troop left Entebbe for Fort-Portal, distant



THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA  
WHO IS SAID TO HAVE OPPOSED THE PROJECTED AMERICAN  
MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE

about 180 miles, where it was to set up its revictualing camp.

The exploration began. It was a long and laborious expedition across the immense and fertile territories of Uganda, which have been converted, in the space of a few years of missions, from the most abominable barbarism to an almost miraculous civilization. The caravan's way led through splendid equatorial forests, beautiful as fairyland, where flowers won-

derful in variety, luxuriance, and coloring grew upon a carpet of mosses and many-hued ferns, giving out a perfume of acacias, mimosas, honeysuckles, and jasmines. The daily stage was from ten to twenty miles. The caravan was continually met by the neighboring tribes, who had journeyed forth to meet it, in order to offer it their good wishes and to overwhelm it with gifts. On May 29 it reached Fort-Portal, the last outpost of European civilization, which is situated,



as it were, at the gateway of the mysterious mountains, the attack upon which was immediately undertaken.

Gradually reducing the number of his porters as the caravan mounted from plateau to plateau, substituting for the Bajunda of the plains robust Bakondo, stanch and magnificent athletes, the Duke of the Abruzzi, by a difficult march, reached the valley of Mobuku, a regular lake of mud. This he set himself to ascend, in advance of his caravan, to Bujongolo, an eagle's eyrie perched at a level of 12,350 feet above the sea.

He arrived here on June 6, greatly in advance of the caravan. In order to outstrip it, he had made a forced march that displayed strikingly his physical endurance. The path that he followed was full of water and slime, and the Duke sank in it up to his knees; under the slough his feet encountered stones, bits of wood, became entangled in creepers, struck against rotten tree-trunks; in order to keep from falling and becoming mired in the uncertain and decomposed soil, he was forced to cling to the thorny underwood, and to advance by leaps from stone to stone. To crown all, it was raining—one of those formidable equatorial rains of such violence and force that it seemed as if the sky were emptying itself upon the earth; from the gigantic bamboos, heather, and ferns—from all the plants beneath which the Duke pressed forward, running rather than walking—there streamed a continuous, enormous shower-bath. Muddy, drenched from head to foot, the Duke never slackened his headlong, feverish march, and, sustaining by his example his more intrepid companions, he reached Kichuchu, where he decided to make a halt, and establish a camp for rest, under the shelter of a wall of rocks. While the porters were arriving, one by one, fatigued and worn out, the Duke, indefatigable, marvelous in his dash and energy, a genuine chief, prepared the halting-place, directed the installation, and himself aided in the work beneath a downpour which did not slacken.

The native porters, unaccustomed to harsh climates, were at the end of their strength, benumbed, shivering with cold, and had to be sent back. But on the morrow, almost at day-break, the Duke gave the remainder of the caravan the signal for departure, and the forward march was resumed—a march as difficult, as exhausting as before. The way led over slopes so steep that all hands, the Duke, his companions, and the natives, had to proceed on all fours, like animals, clinging with hands and feet to the infrequent creepers and to the still more infrequent bushes, until, at last, they reached a

plateau upon which opened a valley filled with a huge, strange, and impressive forest.

"It was a diabolical forest," says the Duke of the Abruzzi; "it had a flavor of dreams—a nightmare; it seemed to be the work of some tremendous theatrical decorator who, for the exigencies of an extraordinary and luxurious stage-setting, had imagined a forest at once fantastic, magnificent, and ignoble. Over the ground, thickly strewn with the rot of centuries, ran a high forest heather. We advanced beneath terrifying trees, whose trunks and branches were covered with thick mosses, which hung down in long beards, imparting to the plants a strangely contorted aspect; they seemed to be swollen, laden with tumors, affected by a gigantic greenish, yellowish, reddish leprosy. There was not a leaf on the branches, and yet the air was dark because of the interlacing of dead tree trunks overhead, entangled in the most intricate fashion possible, covered with viscous, slippery, noxious mosses. I had never before, and I have never since traversed so impressive a forest; I had the feeling that I was marching through one of those pre-historic forests which marked the evolutions of the earth, and which composed of a primordial vegetation, died in one of those monstrous decompositions whence sprang the beds of coal."

Thus did the caravan pursue its toilsome march, and reach the bed of a torrent, the Mobuku, which flows beneath a dome of fantastic vegetation, and debouches, at last, upon another plateau.

"There," says the Duke, "an unexpected and ravishing spectacle awaited us—that of a valley covered with flowers that seemed to have come from some prodigiously rich hothouse, and to have been set out by delicate artists. We walked through a meadow glittering and perfumed with laurel trees, orchids, mulberry trees, on carpets of violets and forget-me-nots, amid buttercups and geraniums—an indescribable vegetation reaching as far as the eye could see. The ground, carpeted with a thick and elastic layer of club-mosses and other mosses, was studded with tufts of immortelles, of silvery, pink, and yellow flowers, *helycrisis*. Here and there rose the lofty stalks of lobelia, regular funeral torches, which alternated with the monstrous ramifications of the gigantic seneci. It was a sight so different from what we were accustomed to see, that we had not eyes enough wherewith to gaze and fix the picture in our memories."

At Bujongolo the camp was pitched, and the period of intrepid climbing began. Without counting reconnoitering expeditions and repetitions of the ascents for the purpose of duplicating experiments and comparing observa-

tions, the Duke of the Abruzzi, between the 10th of June and the 10th of July, scaled sixteen peaks, the lowest of which approached within six hundred and fifty feet that giant of the Alps, Mont Blanc. The following is a list of the ascents accomplished in thirty days by the Duke, sometimes without guides, and sometimes — most frequently — with the guides Petigax, Ollier, and Brocherel, his faithful and skilful companions of the rocks and the ice:

In Mount Baker, the peak Edward, 15,837 feet, which he ascended three times; the peak Semper, 15,694 feet; in Mount Stanley, the peak Margherita, 16,656 feet; the peak Alexandra, 16,591 feet, the two loftiest peaks of Ruwenzori; the peak Helena, 16,234 feet; the peak Louise of Savoy, 15,860 feet; the Victor Emmanuel, 15,938 feet; the Wollaston, 15,142 feet; in Mount Emin, the peak Humbert, 15,649 feet; the Moore, 15,125 feet; in Mount Gessi, the peak Yolanda, 15,499 feet; the Brottego, 15,337 feet; and the Stairs, 14,917 feet; in all, a total of 204,479 feet in height.

It is not possible to narrate in detail

all these ascents, in the course of which the Duke displayed all his inexhaustible resources of physical and moral vigor and enthusiasm, electrifying his little band, sustaining, firing the courage of his negro porters, who were terrified by the fear of the unknown, and shivering with cold and with fright at the marches which they were obliged to make up the slopes of the mountains above the abysses. Each day was marked by its own effort and its own exploit.

The most stirring was that on which, during a march of three days pushed with irresistible ardor, beneath rain, through storm and tempest,

the Duke of the Abruzzi, who was accompanied by Petigax and Brocherel, set his conquering foot, at last, upon the highest peak of Ruwenzori.

The climb had been difficult, because of the vapors that rose from the depths of the valleys and totally obscured the atmosphere. Impatient for success, the Duke of the Abruzzi had cast all prudence to the winds. Petigax was marching at the head of the rope, chopping steps in the ice when the slope became too steep; the first of the twin peaks which surmount

Ruwenzori was thus achieved at half past seven o'clock on the 18th of June. Opposite another reared itself, threatening difficult access. Two paths presented themselves: one was long and easy, but it involved their descending again to the valley and deferring the victory to another day; the other was short but perilous, running along the almost perpendicular wall of the glacier, and surmounted by a formidable cornice.

Silently the Duke listened to his guides, as they set forth the advantages and inconveniences of the two roads, and the dangers of the second. Then, without uttering

a word, indicating his decision by a gesture only, — a decision which might end in his death in the solitudes of ice, where, ever since the earth had been revolving on its axis, no man had come, as yet, — he pointed to the shortest way:

"That one!"

The guides, without hesitation, immediately stripped themselves of their sacks and of every useless object; they would pick them up on their return, if possible; and the ascent began at once.

In the fog, Petigax led the way; the little band went straight to the wall of ice, without the



CAPTAIN CAGNI  
WHO LED THE ABRUZZI EXPEDITION IN ITS DASH  
FOR THE NORTH POLE AFTER THE DUKE  
WAS DISABLED

slightest hesitation, for the smallest error, the smallest deviation led, on the right hand and the left, to unfathomable abysses.

Petigax, the Duke, and Ollier advanced upon a slope so steep that they were vertically one above another. With great blows of his ax Petigax hewed footholds in the ice, hoisted himself from step to step, followed by the Duke, upon whom rained down the shower of ice-chunks. In this manner the alpine climbers reached the base of the overhanging cornice, which they must pass round in order to reach the sharp-pointed summit. Glued to the wall of ice, advancing slowly and surely upon a dizzy slope, they found, at last, a narrow indentation, six and a half feet in height, which permitted of their attacking the summit.

Slowly Petigax chopped in the ice a broad shelf, upon which the Duke first, and after him Ollier, rested themselves before the final climb.

Then Ollier made a buttress of himself, took on his robust shoulders his comrade Petigax, who, planting his ax in the ice, used it as a crampon with which he hoisted himself upon the conquered ridge. Victory!

"We had emerged from the fog," says the Duke of the Abruzzi. "Round about us everything was resplendent with light; beneath our feet was outstretched an extraordinary sea of clouds, above which, driven by the wind, ran light little spirals of an ashy white; opposite us, all sparkling, myriads of crystals flamed dazzlingly. The spectacle was one of sublime grandeur."

Then, drawing from his bag the Italian flag, with its three vivid colors, which bore, embroidered upon it, the motto, "Dare and Hope," which Queen Margherita of Savoy had solemnly and with emotion given to him at his departure, the Duke triumphantly unfolded it, and planted it on the proud summit of conquered Ruwenzori. And, in order that history might remember the two countries which had aided in penetrating the mysteries of the mountain where the sources of the Nile are born, he associated them with the victory which he had just won by giving to the two highest peaks of Ruwenzori the names of the Queens of England and Italy; one, the most lofty (16,660 feet), was baptized Margherita; the other (16,590 feet) was named Alexandra.

Indefatigable, indifferent to rain, to storm, to snow, to cold, passing dark hours in the midst of electrical tempests, the Duke made haste with his task, took minute bearings of this part of the mountain, descended into the valley of the Mobuku, and attacked the mountains of the valley of the Bujuku. Here he climbed all the peaks, among them that called Humbert

(15,650 feet), and in the course of a few weeks of incredible activity, with a dash that astonished his comrades and seemed to disarm hostile Nature, he finished the exploration of Ruwenzori, having realized, in the most complete and admirable manner, the wish of Stanley.

Those thirty days had been passed by the Duke at an altitude of 13,000 feet, with a light and summery camp equipment, sleeping with two other men in one small alpine tent, on the ground, in a bag, or rolled up in a blanket, his clothing almost always drenched with rain or snow, exposed to cold and wind, amid the thousand difficulties which await those who love the mountains and love them for their constant savagery. On July 16, having terminated his African climbs with that of Yolanda peak in the Gessi Mountains, the Duke, after a last and a long look at that panorama of the mass spread out at his feet, and which he was quitting regretfully, gave the signal for the return, carrying back from his expedition the most precious geographical and botanical documents.

Five months later, at a solemn session of the Italian Geographical Society, he made a report of the mission which he had voluntarily undertaken.

#### IV

The most recent of the Duke's exploits, the supreme jewel of his heroic career, is the extraordinary exploration which he conducted last year, across the solitudes of the Himalayas, for the purpose of attempting the ascent of the loftiest peaks, among them that giant which hides its head in clouds almost eternal, at height of 28,000 feet above the level of the sea.

It was on March 26, 1909, that the Duke of the Abruzzi set out from Marseilles, taking with him the Marchese di Negrotto Cabliazzo, the artillery officers, Dr. di Philippi and his wife and the guides who had accompanied him in his former expeditions—Petigax, Broche and Ollier.

The case of the Marchese di Negrotto decidedly unusual. He had never made ascent, and therefore, when the Duke proposed that he should accompany him, he hesitated a moment, torn between the desire to take part in that expedition and the fear of being an embarrassment, through his lack of experience. But the Duke, who was well acquainted with his aide-de-camp, insisted, and succeeded in persuading him. He had no cause to regret

In accordance with his custom, during two months which preceded his departure

Duke devoted himself entirely to the preparations. He procured all the necessary instruments, and the numerous and perfected stores. He made two trips to England, for the purpose of procuring his equipment and tents—the three classic models of tents: the “Equatorial,” the largest and most convenient but difficult to transport; the “Whymper,” which can shelter as many as three persons; and the “Mummery,” the smallest type, which is very low, and is suitable for one person only. He also carried sixty cases of provisions, each containing all that was required for twelve persons for one day, from tobacco to marmalade. He carried also sleeping-sacks, which were composed of three layers, the inner one of goat’s skin, the next of down, and the outer one of camel’s hair.

On April 9 the *Oceana* reached Bombay, and that same day, going straight to the goal which he had set for himself, the Duke took the railway for Rawilpindi, where he arrived on the 9th. On the 13th, all his stores loaded upon strange two-wheeled native vehicles, harnessed to “ekka” ponies, were forwarded to Schrinagar. The expedition had set out ahead, in landaus, the local authorities having thought that the “donga” carriages of the country were not sufficiently luxurious for a prince. This was not a happy inspiration, and the Duke came near being obliged to pursue his journey on foot. The ancient landaus which had been brought forth in his honor broke down at the first shock. It was necessary to repair them, and it was only by dint of infinite precautions that the Duke and his suite were able to reach Schrinagar.

On April 24 Sir Francis Younghusband and his wife, as well as Madame Philippi, quitted the caravan, whose real expedition was about to begin. The caravan set out on the march, mounted, in part, upon ponies; then the horses were abandoned and replaced by porters from ashmere, finally numbering two hundred and fifty persons.

The passage of the rivers was generally made by primitive bridges, consisting of a thick rope stretched from one bank to the other, and of cords stretched a yard above it, forming a straddle. In order to cross, it was necessary to walk on one of the ropes, holding on with one’s hands to the side-ropes.

The first time one crosses on these strange bridges, which oscillate at every step while the river flows dizzily beneath, the impression is dreadfully terrifying. “It seemed,” said the Marquis de Negrotto, “as if the water were boiling, and the traveler were flying above it in a whirlwind, in an impetuous and fantastic flight.”

The revictualing camp was established at Rkdasso, on a spur which extends upon the glacier, at an altitude of 13,000 feet. On May 21, the Duke and his companions, leaving Rkdasso, began an uninterrupted march, in which they halted by day only for their meals, by night only for sleep. They proceeded thus for four days in the imposing solitude of the glacier, leaping across all the crevasses which intersected their road, and reaching, on May 25th, the immense mass of K2.

Here began the most perilous enterprise which the Duke had set himself. Day broke on May 26 in a dense vapor of fog, which floated about the great mountain-tops, upon the snows which no human foot had ever trod. The thermometer then indicated 10° below zero. From time to time the mists parted, allowing the party to catch a glimpse of monstrous rocky cliffs covered with eternal glaciers, which seemed to stretch out into the infinite. They were at an altitude of more than 16,000 feet. The little detachment, lost in this aerial immensity, gazed in silence toward the summit of the mountain which the fog persisted in concealing. After several hours of waiting, the atmosphere cleared, and K2 appeared in all its majesty, like an enormous Cervin. Almost immediately the Duke recognized the impossibility of conquering the gigantic needle, whose rocky flanks appeared favorable to avalanches and its slopes to the most formidable landslides.

He decided, however, to go on and attempt the ascent. The expedition separated, to explore the neighborhood and see whether it would not be possible to find, on some side of the mountain, a point at which they could attack it.

The Duke, with two guides, set out, leaving his companions in camp. His reconnaissance lasted four days, during which the Duke made the ascent of a peak 21,125 feet high, near K2, and visited the glacier to the west, a glacier still unexplored, and that to the east, where Guillermodd had already been; but he was forced to recognize the fact that the mountain presented itself as inaccessible on all sides. He returned to the camp, where, during the entire month of June, the expedition devoted itself to the topographical and photographic mapping of the whole region.

Having been obliged to abandon the ascent of K2, the Duke directed his steps to Shogolisa or Bridepeak, which he wished to try to climb.

The weather was very variable, fine weather alternating with dense fogs, and the road was excessively fatiguing. Moreover, the altitude at which the expedition had been living for two days was beginning to make its depressing effects felt, and an effort which elsewhere would

have been normal became impossible at these heights. Several members of the party began to lose their appetite, to feel disgust for the preserved meat; their sleep became heavy and troubled; the Duke alone preserved all his forces intact, ate with excellent appetite, and slept soundly.

On arriving at the foot of Shogolisa, while Dr. di Philippi and Lieutenant Negrotto remained at the glacier in order to make botanical researches and take photographs in the neighborhood, the Duke with six guides began the ascent of the peak, and at the first jump transported his camp to an altitude of 21,450 feet.

The weather, which was still overcast, compelled him to halt for several days, but as soon as the mist dispersed, he resumed the ascent in two stages, carrying his camp on 1,625 feet higher,—that is to say, to an altitude of 23,075 feet. The guides, who had followed him thus far, and had been able to carry provisions for four persons only, returned to the lower camp; the Duke remained at a height of 23,075 feet for a day and a night, and at daybreak on the morrow,—that is, on July 17,—he set off again toward the summit for his last effort, having with him Petigax and the two Brocherels.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and the small and valiant band had ascended 1,300 feet, when the fog, which had been growing more and more dense, stopped their march. The four men, who appeared to be directing their path toward heaven, and who might be hurled into the unfathomable abyss at any moment by a gust of wind or the crashing down of an avalanche, came to a halt and waited patiently. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. For three hours they waited, motionless, lost in the mist, on the dizzy slopes of the unknown colossus. Silent, barely able to make out each other's figures, they hoped for clearing weather. They no longer saw anything, either heaven or earth.

The fog grew more and more dense. The three children of the mountain gazed at the Duke, who was grave and silent. With his sight he tried to pierce the thick mist, to catch a glimpse of that peak which he felt to be so close, and which was hiding itself. Vain hopes! It was impossible to go on, they could see nothing, the whole mountain seemed to vanish in a grayish uniformity, the cold was intense. The Duke was forced to yield to the invincible hostility of Nature.

Very tranquilly, in his calm voice, renouncing all his hopes, the Duke said simply: "Let us descend."

And in a single march they performed the return journey, a great sorrow in their hearts. They were four marches distant from the camp installed at the foot of the Bridepeak, where their companions were encamped and waiting for them.

"Well, Your Highness?" they asked him anxiously.

"Barometer 308," he replied, which was the approximate equivalent of 24,375 feet.

Luigi Amedeo of Savoy had beaten the world's record of mountain-climbing.

The expedition started back, without delay, on its return. On August 13th it was at Schrinagar, having taken a different route from Askole from the one they had taken in going, and traversed at an altitude of 17,550 feet the Skoro, where the explorers suddenly beheld, after so much snow, so many precipitous cliffs, a valley all in flower, which seemed the abode of eternal spring.

It was like a return to life. Profound emotion took possession of all at the sight of that splendid paradise. It was not only the botanist, Dr. Philippi, who bent down to pluck these flowers and grasses, but the entire detachment, who, when they resumed their road to Skardu, bore in their arms and in their buttonholes bouquets of forget-me-nots, gentians, and little wild pinks.

The whole expedition found themselves reunited at Bombay on August 26. They embarked for Europe on the 28th on board the *Oceana*, bringing back from their journey a rich and abundant harvest of scientific information about an almost unknown region, comprised within its limits Little Tibet, Cashmere, Belucistan, and the Karakoram.

In 1896 the Duke of the Abruzzi had already been dreaming of attempting the ascent of Nangat Perbat, a summit 26,375 feet in height situated 125 miles from K2. The Indian plague led him to give up this daring project. So he took it up again thirteen years later, thereabouts. He has beaten the magnificent records of Dr. Longtag, who in 1905 attained an altitude of 24,207 feet on the Trisul, and Dr. Graham, who climbed the Kabri to a height of 23,852 feet.

But if one were to think that he is satisfied, one would prove that he was ill acquainted with the Duke. The Mountain has defied him. Luigi Amedeo of Savoy must already be dreaming of making a fresh and final assault upon it, faithful to his motto, "Dare and Hope."

[THE FOREGOING ARTICLE WAS SUBSTITUTED FOR THE ARTICLE ON THE CZAR OF RUSSIA, BY M. XAVIER PAOLI, WHICH WILL APPEAR IN THE MAY NUMBER]



# THE PURPLE STOCKINGS

BY

EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

**M**R. WILLIAM BETTS was pretending to study the articles displayed behind one of the huge plate-glass windows of Parker and Munn's Department Store on Twenty-third Street. It was only pretense, for, suddenly realizing the nature of the display, Mr. Betts blushed and moved hastily to another window, and so to the main entrance of the store, where he stood for some time, irresolute and ill at ease, hoping vainly that among the many feminine patrons entering and leaving Parker and Munn's he might spy an acquaintance, preferably some woman of discreet years and ready good nature. Convinced at last that he must rely on himself in the matter that had

brought him to this singularly alarming neighborhood, he squared his shoulders, and, setting his hat more firmly on his head, marched past the door-man, to find himself in a strange and forbidding city whose narrow, aisle-like streets were thronged with women. There was, however, one man in sight, a hatless, pleasing person in a frock-coat, who waved a graceful hand now and then. Toward him Mr. Betts made his way.

"Something you wished, sir?" asked the man.

"I'm looking for —" Mr. Betts began. "I'm looking for —"

"Yes?"

"For stockings," said Mr. Betts hoarsely.

"Ladies' or gents'?"

"Er — ladies'."

"Ladies' hosiery department, third aisle to your left."

"He needn't have said it so loud," thought Mr. Betts, conscious of the amused glances of several women who happened to be standing near. "Third aisle to the left; this must be it."

It was a very long aisle, and the shelves behind the counters on either side seemed to contain everything in the world except stockings: silks, laces, gloves, and — and — ah, there it was! But, hang it all, half the women in New York were buying stockings! It was uncommonly thoughtless of Rosalie to burden him with so awkward an errand.

Deciding to wait for a lull in the stocking trade, Mr. Betts continued down the aisle, pausing at last before a harmless-looking counter that displayed an endless variety of articles — combs, buttons, hooks and eyes, needles, pins. This wasn't so bad; here one could keep an eye on the hosiery department, and at the same time grow accustomed to one's surroundings. Then, too, the young woman behind the counter looked rather friendly. Seating himself on a little plush-covered stool, Mr. Betts replied gravely, in answer to the young woman's question as to how she could serve him, that he would like to look at some pins.

"Any particular kind of pins?"

"No," said Mr. Betts; "just pins."

It proved remarkably easy to buy pins. Who would have imagined that one could get such an alarming lot of them for four cents?

Mr. Betts arose so as to obtain a better view of the stocking counter. There were fewer women there than when he had passed it, he thought. Perhaps, in a few minutes — In the meantime, he would make another purchase; he would buy —

"I think," he said, "I'd like to buy some thread."

"White thread?"

"Yes, please."

"What number?"

"Er — what number would you recommend?"

"That would depend on what you want it for."

"Oh!" said Mr. Betts.

"I can show you a few of the different numbers, if you like."

"You're very kind," said Mr. Betts, "but I really don't need the thread to-day. Some other time, perhaps. If you'd be so good as to let me have another paper of pins."

By the time the second paper of pins was paid for, and safe in his pocket, Mr. Betts had acquired some confidence not only in himself but in his surroundings, and, noting that the stock-

ing counter was now quite deserted, he bade the young woman who had done so much toward establishing this confidence a courteous "good afternoon," and started for the hosiery department. Once there, he seated himself securely on one of the little stools, and, summoning up all the dignity at his command, informed the young woman who leaned forward to learn his pleasure that he desired to look at purple stockings.

"Silk, cotton, or lisle?" asked the young woman, a buxom creature with an amazing head of yellow hair.

"Silk. And — oh, yes! — purple. Like this," he continued, extracting a bit of purple ribbon from his card-case. "They're for my sister, you know. She sent me this sample, and —"

Mr. Betts stopped abruptly. "There is really no reason why I should tell her the story of my life," he thought. "And, if I did, she probably wouldn't believe it," he concluded, remembering the half smile with which his statement had been met.

"Did she — your sister — tell you what number she wears?"

"She wrote me," replied Mr. Betts, hoping to convey by emphasis of the word "wrote" that nothing less than written entreaty would have caused him to undertake such an unusual errand — "she wrote me to get nines."

Having indulged in this subtlety of explanation, Mr. Betts watched the young woman as she studied the labels on a score or more of boxes. He felt almost at ease; he had met the enemy, and the stockings were practically his.

"I forgot to ask you," said the young woman, placing several boxes on the counter, "whether you wanted domestic or imported hose."

"So you did," said Mr. Betts.

"Well?"

"The imported, I believe."

"They're more expensive."

"Then I'm sure I want the imported. You see, my sister is very — I'll take the imported, please."

"I think these will answer," said the young woman. "Just feel the quality."

Mr. Betts advanced a timid finger. "Admirable," he said. "But do they match?"

"See for yourself," answered the young woman, handing him the stockings and the bit of purple ribbon.

Concluding that he owed it to his sister — and to his dignity — not to refuse, Mr. Betts accepted the stockings, and, turning on his stool, held them up to the light to compare them with the ribbon. As he did so, he became aware of a presence in the aisle, and, glancing up, looked straight into the smiling eyes of Miss Sylvia Andrews. And then, since he had not beheld





"IT WAS REALLY TOO EMBARRASSING!"

those eyes for a whole month, and since he knew them to be the most beautiful eyes in the world, he forgot everything but his delight at seeing them once more. Rising hastily, he removed his hat, only to become conscious that the hand he would fain extend in greeting contained a pair of purple silk stockings. It was really too embarrassing! It was cruel, as well; for, instead of stopping to speak to him, Miss Andrews merely favored him with a charming bow and continued on her way. With the stockings still in his hand, Mr. Betts stared after her disconsolately until a series of affected coughs reminded him that the young woman in charge of the hosiery department was awaiting his pleasure.

Turning, he deposited the stockings on the counter. "These will do nicely," he said.

When Mr. Betts left Parker and Munn's, it was with a neatly wrapped cardboard box in his hand. He hadn't cared to have it sent, as that would have involved giving his name, and for some reason he did not feel inclined to disclose his identity to the head of Parker and Munn's hosiery department; nor did he like to carry a parcel through the streets. It was most natural, then, that he should remember another errand; in a neighboring shop he ordered carbon paper and a dozen typewriter ribbons, to be sent to his stenographer the first thing in the morning. "And you might include this in the package, if you don't mind," he said.

Nothing remained now of Rosalie's commis-

sion but for his stenographer to make the stockings into a suitable parcel to be sent by post; and he would see that this was done as soon as he reached the office in the morning. In the meantime, it was very good to know that Miss Andrews was in town. No doubt her aunt, Mrs. Covington, was with her. When one came to town in September, it was usually only for a day or two, and then one seldom stopped at one's house. Still, there was no harm in trying. He would ring up the Covington house after dinner. But when, after dinner, he attempted to telephone, Central, alas! uttered the sad words, "The party don't answer."

Miss Sylvia Andrews had been greatly surprised — and amused — by her encounter with Mr. Betts in Parker and Munn's; she had been not a little curious, as well. Why in the world should he be buying purple silk stockings? And for whom? Not that it was any affair of hers. Still, since Mr. Betts had, on previous occasions, shown a preference, a very decided preference, for her company, and since his sister Rosalie was one of her best friends, it was only natural that she should feel a certain interest in him. And when a young man in whom one was faintly interested made puzzling purchases, did not one owe it to him to allow him to explain? Obviously, one did.

Having arrived at this conclusion, Miss Andrews suggested to her aunt, Mrs. Covington,—



"THOSE — ER — STOCKINGS WERE FOR ROSALIE," HE EXPLAINED "

suggested so artfully that no one could have convinced Mrs. Covington that she herself had not evolved the idea,— that the legal paper to be signed on the morrow might be signed most conveniently at the law offices of Mr. William Betts.

William Betts, attorney and counselor-at-law, was a very different person from William Betts, purchaser of silk stockings. Indeed, in this former capacity he was looked upon as an exceedingly promising young man. Grave judges delighted in his respectful manner and address, and older and more influential lawyers, noting his strict observance of all those unwritten rules upon which the honor and integrity of their profession rested, were inclined to favor him in a number of ways, so that, in spite of his youth (he was only twenty-eight), he could be said to have covered no little distance on the road to success.

The following morning, this tortuous and sometimes tiresome road led him by a most indirect route to his offices on the third floor of the Granite Building, lower Broadway, where he arrived a little after eleven. Bidding his stenographer, Miss Miller, a grave "good morning," he entered his private office, deposited his hat, stick, and gloves in a closet, unlocked his desk, and, sitting down, unfolded the *Daily Law*

*Journal and Court Calendar*. Finding nothing of particular interest in its pages, he turned to the small pile of letters that lay at his elbow. These, too, proved uninteresting, but, nevertheless, several of them must be answered. He would, he decided, dictate the answers at once: he was on the point of ringing for Miss Miller, when she entered from the outer office.

"A Mrs. Covington and a young lady to see you," she said. "Will you see them?"

In scarcely less time than it would have taken him to answer Miss Miller's question, Mr. Betts was out of his chair, through the door, and assuring Mrs. Covington — while looking at her niece — that he appreciated fully the inestimable honor of her presence. And would she and Miss Andrews please come into his private office? Once there, he found them chairs, insisted that he wasn't busy, that all his time was at their disposal, and, further, found opportunity, while Mrs. Covington extracted a serious-looking legal document from her bag, to inform Miss Andrews of his attempt at telephoning the evening before, and to confess his desolation at not having had a word with her in Parker and Munn's.

"I think you might have stopped a moment," he said.

"But you were so very busy."

Mr. Betts blushed. "Those — er — stockings were for Rosalie," he explained. "She has

some sort of a purple gown, and her maid forgot to pack the stockings that went with it. So she wrote me to get a pair — wrote me four days ago. Are you stopping another night in town? And may I call this evening?"

"Yes," said Miss Andrews; "we shall be at the Holland House until day after to-morrow, and I should love to have you call this evening. Of course, I knew the stockings must be for Rosalie," she added, "and I think you were very good-natured to buy them for her."

"It was rather a bore; I put off getting them as long as I dared. But I'm glad I bought them; otherwise I shouldn't have known you were in town."

Having delivered himself of this graceful and sincere speech, Mr. Betts, assuming a more businesslike manner, accepted the document Mrs. Covington now extended, and inspected it carefully.

"Ah," he said, "a deed to property on West Eighty-third Street. You wish to sign it, no doubt."

"Yes, that's it."

"There's a notary on the next floor; I'll send my stenographer for him."

"If you would be so kind."

Had Mr. Betts, at this moment, stepped to the door and sent his stenographer for the notary, instead of ringing for her, it is probable that this story would never have been written.

But it seemed so much more professional and important to ring. It wasn't every young lawyer who could afford a stenographer, who had offices, and bells to ring. So Mr. Betts touched the button beside his desk, and when Miss Miller entered, he ignored her presence long enough for Miss Andrews to notice that she was rather pretty, and that — good gracious! — she was wearing (one could see them plainly, for her skirt was quite short) — she was wearing purple silk stockings! And, since there is a luster peculiar to silk stockings that have never known the contact of soap and water, it was clear — oh, most horribly clear — that the stockings Miss Miller wore were *new*!

Of course, it might prove a mere coincidence; but it wasn't likely. Miss Andrews determined, then and there, to learn the truth. Being a resourceful young lady, she set her wits to work to such good purpose that by the time Miss Miller appeared with the notary she had planned exactly what to do. Leaving her aunt, Mr. Betts, and the notary, she followed Miss Miller into the outer office, closing the door behind her.

"It was rather stuffy in there," she said, by way of explanation. "May I sit down here?"

Miss Miller assented readily. "Of course you can," she replied. "It's pretty hot everywhere to-day, I guess."

"You don't look as if you felt the heat at all; but then, you are so much more sensibly dressed



"WELL, YOU SEE, I DIDN'T EXACTLY BUY THEM: THEY WERE A PRESENT!"

than I. I think I'll go over by the window. Yes; it is much cooler here. Do you suppose it will take long to sign that tiresome paper?"

"It oughtn't to."

From her place at the window, Miss Andrews looked thoughtfully down on Broadway. "There seem to be a great many women out this morning," she announced. "They are evidently shopping, though I never heard of any one shopping so far downtown. Are there some good shops in the neighborhood?"

"Wannaker's is the nearest, and it's some ways from here. But it don't take long to get there on the subway."

"Then I believe I'll try Wannaker's; I've been to nearly every other shop in town, and — why, do you know, the stockings you are wearing seem to be the exact shade for which I have been hunting high and low!"

"I saw you looking at them when I was in the other room," said Miss Miller.

"Yes," Miss Andrews admitted; "I did notice them in there, and I was sure they weren't the right shade. But as I see them here in this light, they look so different. I adore stockings of that shade, don't you? With ties such as you wear, they are so attractive. I would be extremely grateful if you would tell me where you bought them."

"Well, you see, I didn't exactly buy them; they were a present."

"Then, of course, you don't know what shop they came from. How very disappointing!"

"I only got them this morning," Miss Miller continued, regarding her trim ankles with an air of pardonable pride; "and what's eating me is how the party that gave them to me knew my size. But I do know where they came from — Parker and Munn's."

"Parker and Munn's! It's odd I hadn't thought of going there. I am greatly obliged for the information you have given me; it was very — er — good-natured of you."

"Don't mention," said Miss Miller. "Parker and Munn's is the place, you can take it from me; their name was on the box."

Miss Andrews, having learned what she had set out to learn, wandered once more to the window, for the air in the room had become curiously stifling. How she hated — yes, *bated* — that complacent little cat of a stenographer, and her absurd silk stockings! As for Mr. William Betts, the least said or thought of him, the better. What an unconscionable time it was taking to sign that miserable paper! Would she never be able to leave this detestable room? Ah, here was Aunt Katherine now!

After conducting Mrs. Covington and her niece to the elevator, Mr. Betts returned to his

private office in a sadly puzzled frame of mind, for, in the hall, Miss Andrews — Sylvia — had informed him that she would not be at home that evening. She had given no reason; moreover, her manner had been extremely frigid. What in the world did it mean? Had he offended her in any way? He didn't see how he could possibly have offended her, unless it was in not following her when she went into the next room. Yet, certainly, it would have been rude to follow her — rude to her as well as to Mrs. Covington; so it must have been something else. And yet, what else could it be?

Unable to answer this perplexing question, Mr. Betts sighed mournfully; then, remembering the letters on his desk, rang for Miss Miller. He would answer his letters, and — by Jove! he had nearly forgotten Rosalie's stockings! They must be got ready and despatched at once.

"Before I begin dictating," Mr. Betts began, "I wish to speak to you about the package I sent with the carbon paper and typewriter ribbons."

"If you only knew how I loved it!"

"Er — what?"

"You haven't even noticed," said Miss Miller, rising and holding back her skirts — "you haven't even noticed I've got them on."

"Got them on!" exclaimed Mr. Betts, staring with amazement at the neat pair of ankles Miss Miller had uncovered for his inspection. "Oh, I say!"

"Did you think I'd wait till this evening to put them on?" Miss Miller demanded.

"I didn't think you'd put them on at all," Mr. Betts replied truthfully. "That is —"

"And no more I would if any one but you had given them to me," declared Miss Miller. "I know what presents mean from most men; they mean —"

"Er — let's not go into that," said Mr. Betts. "As a matter of fact, I —"

"What's got me, though, is how you knew it was my birthday."

"I didn't —" Being a kind-hearted young man, Mr. Betts stopped short. Miss Miller evidently thought he had given her a birthday present, and it would be cruel to tell her otherwise, especially since she was wearing the stockings. "I didn't know you would be so pleased," he finished lamely.

"I was so pleased I could have cried," Miss Miller confided. "Why, even my own mother didn't remember to-day was my birthday! And then, to have you act so thoughtful! Honest, it nearly —"

"I hope it isn't going to now," said the alarmed Mr. Betts.



"I HARDLY THINK I'LL BE BACK THIS AFTERNOON"

"No; I ain't the crying kind. Only, when a thing hits me, it hits me hard."

"Er — quite so," said Mr. Betts. "I — ah — certainly!"

"And I don't care what Rudolph says."

"Rudolph?"

"He's my fancy. He's sure to ask me where I got them."

"I — will you tell him?"

"I don't see why I should."

"Neither do I," said Mr. Betts.

"And I don't see why I shouldn't. Only, he's sure not to understand."

"Isn't that sufficient reason?" inquired the troubled Mr. Betts.

"He'll notice them first thing, and ask me where I got them. Everybody notices them. Why, even the young lady that was here with that oldish party this morning couldn't keep her eyes off them."

So that was the reason for Sylvia's coolness toward him. She had noticed his stenographer's purple stockings, and had — It was too dreadful!

Mr. Betts rose hastily. "I've just thought of an important matter that will take me uptown," he said. "I sha'n't be back before lunch. And intended — that is, I want you to take the afternoon off, Miss Miller."

"No," said Miss Miller firmly; "you've been

kind enough to me for one day. Here I am, and here I'll stay."

"But I really wish you to take the afternoon off."

"Well, I just won't. So there!"

Mr. Betts sighed. "If she won't, I'll have to," he decided dismally. "I've no end of things to attend to, but I'm hanged if I can stand being in the office with her around!"

"I hardly think I'll be back this afternoon myself," he said, securing his hat, stick, and gloves. "Er — that is all, I believe."

"Ain't men queer?" thought Miss Miller, as Mr. Betts disappeared through the door of his private office. "When Rudolph gives me a present, he keeps reminding me of it every time I see him; and here's Mr. Betts running off just because I thanked him. I wish Rudolph was more like him. But he ain't, so that settles it."

An answering laugh to the grave question, "Why is a mouse when it spins?" is supposed by many to denote a lively sense of humor. Perhaps it does. But there is a truer test: the ability to laugh at one's own misfortunes when they assume absurd proportions.

There is no denying that Mr. Betts was beset by misfortune, nor can it be said that the element of absurdity was lacking; yet he did not laugh — far from it. Indeed, as he walked slowly up

Broadway after descending from his office, he was a very depressed and forlorn young man. He was, too, a deeply injured young man; for had not Sylvia misjudged him sadly?

"She ought to know me better than that," he thought. "As if I were the sort to buy silk stockings for stenographers! Why, hang it all, she should be ashamed to believe me capable of



"MR. BETTS STARED HOPELESSLY INTO SPACE"

such a thing! And the deuce of it is, she probably wouldn't listen if I tried to explain!"

Not that Mr. Betts cared to explain. In the first place, he was distinctly on his dignity in the matter; and in the second place, the situation was rather complicated, for, after all, he *had* given Miss Miller the stockings. Confound it, yes! Wasn't that the reason he was walking aimlessly up Broadway at this hour? A chap couldn't very well stay in the same office with a stenographer to whom he had just given a pair of silk stockings. Mr. Betts began to doubt whether he would ever have the courage to enter his office again.

And in a day or two, if he knew Rosalie, she'd begin telegraphing about the dashed stockings he hadn't sent her, and that would be the last straw. It shouldn't be! He would take a surface car to Twenty-third Street, and get Rosalie's commission, already five days old, off his mind, if he never did another thing as long as he lived.

When Mr. Betts entered Parker and Munn's

Department Store for the second time in his career, it was with far more of indignation than embarrassment. He didn't give a continental who saw him there. If Miss Sylvia Andrews happened to be in sight when he passed the corset counter, he'd stop and buy a pair, by George! She would probably believe he was buying them for his stenographer. Very well; let her think so. When people were bent on misconstruing one's actions, it was just as well to give them something definite to misconstrue.

It need hardly be said that Miss Andrews was not in sight when Mr. Betts passed the corset counter. As a matter of truth, she was, at that exact moment, indulging in a good cry in her room at the Holland House. But, of course, Mr. Betts could not know this. Nor could Miss Andrews have imagined anything so improbable as that Mr. Betts, whom she had cast out of her life — and heart (she knew, now, that he had held a place, oh, quite a large place! in her heart), should be approaching Parker and Munn's Hosiery Department in quest of more purple silk stockings.

One would have thought, considering the experience gained the day before, that he would have met with little difficulty; but the young woman from whom the fateful stockings of yesterday had been purchased was nowhere in sight, so Mr. Betts was forced to deal with a complete stranger. Then, too, he had lost, or mislaid, the bit of ribbon that Rosalie

had sent him. And there were, it seemed, more shades of purple than there were stars in the heavens.

"I don't think they were quite such a deep purple," said Mr. Betts, rejecting the fifth pair of stockings that had been offered for his inspection.

"Are you sure you'd know the shade if you saw it?"

"N-no. That is, I'm fairly sure — as sure as one can be when one isn't absolutely sure."

Whereupon the saleswoman sighed, and opened more boxes, till Mr. Betts saw a pair he thought would do.

"They look exactly like the ones I got here yesterday," he said. "Yes, I'm positive they are. Will you have them wrapped suitably for sending through the post? And where is the nearest place from which one can send a parcel, please?"

The nearest place, owing to Parker and Munn enterprise, proved to be but four aisles distant, where, a few minutes later, an obliging clerk received and registered a neat parcel addressed to

"Miss Rosalie Betts, care of Mrs. Archibald Winthrop, Lake Placid, Essex County, N. Y." This accomplished, Mr. Betts decided, since he was already so far uptown, he might as well go still farther, lunch at his club, and plan for the afternoon. He really ought to return to his office, but, of course, Miss Miller's presence there made that impossible. Besides, he had other things to think of.

Mr. Betts thought of these "other things" all through lunch; then, retiring to the library, thought of them some more. In life, as well as in the law, intentions counted for but little, it seemed; the mere fact that Miss Miller was now wearing the stockings he had purchased the day before outweighed — in Sylvia's eyes, at least — the full sum of the intentions he had held regarding them. Moreover, his word had proved valueless when arrayed against this one damning fact. Had he not told Sylvia the stockings she had seen him purchasing were for Rosalie? He had. To Mr. Betts, the darkest side of the whole affair lay in Sylvia's only too evident belief that he had lied to her. He couldn't bear to have her believe he had lied to her; she had no right to believe it, for he hadn't lied to her. No, by George; he had told the truth!

It was idiotic, certainly, to have included the stockings in the package with the typewriter ribbons and the carbon paper; it was still more idiotic to have ordered the package sent to his office in Miss Miller's name. But how was he to know she would open the box containing the stockings, or that she would imagine he had planned them for a birthday surprise? How the deuce was he to know it was her birthday, anyway?

When Rosalie returned to town in October, he would tell her the whole story, and, since girls were so much more clever than men, perhaps she would see a way to make all right between him and Sylvia — if such a thing were possible. Mr. Betts doubted whether his feeling for Sylvia could ever be quite the same again. He wasn't sure he wished it to be. A girl who refused to credit a man's word was hardly the sort one cared to marry. He loved her, of course. Who could help it? But wasn't it Dr. Holmes who had said, "That two people love each other is only one reason why they should marry"? Not that he was at all sure Sylvia cared for him. Still, he had hoped. And now — Exiled from his office, estranged from the girl he loved, cast

into the depths of despair and unhappiness, — and all by a pair of purple silk stockings, — Mr. Betts stared hopelessly into space, a deeply injured young man.

Had he but known it, Miss Andrews, too, felt deeply injured. She was also exceedingly angry — and disillusioned. She would never believe in any one again, not if they came to her on



"SHE WOULD PROBABLY DIE AN OLD MAID"

bended knees! She would probably die an old maid, but what did it matter? What did anything matter in a world where men bought purple silk stockings for their stenographers — and then lied about it?

Next morning, Mr. Betts, very self-conscious and ill at ease, returned to his office. What he would like to have done was to discharge Miss Miller on the spot. Since this was plainly out of the question, he surrounded himself by a wall of dignity so high that Miss Miller couldn't possibly see over it. But she could see through it.

"He's afraid I'll say something more about those stockings," she thought. "Well, he needn't worry; I guess I know my place."

As the morning wore on, Mr. Betts gained confidence. He was pleased to note, when at last he found courage for a surreptitious glance in their direction, that Miss Miller's ankles were no longer encased in purple silk; moreover, her manner toward him was most respectful. He had imagined — But that was nonsense. Miss



Miller was a thoroughly honest, reliable young woman, and any idea he had held concerning the disastrous effect the stockings might have on her manner was absurd. So Mr. Betts dictated letters, consulted grave-looking volumes bound in sheepskin, and attended to other matters, just as if nothing had happened; yet, when he left his office at lunch-time, he felt no satisfaction in the thought of work well accomplished. Life seemed very empty indeed.

Returning from lunch, it occurred to Mr. Betts that it would be greatly to his advantage to learn exactly what had passed between Sylvia and Miss Miller in his outer office the morning before. Had Sylvia asked questions? And, if so, had Miss Miller answered them? It wasn't likely that Sylvia would question her. Yet, why follow his stenographer into the outer office?

"She must have cared for me the least little bit, or she wouldn't have behaved so queerly," Mr. Betts decided. "By Jove, I wonder if I dare cross-examine Miss Miller!"

After giving the matter due thought, Mr. Betts was inclined to believe that he dared. But lately he had read a book entitled "The Art of Cross-Examination," in which various brilliant examples of this difficult art had been cited. Several of these examples seemed hopelessly puerile to Mr. Betts, who felt that he could have done far better himself. If he could question Miss Miller without her suspecting she was being questioned, it would not only be a triumph in itself, but would tend to set his mind at rest concerning how much Sylvia knew. Yes, that was what troubled him most: how much *did* Sylvia know?

If she acted toward him as she did just because she happened to notice that his stenographer wore purple silk stockings, then his feeling of deep injury was entirely justified. On the other hand, if Miss Miller told her the stockings were a gift from him, then Sylvia had a perfect right to treat him coolly. In the one case he could perhaps forgive, in the other he could explain; he would, too. And he'd make Sylvia listen to his explanation, if it meant following her to Jericho! He'd be hanged if he was going to have his life wrecked by a confounded pair of stockings!

Miss Miller had a real liking for Mr. Betts. He was, to be sure, a trifle too unbending; but that must be considered more a pose than anything else. After all, he was only a kid. But he was a nice kid. Most men you worked for pinched your arm or got familiar, sooner or later. How he ever found courage to present her with a pair of silk stockings was more than she

could understand. Certainly, having proved so thoughtful,—and courageous,—he must be given no cause to regret it. Miss Miller decided, and very sensibly, that the best method of showing her appreciation was to ignore stockings as a topic of conversation. She would show Mr. Betts in other ways — by typing his letters more carefully, and by not staying out so long at lunch-time — that she was not unconscious of his generosity. For it had been generous of him to give her the stockings. Her first pair of silk stockings! How delicious it would be to be able to wear silk stockings every day!

When Mr. Betts entered his outer office, intent on an artful interview with his stenographer, that young woman was typing a letter with great care, a small dictionary, long unopened, at her elbow; for, though convincing, her spelling had not infrequently proved a trifle too sketchy to suit her employer. Proceeding with artful indirection, Mr. Betts did not immediately approach the witness whose testimony he desired; instead, he pretended to consult a card index, then drifted to an open window, where he informed Miss Miller that he believed her office was cooler than his.

"Have you a letter for me to take down?" asked Miss Miller, reaching for pad and pencil.

"Not just now," answered Mr. Betts; "I'm — I'm resting."

"Oh!" said Miss Miller, preparing to resume her typing.

"You needn't go on with that," said Mr. Betts. "I was disappointed at your refusing to take the afternoon off yesterday. And I've been wondering — that is, I've been hoping my little — er — gift didn't make trouble between you and — er — Rudolph."

"No," replied the astonished Miss Miller, "it didn't."

"I'm very glad. I was afraid your fiancé might misunderstand my choosing such a — er — such an unusual present for you."

"You couldn't have given me anything I would have liked better."

"I shouldn't have thought of it if I hadn't noticed you were wearing black stockings to-day," continued the artful Mr. Betts. "I hope you will pardon my having mentioned it."

"Sure I will."

"Ah, that reminds me — I knew there was something else. The young lady who was here yesterday morning. You remember her, perhaps. You told me she noticed your stockings."

"Yes, I remember."

"She telephoned me last night to say she believed she had left her gold bag in my office."

"I'm certain she didn't; I noticed it in her hand when she went out the door."

"Just as I thought," said Mr. Betts. "I told her I was sure she hadn't left it here. I'm glad she admired your stockings, though. Er — you see, there are so many shades of purple, and if she hadn't admired them, I might — I probably would have doubted whether I had chosen the prettiest. I'll wager anything she asked you where you got them?"

"Well, I didn't tell her you gave them to me, if that's what you want to know. What's more, if you want your old stockings back, you're welcome to them."

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Mr. Betts. "I — er — you misjudge me cruelly, Miss Miller! I didn't — I don't want to know anything. I merely thought — that is, I imagined — that is — Why, hang it all!"

"There, there," said Miss Miller soothingly, "don't take on so; I understand perfectly."

"You can't fool me," she thought, as Mr. Betts retreated hurriedly to his private office. "The boss is sweet on the girl that was here yesterday, and somehow she's got it into her head he gave me those stockings. It made me mad at first, the way he tried to pump me, but I'm glad I put him wise. Poor kid! I shouldn't wonder but he's been having one hell of a time trying to explain. It's a good job I kept my mouth shut and didn't give him away to his girl; now he can stick to the lies he's told her, and she'll probably end by believing him. Ain't it queer how a girl can get jealous of a man that's as innocent as a kitten? I ain't no more to Mr. Betts than the paper on the wall; it's only that he's kind-hearted. Though, if I was to catch Rudolph giving stockings to another girl, I'd get green-eyed, even if I knew he was as innocent as the angel Gabriel. I guess this will teach Mr. Betts to

be more careful. Just the same, I'm glad I got the stockings."

Safe in his private office, Mr. Betts congratulated himself on the result of his investigations. True, the cross-examination had not progressed exactly as he had planned. Yet, what matter the route one travels, if one reach the desired destination?

Though very sorry indeed to have provoked Miss Miller's anger, Mr. Betts could not help feeling greatly relieved. He knew now, knew definitely, that Sylvia, having jumped at a conclusion, must have landed somewhere between the banks of doubt and certainty, for she could never be really sure he had given Miss Miller those stockings. And, without this certainty, it was unjust — terribly unjust! — to confine him in the prison of her displeasure. Too proud to use the file with which Miss Miller had provided him, the wrongfully imprisoned and reproachful Mr. Betts sat silent in his cell, looking gloomily through the bars, until a telephone call from a brother attorney made it expedient for him to leave his office.

Mr. Betts had been gone scarcely five minutes when a diminutive and itinerant representative of an enormously important corporation opened the door of the outer office and swaggered across the room to where Miss Miller was typing diligently.

"Tellygram for de boss," he announced.

"All right," said Miss Miller; "give it here."

"I'll give it to de boss, see?"

"The boss ain't in, darling child."

"Say, cut out de candy talk!"

"Very well, dearie."

"And git busy wid yer mitt."

"Yes, sweetheart. Where do I sign?"

"You make me tired; I ain't no baby."



"HOW HE EVER FOUND COURAGE TO PRESENT HER WITH A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS!"

"Bless my stars, so you ain't! And I was just going to kiss you."

"Aw, fergit it!"

"Sure I'll forget it. Here's your book, son; and next time you come into an office where there's a lady present, you take off your lid and act more polite. Now, skidoo!"

The messenger boy gone, Miss Miller opened the yellow envelop he had brought, preparatory to reading the telegram, for she always read telegrams that came to the office during Mr. Betts' absence; it was expected of her. Then, if she happened to know where he was, and the wire was important, she could telephone it to him at once — an eminently sensible and businesslike arrangement.

There was something about this telegram, however, that seemed to agitate Miss Miller. Good heavens, yes! She read it once, twice, three times. How perfectly dreadful! Though addressed to Mr. Betts, it was plainly no message for him to receive. He shouldn't receive it, either — not if she lost her job by it. Taking the telegram in her two hands, Miss Miller tore it into little bits; then, leaning back in her chair, she laughed hysterically. Wasn't it the limit? Hadn't she been the little goat? She had, she had! Moreover, by playing the goat she had chased Mr. Betts up the biggest kind of tree. He was climbing yet, poor dear! And it was all her fault, her colossal stupidity! Well, one thing was certain: Mr. Betts must never know that she had tumbled to the truth, or that she had opened a telegram that read:

Where are my purple stockings?

ROSALIE BETTS.

"I as good as held him up and took his sister's stockings away from him," Miss Miller decided mournfully; "and when the poor lamb squirmed, I thought it was on account of being embarrassed. And then his girl had to butt in and catch me with the goods on, and — Oh, Lordy, Lordy! And me thanking him with tears in my eyes, and wondering how in Sam Hill he knew it was my birthday! Ain't it the limit, though? Just ain't it?"

"I can't give the stockings back now, because I've wore them; besides, it wouldn't be decent, after the way the boss acted. He was a little sport, all right — never batted an eye after he'd got his bearings. And afterward, when he got scared I'd told his girl he'd gave me the stockings, what did he do? When most men would have been throwing fits around the office, all he done was to try and pump me. Pump me. Why, he couldn't even pump water out of a well!

"One thing's sure, it's up to me to do something. I got him into this mess, and I got to help get him out again. What's more, I got to get him out without his knowing it was me that done it, and I guess that means tackling his girl."

Miss Miller sighed dismally. If there was one thing in the world she didn't care to do, it was to tackle Mr. Betts' girl. But, with the path of duty so clearly marked, only a quitter would take to the tall timber. Yes, she would tackle Mr. Betts' girl. Before she could do this, there were, of course, several facts to be unearthed. She would dig these facts out of Mr. Betts when opportunity offered. In the meantime, she'd get busy and finish typing that letter.

Returning to his office after a half hour's absence, Mr. Betts was treated to another surprise. Indeed, it seemed as if the whole world were in conspiracy against his happiness and peace of mind; for this new surprise was, in its way, most disturbing. When he had feared Miss Miller's manner might become intolerable, she had behaved remarkably well; but now — confound it all!

"You remember the young lady who was here yesterday," she was saying, "the one who admired my stockings?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind telling me her name?"

"Yes. That is — no, of course not."

"Well?"

"Miss Andrews."

"Her full name, please."

"Miss Sylvia Andrews."

"And where does she live?"

"Really, Miss Miller!"

"I have a very good reason for asking."

"She's stopping at the Holland House."

"Thanks. The reason I asked was that I think I've found the gold bag she lost."

"But she didn't lose — I mean, she couldn't have lost it here."

"I know she couldn't. But she did lose it, didn't she?"

"Er — oh, yes!"

"Well, while you were out I noticed an ad in the Lost and Found column of the *Herald*. 'Found lady's gold bag. Owner can have by calling at 775 Broadway and proving right to same.' I thought I ought to tell you. Shall I try and get Miss Andrews on the 'phone?"

"No," said Mr. Betts. "You're awfully good to take so much trouble, but I — It might be more — I believe I'll telephone her myself — later, you know — about dinner-time. Er — thank you so much. I — I see you have some letters for me to sign. I'll sign them now, for

I'm — er — rather busy and don't care to be disturbed for the next hour or two."

Safe in his private office, Mr. Betts smiled feebly. "Now, that is what I call a coincidence," he thought. "Fancy her finding such an advertisement! Anyway, her coming to me with it shows she believed that yarn I told her about Sylvia losing a gold bag."

A gold bag! What Sylvia had really lost was more precious than all the gold bags in the world: the love and loyalty of a tender heart. In this grim, changeable old world, loyal, loving hearts were scarce — uncommonly scarce; and it was a deuced outrage for such a heart to be trampled on and cast aside because of a dashed pair of purple stockings! To poor Mr. Betts, life, at this moment, seemed very like a Bernard Shaw play: everything hind side before, injustice triumphant, and virtue its only reward.

Miss Miller, on the contrary, was rather pleased with life; she was particularly pleased with Miss Miller. "Say, the way I got what I wanted out of the boss was pretty slick," she decided approvingly. "And that's the way to do it, too: ask questions first and explain 'em afterwards. I knew darn well his girl hadn't lost a gold bag. Sylvia Andrews, Holland House. Gee, it must be great to put up at a swell place like that!"

Other and graver matters now demanding her attention, Miss Miller secured a sheet of note-paper, upon which, after much thought, she inscribed the following letter:

DEAR MISS ANDREWS: I beg to take the liberty of putting you wise to the following and I hope you will pardon me for addressing you which I do most respectfully. But I cannot help acting the way I do for it is all my fault Mr. Betts is so unhappy and it is not fair either because he did not go for to give me those stockings. Honest to God he did not. It was like this. The stockings were sent to the office with some type-writing paper. And I opened the package before he got here and was goat enough to think the stockings was for me. Not because he ever gave me a present in his whole life but because it was my birthday. You know how it is when a girl has a birthday. She always thinks she is going to get a gift. And when I saw those stockings something inside of me told me they was meant for me. So I put them on. And then Mr. Betts came in and you came in right after so I did not get a chance to thank him.

After you had left he called me into his office and begun to say something about stockings. And then I thanked him and asked him how he knew it was my birthday. And say he was such a perfect gentleman and that kind-hearted he just let me think those stockings was meant for me. And I did not know different till a telegram came to the office this afternoon from his sister. It said: "Where are my purple silk stockings?" Then I tumbled.

You see I read the telegram it coming to the office while Mr. Betts was out and it being part of my job to read telegrams and telephone them to the boss when I know where he is. I knew where he was

all right but you can just bet I didn't 'phone it to him. I tore it up that's what I did. And when he came back I pumped him and found out where you was stopping. He is that innocent it was dead easy.

I guess you know how I feel what with Mr. Betts being so unhappy and me knowing perfectly well those stockings is at the bottom of it. You was as sweet as pie to him in the office before you got wise to my stockings. And then you tried to pump me about them. And then you sailed out of the office with your head in the air like you was mad. And I guess you was too. But you can take it from me Mr. Betts didn't get on to why you was mad with him till I begun thanking him for his sister's stockings. "They're beautiful," I says. "Why, even the young lady what was here this morning admired them." And I said it innocent as a lamb so help me thinking he would be pleased that others admired the stockings besides me. Men are like that generally. But Mr. Betts just looked unhappy and left the office not returning until next morning. And if I hadn't read that telegram I'd have thought to my dying day he only acted like that because he was embarrassed.

Anyway that is what happened. And the reason I'm writing this is because it was me acting like a goat that put Mr. Betts in wrong with you. Besides you looked to me like your heart was in the right place, meaning no offense. So I took the liberty of telling you how things was. And you needn't think I'm doing it because I'm sweet on Mr. Betts either because I'm engaged to be married to Rudolph Smith.

Also, if you care to make it up with Mr. Betts I've doped out a way. To-morrow he has got to be in court at eleven for a short space and after that he'll come here. And if he was to find a telephone call on his desk to ring you up it's a cinch he would be perfectly happy. And you needn't be afraid of my listening at the keyhole for as soon as he comes in I'll beat it. So all you have to do is to let me know if I can leave the call on Mr. Betts' desk and if you'll be in when he rings up around half past eleven. Say when I think of the mess I got him into I feel just awful.

Respectfully yours

GERTRUDE MILLER.

Her letter written, Miss Miller rang for a messenger boy. It was now four o'clock; she waited in the office till half past six, when, no answer to her letter having arrived, she started for home.

"I guess all that letter of mine done for Mr. Betts was to make his girl good and mad," she thought. "Some day maybe I'll get wise, and learn not to butt in."

Next morning, however, something occurred to restore Miss Miller's confidence in the efficacy of butting in. A brief note, delivered to her hand at the early hour of nine, read as follows:

DEAR MISS MILLER: Many thanks for making a complicated and very unusual situation clear to me. I shall be in my room between eleven and twelve, as you suggest.

Sincerely yours,

SYLVIA ANDREWS.

Miss Miller was enchanted; her plan had

worked out beautifully. Moreover, Mr. Betts' girl had acted like a thoroughbred. Marching into Mr. Betts' private office, Miss Miller wrote on the pad beside his telephone: "Ring up Miss Andrews, Holland House."

Though, naturally, greatly surprised, Mr. Betts' first impulse, on reading this imperatively worded message, was to disobey it. He'd be hanged if he'd ring up Sylvia! If Sylvia wanted to talk to him, she could — She evidently did want to talk to him, else why had she telephoned? It was deucedly queer, her telephoning him. Perhaps, after thinking it over, she'd come to believe him innocent in the matter of Miss Miller's stockings. And, perhaps, by flying a false color, he might sail triumphantly into the dear harbor of her esteem. But he wouldn't do it — not he; he would sail in under his true color, or not at all. And his true color, at this particular moment, was purple. Yes, he would

fly a pair of purple stockings at his mast, even though he went to wreck on the rocks of Sylvia's eternal displeasure. Having reached this important decision, Mr. Betts proceeded to get Miss Andrews on the wire.

"Hullo. . . . Yes, this is Mr. Betts. . . . Please don't bother to explain. I could see you weren't looking well when you left my office that morning. . . . No, I don't think I can call this evening. . . . I'm awfully sorry, too, but — Confound it all, Sylvia, what's the use of pretending there's nothing wrong? You thought I gave my stenographer those purple stockings. And I did. Do you hear me? *I did!*"

Miss Andrews' reply to this rashly incriminating speech will, of course, never be known. Mr. Betts himself wasn't quite sure he understood it. But it sounded like — oh, amazingly like — "You darling!"





AN OLD MAN OF SEVENTY AND A CHILD OF FIVE, BOTH NEEDLESSLY BLIND

# PREVENTABLE BLINDNESS

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

AND

MARION HAMILTON CARTER

**T**RY to realize what blindness means to those whose joyous activity is stricken into inactivity.

"It is to live long, long days, and life is made up of days. It is to live immured, baffled, impotent, all God's world shut out. It is to sit helpless, defrauded, while your spirit strains and tugs at its fetters, and your shoulders ache for the burden they are denied — the rightful burden of labor." HELEN KELLER.

It is an astonishing fact, and one not generally known, that one quarter of all the children in the blind schools of this country are needlessly blind. These children are doomed to life-long darkness because at the time of birth their eyes were not properly

washed and treated by the attending physician or midwife. The cause of this preventable blindness is ophthalmia neonatorum (ophthalmia of the new-born), commonly known as "inflammation of the eyes of the new-born," "babies' sore eyes," or "cold in the eyes"—

NOTE: For material used in this paper, the writers are especially indebted to the publication (No. 2) of the Committee on the Prevention of Blindness of the New York Association for the Blind, entitled "Children Who Need Not Have Been Blind," by Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, with whose consent the passages used are incorporated in the text without quotation marks. The statistical tables are taken from the Reports of the Committee on Ophthalmia Neonatorum of the American Medical Association. For further references, see the Report of the New York State Commission to

Investigate the Condition of the Blind, 1906; The Blind and the Deaf, in Special Reports of the Census Office, 1900; Report of the Committee on Ophthalmia Neonatorum presented to the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association at the sixtieth annual session, June 7-11, 1909; Report of the Special Committee on the Prevention of Blindness, November 1, 1909; Report on Obstetrics: Ophthalmia Neonatorum, by Robert de Normandie, M.D., 1909; Ophthalmia Neonatorum, by Sydney Stephenson, 1907; and numerous papers by Dr. F. Park Lewis and others.

one of the most dangerous menaces to vision when treatment is neglected or delayed. "It is a veritable world plague," says Dr. Lewis. "It occurs everywhere, and no country has yet succeeded in getting it under control."

From New York to Japan, from Japan to Australia, from Australia to South America, its cases are scattered. In Mexico, it is the common cause of blindness, and that country claims at least 4,500 victims; in the New York State

to Queen Charlotte's Hospital, London, says: "In the opinion of those well qualified to judge, ophthalmia neonatorum is the cause of more blindness than any other local disease, excepting, perhaps, atrophy of the optic nerve. It has been proved to demonstration that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this disease is preventable, and it may be prevented, moreover, by the use of a few simple precautions."

Dr. George Foggin, honorary ophthalmic



BLIND CHILDREN LEARNING TO BUILD HOUSES WITH BLOCKS IN THE KINDERGARTEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND. FORTY-FOUR PER CENT OF THE CHILDREN IN THIS SCHOOL ARE NEEDLESSLY BLIND

School for the Blind, at Batavia, 30.7 per cent of the children admitted in 1907 were victims of ophthalmia neonatorum; at the Pennsylvania School for the Blind, at Overbrook, the average in 1909 was higher — 44 per cent; at the Sheffield School for the Blind (England), Dr. Simeon Snell reports to the British Medical Association 127 cases out of 333 inmates — 42.36 per cent; and, still higher, the Henshaw School for the Blind (England) reported in 1908 that 90 out of its 200 children — 45 per cent — are blind from this disease.

Dr. Sydney Stephenson, ophthalmic surgeon

to the Royal Victoria School for the Blind, goes so far as to assert that it "is responsible for more than one third of the blindness of the world" — meaning blindness at all ages and from all causes put together. It has been estimated that probably one half the blindness of the world is unnecessary; from which it follows that, of the 64,000 registered blind persons in the United States, about 30,000 are needlessly blind from various causes, and, of these, between 6,000 and 7,000 are blind as the result of ophthalmia neonatorum — about 10 per cent of the entire number. In New York





BLIND CHILDREN LISTENING TO A STORY-TELLER IN THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND AT OVERBROOK, PENNSYLVANIA. TWENTY-TWO OF THE CHILDREN IN THIS GROUP ARE VICTIMS OF OPHTHALMIA NEONATORUM

State 620 persons are known to be blind from this cause.

The following table, from a single school, graphically represents the general situation:

#### CHIEF CAUSES OF BLINDNESS

##### PUPILS REGISTERED IN NEW YORK STATE SCHOOL FOR BLIND, 1907-8

###### PREVENTABLE

Ophthalmia of New-born	████████████████████
Later Pus Infections	██████████
Congenital Syphilis	████████████████
Sympathetic Inflammations	██████████████

###### INEVITABLE

Congenital Defects	=====
Optic Nerve Atrophy	=====
Inflammatory and	=====
Other Causes	=====

In 1907 the statistics for ten schools \* showed the average proportion of victims of ophthalmia neonatorum to be 28.19 per cent. *It would have cost two cents on the day of birth to save the sight of every child blind through ophthalmia neonatorum.*

Two cents' worth of nitrate of silver solution and two minutes of the nurse's time is the cost of prevention. It is difficult, however, to estimate the cost of cure; for cures are rare, once the inflammation is set up — unless prompt measures are taken, the disease is nearly always

##### \* PROPORTION OF VICTIMS OF OPHTHALMIA OF THE NEW-BORN IN TEN SCHOOLS FOR THE BLIND

1907			
Schools for Blind	New Admissions	Ophthalmia of New-born	Per Cent
New York	13	4	30.7
Pennsylvania	27	9	33.33
Massachusetts	43	13	30
Colorado	7	3	42.8
Western Pennsylvania	28	8	28.57
Missouri	19	6	31.57
Connecticut	8	1	12.50
Ohio	36	7	20
Maryland	13	4	30.77
Ontario	23	5	21.74

Average percentage of victims of ophthalmia neonatorum . . . 28.19

fatal to the sight of one or both eyes, and in the majority of cases the little victim becomes a charge upon public or private charity, often for life. But the figures here are startling enough. In the New York State School for the Blind, at Batavia, the per capita cost of maintenance and education is \$407.43 a year, as against the \$30 a year that it costs to educate a normal child in the Buffalo public schools — a difference of \$377.43 for the blind child, that must be met by State appropriation.

#### THE COST OF NEEDLESS BLINDNESS IN NEW YORK

Total cost for education and maintenance of those blind from ophthalmia neonatorum at Batavia School for the Blind	\$14,260.05
Education alone in school for the seeing would have cost	1,050.00
Excess cost paid by the State at Batavia	\$13,210.05
Total cost for education and maintenance of those blind from ophthalmia neonatorum at New York Institution for the Blind	\$18,904.40
Education alone in school for the seeing would have cost	1,200.00
Excess cost paid by State in New York	\$17,704.40
Total	\$30,914.45

#### THE COST OF NEEDLESS BLINDNESS IN OHIO

Victims of ophthalmia neonatorum in State School	64
Per capita cost in State School (average)	\$340.00
(Maintenance Public Expense)	
Per capita cost seeing schools (average)	30.00
(Maintenance Private Expense)	
Per capita excess for needlessly blind	310.00
Total annual excess maintenance and education of those whose sight might have been saved	\$19,840.00

This total of over \$50,000 in the Ohio State School for the Blind, the Batavia School for the Blind, and the New York Institution for the Blind, that might have been saved annually, does not take into account the cost of maintaining the blind in private institutions or those remaining in their own homes. It is estimated that the total cost of the needlessly blind, throughout the State of New York, exceeds \$110,000 a year; and if the blind citizen is a dependent for life, the cost of his maintenance will be not less than \$10,000. These figures do not include money paid out in pensions under the pension system obtaining in New York City, Ohio, Illinois, and Great Britain, or special appropriations for buildings. To mention but a single case: The State Legislature of New York was asked for an appropriation of \$30,000 (which has not yet been granted) to build a kindergarten at Batavia for children who should never have been blind. Now, set these figures against the estimate of the State Department of Health that free distribution of a protective, at an annual cost of not more than \$3,000, would have saved almost all of those eyes, and you have the gist of the economic question with which the disease confronts every State in the Union.

Ophthalmia neonatorum is a definitely infectious, communicable disease, and develops as a result of infective material entering the child's eyes at the time of birth, when inflammation of the delicate membranes speedily follows, to end, if not treated, in ulceration of the cornea and complete ruin of the sight. It is due to any one of a number of pus-producing microorganisms; but 80 per cent of all purulent inflammations of the eyes of new-born children is due to the gonococcus, which is easily communicated, either directly from an infected individual to another person, or indirectly from contaminated bedding, clothes, towels, wash-cloths, sponges, and the like, and may, in this way, go through an entire family, even an entire school. Cases are on record where as many as eight babies, born to one household, contracted it, one after another.

Although the name of this disease may be unfamiliar, few of us have not seen babies suffering with it, their eyes swollen and sometimes protruding, the lids puffy, emitting a discharge of pus from between their margins. Until 1881 nearly all children so afflicted were doomed to become permanently blind. But in that year Professor Credé, of Leipsic, Director of the Maternity Hospital connected with the University, made the wonderful announcement that a single drop of a 2 per cent solution of silver nitrate, dropped from a glass rod on the eye-ball of the new-born infant, would destroy the germs of ophthalmia neonatorum, should any be present, and would not injure healthy eyes.

Through this simple prophylactic, Dr. Credé reduced ophthalmia neonatorum in his own clinic from 10 per cent of the whole number of births to one fifth of one per cent — that is, from one in every ten babies to one in every five hundred. In 1880, just before the application of his discovery, Professor Credé had had 14 cases in 187 births; in 1880-83, with 1,160 births, only one case developed. "From tables published by Kostling, of Halle, in 17,767 births with no treatment, 9.2 per cent developed the ophthalmia of infancy, while, in 24,723 births in which the prophylactic treatment of the 2 per cent nitrate of silver was employed, the infection developed in 0.65 per cent. In 4,000 births at the Sloane Maternity Hospital in New York, during a period of six years in which Credé's method was employed, not one case of ophthalmia developed. Later, in 1886, Credé reported 1,211 births, with 3 but slightly affected, or 0.25 per cent. . . . A physician in Buffalo, whose routine practice was to use the Credé solution, omitted it twice, in the course of a year, because he did not happen to have a preparation of the

silver in his bag. In both of these ophthalmia developed."\*

Regarding conditions existing in the maternity hospitals before Credé wrote his famous articles, Leopold said: "At the end of the seventies there was probably no obstetric clinic that did not, in a room apart, show one or several of these unfortunate infants, who were in danger of being blinded for life. It made one shudder to enter such an apartment. Yet, but a few years later, beginning with 1884, this room had vanished as if by magic."†

The value of Credé's discovery is now accepted by physicians everywhere, and all obstetricians of standing use nitrate of silver, or some of the derivatives of the silver salts, in the eyes of new-born babies. It is regarded by them as a matter of routine — a precautionary measure against even chance infection. Nevertheless, in spite of these facts, a very careful investigation made in Buffalo in 1906, under the direction of Dr. F. Park Lewis, showed that the disease

appeared in one out of every two hundred births. It was further shown that the larger proportion of cases of blindness resulting from infant ophthalmia occurred in the more remote country districts, where the patient is seen less frequently by the attending physician. If, however, we assume that the ratio in Buffalo holds throughout the State, the 183,012 births registered in that year would indicate 915 cases of ophthalmia neonatorum — evidence of its still alarming prevalence. How many of these were saved by protective treatment we have no means of knowing. We are inevitably led to the conclusion that the loss of sight of almost every child whose eyes have been destroyed by infant ophthalmia is due to the criminal ignorance or carelessness of those who preside at the birth of the child.

The case was never put more strongly than by the late Dr. Wheeler when he said: "The significance of a single case of unnecessary blindness is so great that it will not lend itself to mathematical computation. To the individual thus injured the damage . . . is not measurable by our ordinary standards of value. We

\* "Ophthalmia Neonatorum; a Pathological Anachronism," by F. Park Lewis. *American Journal of Obstetrics*, Vol. LVI, No. 5.

† "Ophthalmia Neonatorum," by Sydney Stephenson, p. 182.



THE YOUNGEST CLASS IN THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND. NEARLY HALF OF THE CHILDREN IN THIS SCHOOL COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED FROM BLINDNESS AT A COST OF TWO CENTS APIECE



THE SIGHT OF EACH OF THESE FOURTEEN CHILDREN COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED BY THE USE OF TWO DROPS OF ONE PER CENT SOLUTION OF SILVER NITRATE



BLIND CHILDREN IN THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND AT BATAVIA, NEW YORK, WHERE NEARLY ONE THIRD OF THE CASES ARE VICTIMS OF OPHTHALMIA NEONATORUM

ought not to try to cast it into an equation. A profession cannot thus compromise with its honor. Ten thousand treatments by Credé's method are a myriad of trifles that, taken as they occur, involve an outlay of neither time, trouble, nor expense. As acts of commission they are a negligible quantity. As acts of omission, however, with their possible consequences to the victim of almost com-

plete catastrophe, each one is immeasurably large." \*

One of the customs brought to us by foreigners is the employment of midwives, a custom that has come down through the ages, and that is still of almost universal adoption in Austria,

\* "The Control of Ophthalmia Neonatorum," by the late John T. Wheeler, M.D. *North American Journal of Homoeopathy*, February, 1909.



BLIND CHILDREN AT PLAY IN THE SCHOOL GARDENS AT OVERBROOK, PENNSYLVANIA

Germany, and Italy. In those countries women who practise midwifery are obliged to take a regular course of instruction; they must be of assured good character and must pass stringent examinations before they can be licensed and registered, the license being revocable at any time, and registration to be renewed annually; and, while they are practising, they are under constant Government supervision.

Although midwives are largely employed in the United States, especially by foreigners, no adequate provision, with rare exceptions, has been made for their examination before licenses are granted and registration allowed by Departments of Health or by authorized Boards of Examiners. Of the sixty-one counties in New York State, there are legally constituted Boards of Examiners in Midwifery for only three — Erie, Niagara, and Chautauqua — and one for the city of Rochester. Under the laws of 1907, the Department of Health of the city of New York is "vested with the power and authority to adopt rules and regulations and adopt ordinances governing the practices of midwifery in the city of New York, including rules and regulations and ordinances for the admission to said practice, and the exclusion from said practice, and the regulation and inspection of midwives and the practice of midwifery" (Chapter 432).

Yet, except in the cities and counties men-

tioned, midwives are under no supervision in their practice; however ignorant they may be, there are no safeguards for those they serve. Is it to be wondered at that the standard for fitness among the trained foreign midwives who come to this country is soon lowered, or that grossly incompetent, untrained women are to be found on the registry lists, where it is so easy for them to get?

In Chicago, in 1904, 86 per cent of all births, principally among Italians, were reported by midwives. In Buffalo, New York, with a population of about 400,000, nearly one half the number of births in one year were attended by midwives. In New York City, in 1905, 43,834 births, or 42 per cent of the whole number, were attended by midwives, employed largely by Italians, Austro-Hungarians, Polish Jews, and other foreigners. For the year 1907, in New York City, 68,186 births were reported by physicians, and 52,536 by midwives. In September, 1908, the registered midwives in the five boroughs of New York City numbered 1,382.

In the face of these figures, it is idle to talk of the elimination of the midwife. "It is a condition, not a theory, which confronts us."

Miss F. Elizabeth Crowell, graduate nurse to the New York Association of Neighborhood Workers, examined 10,000 certificates of births in 1906, and personally interviewed 500 mid-

wives in their homes, — over half of those practising at that time in the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, — and found that only fifty, less than 10 per cent, "could be qualified as capable, reliable midwives."\* She goes on to say:

"Classifying according to nationality, I found that, out of the 500 midwives, 27 per cent were Austro-Hungarians, Bohemians, Austro-Poles; 25 per cent, Italians; 22 per cent, Germans; 14 per cent, Russians; that 4 per cent were born in the United States, 2 per cent in Ireland, and the remaining 6 per cent were made up of natives of France, Sweden, Switzerland, England, Scotland, Syria, Turkey, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Buenos Aires, and one West Indian negress. . . .

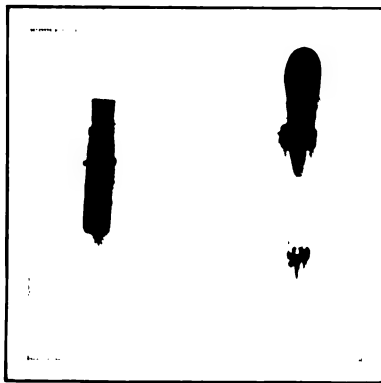
"The homes of these midwives are to be compared with the homes of the women whom they attend, the average three-room tenement — clean or dirty, according to the personal habits of the midwife who occupies it. Of the midwives' homes, 106 were absolutely filthy, as was the clothing and the person of the midwife herself. Of the remaining 394, I should say one third might be designated as excellent, the other two thirds fair. . . .

"As for the bags and their equipment, from a professional standpoint by far the greater number would make fit decorations for a chamber of horrors. . . . Out of 303 bags inspected, 34 only were marked as first-class — that is, they were clean and their equipment was complete and sterile. . . .

"I was visiting one Italian midwife whose home was of the dirtiest, the condition of whose hands was indescribable, whose clothing was filthy, the condition of whose bag beggars de-



PREVENTABLE BLINDNESS  
AND



ITS CURE

scription, when a call came for her to go at once to a confinement. Not wishing the woman to lose a case because of my being there, I told her to make her necessary preparations while I talked. 'Oh,' she replied, 'I am ready'; and throwing a shawl over her head and seizing the bag, she was off — to take the life, the future health, and well-being of a mother and child into her keeping."

"I have been astonished," writes Dr. de Schweinitz, "in this comparatively enlightened age, to find the appalling practices which go on among the poor in the Italian, negro, and other quarters of the city. It would seem to me that there is not a foolish thing that some equally foolish midwife will not put into the eyes of a new-born baby, provided there is an irritation.

Mothers' milk, raw beef, tea-leaves, raw potatoes, wet clay, saliva, and poultices are a few of the items, others of which can hardly be mentioned — anything and everything but a germicide to destroy the infection.

To meet this situation, rigorous measures are necessary. The admirable Howe law, on the statute-books of sixteen States, requiring midwives to report a case of ophthalmia neonatorum to the health authorities, is rarely enforced. For instance, in Connecticut, a nurse or a midwife must report purulent inflammation of an infant's eyes within six hours,

or be liable to a fine not exceeding \$200, or imprisonment for six months, or both. But, recently, in a trial for negligence in this particular, two midwives were not convicted because the judges said that "any baby was liable to have sore eyes." The evil consequences — the encouragement of irresponsibility — of such judicial ignorance would probably have been great, but for the wide pub-

\* Published in full in *Charities and Commons*, January 12, 1907.

licity given the affair in the papers, which caused many mothers to request their physicians to use "drops" as a matter of routine.

But even the enforcement of excellent laws will be found inadequate if the exact prescription is not available. In this treatment, accuracy is imperative. Careless or too frequent dosing may result in a clouding of the cornea. Cases have been known in which an ignorant midwife or nurse, not seeing the cure immediately follow the first treatment, kept on pouring the silver nitrate into the baby's eyes, every hour or so, until the sight was permanently injured. The consensus of opinion among ophthalmologists and obstetricians is that the chosen prophylactic should be a derivative of the silver salts, preferably a 1 per cent solution of nitrate of silver. First, to meet the situation, midwives and nurses should have placed in their hands, ready for instant use, a standardized solution issued by the health authorities of the State, as a guaranty of its quality and efficiency. Second, the law should require all births to be reported within thirty-six hours, instead of within the ten days now allowed in most States. If, in addition, each form of notification of birth should carry the question, "Did you employ a preventive for ophthalmia neonatorum? If not, why not?" it is believed that, should the disease be present and no preventive measure have been taken, the sight of the child might yet be saved, by calling the attention of the physician or midwife to the omission within thirty-six hours after birth.

The vigorous efforts of the health officers of the State and city of New York, Commissioner Porter and Commissioner Darlington, show how much may be accomplished when the importance of the early care of infants' eyes is fully recognized, as it is by the Health Department of the State and city of New York. The State Department distributes, free of charge, colored glass vials, each containing enough standardized 1 per cent nitrate of silver solution for treatment of one new-born baby's eyes. On application by any physician or midwife to the local health officer, this is sent in a mailing-box, together with a dropper, and printed directions in three languages.

In New York City, during the summer of 1909, every birth reported by a midwife was visited almost immediately by a trained nurse, who personally inspected the child's eyes for symptoms of ophthalmia neonatorum. In the printed Rules and Regulations for 1908, governing the practice of midwifery in the city of New York, Rule 22 requires that "one or two drops of a 1 per cent solution of silver nitrate be dropped into the eye" as soon as the child is

born (this applies to all children); and, should there develop "swelling and redness of the eyelids, with a discharge of matter from the eyes," the midwife is directed to summon a physician. The New York State Department of Health has also printed upon the new forms of notification of births the question: "What preventive for ophthalmia neonatorum did you use? If none, state the reason therefor."

But, although Credé's announcement was made over a quarter of a century ago, and many physicians have since labored unceasingly to suppress the disease, individually and through organized effort (the American Medical Association has appointed committees in every State of the Union), the average number of children blinded by ophthalmia neonatorum continues, year after year, above 25 per cent. Take, as an instance, these figures for the last ten years in a single school:

TABLE OF PUPILS WHO ENTERED THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND DURING 1900-1909  
SHOWING THE PROPORTION BLIND FROM  
OPHTHALMIA NEONATORUM

Per Cent				Per Cent			
1900.....	11	OUT OF 25	44	1905.....	21	OUT OF 42	50
1901.....	10	" 28	35	1906.....	12	" 38	31
1902.....	9	" 39	23	1907.....	9	" 34	26
1903.....	14	" 50	28	1908.....	11	" 29	37
1904.....	15	" 58	25	1909.....	15	" 34	44
Average for Ten Years.....				33.68			

The truth is that the medical campaign was not enough; only the concerted action of physicians and the public can stamp out the disease. This was recognized by the Commission of 1903, appointed to investigate the blind of New York State. Dr. F. Park Lewis, its president, made his plea for the new "campaign to save infants from blindness" in the words: "But the physician can never do this alone. This is a social effort. Every women's club, every charitable society, must interest itself in protecting the babies; for, of all ignorance which needs to be dispelled by the spirit of regeneration among us, none is more intolerable than that which wantonly permits children to be plunged into the abyss of blindness."

These words *went home* to one woman. She was looking idly through the Commission's Report when her eye was caught by the picture of a group of little children — "Unnecessarily Blind"; then another, and yet another — mere babies, some of them. And as she turned the pages, she exclaimed, over and over, "*Unnecessarily blind!* Is such a thing possible? Can it be true that 'none of these children would have been blind if a single drop of a harmless preparation had been put in each eye on the day that he was born'?" (Those were the bitter words printed under one of the pictures.) "All those



children could have been saved? Then *why* did nobody save them?"

"I then saw," she modestly explains, "that it was a case of what is everybody's business is nobody's business, and I felt that I must try to do something. At least, I could write to Dr. Lewis and ask him how I could help."

The result was that this woman, Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, was asked to organize a Special Committee on the Prevention of Blindness, to be appointed by the New York Association for the Blind, which was done on the 1st of June, 1908.\* An appropriation was made by the Russell Sage Foundation to meet the expenses of the new undertaking, and the first committee in the United States composed of both laymen and physicians was established; and within six weeks, all told, work was well under way. The duties of the Committee, which met for the first time on June 5, 1908, are defined as follows: "The object and scope of this Committee shall be to ascertain the direct causes of preventable blindness, and to take such measures, in coöperation with the medical profession, as shall lead to the elimination of such causes."

The work of the Committee is partly educational—the free distribution of pamphlets, folders, leaflets, etc., and the planning of lectures and exhibits—and partly assistance in securing legislation. To enable the State Commission to provide the 1 per cent silver nitrate solution in sealed glass vials, each containing the exact quantity to be used in one infant's eyes at birth, it was found necessary to get a State appropriation of \$5,000. This was granted by the Legislature of 1909, as an item of the Supply Bill. Another recommendation of the Committee to the Legislature was for the earlier notification of births, reducing the period from ten days to thirty-six hours.

To accomplish these important objects, an amendment of the general Health Law was

needed. This was applied for by the State Commissioner and the Committee, acting together, and was granted by the Legislature, without opposition. The new law, now in operation, applies to all parts of the State, except the cities of New York, Buffalo, Albany, and Yonkers, since, by Section 38 of the Public Health Law, this amendment does not apply to these cities. It is hoped that it will soon be extended by further legislation to cover the entire State.

The fact that the Committee was organized to work under the guidance and by the direction of the medical profession has never been lost sight of. In all work undertaken by it, the closest coöperation with the American Medical Association and other medical organizations, and with State and city health officers, has been sought, and has been most cordially given. Up to the present time, though planning to extend its work to the investigation of all causes of preventable blindness, the Committee has centered its efforts on ophthalmia neonatorum, as being at once the most easily reached and the most pathetic of all forms of blindness.

The spirit animating the Committee was expressed by Dr. Lewis, the recognized leader in this country of the present crusade against ophthalmia neonatorum, in the following eloquent appeal. "The duty of saving the child from this calamity," he said, "is one devolving not only on the State: it rests upon every right-minded individual to whom a knowledge of this danger comes. We cannot be censured for taking no action concerning conditions about which we have no knowledge; but when I demonstrate to you that there will be born in the State of Massachusetts and in the city of Boston, during the coming year, hundreds of innocent, well-formed babies whose eyes may be injured or destroyed because right steps are not taken to protect them, then upon each one of us who knows and makes no effort to prevent this affliction will rest the responsibility for the result. It should be a self-imposed task on every society for the prevention of cruelty to children, upon every charity organization society, upon every legislator, upon every citizen, to promulgate a knowledge of the dangers which menace the babies of the land; and if they and we unite our efforts (for no movement should be attempted except with the authority and coöperation of the organized medical profession), this pathological anachronism of a controllable and preventable infection, which continues to work havoc and disaster in spite of twentieth-century knowledge and methods, will be robbed of its virulence, and comfort and happiness and prosperity shall be assured for multitudes of children yet unborn."

\* The Committee is at present made up of the following members: Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, *Chairman*, Vice-President State Charities Aid Association; Hon. Eugene H. Porter, A.M., M.D., New York State Commissioner of Health; Hon. Thomas Darlington, M.D., Former Commissioner of Health of New York City; Dr. Charles Stedman Bull, Professor of Ophthalmology in Cornell University Medical College, Surgeon to New York Eye Infirmary; Miss Martha Lincoln Draper, Member Council of Public Education Association; Dr. J. Clinton Edgar, Professor of Obstetrics and Clinical Midwifery in Cornell University Medical College; Mrs. Edward R. Hewitt, Chairman Executive Committee New York Association for the Blind; Dr. Ward A. Holden, Instructor in Ophthalmology, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Consulting Oculist to Roosevelt and Bellevue Hospitals; Miss Winifred Holt, Secretary of the New York Association for the Blind; Dr. F. Park Lewis, Chairman Committee on Ophthalmia Neonatorum, American Medical Association; Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, President of Superior Council of New York, St. Vincent de Paul Society; Mrs. William B. Rice, Vice-President State Charities Aid Association; Hon. P. Tecumseh Sherman, Former Commissioner of Labor, State of New York; Miss Lillian D. Wald, Head Worker in the Henry Street Settlement (Nurses' Settlement); Miss Carolyn C. Van Blarcom, R.N., *Executive Secretary*, formerly Assistant Superintendent Johns Hopkins Hospital School for Nurses.

Communications, requests for information, pamphlets, etc., should be addressed to the Executive Secretary, at the office of the Committee, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



"DAYS WHEN THEY TWO HAD ROAMED NEW YORK WITH A GAY BAND OF STUDENTS"

# FOR THE SAKE OF HER CHILDREN

BY

OCTAVIA ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE convention of modern educators had lasted three days, and during the rapid succession of programs and committee meetings, between which the hospitable city had wedged pleasure drives and receptions, Julia Lane had never once allowed herself to forget that she was going to hunt up Emily.

A chance resemblance was at the bottom of her resolution. She had spoken, of course, as her position in the educational world demanded, on the "Value of Plays and Pageants"; had, indeed, been the chief speaker of the first evening. During the flow of her easy, authoritative discourse, she had noticed in the audience a face that had teased her with its likeness to some other face. Even as she scored one neat point after another against the older educational

methods, she was asking herself who among her friends had those glossy brown braids, that ruddy, happy face, alight with genuine appreciation. It was not until the girl laughed that it came to her. The ringing, spontaneous laugh, that led the room in its heavier rumble, instantly, poignantly, recalled Emily. Miss Lane was so startled, so moved by the similitude of face and manner, that it was with difficulty she brought her lecture to its usual neat conclusion.

Among the throng of young teachers who crowded to speak to her during the reception that followed the lecture, Julia Lane recognized the girl who had laughed. In repose her face no longer suggested as vividly that other face, the resemblance lying, Julia mused, in some subtle quality of spirit rather than in mere line and color; yet, impulsively, she detained her be-

yond the others to say aimlessly, "You looked, all the time I was speaking, so remarkably like an old friend of mine."

The girl smiled, vaguely flattered. "Who is it, Miss Lane?"

"Emily Lathrop. She's married now. Dear me!" She laughed at herself. "She's *been* married for nearly fifteen years. I haven't seen her since we were girls. She's Mrs."—she hesitated—"Mrs. Frederick Coit; she's double your age. How time goes!"

In her admiration of Miss Lane, the girl lingered, struggling with a shy difficulty in speech. "I know a Mrs. Frederick Coit," she said, "but we don't look alike. Her son is in my room—a boy about ten."

Miss Lane's face quickened to interest. "What's his name?"

"Lathrop—they call him Lal."

"Why, it must be my friend—her maiden name and all. Could it be that Emily lives here? I thought they were out in Kansas. How long has the boy been in school?"

"About two years, I think."

For several minutes questions succeeded answers, and at their conclusion Miss Lane, upon the chance that she had accidentally discovered Emily, jotted down an address and returned to the hotel with the resolution to look her up.

Through the busy days that followed, even amid the multiplicity of duties at the convention, the expectation of again seeing her old friend lay warm at her heart. The young teacher had become a self-appointed secretary, and Miss Lane had methodically despatched through her a type-written note to the Mrs. Coit of the girl's acquaintance, suggesting a meeting if she should prove to be the friend of her girlhood.

"I don't think she can be," Rosa Little said dubiously, her mind reverting to the resemblance Miss Lane had found between them. "She's an awfully sober woman, Miss Lane—kind of dragged out. They're pretty poor, I think. Was she a jolly girl?"

She listened respectfully as Miss Lane gave a running sketch of the Emily Lathrop of other days—days when they two had lived in a flat together, studied art, roamed New York with a gay band of students, tried in vain to sell their illustrations, laughed over failures, eaten everywhere and anywhere, heard good music, seen good pictures, lived as it were among the stars. "The turn of the lane came later," concluded Julia; "I began planning pageants for the schools, and she went back home and married. I remember yet how I cried at the wedding. It was no fun to see that good-looking, great man pry off my chum, even though his father was

the rich man of the place and we all thought Emily had made a great match."

"It's queer no answer has come to your note," said the girl, and Julia began to think so, too.

Her position among the higher powers necessitated her staying until the end of the week. Many of the delegates had already gone, when Julia Lane, hurrying to a meeting with some auxiliary body, ran straight into Emily's husband. She knew him instantly, though he had grown thicker and more florid with the years. When he had once made sure of her, he threw away his cigar, to clasp her hand warmly, cordially in his.

Yes, they had moved from Kansas two years ago. How glad Emily would be to see her! They had followed her progress as best they could. No, Emily had received no note; it must have gone astray. She must come out to dinner and stay all night. He wouldn't take no for an answer, and impulsively set the next evening for her going. He was loud in his assurances of Emily's delight.

The following night, as Julia Lane, her handsome traveling-bag neatly packed, rolled over the asphalt toward the distant address that was Emily's, misgivings obtruded themselves as to her wisdom in accepting the invitation. Years brought such changes! The mother of children went one way, the teacher another, though their ultimate intention was closely related. The memory of Frederick's cordiality was all that sustained her in her purpose. When the cab came to a standstill, she ascended the sagging steps of a frame house—a house of the village type, that in the earlier days of the city had had its lawn and shrubbery, but that now, in its decline, was wedged between towering apartment-houses. In another moment a woman opened the door. In the dim twilight Julia Lane saw a slight form in a worn black dress—with a face, under the brown hair, that was in some imperceptible way old without being lined. The voice was a little startled.

"What is it? What do you want?" she said while from an inner room a boy and a girl drew near, the girl's voice asking in sharp alarm, "What's the matter, Mother? Has anything happened?"

Julia Lane was all confused apology and stammering concern. Hadn't Frederick told her of his invitation? She wouldn't stay, if they just get her another cab; she would only visit for a minute.

"Is it Julia?" said Emily; and then, in warm welcome, she clung to her old friend mutely, burying her head on Miss Lane's tall shoulder in a clinging embrace before drawing her into the room.



"'WHAT'S THAT SHE'S TELLING YOU ABOUT ME?' HE CRIED. 'WHISPERING  
AND CONSPIRING AS USUAL, ARE YOU?'"

Once in the house, the young girl came forward and, at her mother's bidding, took Julia Lane's bag and cloak to an upper chamber, where her hurried tread told them that she was preparing the room for the night.

At the same time, in the room below, Emily Coit was silencing Julia's protestations with a kind of proud dignity. She had seated her before a little flickering grate fire, she herself moving, as she talked, from kitchen to dining-room, in frank preparation of the evening meal.

"Don't say a word, Julia; it's all right, I assure you. Frederick—was kept downtown on business last night, and, as we have no telephone, he couldn't let me know. He's always been a great admirer of yours, Julia. He knew, at the worst, it could be but a welcome surprise. How fortunate it was that you met! You supposed, of course, we were still in Kansas."

She listened as Julia Lane told of the resemblance that had so sharply recalled her face, and of the subsequent discovery of her whereabouts. "I wrote you," Julia concluded, "but Frederick said the letter never reached you."

Mrs. Coit bent down to take something from a cupboard. "Our mails are uncertain sometimes," she said evasively; and, with sudden sharp conviction, Julia knew that the letter had been received and purposely slighted.

When the meal was at last ready, and they sat about the little table, which, in spite of the general look of scant means, kept the unmistakable impress of a lady, Julia Lane left the conversation largely to Emily's instigation. Instinctively she knew that the years that had taken her friend from East to West and from West to East had been a dull round of business failure for Frederick, which doubtless had its sting, for a proud woman, in the presence of even Miss Lane's modest success. In a silent understanding, their talk was therefore wholly of the past, while the children listened to the recollections of those care-free days with puzzled eyes. Suddenly, at some recital of a students' prank, the girl drew a tremulous breath of longing. "Oh, Mother! Shall I ever have fun like that?" She had a sharp, anxious little face that her interest now intensified.

The mother's face clouded. "I hope so, darling." She turned to Julia. "Marta doesn't have the fun we used to, Julia. We've moved so much, the children make friends only to lose them."

Julia Lane, with her practised eye, looked at the young girl keenly. "She's at the age when they're most gregarious," she smiled. "She ought to go to boarding-school. I control a scholarship in our college. Would you consider parting with her, Emmie?"

The girl's face for one instant was lighted with a flicker of wild joy, that died, when her eyes sought her mother's, as suddenly as it had flamed.

"I couldn't leave home," she said dully, and spoke no more.

The mother looked at her with a kind of resigned regret. "I wish it could be, Julia; but at present I'm not well—I can't manage alone; I would if I could."

"You look far from well," Julia Lane admitted bluntly. "I'm afraid you live too much alone, Emily. I always used to tell you that you needed a good deal of stimulation. Do you have time for any club work or concerts? I find music such a rest, in my busy life; it seems to cleanse the soul."

A slight shade of bitterness hovered about Mrs. Coit's lips. "Julia, you're not a mother. When I've made the clothes, and cooked three meals, and swept the house, I've done all that I have strength to do. I live now for my children. I've given up my ambitions for their sake." She raised her chin proudly, a hint of defiance in her attitude.

Julia Lane, in her broader view, opened her lips to speak, but prudently closed them again, wondering what had become of the Emily of earlier days. She began to wish that she had not sought her out, but had kept inviolate that image of her youth.

They relapsed into a tacit silence, that was broken by some sudden noise on the porch.

Mrs. Coit screamed: "What's that? What's that, Lal?" while the girl clasped her hands close to her cheek, shrinking as she listened.

The boy peered out into the darkness. "It's only the blind, Mother. The wind slammed it shut." He put a protecting arm about his mother's shoulder, and she held him close in a convulsive clasp that startled Julia Lane by its intensity.

"He's the dearest boy, Julia," she said as she released him, a hand on either of his chubby cheeks. "He looks after Mother always. I don't know how I'd live without him. You think I've gone backward, Julia—yes, I can see you do. But aren't any sacrifices worth while for my dear boy and girl? What is my life worth, compared to their welfare?"

Julia Lane was grave. "My dear girl, I agree with you perfectly; they're worth everything—they're the future. Every educator knows it. The best of them ask no greater reward than the assurance that they're working toward the greatest good for the children. All this week, here in your city, delegates from every country have met, only to determine in what that consists. The one thing upon which



"SHE SLIPPED TO THE FLOOR AND BURIED HER HEAD ON JULIA'S KNEES"

we all agreed was the importance of a good home, the lasting effect of a happy childhood."

"Happy?" said the mother thoughtfully. Her eyes rested long on the children as they sat soberly, one on either side of the table.

As the minutes passed, Julia Lane detected a growing absorption on her friend's part. More than once she started nervously at Julia's perfunctory questions; for their conversation, which from the first had lacked all spontaneity, now resolved itself into this makeshift against hard silence.

"What did you say, Julia? No, I never see the Ainsworths. I didn't let them know I was here. What would be the use? I'm in no position either to accept or dispense hospitality."

She ceased abruptly, and for an instant Julia Lane supposed that she had been arrested by the consciousness of an unintentional rudeness; but the moment revealed a greater cause. The mother's face, which looked toward the door, went from white to red. Julia Lane saw upon it dread, horror, and an overpowering shame, freezing at last into a stony despair. The children, in a lesser degree, reflected these changes, too; the girl was quite white, the boy a burning red, when the mother said in a loud,

clear, steady voice: "Julia's here, Frederick. You will be glad to see Julia Lane."

Julia Lane turned in her chair to greet her host. His face, to her vision, seemed strangely white, his eyes bloodshot as he took her hand.

"Who did you say?" he said dully.

Julia Lane laughed as she said her name. "Frederick, don't compromise me further by repudiating your invitation. I've startled Emily; don't add to my mortification by saying you didn't expect me, either."

He looked at her in a slow, frowning stare, that resolved, after a moment, into a smile. "Always glad to see you, Julia," he said, and dropped into the chair his daughter had hastily placed at the table.

His wife, who had gone to the kitchen, now returned with his supper. She set it before him without turning her head in his direction.

"Julia," she said in a low voice, "come back to the fire; we'll visit there."

Frederick Coit laid down his fork. "What's that?" he cried. "What's that she's telling you about me? Whispering and conspiring as usual, are you? Prepare a little surprise for you, and then you whisper—" His voice trailed off into nothingness, his attention attracted by a draught which his son silently proffered.



"What's that?" he said suspiciously. "Trying to poison me, aren't you? That's what you're trying to do. I won't take it." He glanced absently at the glass; then, with his dull eyes on the quiet group, he drained the bromo to the dregs, laughed foolishly, and made an attempt to eat his food.

Julia Lane softly slipped from the room. The young girl, in close attendance, closed the door behind them. Once in the little parlor, Julia addressed her resolutely: "Get my bag, Marta; I've remembered an engagement that will take me back to the hotel. You won't mind telephoning for a cab for me at some neighbor's?"

The girl's face was flushed to the ears. "Father isn't well, Miss Lane. He's been so busy lately. He'll feel better in a little while."

Miss Lane was silent, wincing still from the double coldness of her reception. From the dining-room she could hear the man's voice raised angrily. Emily's voice sounded in a low, suppressed undertone. Marta had disappeared, as if in response to her request; and Julia Lane, with a sense of outraged pride, paced the floor, awaiting the girl's return. To her dismay, she could see through the long windows that a wild March rain lashed the house.

Presently, as she waited, she saw Frederick Coit heavily ascending the stairs, his son on one side, Emily on the other; but after an appreciable interval the wife returned. Julia could see her hesitating a moment in the hall before she entered the room.

Once before the guest, a kind of relief filtered through the cold reserve of Emily's face. Sick at heart, Julia attributed this to her proposed departure; for the eagerness with which Emily credited her lame excuses for leaving left no shadow of a doubt in her mind as to the burden of her presence.

One on either side of the little grate, they now sat, silently waiting for the sound of cab wheels to put an end to the painful situation. Emily Coit, starting nervously at every sound, seemed to hold herself in her chair by a supreme effort of the will, while Julia, after a few inquiries about the husband's health, locked her long hands on her knee and bided her time as best she could. The sea of anger in which she was engulfed mounted higher, wave by wave, as she remembered her slighted letter, the double coldness of the welcome, the curt refusal of the scholarship, and, lastly, this chill acquiescence to her going. Yet, back of these surging thoughts, stealthily falling like a warm rain, came memories of her happy anticipation of this meeting, of old days cherished in her heart for love of Emily. Her anger began already to resolve into the keener emotion of wounded affection.

Marta's entry broke their silence. She stood in the doorway, pushing a dripping umbrella into the stand. "The cabs are all out, Miss Lane. They'll send the first that comes in, but it may be an hour."

A pulse seemed to beat for a moment in Emily Coit's thin cheek. "Will that be too late for your engagement?" she said pointedly.

Julia Lane sprang to her feet. "I'm afraid it will. If you'll lend me an umbrella, and tell me the way, I'll take the car," she said coldly, touching the soft cloth of her handsome gown with foreboding.

"Well," Mrs. Coit breathed in acquiescence; and she got the umbrella, and went upstairs for the bag.

Her appearance seemed the signal for renewed altercations. A man's angry voice floated down the stairs, followed by a sharp cry and the quick closing of a door.

"I can't bear it!" Marta suddenly said under her breath, and ran from the room.

Julia Lane sprang to her feet, her heart pounding in her ears. For an instant she stood in frozen silence in the center of the little room, the portent of those sounds above momentarily forcing themselves upon her consciousness. In the final certainty of their meaning, she covered her face with her hands and waited breathlessly.

After long moments, she heard Mrs. Coit approaching, and she raised her head from her arm with an effort to simulate the unconsciousness of an hour ago; but at the sight of Emily's white, strained face, she could only cry out brokenly: "Oh, my dear girl, why didn't you tell me?" and draw the frail form to her breast.

In the shelter of her arms, Emily Coit neither spoke nor moved. She was so quiet, Julia believed she had fainted. Then, without warning, she slipped to the floor and buried her head on Julia's knees. Of all the changes that time had wrought, none, to Julia Lane, seemed so marked as this—that gay, joyous Emily should have been brought to this abasement. She could think of nothing better to do than to stroke softly the wealth of brown braids, while her tears fell on the bowed head.

"Emily," she said at last, in a low voice, "don't tell me about it unless you want to. You know, with me, it will be as if it had never been."

For a moment there was no response save a long, convulsive shudder; but at length, in a low, broken voice, the woman on her knees began the recital of her married life, from the early discovery of her husband's vice, through the children's coming and the false hope of his recovery, to the moving, the poverty, and the final hopelessness and misery of the present.

Julia Lane, listening, felt her pity change



wonder at the power of endurance that lay in that frail form at her knees, at a love that could be so staunch.

"Emily, Emily, how you must love him, to stand this life!" she cried, her spinster soul aghast at the degradation of the woman's days.

Emily Coit raised her head slowly from Julia's knees, and stared incredulously into Julia's face,

mirthlessly, a laugh that rose into hysterical screams and sobs.

"Emily, don't; don't, Emily!" Julia Lane commanded. She sprang to her feet, and drew Emily to hers, putting an end, somehow, to the laughter, born from black pits of experience. "Tell me whatever will help you, only don't, don't laugh like that."

At her authoritative manner, Emily pressed



"YES," SHE SAID STEADILY. "SHE WAS THE SAME EMILY!"

whereon pity and wonder and reverence were mingled, but no shadow of mockery. For a slow moment Emily continued to gaze fixedly into her friend's eyes, a growing amazement flushing her own cheeks until the color swept her neck and ears.

"Love him!" she said at last, in a kind of bewildered horror. She grasped Julia's wrist in her hot hands. "You don't suppose I love that beast!"

As Julia's lips parted in a voiceless affirmative, Emily threw back her head and laughed drearly,

her hands to her quivering face, and walked to and fro in the little room under the dim gas-light. When she spoke again, it was in a voice that no longer rose and fell in hysteria, for its tremors were concentrated in intense, still hatred. A moment before she had been like a glowing iron bar; now she was like a bar at blue-white heat. Her face was terrible; her eyes burned in her face as she articulated:

"Love him! How could I love him? He hasn't a scrap of manhood left in him. He's sunk to the lowest depths. He's lied to me, deceived

me, dragged me in the mire, ruined my life." She put her hot hand on Julia's shrinking form. "I've wished he was dead many times. I wish it when I hear his key in the latch—I wish it when he disappears down the street—I wished it to-night. Oh! I've prayed against this feeling,—don't think I haven't, don't shrink from me,—but it's stronger than I am. At times it seems my only outlet."

Julia Lane did not shrink; she put a quiet, cool hand on Emily's and asked steadily, "Why, then, do you stay?"

"For the sake of my children." A kind of ecstasy shone in her thin face. "There's nothing I wouldn't do for them—nothing I'd not endure. All that we've been through together only makes the tie closer. You've never known motherhood, Julia; you can't understand—I see you can't."

Julia Lane's look was full of quiet dignity. "I've known children; I've known childhood. Perhaps I've had a wider knowledge than you, Emily. Sometimes emotion only clouds the judgment. You won't doubt my sympathy, dear, if I ask you, in cold common sense, just what good your sacrifice has done? Is it that they love their father, that by some chance he stands to them for something finer than he is?"

The mother shook her head. "No; he may have long ago, but he threw that away with the rest."

"Just what have they gained, then, dear?"

"Gained! They've had a father, like other children. They've been spared the shame of their family history being torn open, of their father's character being generally known—for, Julia, even the minister respects him, we've kept it so secret; and, furthermore, no one can point to their mother as a divorced woman."

Julia Lane sighed. "And are these advantages all that the children gain in return for what you and they are enduring and losing?"

"He supports us," said Emily; and as they met each other's eyes they both knew that the crucial point lay here.

"Does he make a living?" asked Julia.

"No; but his father"—Mrs. Coit hesitated—"his father helps us out. He pays the rent; he sends the children clothes."

"On condition that you live with his son?"

"Yes—a tacit understanding. In his position, he dreads scandal; it is he who helped me to keep it hidden."

She sprang to her feet and paced the floor. "Julia, the hardest thing I've had to bear is this: he knew what his son was. Frederick was a vicious man before I married him, yet his father never warned me. He has told me he kept silent because he hoped marriage would be

his son's salvation. And my own father, my own beloved father, he didn't ask as many questions about Frederick as he would have asked before buying a horse. It needn't have been. It drives me wild to think of it!"

"It's really you, then, who earn the living," interrupted Julia Lane, her eyes very bright and her voice high and steady. She looked as she did when she scored the old methods of pedagogy.

"! What do you mean? I can't earn a penny!"

"Why, this: Mr. Coit pays you to live with his son; it's that money and your hard manual labor that give your children a livelihood."

There was a long pause before Mrs. Coit, her hands clasped before her eyes, spoke. Her face still hidden, she said at last, dully: "I don't know what you mean."

Julia Lane did not answer, only waited, breathing softly.

Suddenly Emily cried out, "Julia!" in sharp alarm, then again was quiet, her face still behind her hands. At last she raised her head, and a new, strange light burned under the old mask of despair. "Yes," she said; "you're right. It's worse even than I thought. It's I who earn the living, earn it by living with a drunkard whom I loathe. It's terrible! But, Julia, don't forget, I do it for my children—do it that they may have bread."

"You don't," said Julia Lane, in a low, earnest voice, "do it to save your pride? You don't do it because you are a coward, afraid to face the world as both mother and father? I'm not a mother, Emily, but I love children. I've known hundreds of boys and girls, where you've known these two. If these children had been given to me, I'd pray for the strength and the courage to end this life—to go forth and win a home for them that should be free from shame and deception, a home where they could respect their mother, knowing that she faced the world for them. I believe such a step would be a greater inspiration to a son than this terrible sacrifice could ever be, a higher ideal of matrimony for your daughter than this ghastly union."

She wrapped her arms about her trembling friend. "Dearest, the world is full of brave women who are father and mother in one. It is a better place for their courage, a better place for their rebellion. Think, Emily, what this life has done for you. You're not the same person. It's cut you off from your family, your friends, from hope and joy. Will it be any better for the children? You're too close to them to see that they're old before their time, burdened with your mistake, cut off from the

natural pleasures of their age. Don't shudder, dear. Think what you've endured, believing it was for them. With the same quiet persistency, can you not face the future and act? Think! No longer passive, but militant, how all your old splendid qualities must come into play. The children have never known what was in you."

Emily's head was buried on her friend's shoulder, and as she paused Julia could feel the woman's tense form tremble in her arms. She continued swiftly: "Oh, my dear one, this repulsion, this hatred, will end with your life here. Perhaps they are to be respected. Come away with me, you and the children."

Emily raised her head, with both fear and longing shining from her eyes, like a child who hesitates before a first step. "Julia, you don't believe——?"

"Believe you could support the children? I know you can. Don't you work long and hard already? Come to our little college town with me. Hundreds of young people are there who need a home. Why couldn't you earn your living making one for them? I'll start you, Emily. You wouldn't work any harder, and you'd lead a clean, upright life. Think of the children, the happy days there for them, among their fellows. Couldn't you see to-night how your daughter's heart leaped at the very thought of young companionship? Can you believe they are better off here? Isn't fourteen years enough to prove the uselessness of your sacrifice? Oh, Emily, let me help you! You've lived so long in this atmosphere, you've lost your courage and your faith. I feel as if you were in quicksand and you wouldn't take my hand."

At this moment there was a slight sound at the door, and the mother and her friend instantly relaxed their grasp and turned to face Marta.

"Your cab is here, Miss Lane," she said, a wave of shamefaced apology sweeping over her strained little face.

She crossed to her mother's side and murmured: "Father isn't quite as well, Mother; I think you'll have to help me." She glanced fearfully in the direction of the stair.

Julia Lane put a hand on each of Emily's shoulders, and kissed her on her trembling lips. "Well, Emily?" she said softly and steadily.

"Oh, Julia!" The mother glanced from the child at the door to her friend, in apprehension.

"I'll be here for another day, Emily. Think it over, dear; and, remember, I'm ready to help you. Good night; God bless you."

Once in the hotel bedroom, Julia Lane sat long before the leaping flames of her gas grate, recalling each detail of the troubled evening, and sternly questioning the part she had striven to play. In the abstract, she saw herself as the meddler, the destroyer of a home; and at such moments she paused aghast at the possible consequence of her words. Then, amid contending views, she heard again Emily's phrase, oft repeated, "For the sake of the children," and she saw with startling clearness that the issue lay here. Marriage was for their protection; whatever tended to their welfare made for its dignity and beauty. She rose from her seat and made ready for bed with a deep prayer that Emily might be guided toward that end.

The next afternoon Julia Lane left the city in which the convention had met. The last to say good-by to her was the young secretary, who had brought her a last batch of letters. Miss Lane looked wistfully into her happy, ruddy young face, then bent and impulsively kissed her.

The girl smiled. "Was that all for me, Miss Lane, or some of it for the friend whom I look like?"

"Both," said Julia Lane soberly; "and, above all, for youth with its fire and courage and ideals."

"Oh, by the way," said Rosa Little, still smiling, "was the Mrs. Coit whom I know your friend? Was she the Emily you used to know?"

The young teacher waited expectantly, for Julia Lane had dropped her eyes to a note she had torn open and now eagerly scanned—a note in a fine, familiar hand, that breathed, to her thinking, a great courage, a reflection of the nature that she had once known as brave and gay.

She raised her eyes slowly to Rosa Little's, a deep thankfulness overspreading her face.

"Yes," she said steadily; "she was the same Emily. She and her children are coming to me for a while. We both feel that it will be for their good."

# THE KITE

BY

## “OLE LUK-OIE”

AUTHOR OF “THE JOINT IN THE HARNESS”

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

THREE dirty and breathless soldiers scrambled painfully through a gap in the hedge on the brow of the rounded slope of the hill, and, taking out their maps and field-glasses, lay prone on their stomachs. They were so dirty that it was hard to realize that they were officers. Placing both elbows squarely on the ground, to counteract the unsteadiness of hand caused by their heaving bodies, their thumbs were soon busily twisting the focusing-screws as they directed their glasses toward a large patch of scrub away below, some three miles to the west. On a rise in this rough country, a long line of intermittent flashes could be seen with the naked eye.

The hedge stretched for some distance along the brow of the hill. About a hundred yards behind, and parallel to it, between hazel hedges, ran a country road. To the south of this point, this road — hardly more than a lane — was sunken, but just here it was flush with the ground. On the near side of it, immediately behind where the officers were lying, was an open gate, and close to this gate a young poplar tree, against which was propped a motor-bicycle. In the lane itself were a motor cyclist and a couple of orderlies, the latter dismounted and holding the horses of the party. Down below, in the direction in which the three were gazing, stretched a peaceful panorama of undulating country, fading into bluish heat-haze in the distance. The various crops gave a many-hued appearance to the landscape, the richer color of the uncut hay alternating with the still crude green of the young grain and the reddish purple of the beet-root fields. The few fleeting clouds floating lazily in the sky here and there cast vague shadows, which slowly moved over hill and dale. The white walls and shining roofs of the homesteads dotted about stood out gleaming in the sunlight, and these, with the patches of

woodland, caught the eye and assisted in some estimation of distance, otherwise impossible upon the variegated background with its network of hedges.

It was an almost perfect day in early June. Yet, in spite of the brilliant sunshine, there was an oppressive sultriness in the air which gave more than a hint of a coming storm.

Far off, in the same positions they had occupied all day, hung three war balloons, motionless in the still air. They were of a curious shape, and as the sun glistened on their distended skins they had the appearance of three monstrous and bloated yellow caterpillars. Upon the youngest of the three men under the hedge they had a disquieting effect of oppression. He felt that they were the eyes of the enemy, — as, indeed, they were, — and was uneasy under their silent gaze; at times he even imagined that those menacing eyes could read not only his actions, but his very thoughts and desires.

Though the elements seemed at peace, there was clear evidence that man was not, for here and there could be seen the angry glow of a conflagration with its pall of black smoke. In places the dirty-white dust-clouds betrayed the movement of masses, though the masses were not visible, while over certain spots thick clusters of smoke-puffs, suddenly breaking out like signal-flags from the halcyons of a ship, showed where shrapnel shells were raining down destruction. These puffs were of different colors; the majority were pure white, but others were of a purple and magenta hue as violent as aniline dyes. An occasional bright flash, followed by a dull detonation and an upshooting trefoil of black smoke, marked the fall of high-explosive shell.

From the clamor that filled the air, one might have imagined that the whole country-side formed one large shipyard or boiler-maker's

shop, so metallic was the sound of musketry close at hand. Every moment this body of sound was stabbed by the nearer rifle-shots that rang out separately, and broken by the occasional throb of machine-guns, the mechanical beat of pompoms, and the booming of artillery. But, to an ear used to the noise of battle, there was one fresh sound — that of the quick-firing field-guns; for, as they seized some fleeting occasion to pour out their squalls of shell, individual shots could not be distinguished in the continuous roar.

Notwithstanding this din in the air, it was difficult to see any signs of life. Of the work of man there was ample evidence; but of man himself — save the men on the hill — there was no trace. Had a curious observer, however, walked some way down the bellying slope of the hill, he would have seen the backs of a long line of infantrymen digging for dear life near the bottom.

From all this turmoil down below, the little group at the top of the hill seemed strangely detached. No shell flew screeching over their heads, no bullet sang near them — they gazed on undisturbed. At last one put down his glasses and sat up, with a grunt.

"We've been looking at the wrong place all along. We've been watching their flashes and bluff trenches on that rise. The guns are using flameless powder, and are a good deal closer — more to the left of the rough. I can just make them out, but cannot see how many there are."

"I can't see anything except the flashes which appear just where the trenches are," replied a second.

"Yes, of course; that's their game! D'you see that red and white farm?"

"Yes."

"Above that there's some water."

"Yes."

"Above that, still more to the left, on that hump covered with ——"

"Yes, yes, I have them now. I should say there were more than one battery. They don't seem to be intrenched, either; but it is hard to tell on that background."

"There are more like twenty guns there," continued the first. "You may be certain they're intrenched — they're no fools. They have shown the dummies and hidden the real implacements, which would not require much work on such a place as that — an ideal spot for guns."

"And so is this," added the third, the youngest of the three. "If it were not for their balloons, we could get a whole brigade up here unseen all the way, and suddenly open fire from behind this hedge. Even if they are intrenched,

we could enfilade them and give them a bad time — enough to keep them quiet. If they're not, Lord help them, once we start!" He chuckled softly, and muttered fervently to himself, "Yes, Lord help them!" He was a gunner.

He stared for a minute at the nearest balloon, silently and in deep thought; then, taking off his hat, began absently to mop his head. Suddenly he stopped quite still, his head turned to one side, as if listening.

"My God! it *is* rising!"

The two gazed at him in blank amaze, and, startled, at once seized their repeating-pistols.

"The wind, I mean — the wind. I feel it on my damp head!"

They still looked blank.

"Don't you see? If the wind only rises, down go those cursed balloons, and then ——"

There was no need to finish the sentence. The others jumped to their feet. One sucked his finger and held it up; the other picked a puff-ball and threw it in the air; all watched it gently wafted up the hill.

"Yes, look over there; that's more than haze — it's cloud!"

Toward the west there was now a low bank of gray cloud stretched across the horizon, against which the intermittent flashes showed bright.

"Whistle up the cyclist!" snapped out the oldest of the three, sitting down with note-book and pencil.

As the cyclist came up, he said: "Take this as quick as possible to the General of the Tenth Division: he must be found. But if, on the way, you get near the officer commanding the Corps Artillery, show it to him and say I want him to read it."

After a minute they heard, as they got up, the snort of the motor breasting a rise on their left; and after three minutes there was nothing but the reek of petrol to show that any one had been on that hilltop.

They had gone, and no one had noticed two small scoops in the ground — one under the hedge and the other farther along near the road — where ranging shell had fallen.

# II

The wind has risen with the coming storm, and, above, the white clouds begin to chase each other across the blue sky. Out in the open and on the hilltops the trees are stricken by gusts of wind which rob the hawthorns of the last of their bloom. In the sheltered valleys there is peace and quiet, and under the lee of the hill the sultriness of the whole morning seems to have been concentrated.

The artillery brigade has now been waiting

for some time in that hollow lane between the high banks covered with wild flowers — long enough to breathe the panting gun teams, and for some of the gunners to dismount and pluck dog-roses, which they have stuck in their hats.

The still air in this little heat-trap, heavy with the smell of horses and the overpowering scent of May-blossom strewn on the ground, combined with the drowsy buzzing of the bumblebees, — the gentle murmur of a hot summer's day, — has a somnolent effect on all except the animals, as they stand there, zigzagged across the lane, the guns and limbers slewed to ease the strain. They present a succession of shiny, quivering skins, and tails switching in a vain endeavor to drive off the hovering swarms of flies that divide their attention between the backs of the men and the horses.

Though there is no conversation, for the men — here and there chewing a biscuit or taking a sparing drink from their water-bottles — are all tired, there is a general air of pleasurable expectancy, for the nature of their present errand is known to all. It is their first experience of active service, and the event now awaited is to be their baptism of fire. In the minds of the more serious, a slight though vague feeling of apprehension — running like the colored thread through the lay of a rope — adds zest to their suppressed excitement, for many and wonderful have been the yarns going the round of the barrack-rooms as to the powers of the enemy's quick-firing artillery. Here a more phlegmatic man has lighted his pipe and wastefully thrown the match away, to burn to the end among the nettles on the bank — a thing that alone is sufficient to show that these are the early days of operations.

How the sun's rays pour down between the trees! How mercilessly they betray, even through the cloud of dust still hanging in the air, a hint of the more unpleasant side of war! — the weary and lathered horses, the red and strained faces of the men, their peeled noses, the little runnels made in the grime on their cheeks by the perspiration as it streamed down, the purple sweat patches in the greenish-yellow uniform. Now and again, as if maliciously to accentuate the contrast between its dainty self and the crowd of men and animals sweating below, a pale butterfly flits aimlessly in and out of the shadows — sometimes nearly, but never quite, settling on a horse or gun.

The windings of the lane permit a view of only some hundred yards of its length at one time; but even this short distance offers an impressive sight. It is apparent, in spite of the dust and dirt, that the greater number of these men — some still on their horses, some standing, and some

stretched out on the shady side of the road — are seasoned and in the prime of life; no mere boys, but men in the best sense of the word, sturdy and full-set. Even for gunners, they are a fine lot; and, during this lull preceding the coming storm, the sight of this little collection of splendid men and horses raises thoughts as to whether any other army in the world can produce their equal.

Both men and animals are the last word in continuous training and scientific preparation applied to picked material. Not only are they good to look upon, but they are good in action. From the showy prettiness of a tournament driving competition, to the serious business of getting on to the target, they excel. For here, at this moment, are collected the smartest brigade of field-artillerymen in the army — and that means, as they think, the smartest brigade in the world. They are armed, also, with the best guns in the world. There stand the guns, slewed, one after another, across the narrow road, almost blocking it with their length. Wicked they look in their dusty greenish paint, with an occasional glint of steel where it has been scraped off. Even to the uninitiated, these quick-firers have a more venomous appearance than the simple old guns; for, with their long, low-hung bodies peering mysteriously from behind their shields, they look like monstrous grasshoppers crouching on the hill. Ugly and venomous-looking, they are the pride of their owners. Though he may not talk much about it, never has there been a true gunner who did not love his weapon and thrill with the idea of using it.

To these, now a little thoughtful on account of the legends concerning the enemy's wonderful quick-firing artillery, the sight of their own, whose powers they have so often tested on the practice-ground, is reassuring. They have the best gun ever invented, and at speed of ranging and accuracy of fire they are unequaled. What more? Are they not going to catch the enemy unaware? And to be caught unaware by a squall of shrapnel from modern quick-firers means extinction.

To the officers the exact nature of the present task is known, and the possibilities of the occasion better appreciated — for, though as yet without personal experience in war, they know to what a pitch all the nations have brought their quick-firing artillery, and what is expected from its "*rafales*," "*tir rapide*," "*schnell feu*." — call it what you will, — upon an exposed and unsuspecting enemy. They are standing alongside the horses, one feeling his animal's legs, another loosening a girth, but the majority cheerfully talking in little groups.

At last the dreary wait is over. A flag flickers from one hill to another. "The enemy's balloons are down." With a sigh of relief, the order is passed, and the brigade moves on, slowly at first, then breaking into a trot, for its destination is still some way off, and time, tide, and the chances for quick-firing artillery wait for no man.

The message has come down from the youngest of the three officers who were making the reconnaissance under the hedge two hours ago. For the past hour he has been watching those malignant balloons from that same spot, and whistling for the wind. As the wind has risen, so have his spirits. It is a difficult thing to gage the height of an object in the air, and several times he thinks that the balloon nearest the enemy's guns is lower than it was, only to find out that he is wrong.

The cloud-bank to the west grows larger, and, as its ragged edge creeps up over the blue sky, the dark background shows up the glistening balloons the more brilliantly. The two farthest off are coming down — there is no doubt about it; and at last the nearer one seems lower. Yes, it is! Down, down it sinks. When it is quite close to the ground, he waves to a signaler behind the road, who passes on the message, and so back it goes to the waiting brigade.

He crawls behind the hedge for a moment to watch the range-takers, who have been up here for the past half-hour, and have taken and checked and re-checked the distance to the enemy's guns. Some men with tools, also, who have uprooted the gate-posts and widened some openings from the lane on to the hilltop, are now cutting little windows through the hedge on the brow. A few officers arrive ahead of the batteries, and to these he points out their positions and the target and range.

All is ready, and the head of the column is even now jangling up the hill.

### III

The same landscape as was watched by the three under the hedge, but viewed from the other side. In the foreground, half hidden among the patches of gorse on a gentle slope, is a long, irregular line of perhaps twenty guns. It is difficult, even at this short distance, to count their number, for they are dotted about here and there among the clumps of cover. Though of a grayer hue, they have a strong family resemblance to those others resting in the little lane on the hillside. By each stands a water-bucket, the purpose of which is shown by the damp earth round the gun, and the absence of dust. Alongside, also, are little shelter-pits dug

for the gun detachments, the bright yellow of the freshly turned earth artfully concealed with pieces of bush. The guns, the limbers, and the very horses themselves — over there in the rear — are embowered in greenery. The incongruous Jack-in-the-Green appearance thus given to these engines of destruction seems at first ill-timed foolery. It strikes a jarring note, like laughter in the presence of death. Overhead, to one side of the line of guns, a huge yellow balloon sways in the rising wind and strains at the cable that slants away down to a small collection of wagons in a convenient hollow.

To the general din of battle all around is periodically added the roar of some of the guns in the line, as a target worthy of a *rafale* of shell is found. The paroxysms of noise indulged in at intervals by these quick-firers are the only sign they give of their action, for they neither belch out flame nor kick up dust. Each fresh outburst seems to call up an echo from the direction of some absurdly ill-concealed earthworks about half a mile to the rear.

The enemy are shooting badly. Few shells fall near the guns, though many pass over, with a shriek, to burst in the neighborhood of those conspicuous earthworks, whose parapet must be a very shell trap, so continuous are the explosions on it. An occasional heavy shell rumbles up from the south, and, passing over with the noise of an electric train, detonates in a fountain of yellow earth near the same target.

Near the focus of these explosions are a number of men sitting at the bottom of deep holes, and from their occupation it appears that not all the explosions so close to them are caused by hostile shells. They are busily employed in setting off flash bombs just outside their yellow parapet whenever their own artillery fires. And as two more shrapnel from different directions whistle high above the much-decorated guns, and burst over the pits, it is clear that the latter are the targets aimed at.

This is the method in the madness of these troglodytes in their pits and of the other stage effects.

Some little way from his guns is a dried-up, saturnine sort of man, dirty, and anything but smart — the commander of the artillery. He is talking to a staff officer, with occasional pauses as he stoops to gaze through a telescope mounted on a tripod — not to the southeast, in which direction his guns are firing, but toward the hills to the east. Close by sits another officer, at a field-telephone in a hole in the ground; such work is at the present moment too important for an orderly. From the instrument a cable, sagging from one bush to another in loops, leads toward the wagons near the balloon



anchorage. This cable is the nerve leading from the eye up aloft to the nerve center below. A few soldiers are sitting about. Not only do these men wear a different uniform from those other gunners now perspiring on that hillside, but they are unmistakably of a different race.

The commander again takes a long look toward the hills, where something seems to excite his apprehension; for he converses earnestly with the staff officer, and the two look more than once toward a poplar tree the top half of which is visible above that hill on the east. The wind increases.

The distant balloons are already gradually descending, and a message shortly comes down from the observer above that it is too windy to remain up. The word is given, and slowly the great mass is hauled down to the depression near the wagons, where it is practically hidden, its approach to the ground being the occasion of special attention from the enemy. Here, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, it is seized by many hands and bound.

Hardly has it nestled, with much heaving of billowy sides, into its hollow, when the eye is attracted by something dancing up and down amid the brushwood close to it. It is an oblong framework, partly covered with dirty gray canvas, which has begun to make sundry abortive little swoops up into the air, ending in abrupt dives down again to earth. Finally, this weird kite — for kite it is — makes up its mind, and sails steadily upward to the tune of its whining cable-drum. Up, up it goes, holding well in the strong breeze till it becomes a mere speck in the sky. Another kite follows, then another, and again one more, threaded on the same cable, till, with the combined pull, it is stretched as taut as a piano-wire, and hums in the breeze like the weather mainstay of a racing yacht.

The Commander walks over to the starting-point of the kites, where, sitting near an exaggerated clothes-basket, is a young officer. He is unshaven, his face is pale and drawn, and he appears worn out as he sips slowly from the cup of his flask; but as his senior approaches, he rises, salutes, and listens attentively to his somewhat lengthy instructions. He is an exceptionally slight man, and his general air of fatigue is explained by the fact that he has been observing from the balloon for the last three hours; the dark rings under his eyes show where the constant strain has told most. In spite of this, he is again to go up in the kite — not because there is none other capable, but because the advantage of having up aloft a pair of eyes that already know the lie of the country is at the present juncture of greater importance than the fatigue of any man.

As the Commander concludes his harangue, a shell bursts on the ground close to him, covering him with sand. Not pausing to shake off the sand, he finishes his sentence: "Of course it is a chance, but they *may* not notice you go up against this cloudy background, and may be tempted to take up that position by seeing the balloon go down. If they do, well —" And he looks toward his guns and smiles thoughtfully.

The younger man nods, takes one more pull at his flask, feels for both pairs of field-glasses hanging round his neck, — he carries two, — straps a telephone receiver and mouthpiece round his head, and climbs into the clothes-basket, which is held by the men. The basket is attached to the rigid kite cable by runners. After the gear is tried, another large kite, which is harnessed to his prosaic-looking chariot, is thrown into the air. Making one or two ineffectual dives, it catches the wind and begins to pull. Slowly, at first, the observer rises, then faster as the great wings above him catch more of the breeze. Now they feel it, and up he sails like a pantomime storm fiend, to the accompanying moan of the wire vibrating in the wind. In a few minutes he is a stationary spot far up on the slanting wire.

How insignificant, in contrast to the great bulk of the balloon, the whole collection of kites appear! Yet — the eye is there.

#### IV

The commanding officer goes back to his station by the telephone, and waits. *Prrrrrr!* grumbles the instrument, and this time it is he himself who takes the receiver. He listens attentively, for it is difficult to hear along an aerial line, and there is much repetition before he finally replies "All right!" to his subordinate up above. A word to a staff officer, who at once waves to some one near the guns. Then ensues much activity. Within three minutes every muzzle has been switched round by hand so as to face the hills on the east, at half a right angle from its former direction. The gun-layers at once start laying at the range obtained by those few shots fired some hours back, and buckets are emptied on the ground; but no effort is made to dig shelters, for they will be unnecessary. The exposure of the new position is ignored, as well as the loss incurred in taking it. When all are at their stations, ready to open fire, a whistle sounds.

The suppressed excitement is catching. That the Commander himself is not unaffected is shown by the manner in which he ostentatiously, and with almost too great deliberation, selects a



"THE AIR ABOVE — ALL ROUND — IS FULL OF CRACKLING REPORTS,  
SHOUTS, OATHS, AND GROANS"

cigar from his case and begins chewing the end of it. . . .

*Prrrrrt*, rattles the telephone; the Commander drops the chewed cigar and listens.

"Are you ready?" gurgles down the wire.

"Yes."

"The head of their column is not far off the poplar tree."

A pause.

Meanwhile, on the hilltop, the watcher has again sat down. Now that there is nothing in the sky to watch, he sets himself to study the enemy's guns, among which he seems vaguely to discover some movement. Can they have suspected anything? As he sweeps his glass carelessly across the gray cloud toward its terrestrial object, something — a midge, probably — in the upper corner of the object-glass catches his eye. He puts down the glass and rubs the lens with his handkerchief. He looks again. The midge is still there. He looks directly at it: it is a collection of midges. Good God! These are no midges — they are a covey of war-kites high up in the sky! Yes, and there is the observer, hanging some distance below, who must have seen all!

By this time two or three guns have turned out of the lane and are unlimbering.

He rises and tries to shout — it is too late.

"Now they're turning out of the road, through three or four gaps, to come into action — now two guns have left the road — hullo! — are you there?" continues the thin, metallic voice down the wire.

"Yes."

"Let them have it."

The Commander, from his lowly position, looks up and nods to a signaler standing up on a mound. The latter drops his flag.

The air is split by the noise of the whole line of guns as they open rapid fire. It is like the report of one piece prolonged into a continuous long note.

Upon the brow of that hill of doom, hiding the sky-line for perhaps four hundred yards to the right of the now obscured poplar, appears a crown of magenta-colored smoke, out of which a succession of light flashes sparkle.

By those up on that hill is heard a faint roar in the distance, followed by a whistling sound; and the air above — all round — is full of crackling reports, shouts, oaths, and groans. Bullets tear the earth on all sides, and the steel gun-shields ring out like gongs under their blows.

Everything except the dreadful sounds becomes blurred in the puffs of acrid, tinted smoke that the wind drives across the hilltop.

In a minute, automatically, the fire ceases — a long period for quick-firing guns which pour out fifteen shells a minute, and much ammunition; but this is an opportunity given by the gods.

The Commander puts the telephone to his lips:

"Hullo! Is that enough?"

"Wait a minute. My God! It is."

## V

Not one return shot has been fired.

The smoke is dissipated by the wind as soon as the squall of shell ceases, and the scene of the butchery stands revealed.

Behind the hedge are three guns, unharmed except for splintered wood. Their green tint is all mottled with oval patches of shining silver plated by the metal of the glancing bullets. Men are lying about singly, nearly all wounded in the head and nearly all dead. A few who still crouch, paralyzed, behind the shields seem unhurt. Horses lie tied together by their harness in kicking, screaming bunches. At the gateway is a tangle of capsized gun, limber, man, and beast, which entirely blocks that part of the lane.

This is an abattoir better undescribed in detail — a medley of dead and dying men and animals, and of vehicles jammed into a solid mass. At intervals guns lie upturned or wedged across. The mass still struggles and heaves. Here and there drivers have half succeeded in driving their guns up the bank, in a gallant attempt to get out of the shambles, with the result that the horses lie dead on the top, and the guns lie overturned in the hollow. A few unharmed and dazed officers and men still shout orders, and shove and push at the guns. There where an ammunition-wagon, hit direct by a shell, has exploded, is a cleared space. Branches and twigs are splintered in all directions, and the shrapnel balls have stripped the leaves from the trees and scattered a spare shower of green over their handiwork.

Though at least one of the shells has not burst exactly; for on its back, under the hedge on the brow of the hill, lies the headless body of the young gunner officer — the glasses still in his left hand, a handkerchief in the right. Yet, as the small voice had squeaked down the telephone wire five thousand yards away, it is enough!



"'NAW! SWANSKY WAS KILLED WITH HANDS!'"

## AT BRADY'S

BY

MARY HEATON VORSE

AUTHOR OF "MRS. M'CLANAHAN, THE CHINESE LAUNDRY, AND BELLER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

**W**HEN it happened, I was learning the business by beginning at the bottom. I was a great, husky brute just out of college — or, rather, just off the football field, for, to me, college meant football. Besides football, I had absorbed a few vague sociological theories, which I suppose was what made me tell myself that I'd get a better grip on the men if I lived for a while as they did; that's what I told myself, but I really did it for the adventure of the thing. I felt rather puffed up because nobody saw through me, though why I should I don't know. Put a pair of dirty overalls on a man and set him to work in a rolling-mill, let a day's beard get

on his face, and when he has sweated good and plenty his college education's hidden fairly well.

I learned about people fast enough, and learned — the way every one does who learns at all — by finding out how little the human animal acts in accordance with tradition; how, under the pressure of the stronger emotions, he feels and acts differently from what we have been led to expect.

Leon, my foreman, took a fancy to me, and had me go to board with him at Brady's. Leon was a big fellow, with eyes like blue flames. He was liked for his unbelievable simplicity, and respected for his fiery temper. Indeed, his temper had the sudden and unreasoning quality of a lusty baby's — though, when a baby weighs

nearly two hundred pounds in packed-down muscle, and uses all his strength without realizing what this strength is, he may become dangerous.

I remember with a great wealth of detail how the room looked that night at the Bradys'. There sat Lotta, Brady's wife, slouching across the table, which she had cleared with a neat thoroughness that was a perpetual surprise to me, so at variance was it with her smoldering, slouching, down-at-the-heel beauty. Devil-spawn — that was what I called Lotta then, having yet to learn that, as life is diverse, the individual is no less so, and may at different times turn to one diverse faces. Lotta was one of those ill-begotten crossbreeds that the odd mixture of aliens in this country brings forth. Her father was black Irish, County Cork, and her mother, they told me, a dago — Sicilian was what she really was, I learned later, and there is a wide, bitter sea between the island and the mainland. Lotta walked as if the bog were continually sucking at her slovenly heels; she held her head as erect as a caryatid. From her dusky face, cut like a Carthaginian coin, she perpetually pushed back disorderly witch-locks of Irish hair. She had the quick Irish wrath that makes the sons of Erin break one another's heads for the sheer joy of anger, and the calculating Sicilian vengefulness.

I tell you that I was young and romantic, which perhaps was what made me imagine Lotta plotting from year-end to year-end to wreak her wrath on some enemy, and, when the hour of her reckoning came, I could imagine her in the fierce, joyful flare of anger, slaking her hate as remorselessly, as simply, even, as the thirsty man drinks.

This evening, Lotta lolled across the table, and in a slow, colorless voice that had a haunting foreign accent — for Lotta had been brought up among Italians — she indulged in her favorite game of baiting little Tim Brady.

Don't ask me why Lotta married Tim. Why does anybody marry anybody? Why Tim married Lotta was more obvious. She had undoubtedly flaunted herself in his eyes, the way she had flaunted herself in the eyes of any man she had met — and then hated him for having desired her. Thus did Ireland and Sicily perpetually fight in Lotta. She hated passionately the passion that she consciously aroused — hated it even more than she resented not arousing it. She loathed Swansky for having responded to her call. No one could say that Lotta was playing the game fairly — to lure people, and then desire keenly to destroy them for desiring her.

Now, as she lolled across the table, rousing the temper of her lord, she was conscious that Swansky never took his eyes from her. Swansky

just sat still and watched Lotta. He would have been good-looking but for his long, yellow fangs and for the expression that gave him the nickname of the "Mean Pole." He let his eyes travel over her as calculatingly as some one inventoring the points of a creature he intended to purchase.

Leon watched Swansky less overtly, no less intently. Blue fire flickered in his eyes, though his great length was stretched out, relaxed; for Leon wasted no effort in unnecessary tenseness.

Occasionally Lotta threw a glance at Swansky, a glance as taunting as the words that she spoke to her husband in her gentle, razor-edged tone, a glance that dared and defied, provoked and insulted, meeting his unwavering gaze squarely, measuring the insult of his look with the insult of her unspoken reply. The quick look she gave Leon from time to time — and which he did not see, being occupied as he was with Swansky — was as shy as that of a little girl coming tiptoe into a room where she hopes she is wanted but is not sure.

The whole atmosphere was like a jangling stringed instrument, untuned, but keyed up to the highest pitch. It was Lotta who had strung it up like this, and Lotta who drew out jangling noises with I know not what perverse satisfaction. It had even set my nerves on edge. The only person who escaped was Mikey Hurley, who, with the face of an Irish cherub, and with eyes turned heavenward, his chair tipped far back against the wall, his feet on another chair, serenely played an accordion and added orchestra to the drama. And the background of it all was a sizzling hot kitchen, furnished principally by an able-bodied cook-stove and a conscientious-looking sink, a kitchen as spotless as it was commonplace.

Stung at last beyond the breaking-point. Brady jumped to his feet, muttering something. He had a futile, flash-in-the-pan kind of anger.

Lotta narrowed her eyes.

"Swear at me," she said evenly. "Swear at me, do, before everybody." Her eyelids drooped; a glint of menacing onyx was all one could see between them.

Swansky laughed shortly, laughed like a jackal. Lotta's anger tickled his nerves pleasantly.

Leon rose to his feet; his eyes shot blue flame at Swansky. He made me think of some northern god about to rid the earth of an ignoble thing through the sheer force of his wrath.

"Now you've sworn at me, Brady, come on and hit me! Do it up brown for once, Brady," came from Lotta. She twisted her head ever so slightly and smiled at him. There was some-





thing so malevolent in her jeering anger, it is no wonder that I then called her "devil-spawn." She pushed back the hair that fell into her face. Swansky barked again.

"Some men would kill you for this," he said in his thick English. Lotta turned on him a dazzling smile.

"Shut your head!" she said. "No one spoke to you." Her tone was exquisitely polite.

"God, it's hot here!" said Leon. "Come on, Brady; we'll have a drink. Come on, kid!"

They stood aside to let Swansky leave the room, for he, also, had reached for his hat. Mikey Hurley, oblivious of all that had happened, played us out of the room.

Lotta did not move. She drew pictures on the bare table with her finger, and flashed one maddening look at Brady. Only I saw the shy look that stole, as it were on tiptoe, after Leon.

We were at breakfast next morning, Mikey Hurley, Leon, and I. Lotta was baking griddlecakes. She was in good spirits and jollied Leon pleasantly.

"Where's Tim?" asked Leon.

"Search me," Lotta responded airily. "He didn't come in last night." This fact evidently gave her some perverse satisfaction.

"KEEP ME, CHERISH ME, FOR I  
LIVE ONLY THROUGH YOU"

"When he does, he'll catch it," I reflected. Then my thought was crashed into as if by some falling object. A boy catapulted, panting, into the kitchen. Lotta turned on him in a fury, her mouth open to volley injuries at him. It stayed open, to change its expression, oddly, from anger to horror.

"Swansky's killed," the boy gasped. "He's been murdered. His head's near hammered off him on a stone." He spoke with a savage relish in the affair. He had run until his breath came rasping, that he might be the bearer of the news.

"Where'd they find him?" I heard myself asking.

"Was he dead long?" came from Mikey Hurley.

Eagerly the lad babbled details, then fled on to speed the tidings. A curious stillness settled

on us. Lotta stood as if turned to an absurd waxwork, her cake-turner in midair, a griddle-cake neatly balanced on it. Leon shuffled uneasily and looked at his plate, as if deeply embarrassed.

It was Mikey Hurley who broke the silence, asking, with rare tact:

"Say, Lotta, do you think — Brady —"

She let the griddle fall with a clatter that made me jump like a nervous cat.

"Brady!" she cried. "Brady! Naw! Swansky was killed with hands! How could Brady kill Swansky with hands? Swansky would 'a' broke him in two like a grasshopper. Oh, I wish to God he'd done it!" Upon which, Lotta, being overwrought in her nerves, sat down and wept.

I interpreted her speech to mean that she wished she had been married to a man with enough prowess to have murdered Swansky because of the insult that Swansky's calculating scrutiny had put upon her. Lotta knew, just as Leon and I knew, that Brady had been too occupied in sucking his own sore paws to notice Swansky.

It's queer how much more important a man like Swansky gets to be after he's dead — when he doesn't die in his bed. Now, there wasn't any one in the shop that wouldn't have been glad to have him out of it; yet, when they found him in the road back of the scrap-pile, with the back of his head very much knocked in on a stone, the rolling-mills and the saloons didn't talk about anything but Swansky, and who killed him. They didn't waste any sentiment on him. No one would say anything about Swansky, only that he was mean. Swansky the Mean Pole, he was before he was killed and afterward. If you have ever worked along with Slavs and Poles, you'll know what I am talking about. You'll find one of them, now and then, that will set a whole shop by the ears. They won't say much — just drop a word or lift an eyebrow: it will be enough to make every last Irishman in the crowd fighting mad.

Naturally, the police tried to put two and two together in Brady's disappearance and Swansky's death. We had all been at Halloran's that night — Leon and myself, that is, and Swansky, though we had not spoken. Brady had not been in the saloon at all. He had just stepped out into the darkness and vanished. That's all we had to tell the police — that, and that Swansky and Tim Brady "got on," and that Swansky had been only a few days in the house. They stopped bothering us pretty soon, and I guess they stopped looking for Brady, for the death of a Mean Pole don't count much when there's no widow or kids to make a kick about it.

It was about two weeks after this, one Sunday, that Leon and I took a trolley car to a picnic park. We sat apart, near a little stream in which children dabbled and on whose surface egg-shells curtsied and bottles bobbed grotesquely as if begging the picnickers who had thrown them in the water to rescue them. Since Brady's disappearance, Leon had worn rather a preoccupied, ruminating air; his eyes had been very mild. I took it that he was turning over the whole affair in his mind. We sat in silence a while. Snatches of song came to us, the noise of children laughing and crying, the shrieking and giggling of girls as they ran away in pretended fright from their boy friends. Perspiring women lugged stolid babies, or dragged children by the hands back and forth across the grass. In the distance, the merry-go-round gave forth the music of "La Spagnola," that Italian song whose melody is so curiously reminiscent of "The Bowery."

In this jumble of commonplace noises, I opened my mouth to say: "I don't believe Brady killed Swansky."

I remember that I spoke with a certain positiveness that must have seemed convincing to Leon; for he flashed a curious glance at me that made me wonder if he knew anything; and so, by way of drawing him out, I used the simplest form of the third degree — I had read about the way to do it in the papers. Staring at him, I asserted, with a meaning in my voice that I didn't feel:

"You don't, either, Leon."

"No," he echoed; and, after a slight pause, "No, I don't, either!" Then he said, "What makes you say that?"

"The same reason that makes you," I fenced craftily.

"Oh, speak out," said he; his manner had not changed a hair's-breadth. "Did you follow me out, that night?"

I had not remembered that he had left the saloon; now it vaguely occurred to me that he had. But I answered, "I might have," wondering what was behind it all. Not a suspicion of the truth flickered to me, even then.

"If you seen anything, tell me," he said. He did not even look around to see if any one was listening; it was I who made sure that we were not overheard.

"You tell me what you know first," I temporized.

"Why didn't you go to the police?" he asked me.

"Why didn't you? I didn't want to get mixed up with it," I answered.

At this he laughed.

"I didn't want to get mixed up with it," he echoed. "You see, I thought about it a lot.





“BRADY WAS NO KIND OF HUSBAND FOR LOTTA”

I thought about it all that night, and ever since.” He paused. “They say, when you kill a person, you got to tell somebody once. I don’t mind tellin’ you, kid. You see, I didn’t mean to kill him, so that’s the same as if I didn’t kill him.”

I suppose at these words I must have changed color; I know my heart gave a queer big thump as if it suddenly filled my chest to bursting, and then pattered away against my ribs in an uncomfortable fashion.

“So,” he murmured, “you weren’t sure, were you, it was me?”

“No, I wasn’t sure,” I told him.

“You just saw some one bigger than Brady walking away — from it,” he brought out.

“That’s all,” I faltered. I couldn’t bear to tell him that I had so easily filched from him his secret.

“You didn’t go down to see what it was? Of course you didn’t, because you was in the saloon when I came back.”

“I only knew who it was next morning.”

“Well,” said Leon, “I never went out to kill Swansky. I was walking along, sort of looking out for Brady,— when Lotta makes him mad, sometimes he goes off that way,— an’ Swansky come along; he must ‘a’ followed me.

“‘Good evening, Leon,’ says he; ‘you’ve got fine blue eyes to stare with.’

“You know how he talked, like something thick and nasty running out of a barrel. I just

lost my temper — you know, I’ve got quite a hot temper.” He looked at me like a little boy confessing a fault. “I went for him!”

I could imagine his “going” for Swansky. It must have been like the onrush of an avalanche.

“We clinched; he fell; I fell on top of him, and his head was smashed on a stone. All smashed! When I saw how smashed, I saw there was no good doing anything.”

“Then you came right back to the saloon?”

He nodded gently.

“I wanted to wash my hands, and I wanted a drink — I wanted a drink bad. It shakes you when you kill something like that, even if it’s a Mean Pole.”

His simplicity had served him better than any ruse. He had done the ideally right thing. He had washed his hands and taken a drink; and, being shaken, he had felt the need of human society, and had stayed quietly with the rest of us, and gone home with me.

He didn’t even ask me not to tell. He told me with the same simplicity that he had acted, looking at me straight, with serene young eyes. He took it for granted that I judged him as leniently as he judged himself. A regrettable accident, the killing of Swansky had been, for which he was no more to be blamed than if he had inadvertently smashed Swansky’s head by letting a brick drop on it. It was not, he claimed, like happening to kill anybody you were fond of. Still, he admitted that it was an awful lesson to

know you know? Anyway, why don't you change your name and get a job far West in some mill? Let your beard grow," I urged him. Brady was one of those colorless men so like the rest of the world that the slightest outward change disguises them completely. "Anyway, if you want to so much, why don't you go back and hide in your house? I'm going East soon; come along with me," I said.

"I'd like to," said Brady; "I'd like to."

How much he would have liked, the yearning of his voice showed.

"Say," he told me, "you come with me,— you come up to my place with me. I don't like to go alone!" He had been drift-wood for so long, you see, that he needed some one now to steer him to port.

It was what I was perfectly willing to do. I suppose that I still had sticking in my crop the large complacency of Leon and Lotta; the spectacle of seeing them shattered out of it, I thought, would be a pleasant thing. I wanted to see, too, this shadow at my side turn into a man again. For, sitting there in the blackness of the night, the kind of things he said made me think of him as a ghost hungering for life again.

I had great fun coming East with him. I disguised him, and we lived like tramps. It was a great lark for me.

It was dusk when we approached his house. The window-shades had not been pulled down, and the light streamed beckoningly from the kitchen. As we had gone through the squalid outskirts of the manufacturing town, every familiar object of this place where he had been a person, a man living like other men, was burned into Brady's brain as if with fire, as I could see by some little things that he let fall. Every trifling alteration, the clearing away of a fence, the building of a new house—he remarked on them all.

"I wanted," he said over and over, "to come home just once, even if I had to go away again."

I had intended to go on first and find out from Lotta if the coast was clear. I had rather fancied seeing what she'd say when I told her of Brady's return. But Brady insisted on going with me. He couldn't wait. He wanted to look at his house; for that's what it was to Brady, this rented tenement—his house.

We peered in through the window with caution. Leon and Lotta were alone there—Lotta in a chair, Leon standing over her. They were not speaking. Then Lotta raised eyes to Leon—dove's eyes, good eyes, eyes full of submission,

eyes full of the promise of loyalty, the eyes of an adoring child. No caress they could have given each other could have been so eloquent, no word they could have spoken so impressive. All that was good in the woman had come to the surface. "Take me," her look seemed to say; "keep me, cherish me, for I live only through you. I am yours, the work of your hands, the creature of your making!" If ever the soul of a woman came to her eyes, Lotta's did at this moment. The change in her was, to me, infinitely touching, as if the only reason she hadn't been good before was because she had been waiting for Leon, that the need of him had been gnawing at her, and that in the pain of her cruel waiting for him she gave pain to others.

How long we stared in at the window like creatures looking at paradise, I don't know. I look back at it, it seems to me a long time. Leon stood there, looking at Lotta, and raised her face, full of love and pride and to her man—Lotta, turned from a devil angel through love. Presently as they moved by some force outside of ourselves we went without speaking, and went away. I remember wondering to myself, "What will Brady expect to see him go back, perhaps the house."

"Well?" I said, after a time.

Brady smiled at me sheepishly.

"I guess I'll be going," he muttered vaguely. "Where are you going?" I asked.

Somehow, the irony of it all made me smile. Brady, the innocent one, outside; on the other side, Leon, who had killed Swansky, and whose vicious tongue had whipped Brady the house, happy with the happiness of mutual understanding.

"Where am I going?" said Brady. "I don't know. Out West, I guess, and let my beard grow." He spoke like a boy who was taking a lesson.

I put him on a West-bound train the next day. I was certain in my heart that poor Brady would do anything so decisive as to let his beard grow, and take another name, and find a job. He had made all the effort he was capable of when he came back; and now, cut adrift for the second time, he would continue to drift, and die, most likely, a drunken vagrant—for drink would be the only refuge that his vague and unimaginative spirit would think of. It takes a specially hardy kind of plant to stand uprooting.

Meantime, Lotta and Leon are happy, while Brady drifts up and down the earth—which is the way that things happen in this world.



HORACE FLETCHER AT HIS HOME IN VENICE

## SOME MODERN IDEAS ON FOOD

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "WORK AT THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE," "THE NEW ANESTHETIC—STOVAINE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**A**T the present time many hundreds of thousands of people in the United States are voluntarily abstaining from eating meat. They are doing this as a protest against the increasingly high prices exacted for this staple of modern life. Their action, however, if continued indefinitely, may have not only economic but important physiological results. It calls attention anew to the many experiments made in the last few years by scientific investigators on the whole subject of nutrition. Besides the vegetarians, who are sentimentally opposed to the consumption of animal flesh, there is a growing body of scientific men who attribute to the excessive use of meat many of the distinctive physical evils that seem to be increasing at the present time.

In the last twenty-five years medical science

has waged an unceasing and largely successful warfare against contagious diseases. The practising physician has now lost that helpless horror with which he formerly saw the membrane gather in the throat of the diphtheritic child. The mortality from typhoid fever, scarlatina, and pneumonia has decreased nearly one half. Tuberculosis kills only two thirds as many people now as it did twenty years ago. Yellow fever has all but disappeared from the Southern ports in which it was formerly an annual scourge. Even so hopeless a malady as cerebrospinal meningitis, which five years ago destroyed three out of every four of the children it assailed, now takes only one. Medical science seems pointed fairly toward the goal which half a century ago would have seemed as unattainable as another golden age — the elimination, from civilized society, of all contagious diseases.



PROFESSOR HENRY P. BOWDITCH, OF HARVARD,  
ONE OF THE FIRST SCIENTISTS TO BECOME  
INTERESTED IN MR. FLETCHER'S IDEAS

*More Babies Live, but More Mature  
People Die*

The partial subjugation of these acute infections has already materially lengthened the average duration of human life. Formerly it was believed that this average span was an immutably fixed quantity; that nature had allowed us a definite period of life and enjoyment, beyond which even the most persistent could hardly hope to survive. But the statistics of science have taught us that this same average is extremely variable; that it changes with time and place and circumstances; that it is not the same in the United States as it is in India, and not the same in either of these places now as it was a century ago. Thus, in Europe in the sixteenth century, the average length of human life was eighteen or twenty years, while in England at the present moment it is forty-four. This increased longevity is shown even more strikingly in the fluctuations in the death rate of New York City for the last twenty years. In 1890 it was 25 out of each 1,000, whereas now it is only 18.

Flattering as this may seem to the regenerating forces working in modern society, the question has another less encouraging aspect. For this increase in the average human span is entirely the result of decreased mortality among

children. The fact that now more people reach maturity has, in the mortality tables, given us all an apparently stronger grip upon existence. But, coincidentally with a lessened death rate among children and young men, there has developed an increased death rate among people who have reached their fiftieth year. We no longer slaughter our innocents — at least, not to the same extent that we did half a century ago; the present generation, however, holds far



PROFESSOR LAFAYETTE B. MENDEL, PROFESSOR  
CHITTENDEN'S ASSOCIATE IN THE FAMOUS  
YALE DIET EXPERIMENTS

more terror for men and women who have reached maturity. An altruistic age has so centered its attention upon preserving the lives of its children that it has apparently overlooked the welfare of their fathers. Considered sentimentally, this is unquestionably a gain; but economically it is a positive loss, for society is thus depriving itself, in a constantly increasing degree, of its most productive and efficient lives.

In his report to the Conservation Commission on "National Vitality," Irving Fisher, professor of economics at Yale University, quotes the death rate of Massachusetts for 1865 and 1895 as illustrative of these two facts — the decreased death rate for people under fifty and the increased death rate for people above that age:

DEATH RATE IN MASSACHUSETTS PER 1,000 OF  
POPULATION IN EACH AGE PERIOD

	1805	1895	Practical gain or loss
5-9 .....	9.6	6.2	+
10-14 .....	5.1	3.2	+
15-19 .....	9.6	5.5	+
20-29 .....	12.6	7.1	+
30-39 .....	11.7	9.7	+
40-49 .....	12	13	--
50-59 .....	17	20	--
60-69 .....	33	39	--
70-79 .....	70	82	--
80 and upward .....	168	185	--

*Medical Progress Chiefly in the Treatment  
of Children's Diseases*

The basic fact appears to be that modern medical science, in its warfare against diseases, has concerned itself chiefly with those of bacterial origin. Their prevention through improved sanitation, their cure through serum-therapy — it is along these lines that progress



PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER, OF YALE, WHO, AS A  
POLITICAL ECONOMIST, IS GREATLY INTERESTED  
IN MODERN EXPERIMENTS ON DIET

has chiefly been made. With the far more subtle class of disorders not immediately caused, so far as science has discovered, by micro-organisms, few important curative measures have been developed. The acute infections are destructive mainly to childhood and early life, and their partial elimination has, therefore, greatly reduced mortality during these tender periods. The chronic disorders seldom attack

the youthful growing organism, but lie in wait for that which has attained its maturity and strength. This list includes not only the long familiar diseases, gout, rheumatism, digestive troubles, cancer, Bright's disease, but also the milder disorders that greatly impair efficiency and ability to perform prolonged, sustained work, and that frequently assume no more tangible outward manifestation than easily induced fatigue, malaise, or "that tired feeling."

It is the opinion of Professor Fisher that real, energetic health is the rarest possible human quality. Almost every mature man and woman is in some degree ill, in the sense that their bodies and minds do not realize their complete capacities. "An ideally healthy man," he says, "free throughout from ailment and disability, is rarely, if ever, found." Professor Fisher has himself invented a useful phrase, "the breadth of life," in contradistinction to its length, by which he means to express the extent to which possible health and efficiency are realized. He finds that not only are the lives of Americans after fifty getting shorter, but they are also getting narrower. We do not live so long and we do not live so much.

If you ask the medical scientist what is the cause of most of the chronic diseases of mature life, as well as of nearly all our minor ailments, he will tell you that they are the results of



RUSSELL H. CHITTENDEN, OF YALE, DEAN OF AMERICAN  
PHYSIOLOGICAL CHEMISTS, AND FOREMOST  
ADVOCATE OF A LOW-PROTEIN DIET

"deranged metabolism." "Metabolism" is the word used to describe the intricate processes involved in the building up and breaking down of the human body. If the food materials we take in are properly digested, distributed throughout the body, and used in the way that nature intends, the metabolic changes will proceed orderly and no disarrangements will occur. If they fail to do this, endless miseries will result. Obviously, the most essential factor in an economically working metabolism is food. In other words, scientists now believe that nearly all the evils of middle life and old age are caused by unintelligent eating. And medical science, they believe, has made relatively little progress with these same disorders, because it has not given sufficiently detailed attention to this fundamental problem.

The first man to stimulate wide popular interest in nutrition was not a scientific man, but a layman. In the last ten years the public has heard much of Mr. Horace Fletcher—an interesting gentleman with peculiar notions as to the thorough mastication of food and the small amount necessary for the support of human life. Mr. Fletcher's career divides naturally into three parts—each significant in its bearing upon the present subject. The first glimpse we obtain of him is as a young man, serving his business apprenticeship as a clerk in a mercantile house in Shanghai, China. Though physically phlegmatic, Mr. Fletcher, in those early days, possessed strength and endurance of fairly heroic proportions. He easily surpassed all his associates in running, jumping, and wrestling, and could lift dead weights of pig-iron that the strongest sailor could not move. After leaving China, Mr. Fletcher pursued an active and successful business career in several American cities, became a great traveler, an industrious clubman, and a member of many literary and artistic circles. He had wealth and social adaptability, and thus found many opportunities to gratify a natural epicurean taste for the best food and drink. He simply led, that is, the well-fed existence that is considered the natural reward of a successful business life. He ate plentifully of the most expensive and highly sauced meats, drank freely of champagne, took little exercise, was careless in keeping late hours. Without ever sinking into dissipation, he enjoyed for several years what is conventionally regarded as a good time. And this existence had precisely the same effect upon Mr. Fletcher that it is now having upon thousands of other Americans. It found its outward expression in the protuberant abdomen, the pendant cheeks, the puffy eyes, and the wrinkled neck which seem to have become the stigmata of a prosperous business career.

In less than six months Mr. Fletcher rescued himself from this condition, and regained and greatly increased the strength of his early youth. He worked this miracle in the simplest fashion: by making great reductions in his daily food, restricting himself to a simple dietary, and paying the most careful attention to its proper digestion. In Mr. Fletcher's philosophy, all these results are accomplished by rigid attention to one fundamental process—that of mastication. He began chewing his food until all possible taste was eliminated from it. He had no arbitrary standard,—no rule "to chew each morsel thirty-two times,"—but he kept it in the mouth until all the flavor was extracted. As soon as a morsel lost its characteristic taste, it seemed to rise automatically to the roof of the tongue, glide backward, almost as though alive, and then, virtually without a conscious effort of swallowing, slip down into the gullet.

From these observations Mr. Fletcher concluded that the sense of taste fulfilled a fundamental purpose in the economy of the body. As pain was given to protect the body against destruction, so taste may have been given to protect it against improperly prepared food and excessive amounts of it. He gave himself up unquestioningly to this newly discovered mentor. His basic rule was never to eat without a keenly active appetite, and then to eat only as long as this appetite retained its edge. He also allowed this taste full sweep in the choice of food. He never selected a meal arbitrarily, or let any one else select it for him: he simply waited until his appetite imperatively demanded what it desired. By carefully chewing the food taken in this way until it virtually swallowed itself, he made two important discoveries: that he ate only about one third of his customary amount, and that this was composed almost entirely of the simpler foods. Mr. Fletcher discovered that appetite, left absolutely to itself, eschewed the highly sauced meats that for years had formed his staff of life, and seemed to prefer such simple things as bread, cereals, nuts, and potatoes and other vegetables. Moreover, it demanded only comparatively small quantities of these foods.

In a recent article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mr. Fletcher has succinctly summed up all there is to this much-discussed Fletcherism in the following five rules:

First: Wait for a true, earned appetite.

Second: Select from the food available that which appeals most to appetite, and in the order called for by appetite.

Third: Get all the good taste there is in the food out of it in the mouth, and swallow only when it practically "swallows itself."



THE LATE SIR MICHAEL FOSTER, PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY,  
ENGLAND. HIS EXPERIMENTS ON HORACE FLETCHER AROUSED THE  
GREATEST INTEREST AMONG SCIENTIFIC MEN



Fourth: Enjoy the good taste for all it is worth, and do not allow any depressing or diverting feeling to intrude upon the ceremony.

Fifth: Wait, take and enjoy as much as possible; nature will do the rest.

### *Mr. Fletcher Becomes a Changed Man*

Under this new regimen, Mr. Fletcher, in a few weeks, had become a changed man; in four months his youthful health and vigor had been completely restored. The first noticeable change was a perceptible shrinking in his waist-band. When he began experimenting, his chest circumference was considerably smaller than his waist, which measured forty-four inches around; but in a few months this had shrunk to thirty-seven—the normal measurement for a man of his height. A testing by the scales showed that he was losing weight at the rate of a quarter or a half a pound a day. In four months he had dropped from 217 pounds to 163. His whole mental and physical being quickly responded to this fundamental change. For the first time in years, he felt a springiness in his feet and a childlike inclination to play. The old-time fatigue gave way to an endurance fairly phenomenal; an obsessing fog of many years lifted from his mind: everything there was clearness, quickness, and sunshine.

Mr. Fletcher had accomplished his physical regeneration, apparently, by making two important changes in nutrition. He ate only when he had the sharpest appetite, and swallowed his food only after prolonged mastication. Secondly, he enormously reduced his dietary, eating mainly the simplest things. He did not cut out meat altogether, but very largely decreased the supply. When he first began preaching these ideas, scientific men only ridiculed him; it is worth while, therefore, to examine precisely to what extent scientific investigations now support his practices.

### *Pawlow's Experiments in Digestion*

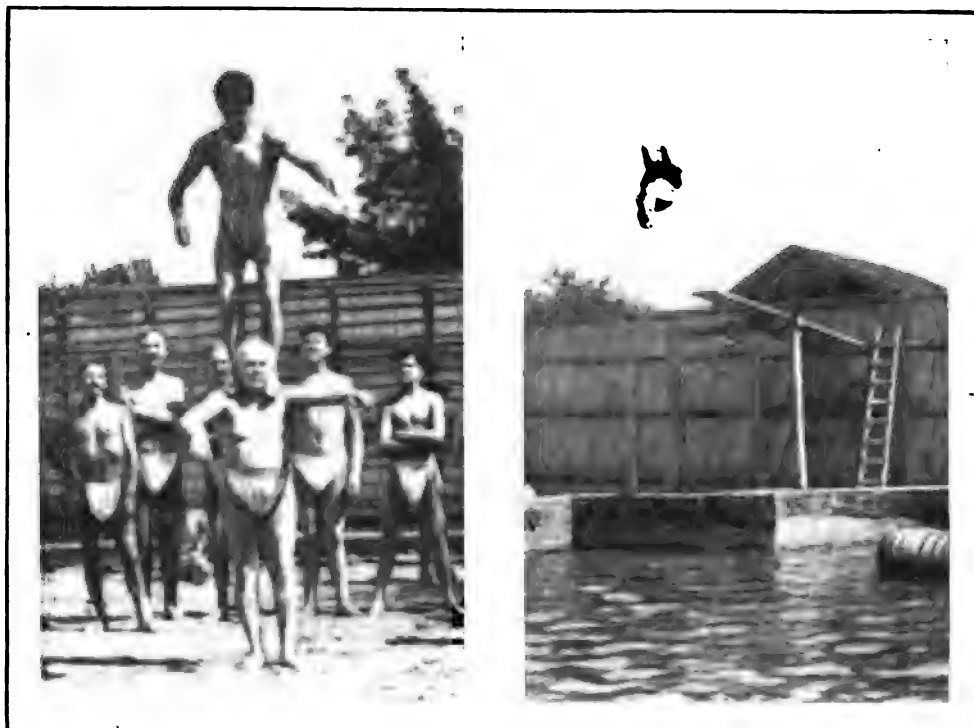
Evidently, the first logical step in an orderly nutrition is digestion—the process by which the food substances are changed in the digestive canal and prepared for the body's assimilation. Professor J. P. Pawlow, director of experimental physiology at the Russian Military School in St. Petersburg, and the recipient, in 1904, of one of the Nobel prizes, has conducted, in the last ten years, many experiments that have fundamentally changed scientific teachings on this important subject.

Until Professor Pawlow's time, the generally

accepted theory was that the digestive juices operated as the result of mechanical stimulation. According to this conception, food taken into the stomach simply irritated its walls, and this irritation precipitated the outpouring of gastric juice. Any similar irritation, the school-books asserted, would accomplish the same results; they never tired of insisting that merely scraping the stomach walls with a feather would start an abundant supply. Thus the old teachers said that the stomach, when empty of food, was empty also of gastric juice; and that only after the entrance of food substances did the digestive ferments make their appearance.

Professor Pawlow discovered that this conception was largely inaccurate. By creating an artificial fistula in a dog, he succeeded in gaining perfect access to its stomach. He repeatedly performed the famous experiment of tickling the stomach walls with a feather, and discovered that the books had for years been solemnly recording an untruth; for gastric juice could not be obtained in this way. He scattered over the stomach fine sand—almost the harshest form of mechanical stimulation imaginable; and still the organ remained perfectly dry. Without the dog's consciousness, Professor Pawlow now inserted real food through the opening into the stomach. He found that bread, and coagulated white of hen's egg, when introduced in this way, lay for hours undigested; not a drop of gastric juice came to their rescue. Raw meat, after a prolonged interval, did start a sluggish flow; but the juice obtained in this way had extremely low digestive power. Clearly, therefore, the mere circumstance of the animal's stomach containing food did not explain the presence of gastric fluid. And now, by one of the most ingenious experiments of modern times, Professor Pawlow discovered that it was possible to bathe or saturate the stomach with digestive juice without giving it any food at all. He performed the interesting operation known as esophagotomy; that is, he divided the esophagus—the tube that connects the mouth with the stomach, and serves as the passage-way for food—so that, instead of leading to the stomach, it led to an artificial opening in the animal's throat. His purpose in doing this was to prevent the food naturally swallowed by the dog from getting to the stomach; after slipping into the gullet, it would drop through this opening, unnoticed by the dog, into the pan from which it was eating.

Professor Pawlow now let his animal go hungry long enough to acquire a healthy appetite. In spite of the operations that had been performed upon his stomach and esophagus, the dog was entirely normal, as was evidenced



MR. FLETCHER IN HIS SIXTY-FIRST YEAR. HE ATTRIBUTES HIS PRESENT STRENGTH AND AGILITY TO HIS WELL-KNOWN DIETETIC RULES

by the lively interest that he displayed in the preparation of his meal. The food selected was of the daintiest kind — sausages, raw meat, and other morsels especially intended to stimulate appetite. It was prepared and chopped ostentatiously in full view of the dog; some of it was passed under his nostrils. The animal showed his interest by jumping about in the cage, barking, yelping, and licking his chops — the saliva that overflowed his lips betraying his epicurean anticipation of the approaching feast. When the pan was finally placed before him, the dog fell upon it voraciously, eating long and constantly. Every mouthful, however, after being swallowed, fell through the artificial outlet of the esophagus into the pan. In this manner, the animal ate the same meal over and over again.

The important fact is this: Although not a morsel reached the stomach, the gastric juice poured into that organ in enormous quantities. Professor Pawlow ingeniously arranged tubes for the collection of the saliva and the gastric fluid, and obtained enough to digest perfectly several large meals. He found that other substances, passing through the mouth and gullet, but not reaching the stomach, had precisely the same effect. He even trained the animal to

swallow pebbles; and these, falling out of the opening, likewise started the gastric juice. In fact, if the animal were sufficiently hungry, anything placed in its mouth accomplished the same results. The stomach would fill with liquid at the mere sight of food, or at a whiff of the hands of the person who brought it. Sometimes, if this attendant simply passed through the room, the same influx took place.

#### *Digestion Psychical Rather than Physical*

In other words, the process of digestion furnishes a beautiful illustration of the influence of mind upon matter. The inspiring stimulus is not mechanical, but psychic. The preliminary essential to the orderly assimilation of food is the keen desire for it. "The passionate longing for food, and this alone," says Pawlow, "has called forth, under our eyes, a most interesting activity of the gastric glands. . . . We are therefore justified in saying that the appetite is the first and mightiest agent of the secretory nerves of the stomach. . . . A good appetite is equivalent to a vigorous secretion of the gastric juice. . . . There is only one thing to think of, namely, the eager desire for food and the feeling of satisfaction and contentment derived



PROFESSOR J. P. PAWLOW, THE GREAT RUSSIAN SCIENTIST, WHOSE EXPERIMENTS HAVE SHOWN THAT AN AGREEABLE MENTAL STATE IS A NECESSARY PRELIMINARY TO GOOD DIGESTION. IN RECOGNITION OF THIS WORK, PROFESSOR PAWLOW HAS RECEIVED A NOBEL PRIZE

from its enjoyment." And in the telling phrase "appetite is juice" he sums up his philosophy of digestion.

### *Science Supports Epicureanism in Eating*

Thus has Pawlow given epicureanism in eating strong scientific support. And thus, also, do many of Horace Fletcher's ideas find orthodox justification. The first rule of dietetic conduct, according to Fletcher, is to eat only when one is hungry, and to eat only the things from which one anticipates enjoyment. He also teaches that one must eat in the way that gives

the greatest sensual pleasure — that is, by thorough chewing and tasting. Also, serenity of mind, pleasant surroundings at a meal, congenial friends, pleasurable conversation — in fact, everything that adds to enjoyment — aid digestion.

Furthermore, Mr. Fletcher declares that careful chewing, and the consequent extraction of all the flavor, inevitably tends toward the taking in of smaller quantities of food. Besides which, the quality also changes: one cares less for highly stimulating meat and more for vegetables, cereals, nuts, and other similarly modest pabulum. In scientific terms, we eat, under

Fletcherism, less protein and more carbohydrate and fat. His demonstration that, in his own case at least, enormously increased mental and physical efficiency followed this changed dietary has stimulated wide interest among scientific men.

*The Three Chemical Types of Food:  
Protein, Carbohydrate, and Fat*

In order to understand these experiments, we must have some conception of the human body, and the physical forces that make it what it is. All writers upon this subject invariably compare the body to a machine — to a wonderful locomotive, of which the tissues, the muscles, the bones, and the nerves find their counterpart in the steel and iron that comprise the mechanism, while the food we eat, expending itself in energy, is the coal or wood that makes this mechanism do its work. This comparison, however, is only moderately exact. The human body is a far more complicated and wonderful machine than has ever been made by human hands. The chief difference consists in the fact that this organism, unlike any made by man, really creates itself. If we wish to build a locomotive, a force outside of the locomotive itself must painstakingly assemble and put together the materials; the locomotive cannot build itself. Given an infinitely small protoplasmic cell, however, and plenty of nutritious food, the human body rapidly develops. A locomotive cannot make good the wear and tear that inevitably result from continual use; our bodies, on the other hand, apparently have an almost unlimited capacity for regeneration.

The alimentary canal is the important structure that gives us the material that repairs and restores used-up tissues. Its enormous size sufficiently attests its importance. If we could remove this digestive tract and lay it down lengthwise, it would measure, in most cases, thirty-two or thirty-three feet, nearly six times the length of an average man. In one sense, this alimentary canal is not a part of the body at all. It consists of the mouth, the gullet, the stomach, and the small and large intestines; and these, at least from the standpoint of nutrition, may be regarded as almost independent of the human system. They are the body's vestibule, or, as Van Helmont more than two centuries ago described them, the kitchen in which the body prepares its food. We all know, some of us from painful experience, that merely putting food into the stomach does not necessarily mean that it is to become part of the human organism. Under modern dietaries, nearly all the food we eat, in the form in which it enters the mouth, is practically useless. The

cane-sugar that we take in coffee, in syrup, and in our endless assortment of sweets is, in the form in which we eat it, of no service whatever. If you injected this cane-sugar directly into the blood, it would never be utilized, but would make its exit in the excretions in identically the form and amount in which it went in. After a particular section of the intestines, however, has taken it, and transformed it into the particular type of molecule desired, it becomes a very useful food.

The office of the intestines is to serve as a laboratory, in which the miscellaneous materials offered the body as food are submitted to the closest examination, and carefully worked over until the particular things desired are extracted. And the body is extremely nice and discriminating. It knows precisely what it wants, and will accept no substitute. It may be compared to a building made up of various materials, every brick of which has its appointed place. It needs particular bricks for muscle tissue, others for nerves, others for bones, for hairs, for finger-nails, and teeth. All over the body, uncounted billions of cells are constantly pressing on, hungry for food, and absolutely merciless in insisting upon a particular dietary. It is the business of this alimentary tract patiently to receive everything that we force upon it in the course of three square meals a day, to work it over, and to select and send on precisely the molecules needed. It accomplishes this by the use of its digestive ferments. All along its length, beginning with the mouth and ending with the intestines, the digestive liquids pour upon the food, each liquid having the power to break down, or digest, particular food materials, thereby extracting the good and expelling the useless. From the interior walls of the intestines extend millions of microscopic, hairlike tongues, which lick up the assimilable particles as they are prepared, precisely as a cat laps milk, and pass them on to their appointed destinations.

Now, the body, although inexorably insistent in demanding particular kinds of food, does not exact a great variety. Endless as are the dishes we eat, the body cells themselves have an extremely limited dietary. Outside of minute quantities of certain mineral salts, they feed monotonously upon three types of food. The human eye has never seen these molecules in their natural state, as no microscope powerful enough to isolate them exists. But chemistry knows them well, and the particular purposes they serve. It calls them proteins, carbohydrates, and fats. A menu card arranged by the cells for the most elaborate banquet would contain these formidable names, and not the more appetizing French to which we are accustomed. Whatever we eat,

if it is to become a part of the living organism, must first be reduced to one of these three elementary substances. Though, in the past, there has been much acrimonious discussion as to the part each played in the body, that problem is now virtually settled. The great Liebig believed that protein was the chief source of heat and energy; now, however, science knows that protein is the substance that forms the physical body. Our muscles, our nerves, our arteries, our organs,—heart, liver, kidneys, intestines,—these are protein. If we adopt the orthodox comparison and call the body a machine, then it is the protein, and only protein, that makes the wheels, the piston, the boiler, the nuts, the bolts, the screws—it is the machine itself. When the primordial human cell divides, and starts a-growing, it does so by taking on more protein. When the infant grows into a child, and the child into a man, it can do so only by accumulating protein. When the cells of the adult man wear out and need replacement, the miracle is performed only by exchanging new protein for the old. And this phenomenon is taking place unceasingly. The body is in a constant state of flux. Its tissues are continually building up and breaking down. We are constantly shuffling off the mortal coil and constantly putting it on. In our bodies millions of deaths and millions of births take place every hour. The old theological problem of the resurrection of the dead is, from this point of view, an unending commonplace of science. When the body takes the proteins they are dead and inert matter, but in the twinkling of an eye the cells make them quicken into life. When science learns how this dead protein becomes living protoplasm, it will have solved the riddle of existence.

*Energy Does Not Come from Protein Alone,  
but Mainly from Carbohydrate and Fat*

Mankind, however, cannot live on protein alone. The mere possession of a fleshy substance does not satisfy all the needs and aspirations of the human spirit. Protein would give us legs, arms, brains, hearts, but it would not give us warmth, motion, thought, activity. As now constituted, most animals desire to move from place to place and to give unrestricted play to their mental and physical vitality. To do this their bodies must have energy; or, to adopt once more the old familiar comparison, their steam-engines must have steam. And they can obtain this motive power only in identically the same way that the steam-engines obtain it—that is, by heat. The locomotive gets heat, and consequently steam, from fire; and we obtain

heat, or energy, for the human body in the same way. Parts of our food ultimately burn up in the tissues, and the heat thus eliminated warms our blood, moves our muscles, causes our heart to beat and our brain to think. Every normal human body is the seat of untold millions of these minute explosions every second. The molecules of carbon which we take in as food unite with the molecules of oxygen which we breathe in with the air, and the result is essentially the same as when the carbon and oxygen unite in the fireplace—that is, the setting free of heat. Under certain conditions our bodies can obtain a limited supply of these carbons from the proteins. If we go for a week or two without food, a profound emaciation of all muscular tissue takes place—which is only another way of saying that the voracious body is obtaining its supply of heat by burning itself. Under normal conditions, however, the body fuel is provided by the fats and carbohydrates of the food. These latter molecules are absolutely worthless as tissue material, but they furnish that heat and energy without which our bodies would sink into a mass of useless, inert pulp.

*Lean Meat Almost all Protein*

These two distinct food classes are found abundantly in organic nature. The essential element of the protein used in the body structure is its nitrogen, while the indispensable atom of carbohydrate and fat is its carbon. Animal flesh is the largest known storage warehouse of nitrogen, while the carbonaceous material is found most abundantly in plant life. Mankind would soon perish if it lived exclusively upon meat, for that would provide the nitrogen required—that is, the body substance—without sufficient quantities of the energy-containing materials. It could live exclusively upon a vegetable diet—indeed, millions of men in India, China, and Japan have done so for thousands of years; for that, in addition to the carbohydrates and fat, also contains the indispensable protein. From the standpoint of the body essentials, however, science has little interest in the acrimonious discussions waged between vegetarians and flesh-eaters. It recognizes the fundamental fact that, in reality, we are all vegetarians, whether we eat animal flesh or plants. If we take our daily pabulum in vegetable form,—potatoes, rice, wheat, and so on,—we are merely what may be called *prima facie* vegetarians. If we eat largely of flesh, we are also vegetarians only once removed; for the ox that we devour is composed only of the grass and hay and corn upon which it has itself been fed. To go back still further, the heat and

energy of the plants came originally from the sun. Ultimately, therefore, we are not vegetarians, or carnivorians, or fruitarians, but solarians.

*Waste Products of Protein Poisonous;  
Waste Products of Carbohydrates  
and Fats Harmless*

There are reasons, however, why science is interested in the question of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods. That we must eat both protein and carbonaceous foods is plain; we cannot exist unless we do. But the waste products of these two kinds of food are very different, and this fact gives great importance to the problem of the proportions in which we eat them. After our bodies have utilized the assimilable parts of the carbohydrates and fats, there is left, as the useless residue, merely carbonic-acid gas and water. The former quietly leaves the body in breathing; the latter is eliminated through the skin, lungs, and kidneys. The fats can also be stored up for future use—as witness the aldermanic proportions of so many well-fed Americans. The carrying around of this adipose matter means the wasting of much energy, but it does not poison the system. The waste products of protein, however, are a very different matter. The chemist in the laboratory can split this molecule into twenty or thirty different substances, many of them distinct poisons. In another part of this article these poisons will be described in greater detail; for the present, it is enough to keep in mind that protein matter, though it contains certain chemical substances indispensable to the body's structure, contains others that, if introduced in sufficient quantity, will certainly destroy it.

Now, the whole modern problem of nutrition, of which we hear so much, is essentially this: how much protein, and how much carbohydrate and fat, are needed in the daily dietary? Inasmuch as the waste products of protein are insidious poisons, does not the constant consumption of excessive amounts—of more, that is, than the body requires to replace the wear and tear in its structure—exercise degenerating effects upon it? Inasmuch as the main source of protein to the present generation is animal flesh, the real point at issue is whether we are not all eating too much meat.

*The Mistaken Association of Physical  
Strength With Red Meat*

How little our universities have understood the subject is evident from their way of training

athletes. They have fed their football men on a heavy meat diet, under the impression that this alone could make them strong and irresistible. But, as already set forth, strength and energy come, chiefly, not from protein material, but from carbohydrate and fat. It is not beefsteak that scores the winning touch-down and kicks the goal, but potatoes, wheat, rice, and butter. Yet, mankind has always associated physical power and endurance with red meat. In the main, science itself has supported this view. But only recently have the judgments of science been based upon actual experiment. The greatest authorities, in their efforts to discover the necessary food, have not followed the obvious method of experimenting upon human beings. Instead, they have virtually let men and women settle this important question for themselves. Whatever the normal person actually eats, said science, that is what he naturally needs. Thus, "actual food requirements" and "standard diets" represented, not scientific deductions based upon careful scientific experiments, but merely the cravings of the human palate as modified by financial or environmental considerations.

The most distinguished investigator of this kind was a German, Carl Voit. Voit discovered that the average German, doing moderate work, ate 118 grams of protein food daily and enough carbohydrate and fat to give him a total heat supply of 3,055 large calories. A gram, it may be explained, is something more than 15 grains avoirdupois, while a calory is the French measure of heat, technically representing the temperature required to raise one kilogram of water one degree centigrade. The same German doing hard work, Voit found, ate daily 145 grams of protein, and enough of fuel-making foodstuffs to give him 3,370 calories. Voit concluded, therefore, that these represented real body needs; and they became the "Voit standard." They represented about one pound of meat daily for the moderate worker, and about twenty ounces for the hard laborer.

In this country, Professor Atwater, after investigating the daily food consumption of fifteen thousand Americans, decided that from 125 to 150 grams of protein and enough carbohydrate and fat to furnish 3,500 to 4,500 calories represented real dietetic needs. This was known as the "Atwater standard."

About eight years ago, it began to dawn upon scientific men that conclusions based upon these methods of research were inadequate. The one obvious fact is that the pocketbook, and not pressing physiological needs, regulates our daily dietaries. The first thing most people do when their income increases is to improve the quality

and increase the quantity of their flesh foods. When the thousand-dollar clerk is promoted to the five-thousand-dollar superintendency, he no longer lunches at a five-cent "stand-up," but at a more expensive and more comfortable restaurant. He does this as naturally as he stops smoking five-cent cigars and takes on a more expensive brand. To conclude that the things people actually eat represent the things they ought to eat would seem as rational as to assume that the present-day consumption of alcohol represents actual physiological needs.

*Sir Michael Foster Indorses the  
Low-Protein Idea*

Sir Michael Foster, professor of physiology at the University of Cambridge, and Huxley's successor as secretary of the Royal Society, became interested, in 1901, in Horace Fletcher's ideas, and invited him to Cambridge. Several members of the Cambridge medical staff immediately began Fletcherizing, apparently with beneficial results. "The adoption of the habit of thorough insalivation," wrote Sir Michael, reporting these experiments, "was found, in a consensus of opinion, to have an immediate and very striking effect upon appetite, making this more discriminating, and leading to the choice of a simple dietary, and, in particular, reducing the craving for flesh foods. The appetite, too, is beyond all question fully satisfied with a dietary considerably less in amount than with ordinary habits is demanded. . . . In two individuals who pushed the method to its limits, it was found that complete efficiency was maintained for some weeks upon a dietary which had an energy value of less than one half of that usually taken, and comprised little more than one third of the protein consumed by the average man."

*Professor Chittenden and Professor Mendel  
of Yale Take to the Low-Protein Diet*

Cambridge University, unfortunately, had no adequate facilities for a detailed laboratory experiment, and the headquarters were, therefore, transferred to the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, in New Haven, Connecticut. Here, under the direction of Russell H. Chittenden, professor of physiological chemistry, and Professor Lafayette B. Mendel, experiments were made that have largely influenced scientific thinking on the subject of nutrition. Professors Chittenden and Mendel experimented upon themselves and several of their associates, upon eight trained university athletes, and upon a detail of thirteen soldiers furnished by the United States Government. Professor Chittenden him-

self had for years suffered from rheumatism, and had also eaten the usual amount of protein food — about the 118 daily grams recommended by Voit. He gradually cut this down until he was eating only 44. He ultimately abandoned breakfast entirely, with the exception of a single cup of coffee, took a light lunch, and a more substantial dinner. He made no attempt to limit himself to a vegetarian diet; but he found that, with his new régime, his liking for the simpler vegetable foods increased. The following may be taken as a fair example of the daily dietary that he regularly maintained for six months:

Breakfast: Coffee, 119 grams; cream, 30 grams; sugar, 9 grams.  
Lunch: One shredded wheat biscuit, 31 grams; cream, 116 grams; wheat gem, 33 grams; butter, 7 grams; tea, 185 grams; sugar, 10 grams; cream cake, 53 grams.  
Dinner: Pea soup, 114 grams; lamb chop, 24 grams; boiled sweet potato, 47 grams; wheat gems, 76 grams; butter, 13 grams; cream cake, 52 grams; coffee, 61 grams; sugar, 10 grams; cheese crackers, 16 grams.

Professor Chittenden's associate, Professor Mendel, kept still closer to a non-flesh diet. The following is a fair example of his daily menu:

Breakfast: Sliced orange, 140 grams; coffee, 100 grams; cream, 30 grams; sugar, 21 grams.  
Lunch: Lima beans, 41 grams; mashed potato, 250 grams; bread, 28 grams; fried hominy, 115 grams; syrup, 48 grams; coffee, 100 grams; cream, 30 grams; sugar, 21 grams.  
Dinner: Consommé, 150 grams; string-beans, 140 grams; mashed potato, 250 grams; rice croquette, 93 grams; syrup, 25 grams; cranberry jam, 95 grams; bread, 19 grams; coffee, 100 grams; cream, 30 grams; sugar, 21 grams.

In "The Nutrition of Man,"\* Professor Chittenden gives the following table showing the chemical composition of various food materials:

Food Materials	Protein	Carbo- hydrate	Fat	Water	Mineral Matter	Fuel value per pound
Fresh porterhouse steak, edible portion . . . . .	21.9	0	20.4	60.0	1.0	1270
Lamb chops, broiled . . . . .	21.7	0	29.9	47.6	1.3	1665
Chicken, broilers, edible portion . . . . .	21.5	0	2.5	74.8	1.1	505
Cooked bluefish, edible portion . . . . .	26.1	0	4.5	68.2	1.2	670
Boiled hen's eggs . . . . .	13.2	0	12.0	73.2	0.8	765
Whole cow's milk . . . . .	3.3	5.0	4.0	87.0	0.7	335
Wheat flour, entire wheat . . . . .	13.8	71.9	1.9	11.4	1.0	1675
Boiled rice . . . . .	2.8	24.4	0.1	72.5	0.3	525
Boiled potatoes . . . . .	2.5	20.9	0.1	75.5	1.0	440
Dried peas . . . . .	24.6	62.0	1.0	9.5	2.9	1655
Green corn . . . . .	3.1	19.7	1.1	75.4	0.7	470
Butter . . . . .	1.0	0	85.0	11.0	3.0	3605

\* Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.



### *Professor Chittenden Finds His Physical Condition Improved*

How this new diet affected him Professor Chittenden himself describes as follows:

"At first this change to a smaller amount of food daily was attended with some discomfort; but this soon passed away, and the writer's interest in the subject was augmented by the discovery that he was unquestionably in improved physical condition. A rheumatic trouble in the knee-joint, which had persisted for a year and a half, and which had only partially responded to treatment, entirely disappeared — and has never since recurred. Minor troubles, such as 'sick headaches' and bilious attacks, no longer appeared periodically, as before. There was a greater appreciation of such food as was eaten; a keener appetite and a more acute taste seemed to be developed, with more thorough liking for simple foods. By June, 1903, the body weight had fallen to 58 kilos (about 127 pounds). During the summer the same simple diet was persisted in — a small cup of coffee for breakfast, a fairly substantial dinner at midday, and a light supper at night. Two months were spent in Maine at an island fishing resort, and during a part of this time a guide was dispensed with and the boat rowed by the writer frequently six to ten miles in a forenoon, sometimes against head winds (without breakfast), and with much greater freedom from fatigue and muscular soreness than in previous years on a fuller dietary."

Though this experiment was finished six years ago, Professor Chittenden has from choice kept himself upon virtually the same diet ever since. His physical efficiency was subjected to a hard test last summer by a severe attack of pneumonia, which he came through successfully. With Professor Mendel and his other associates the results similarly indorsed the harmlessness of a low-protein intake. Eight university athletes, who for several years had been large consumers of protein food, adopted the new diet for five months, with similar results.

### *United States Soldiers Improve Under the Low-Protein Diet*

Especially important were the experiments with the United States soldiers. These men had no scientific or sentimental interest in the experiments. In their case, the psychological element would not offset the conclusions; they would not imagine any physical improvement in their condition; in fact, their attitude was at first rather hostile, several actually deserting from the army in order to escape what they looked forward to as a frightful ordeal. For

years they had been excessive feeders, eating large quantities of meat three times a day. They were at first afraid that under the new diet they would lose their strength. They lived upon it, however, for six months, all the time keeping up their usual routine drills, and enjoying rather more exercise and work than they had normally been accustomed to. They reduced their intake of protein to about 48 grams, and the average fuel value of the daily dietary was a little less than 3,000 calories. Under this regimen the condition of the soldiers markedly improved. The majority lost a little in weight — in all cases a desirable change, for the losses were of fat. A few, however, actually weighed more at the end than at the beginning. Strength tests showed what Professor Chittenden described as a "phenomenal gain." They were submitted to the usual gymnasium tests for strength, and many fairly doubled their muscular power in six months. They also developed a courage and self-reliance in the gymnasium "stunts" that were significant of an improved physical condition. When they began work, they went at these tasks hesitatingly and performed them awkwardly; at the conclusion, however, they had developed marked readiness and skill.

Irving Fisher, another Yale professor, has also conducted interesting experiments in diet. A few years ago Professor Fisher, at the threshold of a distinguished career, found himself afflicted with tuberculosis. After several years of rigid treatment, he succeeded in curing himself, but, until he gave careful attention to diet, he was unable to regain complete strength and efficiency. His most marked physical failing was lack of endurance; he could work mentally for only an hour or two at a time, and could walk hardly a block without extreme physical exhaustion. By placing himself upon a low-protein diet, and virtually eschewing meat, he has completely regenerated himself. As a political economist, his own case seemed to Professor Fisher to have widespread importance. It revealed the enormous waste in human efficiency constantly taking place. The lives that are needlessly sacrificed, the still larger number that, in their living, yield only a small percentage of their energy — what would be the economic gains if a small part only of this extravagance were saved? Although not a medical man, these considerations led Professor Fisher to study the influence of diet upon human energy.

### *Flesh-Abstainers Apparently Have Greater Endurance than Meat-Eaters*

He tested all the principles of Fletcherism upon nine students. These students were fed

freely, for a period of six months, upon whatever food they desired, in whatever quantities appetite called for. They were held down to only one rule: to observe carefully all of Mr. Fletcher's teachings in thorough mastication. Promising to chew up to the swallowing-point, they were allowed to follow their own inclinations in the matter of dietary. The usual results ensued. The men soon found that, though eating about the same quantities of food, their cravings for animal flesh were rapidly disappearing. At first they were eating almost double the Chittenden standard; at the end of the six months they had, with entire comfort and satisfaction, adjusted themselves to that standard. "Our conclusion, in brief," writes Professor Fisher, "is that Mr. Fletcher's claims, so far as they relate to endurance, are justified."

The experiments conducted by Professor Fisher to test the relative endurance of flesh-eaters and flesh-abstainers also demonstrated marked superiority in the latter. For his flesh-eaters Professor Fisher took several Yale undergraduates and instructors, and for his flesh-abstainers several doctors and nurses from the well-known Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan. The latter institution, as is well known, maintains practically a vegetable, fruit, and cereal dietary. All of the subjects selected by Professor Fisher, excepting one, had abstained from flesh for periods varying from four to twenty years, and five had never tasted it. The flesh-eaters had for years lived upon a high-protein diet, nearly all eating meat two or three times a day. The first experiment was the familiar arm-holding test. Any one who has attempted to hold the arms extended for any length of time knows that it is a severe test of endurance. In this trial the flesh-abstainers so far outdistanced the flesh-eaters that the proceedings became almost a farce. Only two of fifteen meat-eaters held out their arms a quarter of an hour, whereas twenty-two of the thirty-two abstainers easily exceeded that limit. Not a single flesh-eater could hold out his arms half an hour, whereas fifteen of their rivals easily surpassed that record. Four held out their arms two hours, and one exceeded three hours. In the other tests the results were likewise overwhelmingly in favor of the flesh-abstainers. Another endurance test is "deep knee-bending"; that is, the rapid change from an erect to a squatting posture. Of the nine flesh-eaters who took this test, only three could do it more than 325 consecutive times, whereas seventeen of the twenty-one abstainers easily surpassed that figure. Only one of the nine Yale men reached 1,000, while six of the twenty-one did so. Not a single flesh-eater reached the 2,000 mark, while two abstainers did.

The following table succinctly sums up the results of these remarkable experiments:

RESULTS OF TESTS CONDUCTED BY PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER TO DETERMINE THE INFLUENCE OF HIGH-PROTEIN AND LOW-PROTEIN DIETARIES UPON ENDURANCE

*Arm-Holding Test*

LOW-PROTEIN SUBJECTS, 32; HIGH-PROTEIN SUBJECTS, 15

Low-protein subjects, average minutes	49
High-protein " " "	10
Low-protein " " maximum " "	200
High-protein " " " "	22
Number of low-protein subjects who exceeded 15 minutes	22
" " high-protein " " " "	15
" " low-protein " " " "	30
" " high-protein " " " "	30
" " low-protein " " " "	60
" " low-protein " " " "	180
Total minutes' work done by 15 low-protein subjects	1,336
" " " " " " " " " " " "	150

*Deep Knee-Bending Test*

LOW-PROTEIN SUBJECTS, 21; HIGH-PROTEIN SUBJECTS, 9

Low-protein subjects, average number times	833
High-protein " " " "	383
Low-protein " " who surpassed 325	17
High-protein " " " " 325	3
Low-protein " " reached 1,000	6
High-protein " " " " 1,000	1
Low-protein " " " " 2,000	2
High-protein " " " " 2,000	0
Low-protein best subjects (9) number times	12,335
High-protein athletes (9) number times	3,447

The lower-protein advocates conclude, from these several experiments, that a low-protein diet, especially a diet containing small quantities of animal flesh, or perhaps none at all, means increased physical efficiency and endurance. What is the physiological explanation of this? It would be untrue to assert that scientists are of entire accord in this matter—that they all accept Professor Chittenden's experiments as conclusive, or that those who believe that a reduction in meat is a desirable thing have elaborated any unassailable theory to explain their convictions. In what follows, therefore, the writer simply records the results of certain noteworthy experiments which many believe shed much light upon the problem.

*The Alimentary Tract a Culture-Tube for Microbes*

In order to understand this phase of the subject, we must revert once more to that very interesting part of our machinery, the alimentary canal. Besides serving as a laboratory for the preparation of our food, this tract has another office, not quite so beneficent: it is the most perfect culture-tube known to bacteriological science. No part of the body is so densely populated with microorganisms. It is estimated that in the alimentary canal of the average adult about 126,000,000,000 microbes come into existence every day. They crowd this region so densely that scientists originally be-

lieved that they were indispensable to human life. Pasteur, who first discovered them, maintained this view; but recent investigations have rather disproved it. There are many animals that exist in perfect health without any intestinal bacteria at all. Polar bears, seals, penguins, eider-ducks, arctic reindeer—these, and other creatures in the arctic zone, have few traces of these organisms. They are absent from the digestive tubes of all animals during the foetal period. This fact led, some years ago, to a noteworthy experiment: A young guinea-pig was removed from its mother by the Caesarian operation, kept under sterilized condition, and fed upon sterilized food. Under these conditions the animal lived, thus showing that normal guinea-pigs, at least, could successfully worry along without intestinal bacteria.

### *Varied Population of the Intestines*

It does not necessarily follow that all intestinal microbes are harmful. Indeed, many are actually benign. The population of the intestine is most varied; the races found within it have as pronounced characteristics, as definite an inclination toward good or evil, as men themselves. There is a particular species that finds the colon—the extremity of the alimentary tract—so natural a local habitation that it has been named the *Bacterium coli*. Mankind has few bacterial friends more useful than this; it is the deadly foe of other dangerous organisms that are constantly gaining access to the intestine. For there are other bacteria constantly found in the intestines whose nature is not so beneficent. Of particular interest in the present discussion is the microbe discovered about twenty years ago by Professor William H. Welch, now of Johns Hopkins University, and by him given the name *Bacterium aerogenes capsulatus*. Among its peculiarities is that it is able to exist without oxygen. It was Pasteur's penetrating mind that first discovered that certain microorganisms died immediately on exposure to the air, and that, indeed, the whole tribe might be divided into two classes—those to which oxygen was indispensable, and those that could not exist in its presence. He called the former the *aërobes* and the latter the *anaërobes*. The bacteria that cause the common phenomenon of putrefaction belong to the latter class. Putrefaction or fermentation, as most readers know, is merely the chemical process by which dead animal or vegetable matter is resolved into its original elements—a process which is brought about through the intervention of this wonderful living world of microorganisms. The bacteria that accomplish this

cannot live in the presence of air—whence Pasteur's famous aphorism, "fermentation is life without oxygen." It so happens that the human intestine, in its lower extremities, is without light and air: it thus becomes a darkest anaërobia in which these putrefactive organisms find especially fruitful soil in which they can increase and multiply. The *B. aerogenes capsulatus*, which especially thrives there, has as its chief function the decomposition of protein matter—of animal flesh, such as the beefsteak and prime roasts that constitute so large a part of our dietaries.

### *Putrefactive Bacteria Increase in the Intestine as We Grow Older*

Especially significant is the fact that these putrefactive microbes are found in the intestine in larger quantities as we grow older. In nurslings they do not live at all; in children they exist only in extremely small quantities; in young men and women moderate colonies are frequently discovered; in mature people they are usually abundant; while the intestines of the aged, especially those in feeble health, are almost always densely populated. Most scientists who have studied the question associate the progressive increase of these microorganisms with the changed conditions of adult life, especially the changed diet. One of the most distinguished of these investigators is Dr. C. A. Herter, professor of pharmacology and therapeutics at Columbia University, and a trustee of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

"During adult life," says Dr. Herter, "factors usually enter into the lives of human beings which are not without influence upon the bacterial condition that prevails in the stomach and intestines. . . . In adult life the individual experiences new responsibilities, new ambition, new dangers, an enhanced emotional life, and in very many instances a very marked change in the direction of more sedentary habits, incidental to a larger proportion of indoor life. The dietary is apt to undergo an alteration in the direction of increased and frequently injudicious liberty in the use of tea and coffee, also the use of tobacco and alcoholic drinks is either increased or begun."

Dr. Herter has also found an apparent relation between the condition of people in mature life and the bacterial contents of the intestines. "There are men who at seventy," he says, "have cells with functional capacities superior to those of other men who are little beyond forty, and who show their superiority in the ability to work without fatigue, to digest without any consciousness of digestive processes,

and to make large outputs of mental and muscular energy without ill effects. . . . If we examine the intestinal bacteria of such people, we find conditions wholly in harmony with the unusual preservation and general functional powers, and with the freedom of signs of disordered digestion. The feces contain an abundance of bacilli of the *B. coli* group, and the putrefactive microbes are few in number. . . . I think it quite clear that the conditions in youth are much more close to the ideal physiological state of infancy and childhood than are those of senility. The difference lies mainly in the direction of the greater abundance of putrefactive bacteria in old age. . . . The main difference between the putrefactive condition found at fifty and at seventy is mainly that at the latter period they are a little more marked in their intensity, and affect a much larger proportion of the population. The people in question at this latter period of life are not ill, but in order to keep fairly well have to be very careful as to their habits of living. . . . The onset of senility may be distinctly accelerated through the development of intestinal infection in which the putrefactive anaerobes are prominently represented. I am inclined to give prominence to *B. aerogenes capsulatus* as the most important factor in the production of the putrefactive decompositions of old age."

#### *There Are More Intestinal Bacteria in Meat-Eating than in Plant-Eating Animals*

When Dr. Herter and other investigators speak of putrefaction, they mean precisely what the word implies—that is, the rotting, in the intestines, of unassimilated food. The dead cat lying in the gutter, as every one knows, is set upon by putrefactive bacteria and resolved into its original elements; and precisely this phenomenon takes place with unassimilated food in the digestive canal. Every one also knows that if a porterhouse steak and a baked potato are placed side by side in the sunlight, the meat will putrefy much more rapidly than the vegetable. Precisely this thing will happen in the human body. Dr. Herter explains that an excessive meat diet may exert marked influence on the growth of putrefactive bacteria in the intestines. Experiments that he has made upon the intestinal contents of carnivorous and herbivorous animals apparently support this view.

He examined, first, the intestinal contents of animals that live almost exclusively upon raw meat, such as dogs, cats, wolves, tigers, and lions. In virtually all cases he found large quantities of putrefactive bacteria, espe-

cially the *B. aerogenes capsulatus*. In order to test their supposedly deadly qualities, he injected these bacteria subcutaneously into guinea-pigs. "The results of these inoculations," he says, "were the same in each instance. The animals died within twenty-four hours, and usually in fifteen to eighteen hours." He then conducted similar experiments upon the intestinal contents of several well-known herbivorous animals, such as the buffalo, goat, horse, elephant, and camel. In these he found no traces of *B. aerogenes capsulatus*, except in the buffalo, where the number was very small. When he injected suspensions of these bacteria into guinea-pigs, the results were very different from those obtained from meat-eating animals. "With the exception of the suspension obtained from the horse, the pathogenity was found to be slight, the guinea-pigs frequently living two or three days, or entirely recovering.

"These differences," Dr. Herter concludes, "in the appearance and behavior of the bacteria derived from typical carnivora and herbivora suggest that the habit of living upon a diet consisting exclusively of raw meat entails differences in the types of bacteria that characterize the contents of the large intestine. The occurrence of considerable numbers of spore-bearing organisms in the carnivora points to the presence of anaerobic putrefactive forms in great numbers. The question arises whether the abundant use of meat over a long period of time may not favor the development of much larger numbers of spore-bearing putrefactive anaerobes in the intestinal tract than would be the case were a different type of protein substituted for meat. . . . In cases where a patient takes daily a large quantity of meat which is imperfectly masticated, there is much more opportunity for the development of putrefactive anaerobes in the lower part of the intestine than if the same quantity of meat is thoroughly subdivided by mastication."

We shall be led into an extremely technical field if we attempt to describe precisely what are the effects produced upon the body by these malevolent organisms. The putrefactive bacteria industriously manufacture various chemical substances, nearly all of them dangerous to the body's welfare. Many investigators have tested these products by injecting them into experimental animals, almost invariably with deleterious results. Thus Dr. Herter injected hydrogen sulphide, one of the products of animal decomposition, into a dog, which, as a result, passed into a state of collapse. Dr. J. Howland and Dr. A. M. Richards, of New York, injected indol, another putrefactive product, into a dog;

the animal, after manifesting many signs of mental and physical derangement, ultimately died. Dr. Frederick S. Lee, of Columbia University, found experimentally that this same substance injected into the muscles of cats and dogs produced immediate and clearly perceptible signs of fatigue.

That these substances, if absorbed in large quantities by human beings, can produce varying stages of inefficiency and disease, is clearly apparent. The only disputed point is the extent to which we absorb them. Nature, of course, has protected us against their encroachment by an elaborate machinery, else we should all have been poisoned ages ago. It is for this direct purpose that the emunctories, or organs of elimination, are given us. All these deadly substances get into our blood in large quantities every day, but the body's natural defenses destroy them before they have made much headway. One of the chief functions of that very useful and very busy organ, the liver, is to burn up the poisons which, unless destroyed, would quickly kill us. But the theory of those who advocate a low-protein diet, and especially one that contains a small amount of animal flesh, is, briefly, this: One of the great differences between protein food and carbohydrate and fat is that the body must at once either utilize virtually all the protein ingested, or excrete it, while the carbohydrate and fat can be stored up for future use. Thus, muscles are composed of protein, and we all know that our muscles never increase in size purely as a result of eating meat — that exercise and constant use are what chiefly influence their growth. A large intake of carbohydrate and fat, on the other hand, immediately increases our weight, which is only another way of saying that the

body has no present use for this surplus food, and is therefore storing it up. The amount of protein that the body can utilize is fairly constant for the individual, and any excess amount must be disposed of at once through the organs of elimination. When we constantly fill the alimentary tract with more protein than the body can utilize,—as, with a heavy meat diet, we constantly do,—a tremendous strain is put upon these same organs; they work and toil twenty-four hours a day in the effort to free the body from the evil effects of our indulgence; and finally, as the strain becomes unbearable, weaken and break down. We have heaped upon the engine more work than it can accomplish, and it stands as a wreck before our eyes. It is then that, the digestive apparatus moving slowly, awkwardly, and inadequately, the food lies unassimilated in the intestines, and ultimately disappears as a result of bacterial decomposition. If this material is rich in protein, especially meat, all kinds of harmful substances are set free, and bring numerous troubles upon the system. In the opinion of Elie Metchnikoff, the great zoölogist of the Pasteur Institute, this is the process that causes what he calls premature old age — that is, old age which manifests itself at sixty, seventy, or eighty; he believes that the average person, by freeing his intestines from these putrefactive bacteria, could easily live to be one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty years old. While all are not so optimistic as this, there is a growing belief that these bacteria enormously reduce the sum of human efficiency and happiness, as well as directly cause many of the ills that are apparently destroying so many people in what ought normally to be the full maturity of their usefulness.

## DUSK IN THE BAY OF NAPLES

BY

ARTHUR STRINGER

THE gold o'erflowing sunlight fills  
 Campanian valley, coign, and bay,  
 And gleams on towers and terraced hills  
 That melt long miles and miles away.

High o'er the luminous water lifts  
 The spangled city crowned with haze,  
 Where out past lamp and buoy there drifts  
 The spirit of forgotten days.

A sound of music, silence deep.  
 And, where the city meets the sea,  
 A thousand years of laughter sleep,  
 A thousand years of tragedy!



# THE CURSE OF THE HERETIC

BY

SEUMAS MACMANUS

AUTHOR OF "A LAD OF THE O'FRIEL'S," "DONEGAL FAIRY STORIES," "IN CHIMNEY CORNERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

THE old priest said: "My child, make not cast-iron rules, ever. Or, if occasion arise when you think you must make them, seize the earliest opportunity that your returning good sense presents to smash them again. To make them, I suppose, is human, even Christian-like; but to break them, divine.

"I have made them once or twice in my own life," he said, "and solemnly vowed to keep them. I always broke my vow without compunction. The last time that I dealt in the rigid cast-iron article was when I took up the Mission in a settlement, mainly German, in the back woods of Wisconsin — a parish that went by the not choice but appropriate name of Hobson's Hole. It was a God-forsaken tract

of country, sure enough; and Hobson deserved ill of his kind for first creating this hole.

"I wasn't the first priest sent to Hobson's Hole. There was an old man, a French Canadian named Perier, sent there before me — an old man who died after five years of it — died, practically speaking, of starvation; for the settlers who drifted into Hobson's Hole considered, to use the expression of one of them, that they had struggle enough on their hands without fighting the devil also, and they didn't want to prejudice that gentleman against them by subsidizing a priest. They fell into careless, slovenly habits in Hobson's Hole. They lost energy and ambition, and fast retrograded toward aboriginal conditions.

"As the poor old French Canadian who had

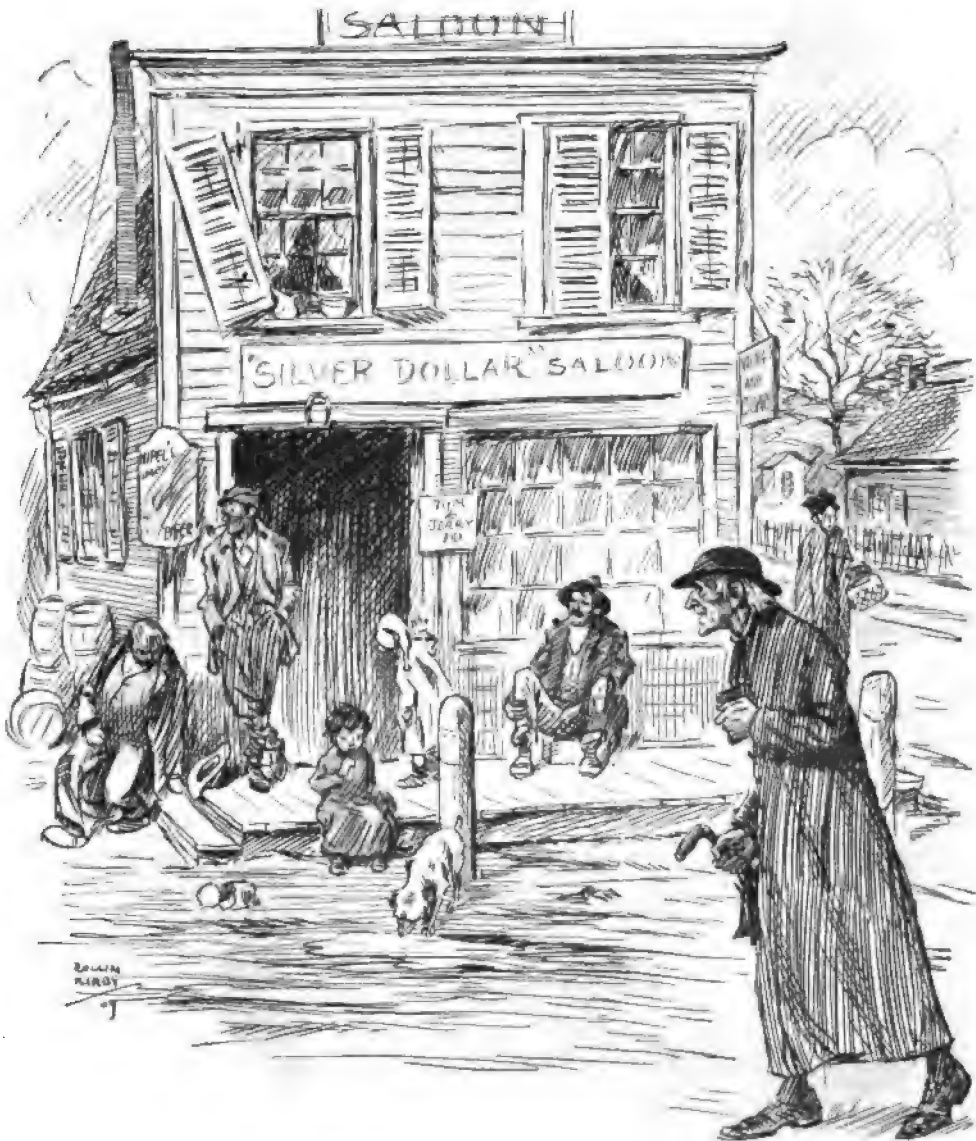


been sent there had practically to be supported out of a diocesan fund on which there were already too many calls, the Bishop, properly enough, resolved to send no successor to the man who had died; because he could not support one, and the parishioners evidently didn't want to support one.

"But, behold ye! twelve months had not passed when they were brought to their senses in Hobson's Hole, and realized that, after all, no matter how carelessly they lived, a priest was a mighty consoling thing to have within call

when they made up their minds to strike the long trail. So they petitioned the Bishop to give them another chance, send them a priest, and they would guarantee that he shouldn't want, this time. At first the Bishop was inclined to refuse, and told them flatly that he couldn't bring himself to believe it worth while wasting a good priest upon creatures who, from all he knew of them, could hardly be said to have souls to save. They begged so hard, however, that he promised to reconsider the matter.

"He called myself into consultation, told me



"THERE WAS AN OLD MAN, A FRENCH CANADIAN, SENT THERE BEFORE ME"



the whole circumstances, and asked me whether I would care to venture upon the parish. He anticipated that it would be hopeless to think I could struggle along there at all; but he was wishful to try these people out, and give them no cause for complaint if he had to deprive them again of the administrations of a priest. I said I would go.

"My backbone stiffened by the Bishop's advice and authority, I removed myself to Hobson's Hole—in an aggressive mood, I confess, and armed with just such cast-iron rules as I have been dilating on. The first and chief rule I laid down was that every one who aspired to be of the Church, and to benefit by the priest's ministrations, must make payment of ten dollars a year toward his support. I right heartily abused these people from the altar, because I knew they would appreciate me all the more for it. I upcast to them their treatment of the old man who had gone before me, letting them know that they would not find me so pliable, and recording my vow that, as a servant was worthy of his hire, I certainly, in self-defense, should absolutely and certainly refuse to attend upon the family of any careless, worthless one who did not think it worth while to be a paying parishioner. I knocked fear into their souls, and respect, I tell you. And I must say that a fair number of them came and entered their names in my books immediately, and paid up. My threat not to attend upon the family of any of the delinquents had brought even some of the most careless of them to heel. I saw this, and resolved on no account to spoil its good effect by being induced to break it, under any consideration. I was a man of iron will, and when I made up my mind to do a thing, I saw it through.

"About five weeks passed. I was just getting to know my great parish, and to be deeply interested in it, when, at a very late hour on a Saturday night,—I think it was midnight,—just as I had put out my light and turned into bed, I was awakened by a wild knocking at my door. I jumped out of bed, threw open my window, and leaned forth. I should have said that this was in early December, and there was a heavy cloak of snow on the world. When I looked out, I saw—for it was clear moonlight—a grand sleigh, with a splendid pair of nags in it, standing on the road, and a big, square-shouldered, six-footer fellow on my door-step.

"'Heigh! what's the matter?' I yelled to him. 'Sir,' he said,—and he spoke in tones almost pitifully apologetic,—'my mother has been ill for three months; she took a notion this evening that she should have the priest, and got so anxious for him, all at once, that he must be

sent for instantly—she wouldn't even allow it to be put off till the morning. I'm sorry to get you out of your bed and ask you to come such a journey in the night,—and here he spoke pathetically,—'but you see how it is. The old woman's heart would break if I didn't come now.' I said, 'Who are you, and where do you want me to go?' He said, 'My name is Kieler; we live by Hungry Bush, the very farthest farm in the settlement, a little better than sixteen miles from here.' 'Kieler,' I said reflectively, 'from Hungry Bush. Are you on my books?' He began fingering the lash of his whip. 'I'm afraid we're not, sir—leastways, we haven't been to see you since you came.' 'Were you on my predecessor's books?' He didn't raise his head, but said, still fingering the lash, 'I'm afraid not, sir.' 'And didn't pay anything toward his support?' 'No, sir.' 'And haven't paid anything to me, either?' 'No, sir.' 'What size farm have you, Kieler?' 'A hundred and sixty acres, sir.' 'A hundred and sixty acres—just so. Did you hear the conditions on which I came to this parish? Did you hear the rule I made, and the promise I gave that I would on no account—and I spake angrily—'attend any one who didn't think it worth while to contribute to my support and the support of the Church?' 'I heard of it, sir,' he said in a timid voice.

"I waxed wroth, and, shaking my fist at the trembling giant, I said, 'You heard of it, and still you—you with your hundred-and-sixty-acre estate, and your grand rig that would make a prince proud—you think that a beggarly ten dollars was of more value to you than a church and the ministration of a priest! and your hundred and sixty acres of mud greater to you than God! And now, in your hour of need, you come and rouse me out of my bed at midnight on a fearful winter's night, and light-heartedly invite me to a trip of sixteen miles over the snows, and through the woods, with you—to your hundred-and-sixty-acre principality! You think,' I thundered at him, 'that a priest is the very dirt under your feet, that you can despise him as the dirt till you have a use for him, and shake him off again like that same dirt when the use is past. What are you better than the heretic,' said I, 'that a priest should concern himself for you? Ah!' I said, with withering sarcasm, 'there are some of you creatures, and if you have souls to save, I doubt if they're worth the trouble of saving.'

"The fellow bent his head in shame, and it gave me joy to see that my lash stung him. 'Give me the ten dollars you owe the Church for this year, before I leave the house. If you'll not of your own accord grant that your priest



"HAVE YOU GOT TEN DOLLARS TO GIVE ME BEFORE I LEAVE THE HOUSE?"

deserves ten dollars a year, I'll compel you to see that he's worth ten dollars a visit!" He said, 'Father, I haven't any money on me.' 'All right,' I said; 'go home for it, and when you bring it to me I'll go with you. Good night.' I drew in my head, and slammed down the window. The last glimpse I had of him, he was standing on the door-step, in the same spot on which he had stood to receive my lashing, but with face upturned, looking to the window. His countenance was pale, and there was on it such a poignantly pathetic appeal as made me instantly slam the shutters, lest my stern resolution should weaken.

"I went into bed — but wasn't well laid down when I jumped up again, and peered through a chink in the shutters. I saw that he was moving toward his sleigh — very, very slowly — going bit by bit, and pausing at every

pace to look back at my window with that same poignant appeal in his pale face. Before yet he reached the sleigh I coerced myself into bed again, gathered myself up, and lay with clenched hands, resolved to force sleep.

"But I couldn't sleep. After half an hour, when I felt sure he was gone, I arose again and looked out. Yes, he was gone. I threw open the shutters and let the moon stream into my room; I walked up and down for a while, the man in me struggling to down the priest in me. The man conquered — for I returned to my bed. I kept my hands still clenched, though; but I was deceiving myself. I had an ache at my heart. I saw that giant's pitiful face looking at me from all corners of the room. And I saw, too, a poor, sick old woman sadly in need of religious consolation. I said angrily and fiercely to myself, 'You worm, where is your resolution

— where is your iron will?' And often as I said this, I again renewed my resolution. But, quick as I did so, the big fellow's pathetic face would stand out of the half-gloom, staring at me. At length — God forgive me — I almost cursed him for not doggedly remaining at my door a while longer than he did — till I should have had time to weaken.

"A single wink I did not sleep. It was joyful relief to me, you may well suppose, when, about five o'clock in the morning, I heard a great and rapid knocking at my door again. I was up and had my head out of the window much more quickly than is usual with me. The moon was now gone, but there was light enough for me to perceive a big six-footer standing on the door-step.

"I had won the day. I resolved to show no signs of having relented. 'Is that you?' I shouted in an angry voice. The reply came: 'I beg your pardon. I'm very sorry to knock you up at this hour, but my brother was here last night for you to come to my mother, who is dying. As we hadn't paid our dues, you wouldn't come.' 'And why should I?' said I defiantly; for I was feeling bold again, now that everything was come right. He did not pay any heed to my challenge. 'I have come now,' he went on, 'and

I have the money with me. I'll be forever grateful to you if you'll come immediately. 'Ah,' I said, 'I'll teach you God-forsaken ones a lesson!' He made no reply. 'What about your mother?' I barked rather than asked. 'Well, my mother is still fairly, but I think she's sinking. I'd like you to make all the haste you kindly can. She's very uneasy for you.' 'I'll be with you in a jiffy.'

"I assure you, I wasn't long dressing myself. When I came down, I found that the big fellow was of the same height and build as his brother and like him in features also. He had a different sleigh, and a different pair of ponies in it, and the sleigh and ponies were of the finest. I was rejoiced to find this; for it gave me good excuse to empty on him the last vials of my wrath and show myself to him in my worst light. 'You've got to pay me,' I said, in as rude a manner as I could, 'before I put a foot in your sleigh.' He took from his pocket and handed me two five-dollar bills; which, with malignant satisfaction, I put away before stepping into the conveyance.

"We swung over the ground, through the woods, in elegant style; for he pushed the ponies for all they were worth. He handled the spoke during the journey, and I, wrapped in my



"HERE, MOTHER, IS THE PRIEST"





"HE DREW BACK FROM THEM AS IF THEY WOULD BESMIRCH HIM"

cloak of disdain, said even less than he. I knew that the fellow was confused with shame, and I wished to let him drain his cup to the last bitter drop.

"When, at length, in the gray dawn, we reached Hungry Bush, I was astonished to find the farm a miserable one, gone derelict, and the house, or, more correctly, hovel, more pitiable than anything I had yet seen in the back woods. I was discomfited. Opposite the door, which hung drunkenly on its hinges, he helped me to alight. His brother, the young man whom I had seen the night before, came running out, doffing his hat, and looking joyful at my coming. He said a word of warm welcome, and adding, 'She's taken a turn for the worse, but this will make her heart happy,' hurried me into a kitchen that was bare, miserable, and cold — from which I stepped into a little low room that was, if anything, more wretched still. Here an old woman was lying on a pallet of straw. She arose on her elbow, with an alarmed exclamation, as I walked into the room. 'Tom?' she said. 'Yes, mother?' my companion replied in a voice full of affection. 'Yes, mother?' and he ran toward her. 'Here, mother, is the priest.' 'Oh, thank God, thank God!' the old woman said, falling back upon the pillow, — 'thank God!' 'Oh, sir,' Tom whispered in my ear, 'you

have rejoiced her heart. Here's a seat for you,' he said, placing a rickety chair by the bed-head. 'I'll leave ye for a while. I'll be waiting in the kitchen without for you, when you want me.'

"The poor old woman was truly rejoiced in her soul, as Tom said. 'Ah, father,' she said, 'I have suffered, thinking I'd have to fight my last fight without your strong help.' I muttered something or other by way of reply. What it was I don't know — for suddenly I felt overcome with shame, and with remorse, and with contempt for myself. It was the first time in my life that I fully realized the mean mortal I am. My thoughts ran upon the two dirty five-dollar bills that I had folded in my pocket. Though I had forced them for the Church's sake, I felt as if I had done it for my own miserable sake. I looked around the room; there was no fire in it. If there had been, I believe I would have put those bills into it and inconsiderately consumed them. I lost little time in giving to the old woman the consolations of religion. I learned from her that her husband had been a German; she was Irish. She had come West five-and-forty years before, and was stuck for thirty years in this unfortunate region, where her husband had died. She had reared up her sons about as wild as the trees of

the primeval forest around them. She could not help it.

"I didn't dally long; I had to get back to my little church in time to say mass this Sunday morning. But, on quitting, I was consoled to know that I left this poor old woman happy, and facing her death calmly — almost joyfully.

"Look here!" I said to the two sons, as they stood in the yard with me, ready to help me into the sleigh. 'Isn't it a shame that two such fine, big, able, strong fellows as you have allowed your farm and your house to fall into such wreck?' Both of them blushed and hung their heads. 'It's disgraceful,' I said.

"Sir," said the older boy, the boy who had driven me over, 'sir, we cannot help it. Our father, when he died twenty years ago, left this land mortgaged, and he left us no money; and we have been going in debt every year since.'

"What!" said I, 'and you big, able fellows, were ye tied to this place when you found you couldn't make it pay? Wasn't America big and wide? And wasn't there money enough in it for the picking up?'

"Yes, sir; that's true," and he shook his head; 'but our poor mother wouldn't move away from here, and we couldn't leave her; neither would she ever consent, herself, to part with either of us. We had to stick here, sir.'

"I was confounded. After a few moments I said angrily: 'What is the reason you have never come to mass, and never driven your poor old mother to mass?'

"Because, sir, we have nothing, only a yoke of oxen, and couldn't drive sixteen miles to mass with that, and make ourselves the laughing-stock of all the Dutchmen, besides.'

"And this?" I said in astonishment, putting my hand upon the grand rig that waited me. 'And this?' I said. 'And the other fine rig that Tom drove over last night? — What about these?'

"Sir," Tom said, 'they belong to our neighbor, a Yankee farmer, and a Protestant. He forced these rigs on us in driving over for you.'

"I could say nothing more. I got into the sleigh. The older brother got in beside me, and drove me back through the woods to my home. When I got off the sleigh at my door, I fingered the bills in my pocket — bills for the possession of which I now inwardly burned with shame. A thought struck me just as I laid my fingers on them, and I said, 'Tell me truth, young man. Where did you get the ten dollars last night?' He blushed and he shuffled his feet. 'Come,' I said, 'give me a straight answer. Where did

you get them?' 'Well, you see, sir,' he said, 'when Tom came back, our Yankee neighbor was waiting, and when he learned that you could not come to see my mother until ten dollars were paid you, he ran home and came back with a fresh rig and with the two five-dollar bills I gave you this morning.' 'Exactly,' I said; 'I thought as much. And he cursed me, too, didn't he?' The poor fellow began to shuffle his feet again. I had sprung an awkward truth on him unawares. 'Oh! he never said — he only said — said —' 'I know, I know,' I said. 'He only said what I deserved. I wish none of us may ever have a worse crime to answer to God for than that hearty curse the Yankee heretic gave me. Here's your ten dollars,' I said: 'it would burn a hole in my pocket if I kept it. I'd go again for you to-morrow night — and five times as far, too — go with free heart and good will.' The young man looked in amazement at the bills I extended toward him. He drew back from them as if afraid they would besmirch him, and he drew himself up to his height. 'Sir!' he said, with magnificent indignation that made me feel abominably small and mean. 'Sure, you wouldn't think I would take them back; for God's sake, don't ask me to do that.'

"I have no doubt my little congregation wondered why I was so slow in saying mass that Sunday, and why I seemed so absent-minded when reading out the regulations for the coming month. Before I gave them the parting blessing, I said: 'By the way, I wanted to say to you, regarding the strict rule I laid down for the support of your priest and your Church, that, while on no other possible condition can this rule be infringed, I — I — I want to tell you that, of course, where there's a very urgent case, — an urgent case, I say, — and any poor creature going to die, or where people are very poor — or temporarily short of money — or — or — some other good reason — I must, of course, be called upon without hesitation, and immediately — on the stringent condition that you must pay me again when you're able — stringent condition, remember.

"Another thing, my children' (and I'm sure my congregation marveled at the want of connection, and wondered what was the matter with me at all that morning) — 'all of you have neighbors who do not belong to the same faith as yourselves. Be considerate with them; love them; be generously helpful to them in their need. They are your brothers, after all.'"

# SOME FOLLIES IN OUR CRIMINAL PROCEDURE

BY

CHARLES B. BREWER, LL. B.

**A**N eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life, are the familiar words in which the criminal law of the children of Israel was written.

But fashions in law, like other fashions, change. By the thirteenth century the fashions had changed to so great an extent — so many eyes were required for an eye, so many teeth for a tooth, and so many lives for a life — that the subjects of King John of England found it necessary to wring from him the famous Magna Charta in order to ameliorate the conditions for themselves, their children, and their children's children to come.

Now, however, the pendulum has swung the other way; and though conditions have completely changed, adding to and exaggerating the "ameliorations" have continued to be the fashion through so many ages that, in the United States to-day, *only one life is required for about one hundred lives.*

To be more specific: In 1908, in the city of St. Louis, there were ninety-two homicides and only one legal execution. In Chicago, in the same year (fiscal), there were one hundred and sixty-five homicides and again only one legal execution. Horrible as these murder records appear, St. Louis and Chicago do not stand alone, as will be seen hereafter.

After spending an entire afternoon vainly looking through the reports of the Police Commissioners of New York and other cities for comparative records, I found in an evening paper these messages of blood, all concerning New York and all for the same day, as if asserting that New York should not be left out of any statement dealing with crime:

The homicide bureau has never had its hands so full at any time since its inauguration.

July mysteries bid fair to equal the crops of murders that matured last month.

Clues in the Sigel case have come to an end.

The Bersin murder case, hopeless from the first, is no longer discussed.

The brutal murder of the woman in a Thirteenth Street tenement yesterday bids fair to go unpunished.

The sudden deaths of the two Chinamen, Ung Yow of 124 Stanton Street, and Le Hung Fan of 583 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, according to Chinatown gossip, occurred because they ignored certain regulations promulgated by leaders of the most influential tongs.

No light has been cast on the mysterious death of Giuseppe Pogano, who was shot in his room in the tenement at 228 Christie Street as he was about to go to bed at midnight, July 5.

Various reasons have been given to account for the startling prevalence of crime in this country. The most popular among them are the increase in immigration, and lack of adequate police protection.

As to the first reason, it is consoling to a smug complacency to place the responsibility for present conditions on the foreigner. There is more crime, proportionately, among those of foreign birth in the United States than among our own native-born. Scarcely enough, however, to cause congratulation for on own righteousness. The foreign population of the United States, according to the census of 1900, is about one seventh of the total. The number of homicides committed by foreigners is, for the country at large according to August Drähms, about one sixth. Even in Chicago and Boston, where the foreign population outnumbers that of other large American cities (except New York, which does not publish similar figures), the percentage of foreign-born is 34 and 35 per cent, respectively. Arrests for felonies and more serious offenses

(homicides are not segregated) numbered in 1908, according to the reports of Commissioners of Police of those cities, but 31 and 41 per cent.

### *Ratio of "Safety" in Berlin and New York*

As to the other reason: A writer in the *Independent* says: "Berlin has 5,303 patrolmen, and is safe. Chicago, with the same population and a larger area, has 2,688, and is unsafe." Quite true, and true also that New York has 10,000 patrolmen. Is New York "safe"? Of course, New York's inhabitants are more than double Berlin's; but Berlin has one patrolman for each 340 inhabitants, and New York one for every 430. Accordingly, we ought to be able to assume that New York is about three fourths safe. Just what "safe" means is not clear, but, as a matter of comparison, we will consider that if a man comes off with his life in New York he is "safe." Our comparison will, then, be made along these lines. We will also make the comparison between New York State and Germany, since the figures for the cities are not available. A man staying in New York State for a year, according to Mr. Shipley in the *American Law Review*, runs about 500 chances out of 7,000,000 of paying for it with his life. (In Germany he will run 322 chances out of 60,000,000.) And if, in case he does so pay for it, his friends would like to see justice meted out to his slayer, they may learn that, of those 500 who take that many of the lives of their fellow beings in New York State, 5 will go to the electric chair, 90 will be committed to prison, and 405 will go scot-free, if the history of the years since 1889, when the electric chair was instituted, is repeated.

No; we should still have enough crime left to give us deep concern even if we should rid ourselves of one seventh, or even of one third, of it by deporting all the 10,000,000 foreign-born. And we cannot make ourselves "safe" by increasing the weight of policemen's clubs.

Eminent jurists and publicists have laid the blame on the loose administration of criminal law. While Secretary of War, Mr. Taft, in an address to the students of Yale University, had this to say on the subject of criminal law administration:

"I grieve for my country to say that the administration of criminal law in all the States of this Union (there may be one or two exceptions) is a disgrace to our civilization."

### *Some Recent Criminal Courts Decisions*

Was the language used by Mr. Taft stronger than necessary? Could it have been influenced by some isolated or local decisions that

had come to his notice? Or had he formed this opinion from numberless cases that had come before him for examination during his judicial career? The writer had occasion to ask himself similar questions recently, when he came in contact with a peculiarly pernicious criminal case, and before he had read Mr. Taft's arraignment. In searching for the answer, he found, among others, the following examples from actual cases (either recently decided or recently used as precedents) which were held as sufficient grounds for diverting the ends of justice:

Because the indictment charged that the crime had been committed on a "public road," and the evidence showed that, though constantly used as such, the road had never been dedicated to the State. (58 S. E. Reporter, p. 265.)

Because the stolen shoes were not a "pair," as charged in the indictment. (The thief, in his haste, had picked up two "rights.") (3d Harring. Del., p. 559.)

Because one member of a firm of three names from whom goods had been stolen was dead, and the indictment had named all three. (110 S. W. Reporter, p. 909.)

Because the indictment had charged the burglar with intent to commit a "theft" instead of intent to commit a "felony." (108 S. W. Reporter, p. 371.)

Because the indictment charged that the thief had entered the house of one Wyatt with intent to steal from him, and the defense was able to prove that Lamb also occupied the house and it was Lamb's property the thief was looking for. (101 S. W. Reporter, p. 800.)

Because the accused had been indicted for attempting to murder Kamegay instead of Komegay, the real name. (103 S. W. Reporter, p. 890.)

Because the murdered man's name was Patrick Fitzpatrick and not Patrick FitzPatrick, as charged. (3d Cal. Reporter, p. 367.)

Because the indictment named a specific though a correct date, instead of saying "on or about" a certain date. (Pa. Lower Court, Montgomery Co., 1908.)

Because the lower court had failed to advise the jury that the thief had stolen the goods "feloniously" or with "criminal intent." (89 Mon. Reporter, p. 829.)

Because the indictment had not stated that a "black-jack" (designed especially for cracking skulls) was a "dangerous or deadly" weapon. (60 S. E. Reporter, 782.)

Because the indictment for murder charged that the deed had been committed "unlawfully and with malice," etc., instead of "malice aforethought." (37 Southern Reporter, p. 337.)

Because the prosecuting attorney, typewriter, or some State employee, in complying with all the other antiquated requirements in a string of words as long as your arm, had omitted "was given" in referring to the mortal wound. (68 S. W. Reporter, p. 568.)

Because the indictment of a murderer containing a staggering array of required verbosity did not conclude that the murder was committed "against the peace and dignity of the State." (45 Southern Reporter, p. 913. Alabama Case, 1908.)



Because another indictment equally verbose, and this time containing the clause "against the peace and dignity of State," had omitted the word "the" before "State" and was thus "fatally defective." (109 S. W. Reporter, p. 706. Missouri Case, 1908.)

Considering that hundreds of such decisions are readily available to any one who cares to look for them, is criticism of the courts, and a growing lack of respect for them, to be wondered at?

Of course, it is not intended to convey the idea that judicial decisions on such grounds as those cited above are the rule. The number of such absurd cases, as compared with the total number of cases decided where substantial justice is done, is probably numerically small; yet it is easy to see how their importance is enhanced out of all proportion to their number by shaking the confidence of the public in the courts, and by encouraging lawyers with doubtful cases to multiply appeals. The number, too, though proportionately small, becomes important when we have added to it those that fail to do justice because of the disagreement of juries, since human patience is not equal to an almost unending system of appeals and reversals, through technicalities and trivial errors, through disappearance, by death or otherwise, of important witnesses in the long-drawn-out delays; because of the burdensome cost of transcripts, bills of exception, writs of error, etc.; because of the employment of expert testimony that looks for payment from an interested side of a controversy instead of always receiving its recompense from the State; in fact, in a hundred and one other cases where the attainment of actual and substantial justice is subordinated to the following of worn-out precedents.\* In this connection, see (on page 684) what Mr. Taft has to say on the question of reversals for trivial errors.

### *The Courts Compelled to Work with Antiquated Machinery*

A large part of the prevalent criticism of courts, however, should be directed at the laws by which the courts must be guided — the antiquated tools and machinery with which we compel them to work, oftentimes worse than antiquated, in that numerous legislative bodies have patched, repaired, and added to them from time to time, instead of replacing or revoking them. For all laws, both good and poor, are like Government employees, of whom some one has remarked, "Few die and none resign."

\* The Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, organized in Chicago last summer to study criminal law reform, treatment of criminals, etc., had no fewer than 133 vital problems presented to it by its delegates.

Hence we are cursed with an accumulation of job lots.

These antiquated tools and machinery, those countless "rights and guaranties" referred to in one of the decisions quoted later, the tricks of "shrewd" counsel and the other means at the criminal's command, place his interests *first*, and place in the background the safety of the general public for whom the laws were framed.

The bulwark of protection thrown around the criminal by our present system, with a view to preventing the possible punishment of the innocent, has made it well-nigh impossible to convict the guilty, if we can place any credence in the statistics cited later. This is particularly true if one accused of crime is a man "high up," who has a long purse at his command and is able to employ that class of "shrewd" counsel familiar with all the avenues of escape which an antiquated, inadequate law leaves open for the prisoner, and ever ready to take advantage of those more numerous avenues of escape which may be broken open by that veritable ram known as "technicality." So much protection has been thrown around one accused of crime that those lawyers who make a living by showing men how to break the law can verily grant a license to those who wish to break it.

Before leaving this part of the subject, let us examine some other more lengthy illustrations of the law's absurdities, similar to the cases cited above:

In Pennsylvania recently, at the trial of a man accused of immoral conduct, one of the witnesses, an officer of the law, was suspected of having been bribed by the accused. When questioned as to his "interest," this witness testified most deliberately to facts which the prosecution was prepared to disprove by two other witnesses. The two other witnesses were ruled out, the decision being that their testimony was "not relevant." After the completion of the trial, which resulted in the acquittal of the accused, attention was called to the matter, with a view to having the witness arrested for perjury. It developed that the witness was not guilty of perjury: he had only "*lied on the witness-stand*" — the point being that the testimony of the witness did not bear *directly* on the guilt or innocence of the accused for the *crime charged*.

### *Burglary Defined*

Take the definition of burglary.† Burglary is the crime of breaking in and entering, in the night-time, another's dwelling-house, with an intent to commit a felony therein. This means

† A few of the States have modified this definition by statute.

precisely what it says. If a door or a window is broken open, or the knob of an unlocked door is turned, or an unlocked window is raised, it is burglary; but if the door or window is *left* slightly open, even as little as an inch, and a thief pushes or raises it entirely open and enters, it is not burglary. It means, too, a "*dwelling-house*"; therefore, if a family is sleeping in a tent or booth, and a thief enters, it is not burglary. If all the other conditions are met, and it happens that the dawn has broken, there can be no burglary; for that part of the definition specifying the night-time is strictly adhered to.

We meet another of these fine distinctions in "larceny," the stealing of personal or movable property, which requires that the thief must get complete control. Thus, if a thief, in attempting to steal a watch, lifts it out of a man's pocket, and it is not attached to the owner by a chain, if the thief gets it into his hand for a moment only, it is larceny and a felony. If, however, the watch is attached to the clothing, even though the pickpocket cannot see the chain, as might well happen in a crowd, he has not had complete control, and the act is not larceny, but only a misdemeanor. The difference in the two terms relates only to the length of the sentence; but if it is your watch, and you wish to see the trial of the would-be thief proceed, you will do well to see that the indictment does not choose the wrong word.

Some one has related how Ben Butler, who had a great reputation as a criminal lawyer, once defended a man charged with larceny. Many thefts had been committed by means of stolen keys which had been carelessly left in doors. The police were on the lookout for the offender, and arrested him, finally, in the very act of removing a key. The man was indicted for larceny of a key. As stated above, larceny is the stealing of personal or, generally speaking, removable property, as distinguished from real estate. Butler's defense was that the man's act could not be larceny, for the key was a part of the lock, the lock a part of the door, the door a part of the house, and the house was real property. No conviction.

The following story of a case within his knowledge is credited to Mr. Justice Brewer. Defendant's counsel, well knowing the answer, but for the purpose of securing a chance to appeal the case, asked the witness, "What did Mary say?" An objection, for which he had hoped, was raised by the other side, and the court sustained the objection. As planned, an exception was taken to the judge's ruling. The higher court reversed the trial judge, and the case came up for a second trial. At the second trial, the witness was again asked the question,

and was told he must answer. The answer which had been awaited a year or more was, "Mary said nothing."

### *Some Legal Avenues for the Criminal's Escape*

After arrest, one who is accused of crime generally faces the magistrate for what is termed a preliminary hearing. The magistrate is the first link in the long chain of discretionary power. He can discharge the accused if he sees fit, or he can hold him for a further hearing. For those held by him he prepares a "transcript" for the use of the District Attorney in presenting the case before the Grand Jury. The Grand Jury is also given discretionary power, and can discharge the accused if it sees fit, or can find a "true bill," as it is termed. Either the District Attorney or counsel for the accused can recommend to the trial judge that the case be dismissed, or the judge can dismiss it on his own initiative.

Probably one fifth of those arrested are left to face their trial, and the selection of the jury is begun. The Gilhooley and Shea cases, referred to hereafter, illustrate how formidable a part of the proceedings the selection of a jury may be made, and what a chance is here given for the beginning of what is too often a miscarriage of justice.

After the selection of a jury is completed, the actual trial is begun, and, in most serious cases, the counsel begin a series of absurd wrangles about the choice of words in the indictment, about what constitutes admissible evidence, whether it shall be heard when offered, later on, or at all. It has often been remarked that during this stage of the proceedings the judge, and not the prisoner, is on trial — that a trap is being set for him, an examination in which, if he passes perfectly on a thousand and one questions, but slips up on only one, often immaterial to the guilt or innocence of the accused, the counsel for the accused has "scored" and a new trial is assured.

When the evidence is all in, and the counsel on each side have finished their orations, the judge may deliver his charge to the jury, taking care that he shall not by deed, word, or even tone give the jury any idea of his opinion in the case, either against or in favor of the prisoner (the latter has been held to be as fatal as the former). The following case illustrates this point (138 California Reports):

In 1900 a Dr. Huntington, charged with performing a criminal operation, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. He had been indicted for murder, but the judge mercifully told the

jury that under certain circumstances they could bring in a verdict of manslaughter. This was, of course, greatly in the prisoner's favor and secured him the lighter sentence. The case was appealed, and three years later, because of the instruction, though in the prisoner's favor, was reversed. The District Attorney prepared to try him again in 1907, but the constitutional requirement that no one shall be twice put in jeopardy for the same offense stared him in the face. Seeking to find a means to bring the man to justice, the judge proposed to try him for murder and punish him for manslaughter. The higher court interfered, holding that the conviction of manslaughter had acted as an acquittal of murder. The higher court said: "We know of no case where a court could proceed to try a defendant for an offense of which he has been acquitted. He cannot be tried for manslaughter, because he could never be accused of it; nor for murder, because he has been acquitted." [Note the following words of this rare judicial decision — they are worth remembering.] The court was afraid, as it expressed it, that "he may be convicted of a crime which the evidence shows he did not commit, for the reason that the evidence shows that he did commit another crime of which he has been acquitted."

*The convicted one went free.*

The manner in which the requirement of a nice choice of words in the indictment, and the constitutional safeguard that no one shall be twice put in jeopardy for the same offense, can be abused, was illustrated in a recent case in the District of Columbia.

Two pianolas had been stolen. The indictment read "two pianos." Witnesses were brought in who testified that *pianolas* had been stolen, and not *pianos*, as charged. The indictment fell down and the accused was discharged. A vigilant District Attorney was on hand, however, and promptly had the accused re-arrested, charged with stealing two pianolas. The "shrewd" counsel defending the accused had a new set of witnesses this time — experts. The experts were able to convince the court that, after all, *pianolas and pianos were the same thing*. The court ruled that, having been tried once for stealing pianos, the accused could not twice be tried for the same offense. The act that two musical instruments had been stolen seems to have been overlooked.

*This time the unconvicted one went free.*

But, to return to trials in general. If, when the judge is ready to deliver his charge to the jury, all the twelve men are sufficiently obstinate to have escaped incapacity during the long-drawn-out proceedings, the trial continues. If one of these men, however, falls ill at any time, it must be started all over again, for we must have *twelve* men.

We will suppose a case in which all the jurors are robust men, and that they find a verdict of guilty. The verdict must be *unanimous*. In another part of this article, the prisoner's chances in the unanimity requirement are discussed.

After the trial has gone this far, if the trial judge decides that the accused has been convicted against the law, or against the evidence,

he has the right to set the verdict aside and grant a new trial.

If the case is important, and a new trial has not been granted by the trial judge, the chances are about even that some of the exceptions taken to in the judge's rulings by "shrewd" counsel will secure one by means equivalent to some of the ridiculous examples already cited.

The prisoner is also favored by the absence, on the part of the State, of the right to appeal. This gives the accused a much greater advantage than at first appears; for judges are only human, and, in case of doubt on any ruling, it is natural that the inclination would be to make it against the prosecuting attorney — knowing that, if given against the accused, the judge stands a chance of being reversed, whereas the prosecuting attorney must take his medicine with docility.

### *The Prisoner's Chances with the Jury*

The exact origin of the jury system is not certain, but it dates back to the Normans. Originally the jury not only judged the facts in the case, as now, but they were often witnesses, selected for the very reason that they were familiar with the case.

This has been so changed as to make knowledge of the case on the part of the juror ground for a challenge; and if a verdict is influenced by knowledge on the part of one juror alone, a new trial will be granted. The oath requires the jurors to try the particular case according to the evidence. The "evidence" was in early times construed to mean that they should try it according to the best of their knowledge. In France, the jury now decides the case according to "their conscience and secret convictions."

The *unanimous* verdict is a requirement of the common law. In his work on constitutional law, Judge Cooley says "it is retained without inquiry or question because it has existed from time immemorial," and declares that the rule is "repugnant to all experience of human conduct, passions, and understandings."

It is not uncommon to hear of eleven men giving way to one. It is not unheard of that the one has been bought. If we give it a moment's thought, we realize that, to buy a jury, *only one man need be bought*. If this man cannot secure an acquittal, he can cause a disagreement, which in effect often produces the same result.

### *The Twelfth Juror*

In a recent murder trial in Maryland, eleven jurors had been chosen without difficulty. To the twelfth an objection was raised by the

counsel for the defense. Objection to another, and yet another, followed. This continued time and again, until, finally, one was selected to whom no objection was made. This jury retired, and, after many polls, reached a verdict of "not guilty" without having left the room and with no one having entered. The verdict was announced, and one of the jurors hastened by a short cut to a near-by barber shop. As he entered, the barber, just having shaved the counsel for the accused, was listening to his conclusion of a recital of how each vote had been polled. The astonished juror recalled an open window in the jury-room, near which one of his companions, the twelfth man,— the one, too, who had stood out for acquittal against all the others,— had habitually stationed himself. Through this open window the information must have passed in notes. Was it done for love?

In another recent case, in Pennsylvania, a man was reported to have expressed himself to a crowd of half a dozen men as anxious to get on a certain jury to convict the accused, whom he regarded as dangerous to society. Among that half dozen men was one we will call Mr. A., a friend of the District Attorney. Imagine, if you can, the feelings of Mr. A. afterward to hear that the jury, which acquitted the accused, was reported to have stood eleven to one for conviction, and that the juror who held out and swung the other eleven was the individual who had before trial been so anxious to convict; and to hear, further, that this same individual had announced, as soon as the jury retired and he was behind closed doors, that he would *never* convict, and was prepared to stand out any length of time. To think that the juror had chosen a crowd in which Mr. A. stood for the very purpose of letting his supposed attitude become known to the District Attorney, thus to escape being challenged by him, may appear unduly suspicious; but, in view of the fact that the accused was equipped with a long purse, and that other charges of being "approached" had been made, and remembering this juror's expressed sentiments and his different vote, it looks as if he deliberately chose Mr. A. as one of his auditors.

The unanimous verdict, which is clung to in all except one or two States of the Union, does not obtain anywhere on the continent of Europe. Some of the European countries require a three-fourths vote, some a two-thirds, and some only a bare majority.

### *The "Unanimous" Verdict Often the Verdict of One Man*

That the unanimous verdict is actually unanimous must appeal to thinking people as

more apparent than real. There are few cases about which twelve men picked at random will arrive at the same conclusion. The result is that the verdict rendered is, usually the result of a series of votes and mental shiftings — not even the conclusion of the majority, but that of a few of more tenacious tendencies. It is well known that oftentimes it is the verdict of one man only. How often is that one man bought?

In Texas, it has been judicially decreed that, so long as the jurors have not previously agreed to abide by the verdict, they may in civil cases write their unanimous (?) verdict by adding 12 voted amounts and dividing the total by 12.

By retaining this requirement of a unanimous verdict, we, who so love liberty that we will not thus far trust our judges, deliberately take twelve times the chances by intrusting it to the hands of *any one of twelve men*, all of whom are oftentimes less conscientious, and quite sure to be less able to draw correct conclusions from the evidence, than the average judge.

We cannot too soon have a three-fourths jury law.

### *The Criminal's Chances in Different States*

Reliable criminal statistics are difficult to obtain. An act of Congress in 1906 authorized the Director of the Census to collect statistics of court records, ratio of convictions, the punishment of crimes, etc. These statistics, the publication of which has been delayed, will, when issued, throw some light on the subject. For example, the census reports for 1904 give the ratio of persons *in prison* for homicide as eight times as many in some States as in others, and, taking the highest and the lowest records, Arizona has fifteen times as many as Massachusetts. After the court records are compiled, it may be shown that a lax administration of justice is sometimes responsible for a seemingly righteous condition.

Massachusetts will probably appear in a particularly unenviable way. For, according to Mr. Maynard Shipley, in his plea for the abolition of the death sentence in a recent number of the *American Law Review*, Massachusetts courts have shown the smallest percentage (5 per cent) of convictions in homicide cases of any of the eight States referred to by him. This record, for 1901 to 1907, indicated an efficiency just one half that of a record of fifty years before, when it was still the lowest of the States named by him, except Idaho, which showed not a single conviction in three years for twenty-one indictments for murder in the first degree.

Recent records of a large number of cases in

New York indicate that, for general crimes and offenses, the number arrested is reduced at the various stages about as follows: 30 per cent are held by the magistrate; the Grand Jury reduces this to 24 per cent; and the judge, by dismissal without trial, to about 18 per cent; and that all except 14 per cent are free after the first trial.

Taking the record of a year, new trials, according to the report of the American Bar Association, were granted in 46 per cent of all the cases brought under review of the appellate courts of the country.

According to a letter relating to the revision of the New York laws, written to Mr. Choate by Mr. Crane, a prominent London barrister, new trials were granted in England in only 9 cases out of 555 reviewed, and, in the ten years previous to 1900, new trials were granted in less than 3.5 per cent of the cases reviewed.

Mr. Justice Brown, of the United States Supreme Court (retired), who was on the bench for over thirty years, once said that in serious criminal cases the rendering of a verdict is only the beginning of the trial. This judge, several years ago, proposed the abolition of the right of appeal in criminal cases; but the proposition, for some reason, did not meet with sufficient favor to secure results.

### *Obstructions to Speedy Trials\**

The Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago, December 30, 1903, as many will remember, resulted in the loss of nearly six hundred lives. The proprietor of the theater was indicted two months after the fire. The indictment was considered by the judge for three months, and then quashed. A year passed, and in March, 1905, a new indictment was drawn. The judge considered it for seven months. Finally, in March, 1907, over three years after the fire, the case came to trial. The accused was acquitted. "Not because the defendant might not be morally guilty," as the judge expressed it; "but he was not legally guilty, because the indictment had been framed on building ordinances, and the ordinances were defective"—not the indictment itself this time, it may be noted.

Delay in impaneling the jury, which is becoming more and more in order, is instanced by two recent Chicago cases. In the first, known as the Gilhooley case, nine and a half weeks were consumed, and 4,150 talesmen were examined, at a cost to the State of about \$20,000.

The second, known as the Shea case, required thirteen weeks for the calling of 10,000 men and examining 4,716 talesmen, and this at a cost of

\$60,000. After this well chosen jury was selected, at such lavish expenditure, there was a second trial, and the selection of the jury was modestly confined to twelve days. (Mr. Justice Brown, in a conversation on this subject with the writer, said that this part of a trial should never consume more than one or two hours, and that, in his opinion, it was the paramount abuse in criminal procedure.) Mr. Crane, before referred to, states that "many lawyers who have been in practice for twenty years or more in England have never known a juror to be objected to or to be excused for cause."

Delays of this kind had become so aggravated in New York, a few years ago, that one Kings County court was three years behind its calendar, with 10,000 cases on the docket.

Professor Garner cites a case within his knowledge where a man was kept in a Milwaukee jail for ten months, awaiting trial on a charge for which the maximum penalty was ninety days' imprisonment.

It is well known that, in this country, often many weeks, and sometimes months, are consumed in murder trials. Mr. Taft is authority for the statement that, in England, murder cases usually take one, sometimes two, and at the most three days.

### *England Has a Lesson for America*

With our progressive American methods of despatching other classes of business, why should the comparison of the American and British courts prove so against us? asks Mr. Justice Brown. Answering his own question, he says:

"A court in conservative old England will dispose of a dozen jury cases in the time that would be required here for despatching one. The cause is not far to seek. It lies in the close confinement of the counsel to the questions at issue, and the prompt interposition of the court to prevent delay. The trials are conducted by men trained for that special purpose, whose interest is to expedite, and not prolong, them. No time is wasted in immaterial matters. Objections to testimony are discouraged, rarely argued, and almost never made the subject of exception. The testimony is confined to the exact point at issue. Mere oratory is at a discount. New trials are rarely granted. A criminal trial is especially a serious business, since in the case of a verdict of guilty it is all up with the defendant, and nothing can save him from punishment but the pardoning power of the Home Secretary. The result is that defendants rarely escape punishment for their crimes, and homicides are infrequent."

\* Data taken from an article by Professor Garner, University of Wisconsin, in *Annals of the American Academy*, 1907.

On this subject Mr. Taft is again quoted. He makes the suggestion that the restoration to the statutes of the procedure "by which the verdict rendered is the result of the independent judgment of the jury, guided by both the judge's instructions as to the law, and also by his suggestions and comments as to facts, could work no injustice to any person brought into court, and would secure not only greater efficiency in the enforcement of the criminal law, but also much greater speed in the disposition of cases."

### *Why Our Courts Are Not Administered as Intended by the Constitution*

Three quotations from various sources, made at different times and in different places, when placed together bear a close relation to the subject we are discussing, and throw an unwelcome light on our methods of dealing with criminals.

The first quotation, on the actual state of criminal administration to-day, is one already quoted in the first part of this article. Mr. Taft's words, repeated, are:

"I grieve for my country to say that the administration of criminal law in all the States of this Union (there may be one or two exceptions) is a disgrace to our civilization."

The second quotation, on what our courts were intended to be, is taken from a speech before Congress by Representative Moon of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Committee on the Revision of Laws, the criminal part of which is now before Congress. Though referring particularly to the Federal courts, the remarks apply equally to the State courts. Mr. Moon's remarks were, in part, as follows:

"The distinguishing feature of the American Constitution is that it places the courts above the courts of any other nation of the world. If I were asked to state, in brief form, the respect in which the American Constitution differed from any other nation that had ever existed, whether of a monarchy or a republic, I would answer that the great departure made by the nation-builders in forming this Government was to make its judiciary a distinct, organic, and coördinate part of that Government. . . . Upon these courts have been placed, by the organization of this Government, greater power, greater responsibility, and greater dignity than were ever placed upon the courts of any nation of the world."

The third quotation, which in a large measure points to the reason for existing conditions by showing what the courts too often regard as the criminal's rights, is taken from a case (reported in 175 Missouri) in which the judge of an appellate court reversed the decision of a lower court

in one of the bribery cases in St. Louis, where nineteen councilmen were concerned in a bribe of \$75,000. These cases were prosecuted by Mr. Folk, whose zeal attracted widespread attention and commendation at that time. The court, in concluding a lengthy opinion, said:

"This record contains so much uncontradicted evidence of venality that it is little wonder that decent people of all classes are appalled at its extent. The *sole consideration* of this court has been to determine whether the defendant was convicted in compliance with the laws of the State. The crime charged is one of the most heinous known to our criminal procedure. If guilty, the defendant should be punished, but it is the high and solemn duty of this court, from which it shall not shrink, to require and exact that, *however guilty he may be*, he shall be punished *only* after having been accorded every right and guaranty which the organic and statute law of the State secures to him, and not only to him but to every other person charged with crime, before he can be deprived of his liberty." (The italics are mine.)

The court then reversed the conviction of this man, whom it clearly considered guilty of bribery, for two or three unimportant points in the evidence, and because the court's instructions to the jury went slightly beyond what was specified in the indictment.

The opinion as to its duty, expressed in the decision of this court, is not an exceptional one. It is the rule by which many courts feel bound, and shows how, under our present laws, trivial incidents and technicalities are made to defeat the ends of justice. In a large measure, it points to the responsibility for our shockingly serious condition.

In an article in the *North American Review*, based on a speech made before the Civic Association of New York, Mr. Taft, in commenting on a decision of the United States Supreme Court, made the following remarks, which aptly apply to the class of cases just cited:

"When a court of highest authority in this country interposes a bare technicality between the defendant and his just conviction, it may be pertinent to inquire whether some of the laxity in the administration of criminal law may not be due to a proneness on the part of courts of last resort to reverse judgments of convictions for narrowly technical error. There ought to be introduced in the statutes of every State of the United States in regard to appeals in criminal cases, and indeed in regard to civil cases, a provision that no judgments of a prior court should be reversed except for an error which the court, after reading the entire record, can affirmatively say would have led to a

different verdict and judgment. This would do no injustice and would end reversals for technicalities."

*The Legal Executions for Twenty Years  
Outnumbered by the  
Lynchings*

In view of all the protection that we give the criminal, all that his counsel secures for him, all the "technicality" and all the delays and abuses recorded in the foregoing, can any surprise be expressed that a prominent criminal lawyer of New York, Mr. Henry L. Clinton, who has published a volume on his "Extraordinary Cases," having defended over one hundred murderers, is credited with having saved all from the death penalty and entirely acquitted many?

Can we wonder that crime has so increased, and trials have been so prolonged, that it has been estimated that crime costs New York City annually \$18,000,000, the city and State together \$38,000,000, the various States of the country \$697,000,000, and the States and Federal Government together more than \$1,000,000,000?

Can we resent the statement of Ex-President Andrew D. White to the students of Cornell University that he had become convinced that the United States leads all the civilized world — with the possible exception of lower Italy and Sicily — in the crime of murder, and especially in unpunished murders?

Should we feel horrified that information tabulated by the Chicago *Tribune* reports 132,000 homicides in the United States for the twenty years previous to 1904, an increase of nearly 400 per cent for the period, and that only 2,286 executions (1.7 per cent) resulted therefrom?

Have we the right to feel indignant that the number of lynchings in the same twenty years actually outnumbered the legal executions, running as high as 241 in a single year, against the record in England, Scotland, Ireland, and all British possessions, of not a lynching in seventy-five years?

*Some Alarming Figures*

And, finally, should we rest easily under our present system, and congratulate ourselves over other countries with less tolerant laws, when comparisons can be made by such figures as the following?

In Germany, with a population of about 50,000,000, the homicides reported in 1903 were 322. In the United States, with about 80,000,000 population, the homicide; in the same year

numbered 9,000, about thirty times as many. The World Almanac reports that in 1895 (no record for 1903) the convictions\* in Germany numbered 95 per cent; in the United States 1.3 per cent. These figures, reduced to population, would give Germany one unconvicted person at liberty for each 3,000,000 of population — the United States one for each 9,000.

Figures were given in the early paragraphs of this article from official reports of 1908, crediting St. Louis with a ratio of legal executions for homicides committed of 1.1 per cent, and Chicago with .6 per cent. The record in this latter city is 2,113 homicides in 29 years, with 38 legal executions resulting — 1.3 per cent. From the *American Law Review* article previously referred to is deduced the following: For 720 homicides in Connecticut, from 1897 to 1906, there resulted 9 legal executions (1.3 per cent); for 2,500 in Colorado, from 1889 to 1897, there resulted 12 legal executions, .5 per cent; for 6,600 in Ohio, from 1884 to 1906, there resulted 52, again .5 per cent; and for 8,800 in New York, from 1889, the year the electric chair was instituted, to 1905, there were 88 legal executions, 1.1 per cent.

Mr. Shipley has given us some interesting information, showing what became of a small part of those 8,800 who slew that many of their fellow beings in New York. In addition to the 88 who were sent to the electric chair, there were in New York prisons in 1906 just 25 convicts under sentence of murder in the first degree. Some, of course, had served their terms; but the total number of convicts in the State that year was 493. Barring those that died a natural death, this leaves over 8,300 murderers, manslaughterers, or whatever they were judicially decreed, at liberty to prey upon another set of victims.

*Does Abolition of the Death Penalty Increase  
the Number of Convictions?*

Extended reference has been made to the abnormally low percentage of executions for homicides, and to the markedly low number of cases of lesser crimes where judges and juries have failed to convict. This article has failed in its purpose if the impression has been given that the writer believes conviction should follow each indictment, and an execution each homicide. Such an "eye for an eye" policy would plunge us into a condition that would be intolerable.

Referring to homicides, it should be pointed out for the benefit of the lay reader that under

\* "Convictions" probably intended to have been written "executions."



"homicide" the law includes, briefly, "murder," \* where the killing is either actually premeditated, or under certain aggravated circumstances constructively so; "manslaughter," voluntary or involuntary, where extenuating circumstances accompany the killing; "justifiable homicide," such as killing in self-defense when without fault and where actually necessary to save one's life or to prevent great bodily harm; and "excusable homicide," such as the result of an accident unaccompanied by any unlawful pursuit and free from criminal negligence. The death penalty is not prescribed for any homicides except part of those that fall under the first head, "murder," and the strictest construction could, therefore, not look for executions to follow all cases of homicide. The purpose of this article is not to suggest that an execution should follow each homicide, but to show that the abnormally low percentage of legal executions that follows an outrageously high number of homicides, as compared with other countries, may be taken as an index to a startling amount of general lawlessness, and to the corresponding responsibility for it. Indeed, the wisdom of the death penalty in any case may be seriously doubted, and its abolition in several of the States is believed to have lessened crime considerably, by securing a marked increase in the number of convictions — from jurors willing to punish, but unwilling to prescribe death for a fellow being.

Referring to the comparatively small number of convictions in criminal courts, the reader should not, of course, lose sight of the fact that the first duty of the prosecuting attorney is to bring out the truth, rather than to procure convictions. It is understood that in some States the compensation of the prosecuting attorney has been based on the number of convictions obtained. It is easy to see how serious harm could ensue from such a practice. This has frequently been illustrated when the practice has been followed of paying fees to the police for each arrest made.

But, reverting to the primary duty of the prosecuting attorney, it should be pointed out that his difficulty in bringing out the truth is met where the accused is *guilty* and the truth is unwelcome. It is then that the "shrewd" attorney for the defense has the advantage of an over-tolerant law, and proceeds to abuse it. Well-directed and properly governed tolerance for the protection of the innocent is essential. Exaggerated tolerance, and its use by the "shrewd" lawyer as an advantage to license

crime, is soon regarded as a thing to be purchased, and is demoralizing.

The object of law is to protect rights and to redress wrongs, to secure the greatest good to the greatest number; and sound reason, not always apparent on the surface, is often behind what appears a stupid, unreasonable law. But our law is largely based on the old common law of England, and the same sound reason was behind her laws when, a few years ago, with a record for delays and abuses equal to ours, she awoke from her lethargy and succeeded in revising the provisions of that old common law, and in untying many of the knots tied into it by foolish statutes and customs of past ages, with the results cited in the remarks of Mr. Justice Brown.

The revision of the laws of the United States, last revised in 1878, is now before Congress. The recommendations of the committee in charge are principally for a proper arrangement of the laws only, placing them in such order that they can readily be found — certainly a long-felt want. A few crimes are also added to the list. Nothing, however, is now proposed for the relief of the situation described herein. This revision, however, has been going on for many years, and it is just possible that the Commission referred to in President Taft's message may yet have something to say on the subject before it is finally disposed of, and that the various State legislatures may follow a good example thus set, and inspire respect for the law by "making the law respectable" and by making its administration something more than a thing to be laughed at.

As the revision of this article is completed, something has occurred of a nature so startling that it seems to call for special comment — an occurrence that cannot but give a most violent shock to all except those of distortedly optimistic views. We are told in blazing headlines, concerning lynchings in Cairo, Illinois, that "*The 'ladies' were the first to pull the rope.*" Boasted civilization of the twentieth century! Where is it hiding?

The mayor of the town, in publicly apologizing for the lynching, told of sorely aggravated cases of juries parleying with justice.

It is only a short time since lynchings occurred only in former slave-holding States. Nine States in the northern section of the country have now been added to the list. Together these have brought up the number of lynchings to exceed the legal executions of the country, as already noted. And the pity of it is that the shame is on the law.

\* In many of the States murder has been made by statute into first and second degree murder, according to the manner of the killing, the definition remaining the same.

# WHAT WHISKEY IS'

BY

H. PARKER WILLIS

**D**URING the fiscal year 1909, 116,852,908 gallons of spirits were distilled from grain in the United States. What the value of this flood of liquor may have been cannot be positively stated. The output of the distilled, malt, and vinous liquors, and allied products in the year 1905 was reported by the Census Bureau to be worth more than \$440,000,000. In the year 1909, 1,591,738 gallons of brandy, 610,305 gallons of rum, 2,497,070 gallons of gin, and 56,183,652 gallons of whiskey were placed on the market in the United States. The total value of all these products at the place of manufacture was probably not less than \$135,000,000. But these figures in no way measure the cost of distilled liquor to the consumer. They do not include the Government internal revenue tax or the cost of wholesaling and retailing the "goods." As sold in the "saloon" at ten or fifteen cents a "drink," the cost of whiskey, or what passes for such among consumers, is not less than six dollars a gallon. This would mean that the annual bill of the American public for whiskey alone would be much more than \$300,000,000. There are many who place it at twice as high a figure because of the excessive adulteration undergone by the liquor for the purpose of increasing its volume.

Does the consumer of these liquors, who pays for them in millions of dollars, buy them merely for their intoxicating effects, or for special merits that he believes they possess? The high value of trade-marks and labels seems to show that there is more in a name than the consumer himself would admit, and all that is known about the business, as well as about the tastes of the public, supports the theory that the name or label attached to a given beverage is an important factor in the price. Yet, what liquor means to the consumer and what it means to the manufacturer are two very different things. The consumer is largely a drinker of names and labels. The man of science recognizes that today the terms whiskey, brandy, etc., which the

consumer takes to be hard and fast classifications, may mean any one of several things, and that there may be a decided variation in the physiological effects of the liquors thus designated. In no branch of the liquor business is there more profit for the manufacturer, and less real knowledge on the part of the consumer, than in that which produces whiskey.

Whiskey is now made by two entirely different processes, each of which presents several sub-classes of articles. The trade in general speaks of whiskey as "straight" or "rectified." The terms "blended" and "compounded" are also applied to different classes of rectified goods, "blended whiskey" being the popular name for rectified spirits sold as whiskey. It is pretty generally admitted that whiskey, to be whiskey, must be made from grain, and from grain only; that brandy must be made from fruits, and rum from molasses. But, subject to these very broad limitations, processes of manufacture vary widely.

In the process of distilling grain, a liquid known as "high wines" is the first product of manufacture. This is the basis from which various products are subsequently developed. When the high wines are taken direct from the distilling apparatus, they are crude, raw, and undrinkable. But if they are kept for a time in charred oak barrels, the more poisonous elements, or "higher alcohols," amounting probably to not more than one or two per cent of the total volume, are chemically changed. Although the liquor, thus modified, loses few or none of its poisonous qualities, it becomes consumable. It is then "whiskey."

During the aging process the high wines absorb some sugary elements and some coloring matter from the char of the barrel, and to these are due the rich amber color and the oily "bead" that appeal to the connoisseur. The ordinary drinker derives enjoyment from reflecting upon the length of time that the rare old product has been stored in oak, and finds a pecuniary justification for his preference in the fact that the older the product is, the more it

costs. This increase in value is due to several circumstances. The longer whiskey is stored, the greater is the chemical change through which it passes, but, at the same time, the greater is the loss due to evaporation. Besides this actual net waste, the cost of storage, the loss of interest on the capital invested, the insurance charges, and the expense of maintaining the whiskey at a high temperature while in the warehouse, as well as other items of outlay, make the cost run up rapidly. Even without the internal revenue tax of \$1.10 a gallon, whiskey properly aged would be a rather expensive drink.

### *The Rectification of Whiskey*

Liquor-producers long ago saw that if some cheaper way of obtaining the same results could be devised, the saving would be enormous. Therefore, in order to effect this purpose, they resorted, in many cases, to a process of purification or to a further distillation or to both. By carrying the distilling process to an advanced point at which the high wines, the early product of the grain, was almost entirely deprived of its admixture of higher alcohols, they took out the bulk of the most poisonous constituent, known as "fusel oil." The trouble with this process was that the final output, technically known as "cologne spirits," was a tasteless and colorless liquor, so strong as to be intolerable to the human system. It was easy to reduce the liquid to "proof" by mixing it with about one half its volume of water, but the resultant fluid remained as tasteless and colorless as the cologne spirits, and the aromatic elements, the oily "bead," and the color had disappeared together. To make it attractive to the ordinary drinker, materials had to be added, designed to imitate the appearance of the high wines aged in oak, and commercially known as whiskey. "Rectification" was the term applied originally to this purifying of the crude product, but later used to describe the whole process of building up a liquor.

As long ago as the Civil War period, when Congress was looking for sources of revenue, a good deal of criticism was directed against the methods of making liquor then in vogue. As conservative a man as John Sherman regarded the process of rectification as akin to adulteration; and Senator Garret Davis of Kentucky, more outspoken than Sherman, said that "one barrel of genuine . . . liquor taken to the city of Cincinnati will produce from three to four barrels of rectified whiskey. . . . They put red pepper in the barrel; they put raw tobacco in the barrel; they put soapuds in the

barrel; they put arsenic in the barrel; they put strychnine in the barrel; and a great many other villainous compounds that I do not remember. . . . If anything can be done to prevent the rectification of . . . whiskey . . . by tax upon the liquor, I say, let it come as heavily as it can."

The kind of "rectification" that Senator Davis described was employed with Bourbon straight whiskey as a base; but the rectification process, like most methods of manufacture, had been developed until to-day rectified "whiskey" in very many instances, is made without the use of a single drop of straight whiskey. President Taft has expressed it, "It is undoubtedly true that the liquor trade has been disgracefully full of frauds upon the public's false labels." Artificial and chemical coloring and flavoring matters are relied upon entirely, although these are not in all instances the same as those against which Mr. Davis spoke so strongly in 1862.

### *The Investigation of the "Whiskey Trust"*

In 1893, when the House of Representatives was studying the "Whiskey Trust," various distillers and whiskey experts appeared before it to explain how the liquors were then made. The prevailing practice, they testified, was to add a quantity of spirits, first, some sugar syrup for sweetening, and then so-called "whiskey essences," designed to provide the flavor and aromatic qualities that had been lost in the process of distillation. Among such essences mentioned to the investigating committee were so-called "Bourbon extract," "rye oil," "rye extract," "rye essence," "Pittsburg rye essence," "Yonongahela essence," "malt essence," "Irish" and "Scotch essence," and "corn ether." With these "essences," a little sugar, and a sufficient quantity of spirits, a skilful man could manufacture whiskey of any age or origin. In fact, as a well-known rectifiers' agent testified on another occasion, nine-year-old whiskey was merely ordinary spirits with the added chemical qualities that should appear in whiskey that had been kept for nine years.

In 1906, James R. Mann, a member of Congress from Illinois, showed the House of Representatives samples of the various ingredients and explained that all the outfit needed to start a complete whiskey-manufacturing establishment on a small scale was "a bottle of aging oil, a bottle of Scotch whiskey essence, a bottle of Irish whiskey essence, a bottle of bead oil, a bottle of Bourbon whiskey oil, a bottle of rye whiskey oil, a bottle of aging oil, a bottle of corn oil, and a bottle of 100 cubic centimeters of

proof alcohol." Mr. Mann further explained how the various liquors were made, and said that, to manufacture Irish whiskey, a bottle of 100 cubic centimeters of proof alcohol was taken as the base, and was combined with three drops of Irish whiskey essence, two drops of bead oil, and two drops of caramel. "To make rye whiskey," continued Mr. Mann, "one drop of rye whiskey oil, two drops of bead oil, two drops of aging oil, and from seven to ten drops of caramel were added to 500 cubic centimeters of pure alcohol." Bourbon whiskey and other liquors were produced by the use of the same ingredients in varying proportions.

This only showed that the methods established in 1893 had prevailed continuously until 1906, for during the Whiskey Trust investigation, William M. Hobart had given a similar explanation of how not only whiskey but other liquors were produced. In answer to the question "How do you flavor gin?" he answered: "We simply take spirits and put in about forty drops of the essence of gin, which is made from the juniper-berry. That makes it gin."

"You take these spirits and put in some other essences and it is Jamaica rum?"

"Yes; the spirits will take any flavor."

"Then you put some other of these essences in some spirits, and it sells for rye whiskey?"

"Domestic rye."

"And Bourbon?"

"Yes."

"Any brand of whiskey you want?"

"Yes; it can be made with these flavors."

Later, when Mr. Hobart was asked about the extent of such practices, he said: "There is not a house in the trade that does not understand it."

It is also true that in many instances the ordinary whiskeys sold over the "bar" or by quantity are made without the use of such essences for flavoring. In place of the artificial flavors, there is added more or less "straight" whiskey, which is relied upon to supply enough color and taste to attract the consumer. Sometimes the "whiskey" placed on the market is merely spirits — that is, alcohol — colored with caramel or burnt sugar. In such cases, the drink, as it reaches the consumer, is colored alcohol, and its effect is neither more nor less than that of an equal quantity of plain alcohol.

How far such modes of coloring and flavoring have now displaced the use of essences is a matter in dispute. Mr. Hobart, who had spoken so strongly in 1893 of the widespread use of the essences, told the Solicitor-General, in 1909, when the whiskey question was again under investigation, that the use of the essences had

largely been discontinued, and that a number of the "whiskeys" of commerce were little more than colored alcohol. Investigations conducted by the Department of Agriculture throw serious doubt upon this statement, however, and make it appear that the essences are still widely employed. The ingredients of the essences that were thus used for the purpose of building up various liquors have always been regarded as a trade secret in their details, but the main constituents are now fairly well known.

### *Use of Poisonous Ingredients*

It developed, in the course of the Whiskey Trust investigation in 1893, that the ingredients were poisonous. Witnesses in the employ of the distillers testified that they had "been warned . . . not to take the crude material in the mouth"; and inquiries made at the Bureau of Chemistry in Washington in the last few years show conclusively that the various essences are akin to fusel oil, the characteristic ingredient of straight whiskey. Sulphuric acid, oil of almonds, fusel oil itself, and various alcoholic derivatives are also used. The constituent elements of these various substances are the so-called higher alcohols — propyl alcohol, butyl alcohol, amyl alcohol, etc. These are several times more poisonous, volume for volume, than ordinary or "ethyl" alcohol, which constitutes the basis of whiskey and other liquors. Supposing the intoxicating or "toxic" dose of the ordinary alcohol to be indicated by the figure 6, the equally poisonous dose of propyl alcohol, according to some recognized authorities, would be indicated by 1.76, that of butyl alcohol by 1.80, and that of amyl alcohol by 1.50. Conceding the highly poisonous and dangerous qualities of these ingredients, it is true that the quantities contained in the liquor ordinarily consumed by drinkers would be small. No carefully made whiskey, whether straight or rectified, would contain more than one per cent of such products, when finally placed on the market, and in many it would run as low as one sixth of one per cent. The ordinary rectified whiskeys of commerce may be made by merely mixing some burnt sugar with alcohol, with or without the addition of some of the "essences" in the usual small quantities, or they may or may not be made by the addition of a small amount of straight whiskey to the alcohol. The preponderating effect would, however, be simply that of the ordinary alcohol they contained.

The facts in the case are fully known to Government analysts, and are not denied by the whiskey men themselves when under oath. The manufacturers of Canadian Club, when

before the Government investigators, testified that their goods were made of two kinds of spirits, one used as the base, the other as flavor, but "neither of them whiskey." Wilson whiskey professes on its label to be "a compound of straight whiskey and other grain distillates"—that's all. "Brockwood Pure Old Rye," another well-known brand, was described by Judge Robb, of the District of Columbia, on the maker's own testimony, as largely composed of neutral spirits. Professor Tolman, the Government whiskey analyst, testified that he examined samples of commercial whiskeys sold all over the country, and in describing his results he mentioned "Old Magusleum Maryland Rye," which was chiefly neutral spirits colored and flavored, "Melvale Eight Year Old Rye," which contained only a small proportion of matured whiskey, "Oakmont Maryland Rye," which was largely the same as Melvale with the addition of glycerin and bead oil, "Old Monongahela Rye," which was made of rye whiskey and spirits, "Arlington Pure Rye," which was practically neutral spirits colored and flavored, "Old Cliff," "Baker's Rye," "Old Jockey Club," "Old Henry," which was half neutral spirits and half whiskey, "Grey Friar," made in the same way, "Richard Pure Rye," and many others. Mr. Tolman said the proportion of neutral spirits in the "goods" ran from fifty to one hundred per cent. Many rectified whiskeys, moreover, had been flavored by the addition of large percentages of fusel oil and other injurious constituents.

It is important to bear this fact in mind, in connection with the so-called medicinal whiskeys, so widely advertised and touted on the market. The facts show that there is no such thing as medicinal whiskey, and that the only difference between an ordinary straight or rectified whiskey and the so-called medicinal whiskey is in the presence or absence of a small element of added poisonous ingredients. These may or may not be reduced to a minimum in the beverage whiskeys, but they are quite as often absent as in those that are sold as "remedies."

The methods employed in making so-called "medicinal whiskeys" are not materially different from those pursued in the manufacture of "beverage" whiskey. For example, Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, long offered to the public as a drink possessing peculiar medicinal or remedial qualities, has been shown, upon investigation, to be a whiskey of the usual "rectified" kind, produced from grain by a process of continuous distillation. This particular liquor is now given a slight color and flavor by storing it, for a time, in charred barrels. Walter J. Duffy himself, when questioned by the authorities of

the Department of Justice in 1909, was not able to deny the plain truth as to the manufacture of the product, and was obliged to concede that "Duffy's Pure Malt," like many other rectified whiskeys, was simply neutral or cologne spirits mixed with water, and colored. Solicitor-General Bowers had said:

"I understood Mr. Duffy to say that Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is made from practically neutral spirits, by storage in charred barrels, without the addition of coloring or flavoring matters—unless the storage in barrels amounts to that."

To this Mr. Armstrong, counsel for Mr. Duffy, answered: "That is true, except, of course, that it is reduced to proof at which it is sold."

### *Duffy's Malt Whiskey a Rectified Brand*

This amounted to a statement that Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey was merely a mixture of alcohol and water colored with the char of barrels. In order to be sure of the use of the term "malt," the Solicitor, however, asked Mr. Duffy:

"Does the practically pure neutral spirit that you get from malted grain differ essentially from the neutral spirit that you get from unmalted grain of the same kind?"

To this Mr. Duffy himself answered: "There may be some difference of opinion upon that."

When Mr. McCabe, of the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, inquired, with reference to the reason for using malted grain, "Might it not be out of a desire to be able to use the term 'malt,' as applied to the product, rather than to the difference in the product?" Mr. Duffy said: "I think that would perhaps have something to do with it."

Later, Mr. Armstrong, when asked for definite facts about the supposed difference in the spirits due to the use of malted grain, said he could testify on the subject "only from literature."

The truth about the manufacture of whiskey has been so well known to the initiated that it was impossible to conceal it from Congress, and when the Pure Food Law was under discussion in 1906, an attempt was made to secure the incorporation of provisions that would correct the practices prevalent in the whiskey trade. A section (Sec. 8, sub-section on Mis-branding) was included in the law, which provided that where articles were labeled, branded, or tagged so as to indicate that they were compounds, imitations, or blends, with the appropriate word on the package, they should not be considered mis-branded, provided that the term "blend" should be construed to mean a "mixture of like substances, not excluding harmless coloring or

flavoring ingredients used for the purpose of coloring and flavoring only."

It was only after long-continued and severe friction and controversy that it was possible to insert even this clause, and the language used manifestly left an open question as to what was meant by "like" substances, and what coloring and flavoring ingredients should be considered "harmless," as well as the additional problem of when such ingredients could be said to be used for the purpose of coloring and flavoring "only." All these questions had to be faced by the authorities of the Government as soon as the Food Law was fairly on the statute books.

A committee appointed from the Departments of Agriculture, of Commerce and Labor, and of the Treasury, in October, 1906, only three months after the law had been enacted, and about the same length of time before it actually took effect, incidentally struggled with the application of this ambiguous clause to whiskeys and other liquors. It reached the conclusion that an age stated on the label of the liquor should not be that of a single one of the constituents, but the average of all constituents in their respective proportions; and it was determined that coloring and flavoring matters might not be used for increasing the weight and bulk of a blended article, and that, when used at all, their proportion should not exceed one pound to eight hundred pounds of the blend. It was further decided that no color or flavor should be permitted where its use was intended to imitate "any natural product or any other product of recognized name and quality."

### *The Controversy on Blended Whiskey*

The committee, however, did not attempt to solve the question of what was meant by "like substances," but simply provided that "the term 'blend' applies to a mixture of like substances." Of course, this left open to controversy, in practical business, the question whether the "blended whiskey" of commerce, which was frequently nothing but alcohol colored and flavored with sugar and the essences already described (where it was not simply alcohol colored and flavored by the addition of some straight whiskey), could continue to enjoy the use of the name previously attached to it. The problem was of even greater commercial significance than it appeared to be, for within a very few weeks it was made obvious to the officers of the Government that the rectifying interests felt themselves profoundly attacked by the effort to take away from them the use of the word "whiskey" as a distinctive name, either with or without the use of the adjective "blended." The logical conclusion to be drawn

from the report of the Committee on Regulations was that the rectified whiskeys of commerce would ordinarily have to be described as "imitation" whiskey, in which case the public would almost certainly discontinue its purchase and would concentrate its demand upon the "straight" product aged in charred oak barrels. This problem was clearly brought to the attention of the Department of Agriculture early in the autumn of 1906, when a blender wrote to Secretary James Wilson, referring to the "uncertainty prevailing in the trade," and submitted to him two samples of so-called "whiskey," one composed of 51 per cent Bourbon or straight whiskey and 49 per cent of neutral or cologne spirits (alcohol), the other containing 51 per cent of spirits and 49 per cent of Bourbon. In each sample, burnt sugar was used as coloring, while "prune juice" (probably an artificial essence with no trace of the prune) was employed as flavoring. Secretary Wilson, after due cogitation, responded that, in his opinion, "the mixtures presented cannot legally be labeled either blended whiskeys or blended whiskey. . . . The mixture of . . . an imitation with a genuine article cannot be regarded as a mixture of like substances."

This letter was subsequently given out to the trade as Food Inspection Decision 45. It created a tremendous commotion, and strong influences were immediately set at work by the whiskey interests for the purpose of convincing Secretary Wilson of his error. The argument was concentrated upon the meaning of the term "like" as applied to "substances," an effort being made to show that cologne spirits (alcohol) and straight whiskey aged in charred oak barrels were "like substances," and that they might, therefore, be mixed in any proportions desired and the resulting combination be described as a "blended whiskey."

If this point could be gained, the rectifying interests might go on mixing alcohol with straight whiskey and applying the term "blended whiskey" to the result. As the law said nothing about the relative proportions in which like substances must be mixed to form a "blend," it might be assumed that even a mixture containing only a minute percentage of straight whiskey could be labeled "whiskey." And as at that time producers of foods, drinks, and drugs were allowed to brand their goods as "Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act," the situation would be better than ever for the rectifying interests, for they would be practically assured of Government sanction for their use of the word "whiskey."

Secretary Wilson finally yielded to the representations of the rectifying interests, and became

what was technically known as a "blended whiskey man," or an advocate of the idea that the blended or rectified whiskeys of commerce were entitled to the use of the name they had already been employing. He sought to compel Dr. H. W. Wiley, the Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, to assent to the rescinding of the decision that prohibited the use of the term "blended whiskey" for the purpose of describing a mixture of whiskey and alcohol. In this position he was supported by George P. McCabe, the Solicitor, or legal authority, of the Department of Agriculture.

### *The Fight of the Rival Whiskey Interests*

Whiskey interests were now definitely lined up on either side of the question. The men who were making straight whiskey by the expensive process of aging it in charred oak barrels thought they saw an opportunity to strike back at their rectifying competitors who, by reason of the lower price at which they were able to market their product, had for a long time had the whiskey market almost to themselves. Rectifying interests were not willing to see the profitable trade they had built up, by the chemical production of fine old amber-colored liquors of any desired age, broken in upon in this way. The straight whiskey men perfected an organization that included most of the "straight" distilleries, and sent to Washington Edmund W. Taylor, son of the proprietor of the "old Taylor" distillery of Kentucky. At a cost understood to be about forty thousand dollars a year, the rectifiers and blenders engaged the services of Warwick M. Hough, a skilful lawyer of St. Louis, who was likewise despatched to Washington, where he ultimately opened offices in one of the costlier buildings, and succeeded in engaging John E. Hayes, at that time Solicitor of Internal Revenue in the Treasury Department, who was then receiving a salary of four thousand dollars a year. Mr. Hough added to his staff other lawyers skilled in the intricacies of governmental practice, and the contest was opened.

The controversy had now become a trade struggle, with all the bitterness that usually characterizes such contests. It was not strange that, under these conditions, whiskey men began to let out some unpleasant truths about the different classes of their product, and that much of the testimony given was calculated to raise in the mind of the lay observer serious questions as to the "wholesomeness" or "harmlessness" of any and every kind of whiskey. It was, of course, admitted by all parties to the discussion that whiskey contained only three elements

— alcohol, water, and the peculiar coloring and flavoring matters that gave it its special aromatic quality, taste, and odor, whether these were naturally present in the product, or had been distilled out, to be replaced later by some artificial process.

The effect of alcohol upon the human system being tolerably well recognized, and that of water none the less so, discussion centered on the effect of the various coloring and flavoring matters. Rectifiers were able to bring a convincing burden of testimony to prove that "fusel oil" and the "higher alcohols" were decidedly injurious to the consumer, the degree of injuriousness being estimated by some chemists and physiologists at seven or eight times that of alcohol itself, although, as already explained, the limited quantity of these elements present in the costlier liquors made them usually negligible in their physiological effect. In fact, at one time rectified whiskey men devoted themselves extensively to obtaining statements from well-known chemists and pharmacologists concerning the injurious qualities of fusel oil and the higher alcohols contained in straight whiskey. Among those who, in behalf of the rectifiers, thus testified, under oath, to the poisonous qualities of the characteristic elements in whiskey were Virgil Coblentz, professor in the College of Pharmacy of Columbia University, Charles Baskerville, professor of chemistry in the College of the City of New York, L. W. Steinbach, professor of surgery in the Philadelphia Polyclinic, and a multitude of others.

It was shown that the effect of the fusel oil was that of a profound intoxicant, causing hemiplegia, methemoglobinuria, transitory nephritis, and various other serious disorders. The testimony was most convincing with reference to the injurious qualities of fusel oil and the higher alcohols, but neglected the fact that many of the built-up liquors upon the market were flavored and colored by the restoration of fusel oil itself, or of higher alcohols in varying degrees. Even where these constituents were not added, it was admitted that a certain amount of the injurious elements still remained in the rectified and blended liquors, owing to the difficulties of distillation. Rectifiers, moreover, struck at the straight whiskey men by describing the real nature of the chemical changes that went to the making of their product. In a statement widely circulated by the rectifiers, Professor Chandler of Columbia University, one of the leading chemists of the country, who testified at the hearing before the Solicitor-General on "What is Whiskey," said:



*Professor Chandler's Definition of Whiskey*

"It is well known that when oak wood is charred, the surface which is affected by the heat is decomposed by the heat. Oak tar, wood alcohol, and pyroligneous acid are produced, which sink into the wood behind the surface of charcoal which results at the same time. When the crude whiskey containing all the fusel oil comes from the still absolutely colorless, it is put into this charred oak barrel, and in course of time it dissolves out a sufficient portion of the tar, wood alcohol, and pyroligneous acid to give it its characteristic flavor and color, and this is what the Kentucky distillers wish the world to believe is the only straight whiskey there is."

This statement, and others like it, was spread broadcast through the country by Mr. Hough, the specific charge being made that straight whiskey was really a decoction of wood-tar. Indeed, in 1909, when placed on the witness-stand before the Solicitor-General by the rectifiers, Professor Chandler was asked by Mr. Hough:

"To what is the flavor of most whiskeys due—the characteristic flavor?"

In answer, Professor Chandler said: "To the tar that comes out of the charred barrel."

And Mr. Hough, evidently thinking he had done enough to discredit the straight product, rejoined: "That is all of this witness."

John M. Atherton, who had been a large distiller for thirty years, told the Government investigators that new (straight) whiskey that had not absorbed the wood-tar elements was practically undrinkable, because it "smelt of the pig-pen," in consequence of its peculiar constituents. Mr. Atherton further contended that the methods of making whiskey were of no moment to the public, because "drinkers do not know what it is or how it is made, and do not know one kind from another."

E. M. Babbitt, another extensive distiller, described the straight whiskeys of commerce as rough and objectionable, and added that, in order to meet the demands of customers, he often branded barrels with any name a customer wanted put there. "Indian Hill Bourbon," well known to drinkers at one time, was one of Mr. Babbitt's brands made with the use of neutral spirits.

Entirely apart from the wholesomeness of the different whiskeys, few persons were in doubt about the significance of the labeling question presented. Although some were inclined to slight the issue with the remark that it was of no interest to any except regular drinkers,—a class traditionally considered unworthy of protection,—there was no possibility of evading the

act that much more than this was concerned in it. It was plain from the first that some very large principles were involved. If whiskey could be made from alcohol and water, with a slight admixture of the article ordinarily known by the name whiskey, or even with coloring and flavoring matters of chemical origin, why might not maple sugar be made from the chemical ingredients that analysis had shown to exist in it? The sugar element in the product would be the same, whether it originated in the cane, the beet, or the maple tree, and if the addition of the proper color and flavor produced an article indistinguishable from maple sugar directly made, it would be a fair question whether the Government, under the Pure Food Law, would have the right to intervene and protect the consumer against goods thus manufactured. In the same way, the admission of this "principle" in the making of whiskey would necessarily allow the adoption of the same process in producing vinegar. "Pure cider" vinegar could then be made from acetic acid by the addition of the proper chemical flavors and colors. In fact, with a well-equipped laboratory there would be no reason why any "natural" product should not be turned out.

*Dr. Wiley's Circumvention of Secretary Wilson*

Secretary Wilson would undoubtedly have carried through his effort to conciliate the rectifying interests, had not Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, contrived a plan to circumvent him. Dr. Wiley endeavored to interest President Roosevelt in the whiskey question, and about May, 1907, succeeded in holding the attention of Mr. Roosevelt for a couple of hours while, with a patent still and a full supply of essences, he went through the process of making rectified whiskey under the executive eye. The President referred the question of whiskey labels to the then Attorney-General Bonaparte.

Mr. Bonaparte knew nothing about whiskey from a theoretical or manufacturing standpoint; but, with the aid of chemists and experts on distillation, he succeeded, after various hearings, in producing a most edifying decision. He took the view that a liquor produced by the mixing of a certain amount of straight whiskey with alcohol or cologne spirits must be described as a "compound whiskey," while an article could be described as a "blend" only in the event of its consisting of a mixture of two or more straight whiskeys. Straight whiskey alone was entitled to the unqualified use of the word

"whiskey" as a distinctive name; while the cologne spirits or neutral spirits of commerce, colored and flavored to taste, must, according to the Attorney-General, be designated "imitation whiskey."

Attorney-General Bonaparte even went so far as to suggest the style of labels to be employed by producers in describing their goods. Thus, for straight whiskey a typical label, said Mr. Bonaparte, would be "Semper Idem — A Pure Straight Whiskey"; a blended whiskey might be described as "E Pluribus Unum — A Blend of Pure Straight Whiskeys"; a mixture of straight whiskey and grain alcohol might be called "Modern Improved Whiskey — A Compound of Pure Grain Distillates"; while a rectified whiskey of the usual type might be called "Something Better than Whiskey — An Imitation."

Rectifiers, however, were far from pleased with the nomenclature that had thus been arranged for them by the humorous Attorney-General. Secretary Wilson and his aides in the Department of Agriculture scarcely concealed their chagrin. Yet efforts to gain the ear of President Roosevelt were of comparatively little effect. The matter came up at Cabinet meetings early in the spring of 1907, and the Cabinet divided sharply into "rectified whiskey" and "straight whiskey" men. When the various delegations of distillers and rectifiers had finally marched through the White House, President Roosevelt sent the following letter to Secretary Wilson.

*President Roosevelt Confirms Attorney-General Bonaparte's Decision*

THE WHITE HOUSE,  
WASHINGTON, April 10, 1907.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: In accordance with your suggestion, I have submitted the matter concerning the proper labeling of whiskey under the Pure Food Law to the Department of Justice. I inclose the Attorney-General's opinion. I agree with this opinion, and direct that action be taken in accordance with it.

Straight whiskey will be labeled as such.

A mixture of two or more straight whiskeys will be labeled blended whiskey or whiskeys.

A mixture of straight whiskey and ethyl alcohol, provided that there is a sufficient amount of straight whiskey to make a genuine mixture, will be labeled as a compound of, or compounded with, pure grain distillate.

Imitation whiskey will be labeled as such.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

This letter caused general and profound irritation, but there was no course now open to whiskey men, save to accept the executive decision, unless they were willing to go into the

courts and have the issue involving their supposed right to the name whiskey tested there. This they were very reluctant to do, because, as one man frankly expressed it, "no house in the trade can afford to put out goods and run the risk of seizure and later litigation by the Government, on account of the odium that would be attached to fighting the Food and Drugs Act."

A careful survey of the situation, however, convinced the rectifiers and their counsel that the conditions were not yet as hopeless as they had been thought. The decision of the Attorney-General, it was true, affected all labels that might be prepared and attached to goods by the whiskey men themselves, but it did not apply to labels attached by the Government. The question of bottled whiskeys and the way of labeling them was, for the time being, settled by the Attorney-General's opinion; but it was plain that where whiskeys had received a Government stamp, nothing was to be said by another department of the Government.

Under the internal revenue laws of the United States, agents are stationed at each distillery, for the purpose of watching the process of distillation, with a view to assuring the Government its taxes. These agents were originally authorized by law to mark the product as "high wines," "spirits," or "alcohol." But the Internal Revenue Bureau, by virtue of executive regulations framed at the instance of the rectifiers, had for years permitted the agents to burn on the outside of the casks the words "rye," "Bourbon," or "copper-distilled whiskey." This was done entirely at the order of the distiller or rectifier, and without any attempt to discriminate, or to ascertain whether the product thus marked corresponded to the name assigned to it. Rectifiers did not feel that they had suffered much when the Government itself, through one department, continued to brand on the outside of their large packages the names that another department denied to the bottled article privately labeled by its owner and passing in interstate trade.

*Internal Revenue Bureau Clashes with Attorney-General*

Government officers seemed almost entirely oblivious to these peculiar conditions until the autumn of 1907, when temperance organizations called the attention of President Roosevelt to the fact that while two of his executive departments had passed upon the proper labeling of whiskey, a third — the Treasury, in which the Bureau of Internal Revenue was located — was not observing the decision. President Roosevelt at

once summoned John G. Capers, then Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and directed him to revise the regulations of the Bureau of Internal Revenue so that they would harmonize with the views of Attorney-General Bonaparte. This Mr. Capers was extremely reluctant to do, feeling, as he said, that the Internal Revenue Law and the Pure Food Law were two entirely different pieces of legislation, passed without reference to each other. Notwithstanding this objection, officers of the Bureau, under Mr. Capers' direction, worked all winter on a new set of regulations, but they were found to be so favorable to the rectifiers that Attorney-General Bonaparte sent them back to the Treasury disapproved.

A second effort was more successful, because the Internal Revenue Bureau now unwillingly accepted the views of the Department of Justice. New regulations, with Mr. Bonaparte's approval, were made public early in the summer of 1908, and were ordered to take effect on and after July 1. Under these regulations, goods would be marked as "high wines," "spirits," or "alcohol," as directed by the Internal Revenue Law; but, inasmuch as the law had provided that spirits should be marked "spirits, as the case may be," the Attorney-General permitted Internal Revenue officers to mark such spirits "whiskey" when produced from grain, "brandy" when produced from fruit, "rum" when produced from molasses, and "gin" when manufactured from spirits with an admixture of juniper-berries. But, whenever spirits were colored, flavored, or manipulated as the rectifiers had been in the habit of manipulating them, they were to be marked "imitation whiskey."

### *The Rectifying Interests Unsuccessful in the Courts*

Rectifying interests now saw themselves compelled to resort to the courts in order to maintain their case. They had already had one encounter with the judicial authorities, when the question of labeling whiskey had come up in the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, in connection with a trade-mark matter. The Commissioner of Patents had refused to register a trade-mark in which the term "rye whiskey" was used, on the ground that the whiskey in question was not blended whiskey, under the terms of the Food and Drugs Act and the regulations explanatory of that law. This was the case of *Levy vs. Uri*, which had been passed upon June 2, 1908. The so-called whiskey for which a trade-mark had been sought professed to be a pure rye whiskey, and Judge Robb, in upholding the refusal of the Commissioner of Patents to register the trade-mark applied for,

defined the term whiskey in exact accordance with the decision of the Attorney-General, maintaining that "a pure rye whiskey is exactly what the term imports — a whiskey made solely from malted rye. Such a whiskey, . . . in the mind of the consumer, is associated with that particular grain and no other." Farther on, Judge Robb had referred to neutral spirits as a colorless and tasteless liquid which might be produced from any fermented substance, but which, he said, had been "palmed off on the public as a beverage by mixing it with something to give it flavor and character."

Judge Robb had been virtually the first Federal judge to take this position, and had consequently been subject to very sharp attack and criticism, but had persevered in his own view. The rectifiers then thought that better results might be gained by instituting proceedings in a State jurisdiction, at a place where the chief business of the community was the manufacture of the rectified product. So they filed applications for injunctions in the Federal district courts for the Southern District of Ohio and for the Southern District of Illinois, asking the judges to forbid United States officers to substitute the new marking of liquors, prescribed by the Internal Revenue Bureau, for the old one that had been in use so many years. Temporary injunctions were allowed in some of the cases, but, when final hearing was had, a decisive victory for the new regulations was secured. The judges refused to grant the permanent injunctions asked for, and severely criticized the demand of the rectifiers.

### *The Public Will Not Buy Whiskey Labeled "Imitation"*

The new regulations, and the cases brought under them, developed one particularly interesting fact in the situation: the distillers and rectifiers could not dispose of their goods for drinking, either as alcohol or as "imitation whiskey." The actual name "whiskey," without modification, was necessary to disposal of their product, notwithstanding that it was precisely the same article under another name. This was clearly brought out when the Western Distilleries applied to Judge Van Fleet of the Northern District of California for an injunction restraining the marking of alcohol as ordered by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, alleging that they had been obliged to shut down their plant through inability to dispose of their product when marked "alcohol."

Because of the hostile attitude of the courts, whiskey manufacturers resolved to turn their attention in other directions. They had hoped

to secure an easy victory through the judicial machinery of the Government; but having been defeated there, and knowing that there was nothing to expect from Congress, they now turned again to the Executive. The new rules, with the requirement that whiskey be branded as "imitation" when it consisted of neutral spirits primarily, had gone into effect July 1, 1908, although prior to that date the distilling interests had accumulated as large stocks as possible under the old regulations for marking, in order that they might continue to send out their goods as "rye," "Bourbon," or "copper-distilled" whiskey, instead of being compelled to use the term "imitation."

Pressure upon the Roosevelt administration for action designed to "relieve" the rectifiers now became acute. Congressman Longworth, son-in-law of President Roosevelt, and accredited representative of the Cincinnati distilling district, exerted himself in behalf of the rectifiers, and a similar position was taken by numerous other members of Congress. Representative Perkins of New York, now chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House and a historian of some reputation, had already devoted himself to securing a favorable ruling in the interest of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. An interesting correspondence passed between Mr. Perkins and the Department of Agriculture, in the course of which Mr. Perkins noted for the benefit of Secretary Wilson that "the Duffy Malt Whiskey Company . . . is controlled by our most prominent and leading citizens, and I trust matters can be adjusted in such a way as not to injure a long-established industry." Other statesmen wrote that the Duffy Company "controlled considerable political influence." Not to be outdistanced in his efforts for the rectifying interests was Representative Sherman, now Vice-President.

### *Appointment of the "Whiskey Commission"*

During the winter a committee of rectifiers and spirit distillers, represented by A. J. Sunstein and others, visited Washington, and sought to persuade the administration of the great harm that was being done to the rectifying interests. The President finally harkened to the representations of the rectifiers, and appointed a "Whiskey Commission," consisting of Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, Dr. F. L. Dunlap, Associate Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, and John G. Capers, head of the Bureau of Internal Revenue of the Treasury Department. Secretary Wilson and Commissioner Capers were already known as advocates of the views of

the rectified whiskey interests, while Dr. Dunlap had shown a strong disposition to dissent from the existing rulings of the Government. There was a good deal of mystery about this Commission. Although the Associated Press sent out a frank statement by President Roosevelt to the effect that such a Commission had been appointed, Secretary Wilson took occasion to assure newspaper men that the Commission did not exist as such, and that the President had merely asked for a little advice. Commissioner Capers admitted the existence of the Commission, but Dr. Dunlap said nothing.

After several weeks of discussion and inquiry, the three advisers reported to the President in favor of allowing liquor made from neutral spirits to be designated as whiskey. Mr. Sunstein and his committee had said that they would be satisfied if they could be allowed to brand their liquor as "redistilled whiskey," "rectified whiskey," or "neutral whiskey." The three commissioners, or conferees, now advised that some such plan be followed, telling the President that this was substantially the verdict that had been arrived at by the Royal Commission on Whiskey, which had been sitting in England, and which, they stated, had decided that any spirits made from grain was whiskey. In a letter written on behalf of the Commission, Dr. Dunlap said, "It is my opinion that the term 'whiskey' should not be denied to neutral spirits diluted with water to a proper strength and colored with caramel," though he recommended the use of some qualifying name, such as "rectified whiskey."

### *Mr. Bonaparte Refuses to Accept the "Whiskey Commission's" Decision*

Attorney-General Bonaparte was now in an embarrassing position. He had already rendered his opinion with reference to the nature of whiskey, and the proper methods of branding it under the existing law of the United States. President Roosevelt had sent Mr. Bonaparte the report of the Whiskey Commission, which had just been transmitted to the White House, with a request for the Attorney-General's opinion.

Two questions presented themselves to Mr. Bonaparte — whether he should reverse himself and accept the findings of Messrs. Wilson, Capers, and Dunlap, or whether he should stand neutral and idle, in case President Roosevelt should see fit to put into effect his Commission's recommendations. Mr. Bonaparte decided both of these points negatively. In a rather scathing letter to President Roosevelt, he pointed out that the Whiskey Commission had based its sug-

gestions almost entirely upon work that had been done in England by a body not known to American law,— the British Royal Commission, — while he had found it his duty to guide himself by the laws of the United States. He could not, therefore, as a matter of law, consent to the proposal now made. Noting that "the assistant chemist of the Department of Agriculture suggests that on the question of the construction of a statute [the Pure Food Law] a very carefully considered and reconsidered opinion of the Attorney-General should be disregarded," he went on to say that he could not "fail to recognize in Dr. Dunlap's recommendation a challenge of the correctness of" his conclusions. He therefore called attention to the interpretations of the Food Law, in line with the views of the Department of Justice that had lately been handed down by the courts. It was stated by officers of the Government that he had privately conveyed to the President the intimation that although only about a week remained before his termination of office as Attorney-General, he should feel compelled to resign, in the event that the President saw fit to overrule his decision in the whiskey matter. The President had been largely animated by his own sense of fair play in giving the rectifiers every opportunity to set forth their ideas; and he now made his own stand evident by approving Mr. Bonaparte's views, and continuing the existing methods of marking and branding liquors.

### *President Taft Drawn into the Whiskey Controversy*

When President Taft entered the White House, on the 4th of March, 1909, the rectifying interests were by no means inclined to let the whiskey question rest. They knew that, while Secretary of War, he had been decidedly friendly to their views at the time when the subject had originally come up before the Cabinet for settlement. It was determined to make a fresh and vigorous effort to secure a reversal of the Roosevelt rulings that would permit the rectifiers to continue placing their neutral spirits on the market under the name of whiskey. Consequently, shortly after the President took office, he was approached by all the original interests that had urged a change in the methods of marking whiskey, and, yielding to their pressure, he consented to reopen the question and to hear argument in person.

Early in April a distinguished array of counsel appeared at the White House. Straight whiskey interests had employed ex-Secretary John G. Carlisle to coöperate with Edmund W.

Taylor, the original representative of the straight whiskey distilleries, while for the rectifying interests appeared Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to England, Senator Armstrong of New York, Lawrence Maxwell, Esq., and Warwick M. Hough, the high-priced lawyer who had been sent to Washington as a representative of rectified interests and of the wholesale liquor trade. Mr. Alfred Lucking also appeared in behalf of the Canadian Club whiskey interests, which had found themselves hampered by the rulings of the Government, and in whose interest the powerful offices of Ambassador James Bryce had been enlisted with President Roosevelt to secure the admission of the Canadian product without the imitation label.

President Taft listened to the arguments on both sides, and showed a strong disposition to refer the matter directly to Commissioner Capers, the head of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Mr. Capers, however, had long been associated with the work of the Bureau of Internal Revenue under the old regulations which permitted the marking of rectified spirits as whiskey; and he was known to be favorable to the retention of the old system of markings, having shown this feeling when, in conjunction with Secretary Wilson and Dr. Dunlap, he had recommended the changes demanded by the rectifying and blending interests. The President's disposition to throw the question back into adverse hands at once called forth a protest from the straight whiskey men, based upon the ground that Mr. Capers was somewhat prejudiced, and President Taft, necessarily recognizing the justice of this claim, directed Solicitor-General Bowers to serve in place of Mr. Capers, and to consider several questions.

The points that Mr. Bowers was to take up included an inquiry as to the true definition of the term "whiskey" at the time of the passage of the Pure Food Law, and an inquiry into the chemical constituents whose presence necessarily designated a liquor as being unmistakably whiskey. He was further called upon to determine whether, as urged by the "Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey" interests, whiskey as a drug was a different product from whiskey as a beverage. The old controversy burst forth afresh, and, beginning April 8, Mr. Bowers conducted almost continuous hearings, lasting nearly a month. More than twelve hundred pages of printed testimony were taken. At times the room in which the meetings were held resembled a chemical laboratory more than it did a courtroom, while at others, as the witnesses sat about a table, freely tasting the various samples that had been submitted for examination, it was strongly reminiscent of a German drinking club.

*Mr. Bowers Rules that the Rectified  
Product is Whiskey*

After long and painful deliberation, Mr. Bowers reached a decision. He declared that the term "whiskey," as currently understood by manufacturers, by the trade at large, and by consumers, included not only the so-called straight whiskey, but the blended or mixed product made by adding more or less straight whiskey to a quantity of neutral spirits or alcohol. Mr. Bowers further ruled that whiskey, in the sense thus defined, should be composed solely of alcohol manufactured from grain, a certain amount of by-products, including the so-called fusel oil denominated as very injurious, enough water to make the mixture drinkable, and in some cases artificial coloring and flavoring matters of a "harmless" character. He thought that the only abuse or misbranding to be feared in connection with whiskey was the marking of alcohol derived from some substance other than grain as whiskey, or the designation of mixtures of neutral spirits which contained no fusel oil or other by-products as true whiskey.

He also found that there was no difference between whiskey as a drug and whiskey as a beverage. It was plain, from this, that Mr. Bowers considered the public's ignorance of the methods of making whiskey a reason for allowing any product to bear that name, provided it conformed to certain chemical standards. The only point at which his decision was really distasteful to the rectifying interests was the view that a so-called "neutral" spirit or alcohol colored and flavored was not whiskey, for the reason that it did not contain the by-products or congeneric products, such as fusel oil and the like. This made it impossible for the makers of liquor from plain alcohol, colored and flavored, to denominate their product whiskey. They would presumably be obliged to mark it "imitation whiskey," as under the ruling of Attorney-General Bonaparte. And, of course, this roused strong dissent among the rectifiers; while the straight whiskey men were also dissatisfied, because of what they considered the erroneous views of Solicitor-General Bowers. The two groups, therefore, united in demanding an appeal to the President, and both filed briefs with Mr. Taft, in which they stated their arguments along familiar lines.

In their brief of reply, the straight whiskey men showed that the courts had stood firmly against the idea that neutral spirits, colored with some artificial substance and mixed with water, was whiskey, while they further con-

tended that a mixture of straight whiskey with alcohol was not a mixture of like substances, and, hence, could not be considered whiskey. They pointed out that various States had held that blended whiskey, in order to be such, must be made by mixing two or more straight whiskeys, and they quoted Senator McCumber to the effect that the rectifiers were perpetrating a fraud on the community, since they "put in a little whiskey, . . . and the other part is made out of this cheap high-wine basis and a few drugs and oils and colors, and . . . is sold for a good brand of whiskey."

The rectifiers, in return, stated that the use of liquors containing fusel oil was highly dangerous, because of the poisonous character of the constituent elements that gave it its characteristic flavor. They argued that the taste of the straight whiskey was due solely to the wood-tar oozing from the barrels in which it was stored, inasmuch as aging did not eliminate the fusel oil, "its bad taste and smell being simply covered up and drowned out by matter that is extracted from the charred barrel and by the acid and ether that are developed by the oxidation of the alcohol. . . ." They boldly contended that the consumer should be left to get whatever he wanted, by whatever name he preferred, urging that "all whiskey at proof is one half water and one half alcohol," since "the by-products in the strongest straight whiskey rarely exceed one half of one per cent, and run down as low as one sixth of one per cent." In other words, the rectifiers argued, whiskey was merely "alcohol in a pleasant form." They quoted the British Pharmaceutical Codex as stating that whiskey is merely "a favorite means of administering alcohol." There was no reason, they contended, why the drinker should be compelled to take with his whiskey "the tannin and acid and char of burned barrels."

*President Taft Decides All Grain Alcohol  
Liquors Are Whiskey*

President Taft was at first inclined to dispose of the subject quickly, but as he went further the difficulties of the case became more apparent. It was not until December 26 that he finally completed a decision, which he then made public. In this he took the view that the term "whiskey" could properly be applied to any liquor made from grain alcohol. He disregarded the argument of Dr. Wiley, of the Bureau of Chemistry, that storage in charred oak barrels converted a liquor distilled from grain and containing fusel oil, etc., into whiskey, and he also disregarded the view of Solicitor-General Bowers that the presence of fusel oil was neces-

sary that a liquor might be properly classed as whiskey. He held that the term "whiskey" might be used as descriptive of any liquor distilled from grain, no matter how it was composed. Other liquors, distilled from such substances as molasses, fruits, etc., he excluded from the definition of whiskey. In every case, said the President, the particular whiskey offered for sale must be designated by a subordinate description indicating the substance from which it was made, as "whiskey made from neutral spirits," etc. This opinion was substantially satisfactory to the large rectifying interests, and they promptly indicated their approval of it.

President Taft's action, however, involved consequences of very much greater importance than those connected with the marking of a liquor. He took occasion to say that, in his opinion, the term "like substances," as used in the Pure Food Law, would include alcohol and whiskey, because the chemical composition of the two was so nearly similar, the only difference lying in the fact that one contained a small amount of fusel oil, while the alcohol or neutral spirits contained only a trace or none. This opened the way for serious controversies about subjects other than distilled liquors; for the question may now fairly be raised, whether an article made from cane or beet sugar, and chemically colored and flavored to resemble the product known as "maple sugar," is a "like substance" with what has heretofore been known as maple sugar, and whether it may not properly be designated maple sugar, though perhaps with an explanatory description, such as "maple sugar made from cane base." So, also, it may now fairly be questioned what is meant by the term "vinegar," and whether that article is what the consumer supposes it to be, or whether it can be made by the combination of acetic acid with the proper coloring and flavoring matters.

### *Does This Decision Menace the Pure Food Law?*

This broad question, of more importance to the whole community interested in pure foods than the whiskey question was to consumers of liquor, is now thrown open to controversy and discussion. President Taft's decision marks the completion of one important and significant episode in the history of the present Pure Food Law. Will that decision be the starting-point for a campaign on the part of manufacturers that will practically annul the progress made in accurate labeling under the law? Will it require the community to accept trade practices as the criteria by which the meaning of terms appli-

cable to foods and drugs will be tested? The average man knows little of chemistry and cares less about it. He thinks he knows what he is getting when he calls for maple sugar, vinegar, or other articles. The physician believes that he knows what he is calling for when he asks for strychnine, quinine, and other drugs. In both cases, it would seem that only the manufacturer may know, just as he alone has had the true appreciation of what is meant by whiskey, which to the consumer signified one thing, while to the manufacturer it meant a great variety of different things.

Though the whiskey controversy may have been disappointing in its results to many of the parties concerned in it, it has been of immense value to the public as a process of education. The question, "What is whiskey?" has now been worked out by the combined efforts of two Presidents of the United States, one Attorney-General, a Secretary of the Treasury, a Secretary of Commerce and Labor, a Secretary of Agriculture, two Commissioners of Internal Revenue, a Chief Chemist and an associate chemist, a few solicitors, and a varied assortment of distinguished politicians, ex-officials, lobbyists, and counsel. So far as the weight of authority goes, it would now seem possible to answer the question that has been pending. Whiskey appears to be virtually anything that will serve to intoxicate. The only limitation placed upon the liquor is that it shall have been distilled from grain; but inasmuch as neutral spirits or alcohol distilled from grain differs slightly, if at all, from the same product distilled from rotten fruit, sugar, molasses, and other alcohol-producing substances, the origin of it is not very important.

The controversy has shown that the real test of whiskey is the degree of intoxication, or, translated into English by coining a word, "impoisonation," that the liquor will produce. While ordinary alcohol is taken as the intoxicating or impoisoning standard, it may be that, under certain conditions, additional and more rapidly poisoning elements, such as fusel oil, the higher alcohols, sulphuric acid, and various other ingredients, may be added. The authorities have differed as to the desirability of including these higher poisons in the product, but they have agreed that the standard by which all whiskey must be tested, and to which it must conform, is the alcoholic standard. It has no qualities that are different from those of alcohol, save as it may contain additional elements of poisonous or toxic character. With the acceptance of this result should disappear the popular idea that whiskey, as such, possesses peculiar virtues or merits. The controversy has



shown that the medicinal whiskeys are not different from the ordinary whiskeys of commerce, and that their medicinal qualities are entirely imaginary.

*Consumers Will Not Buy Alcohol Marked as Such*

The experience of the distillers and rectifiers during the contest has also been of great interest. It has shown that the public in general is ignorant in the highest degree of what it is consuming, that the appeal of whiskey to the relatively inexperienced drinker is largely that of a name, a brand, or a tradition. It has shown that alcohol marked as such cannot be sold to consumers under that name, but that the demand for it must be based upon the use of a fictitious term to which it is not entitled,—whiskey,—while the liquor regarded by many as properly bearing that designation has no superior claim upon the regard of the drinker, except that it contains the more highly poisonous ele-

ments represented by the fusel oil and the "higher alcohols."

Just why two administrations should have spent a large percentage of their time in the study of whiskey, and in finding ways by which the various distilling interests might be allowed the use of the name under the Pure Food Law, is not, perhaps, easy to explain. The national Government has given more time to whiskey than to any other article of food or drink, has reversed itself more frequently and more flagrantly than in any other of its rulings, and has shown greater irresolution in dealing with an organized business interest than has been exhibited in any other department or branch of administration. Yet the time spent has probably not been lost, if it has contributed to the formation of correct ideas by the public at large upon a product that annually consumes many millions of dollars, and whose manufacture, as President Taft has pointed out, has been characterized by disgraceful frauds and impositions for many years past.

## WHAT PEOPLE HAVE SAID ABOUT WHISKEY

OPINIONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, AND MANY OTHERS. ALSO DECISIONS OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES AND OTHER COURTS

IN connection with the discussion of what whiskey is, the editor of *McCLURE'S* presents the following interesting expressions of opinion on this subject.

Joseph Chamberlain, the great English Statesman, says of whiskey:

"If there is in the whole of this business any single encouraging feature, it is bound to be found in the gathering impatience of the people at the burden which they are bound to bear, and their growing indignation and sense of shame and disgrace which this imposes upon them. The fiery serpent of drink is destroying our people, and now they are awaiting with longing eyes the uplifting of the remedy."

Sir Andrew Clark, the great London physician:

"I am speaking solemnly and carefully in the presence of truth, and I tell you that I am considerably within the mark when I say to you that, going the round of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of every ten owed their ill health to alcohol."

The late Edward Everett Hale:

"If anybody will take charge of all Boston's poverty and crime which results from drunkenness, the South Congregational Church, of which I have the honor to be the minister, will alone take charge of all the rest of the poverty which needs relief in the city of Boston."

Robert G. Ingersoll's opinion of whiskey:

"I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe, from the time it issues from the coiled and poisoned worm in the distillery until it enters into the hell of death, dishonor, and crime, that it dishonors everybody who touches it—from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against the liquor crime. All we have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the ignorance, of the destitution, produced by the devilish thing.

"And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder

that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol."

**Abraham Lincoln:**

"The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but will aggravate the evil. There must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer. It must be eradicated, not a root must be left behind; for, until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink.

"If it is a crime to make a counterfeit dollar, it is ten thousand times a worse crime to make a counterfeit man."

**Martin Luther:**

"Whoever first brewed beer has prepared a pest for Germany. I have prayed to God that He would destroy the whole brewing industry. I have often pronounced a curse on the brewer. All Germany could live on the barley that is spoiled and turned into a curse by the brewer."

**William McKinley:**

"By legalizing this traffic we agree to share with the liquor-seller the responsibilities and evils of his business. Every man who votes for license becomes, of necessity, a partner to the liquor traffic and all its consequences—the most degrading and ruinous of all human pursuits."

An extract from a letter by Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee, to the National Model License League: \*

"The fact cannot be denied that what is called the American saloon,—for it is a specifically American institution,—as generally conducted, has been a source of untold misery and sin. The material ruin of tens of thousands of families, and the moral ruin of tens of thousands of young men and women, can be traced to the saloon, while its public influence in Church and State has been positively harmful. It is this universal fact, not fanaticism, that has caused a tidal wave of prohibition to roll over the land."

**Henry Ward Beecher:**

"Every year I live increases my conviction that the use of intoxicating drinks is a greater destroying force to life and virtue than all other physical evils combined."

**Theodore Roosevelt on the saloon business:**

"The friends of the saloonkeepers denounce their opponents for not treating the saloon

business like any other. The best answer to this is that the business is not like any other business, and that the actions of the saloonkeepers themselves conclusively prove this to be the case. The business tends to produce criminality in the population at large and law-breaking among the saloonkeepers themselves. When the liquor men are allowed to do as they wish, they are sure to debauch, not only the body social, but the body politic also.

"The most powerful saloonkeeper controlled the politicians and the police, while the latter, in turn, terrorized and blackmailed all other saloonkeepers. If the American people do not control it, it will control them."

**Bishop Phillips Brooks:**

"If we should sweep intemperance out of our country, there would be hardly poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to our charitable impulses."

**Archbishop Ireland:**

"The great cause of social crime is drink. The great cause of poverty is drink. When I hear of a family broken up, and ask the cause—drink. If I go to the gallows and ask its victim the cause, the answer—drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, Why do not men put a stop to this thing?"

**Governor B. B. Comer, Alabama:**

"Before I entered upon my official duties as governor, while a strong temperance man, I was in no sense of the word a prohibitionist; but, after a year as chief executive, I am an intense prohibitionist, having been made so by the mothers, wives, and children who have come to my office for the purpose of securing pardon or stay of execution for their sons, husbands, or fathers, who have been sentenced for murder committed in nearly all cases while they were under the influence of whiskey."

**Governor J. W. Folk, Missouri:**

"It is a business the natural tendency of which is toward lawlessness, and the time has come when it will either run the politics of the State or be run out of the politics of the State."

**Governor R. B. Glenn, North Carolina:**

"I say to you deliberately, after thirty years' experience as an attorney and as a prosecuting officer in the courts, that I am firmly of the opinion that sixty per cent of crime is directly the result of strong drink, and ninety-five per cent is indirectly caused by indulgence in strong drink. Can we, then, in the face of such an appalling array, hesitate to say where we stand?"

\* An organization made up of men engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

Governor Hoke Smith, Georgia:

"It is absolutely impossible to have a permanent, decent municipal government where the saloon dominates municipal politics. The elimination of the saloon will help municipal politics everywhere."

Dr. J. Starr, Chaplain Ohio Penitentiary:

"The records show that 1,250 persons have been received into this institution during the last eighteen months. Of these, 930 acknowledge themselves to have been intemperate."

New York State Commission on Prisons:

"During the year there were 28,519 commitments to the jails and 3,615 to the penitentiaries for intoxication. It would appear that one half of the convictions in the criminal courts of the State are for this single offense."

Massachusetts Bureau of Labor:

"In other words, 84.41 per cent of all the 26,672 crimes were due to intemperate habits, and 82 per cent were committed while the criminal was under the influence of liquor."

Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor:

"I have looked into a thousand homes of the working people of Europe; I do not know how many in this country. In every case, so far as my observation goes, drunkenness was at the bottom of the misery, and not the industrial system or the industrial surrounding of the men and their families."

Queen of Madagascar:

"I cannot consent, as your Queen, to take revenue from the sale of liquor, which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects."

In a judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States:

"By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dram-shop, where intoxicating liquors in small quantities, to be drunk at the time, are sold indiscriminately to all parties applying. The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than to any other source. . . . There is no inherent right in a citizen to thus sell intoxicating liquors by retail; it is not a privilege of a citizen of the State or a citizen of the United States. As it is a business attended with danger to the community, it may, as already said, be entirely prohibited, or be

permitted under such conditions as will limit to the utmost its evils."

The Supreme Court of South Carolina, in the case of *The State ex rel. George vs. Aiken* (26 L. R. A. 345), said:

"Liquor, in its nature, is dangerous to the morals, good order, health, and safety of the people, and is not to be placed upon the same footing with the ordinary commodities of life, such as corn, wheat, cotton, potatoes, etc."

Judge Gookins, in the case of *Beebe vs. The State* (6 Ind. 542), said:

"That drunkenness is an evil, both to the individual and to the State, will probably be admitted. That its legitimate consequences are disease and destruction to the mind and body, will also be granted. That it produces from four fifths to nine tenths of all the crimes committed is the united testimony of those judges, prison-keepers, sheriffs, and others engaged in the administration of the criminal law, who have investigated the subject. That taxation to meet the expenses of pauperism and crime falls upon and is borne by the people, follows as a matter of course. That its tendency is to destroy the peace, safety, and well-being of the people, to secure which the first article in the Bill of Rights declares all free governments are instituted, is too obvious to be denied."

T. M. Gilmore, the President of the National Model License League, said:

"The handwriting is on the wall. I will say to you that the press and the people of this country have decided that the laws of this country shall be obeyed as the laws of Europe are obeyed. Our trade to-day is on trial before the bar of public sentiment, and, unless it can be successfully defended before that bar from every possible standpoint, I want to see it go down forever. As long as the present status of the saloon remains, all of the laws that society can pass will neither compel obedience to law, except spasmodically, nor take the liquor-dealer out of politics. The purpose of the Model License League is to assist society to bring about the absolute and automatic enforcement of the laws, and the only way, in our opinion, that this can be accomplished is by changing the status of the saloon license. We know by long experience that high license compels the handling of inferior and of imitation goods. High license never has benefited society."

"We hold that our business is either right or wrong. If it is wrong, it ought to be wiped out, root and branch."

# GOVERNOR HUGHES' POLICY OF WATER CONSERVATION

THE Eastern States, as well as the Western, have their pressing problems of conservation. Even in so well-established a commonwealth as New York there are conspicuous illustrations of the reckless waste of natural resources. Two years before President Roosevelt called attention to the nation's neglect of the energy furnished by the Mississippi River and its tributaries, Governor Hughes had emphasized the general disregard, in New York, of the commercial advantages of the rivers of the State.

In three successive messages Mr. Hughes has insisted upon the necessity of conserving water powers for the benefit of the people and the legitimate industries of the State. At the present time the people have under consideration the expenditure of \$20,000,000 in the development, on a large scale, of the State's extensive water resources. Governor Hughes believes that New York's future prosperity depends largely upon the successful carrying out of this plan. The economic greatness of any State rests upon some basic advantage — some natural product that can readily be coined into efficiency and wealth. The industrial prosperity of Pennsylvania is attributable to its coal and other minerals; the fertility of the soil of the great Western States explains their overflowing wealth; were there no navigable Hudson River, there would be no metropolis at its mouth. The progress of New York, first agricultural, then commercial, seems destined in the future to be largely industrial. Absolutely it is now our greatest manufacturing community; relatively to its population, however, it is smaller than Pennsylvania, Ohio, and even some of the New England States.

Manufacturing depends primarily upon power — upon turning to the uses of man the energy that nature, for countless millenniums, has been storing up in the earth. New York and the New England States have practically no coal, but in their hundreds of water-courses they have a greater and more enduring form of power. In both these sections, and ultimately in the whole country, the manufacturers must seek their motive force, not in the earth below, but in the heavens above. The rains and snows of New York have already added greatly to the State's attractiveness, have dotted the Adirondacks

with hundreds of beautiful lakes and streams and converted the region into a beautiful playground and health resort; but, without forgoing their usefulness in these directions, they can also add to the general welfare by increasing the people's wealth. They are the Empire State's liquid coal, which, thousands of years after the black beds of the Appalachians have yielded up their final tribute to civilization, will still flow on, as inexhaustible a source of energy as they were a million centuries ago.

There are really three Hudson rivers, but only one is apparently serving any useful purpose. The other two, formed of the surplus waters of the Adirondacks and the other Hudson watersheds, are not only wasted, but frequently endanger the property and lives of the people living on their shores. Disasters similar to the recent floods of Paris are constantly happening in New York and other States. In the last hundred years Rochester has been flooded many times by the unrestrained Genesee; and in Albany it is no unusual experience for the lower part of the city to find itself under water. In 1902 the damages caused by flood in New York State amounted to \$3,000,000. The mountain snows gather in the hills all winter, melt rapidly in spring, tumble down the valleys, overflow the farms, destroy the bridges, drown the cattle, and sometimes even overwhelm the farmers themselves. Instead of wreaking all this injury, these waters might be used to turn the wheels of hundreds of factories and furnish employment to thousands of men.

From the engineering standpoint the problem involves few difficulties. The successful use of water power depends entirely upon the regulation of its flow. The factories need a steady and even supply of water throughout the year. This is precisely what, under present conditions, they cannot get. The whole world admires the Hudson River, but, from the manufacturer's point of view, it is a sorry failure. Stable and heroic as it seems, its chief characteristic, in the mill-owner's mind, is its extraordinary fickleness. It is absolutely undependable. Its waters, in that section north of Albany where the factories are located, are either a flood or a famine. Part of the year the river overflows its banks, and the rest of the time the mills scattered along its shores have to shut down because

there is not water enough to turn their wheels. On the other hand, when the river is running wild, there are many more thousand horse-power than the factories can use. Work on the northern Hudson, therefore, is impossible all the year around. How greatly the waterflow varies is shown from the fact that in 1869, the year in which occurred the largest recorded volume of water, the flow during freshet time was 70,000 cubic feet a second, while the least daily recorded run off, in 1908, was 700 cubic feet per second. What is true of the Hudson is virtually true of all the other numerous water-courses in the State. Outside of the potential energy of Niagara Falls and the St. Lawrence River, a careful calculation shows that New York is annually emptying into the sea an amount of water that might easily be made to yield 1,500,000 horse-power.

Governor Hughes went about this problem in the approved Hughes way. In his first message he urged the Legislature to appropriate money for an investigation of the State's water power. The Water Supply Commission, which undertook the work, has spent two years in a minute inspection of the State's resources and in devising plans for their utilization. It now proposes that the State itself shall undertake the conservation of these water resources and reap the profits. The annual overflow, the Commission reports, can be readily gathered into enormous reservoirs, and can then be gradually fed out as commercial needs demand. In illustration of their general program may be cited the large storage lake that the Commission proposes to build first.

The greatest single tributary to the Hudson, outside of the Mohawk, is the Sacandaga River. This stream is the product of several hundred smaller water-courses which rise in the depths of the dense Adirondack forests. It winds southwesterly up about seventy-five miles, entering the Hudson at Hadley, a place nearly fifty miles north of Albany. At a little village called Broadalbin it enters what was, fifty years ago, an especially fertile and beautiful valley. In the dark abysm of geologic time this valley was unquestionably the bed of a lake, and a simple engineering exploit can easily restore its primeval condition. It is now proposed to build a large earth dam at Conklingville, about 1,200 feet long, 95 feet high, and 110 feet thick at the top. When this structure is once built, the surplus water of the Sacandaga watershed, which covers about 1,050 square miles of territory, will no longer hasten, in all its wastefulness, to the sea. When the spring freshets come, the water will rush down the Sacandaga

valley until it reaches this solid structure; then it will gradually spread over the banks, cover the old farms and stripped woodlands, and gradually rise until another body of water is formed as large as Lake George. There the water will be held until the time comes when the natural supply falls short in the manufacturing section north of Albany. Then large sluice-gates will be opened, and the water of the new Sacandaga Lake will pour down the stream, and turn wheels in the mills which, but for this stored-up supply, would stand helpless for the larger part of the summer.

In this way manufacturers will receive almost 10,000,000,000 cubic feet of additional water during the part of the year when it is most needed. Whenever the rivers are able to furnish naturally an adequate supply, the sluice-gates will be closed up and the water again stored. The supply of water can thus be kept fairly uniform throughout the year and a constant source of power obtained. At no time will the proposed lake be drawn off so that its banks will become unsightly; it is believed that, with proper shore treatment, it can be made as beautiful a part of the landscape as any natural sheet of water, and as useful as a health and pleasure resort.

Other new storage lakes of similar size are planned for the Schroon River, the Racquette, the Genesee, and the Delaware. Obviously, enterprises of this magnitude, involving large expenditures and many and conflicting interests, cannot readily be carried through by individuals or corporations. Governor Hughes believes that the construction of these large reservoirs, and the sale of the water to such manufacturers as care to use it, is a proper exercise of governmental authority. He is determined that resources so fundamental to the general welfare shall no longer go to waste, and believes that the ownership, supervision, and emoluments should accrue to the State. Though his primary idea is to build up the State's industries and provide for the future, he thinks that, in addition to this, the State will secure a revenue in the rental obtained. The cost of the Sacandaga reservoir will be about \$5,000,000, and the financial plan provides for a rental from the users of the water which will pay interest on this and provide for a sinking fund, and at the same time return a reasonable profit to the commonwealth. The people of the States that have large unused water powers will closely follow this experiment in New York, embodying, as it does, a new theory of State encouragement to private industries, which, it is believed, is likely to find general acceptance.



# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1910 • FIFTEEN CENTS



*Frank X. Appleby*

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*See Mayhew Furniture at your Dealer's*



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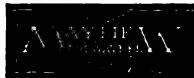
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are not abstractions in the building of Mayhew furniture nor catchwords in Mayhew advertising.

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*See Mayhew Furniture at your Dealer's*



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*See Mayhew Furniture at your Dealer's*

# M<sup>C</sup>CLURE'S MAGAZINE

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The S. S. McClure Co., New York

44-60 East 23d Street, New York 186 Oxford Street West, London

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: In the U. S., Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions \$1.50 per year. In Canada \$2.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union \$2.50 per year

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*Joel Jackson Hazen*

Advertising Manager

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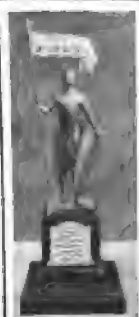
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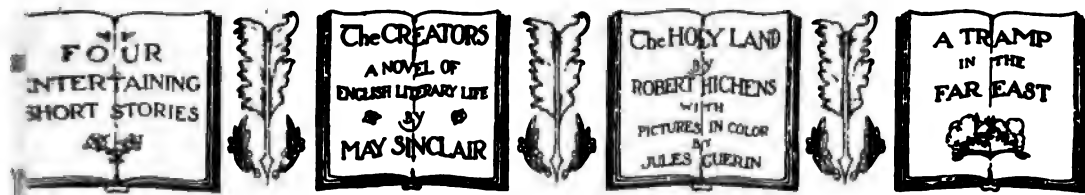
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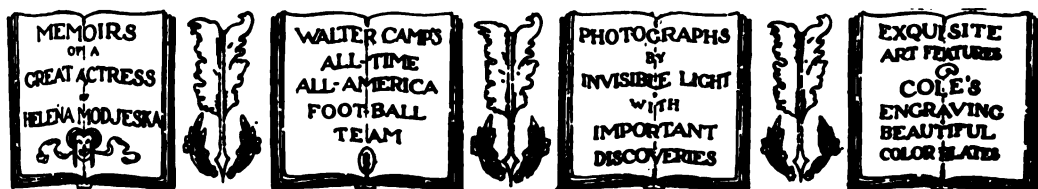
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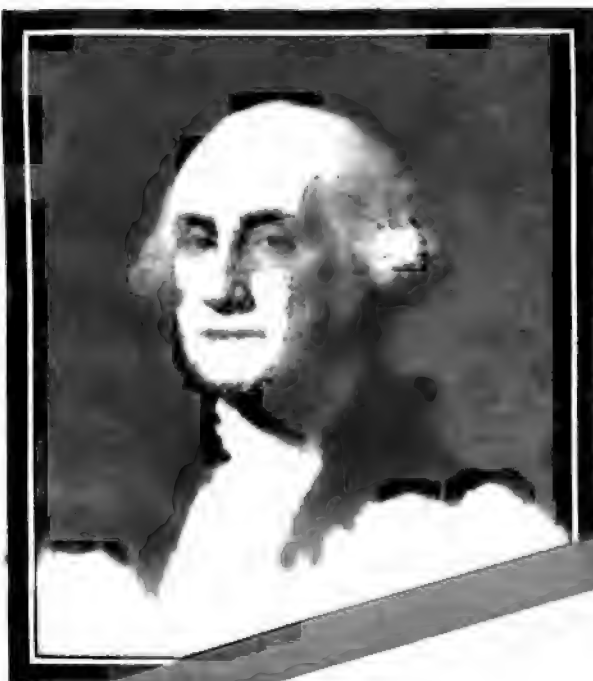
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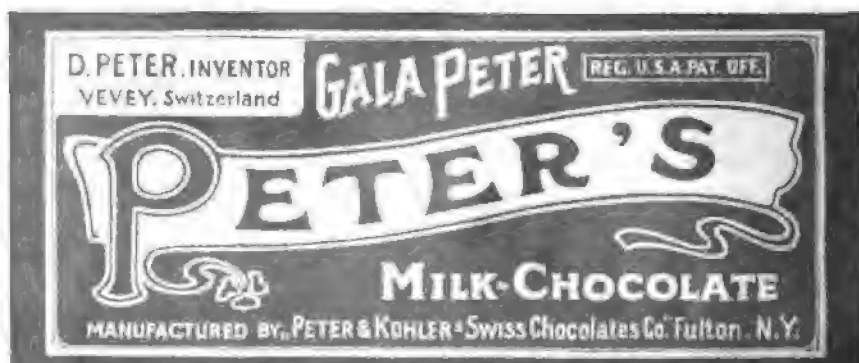
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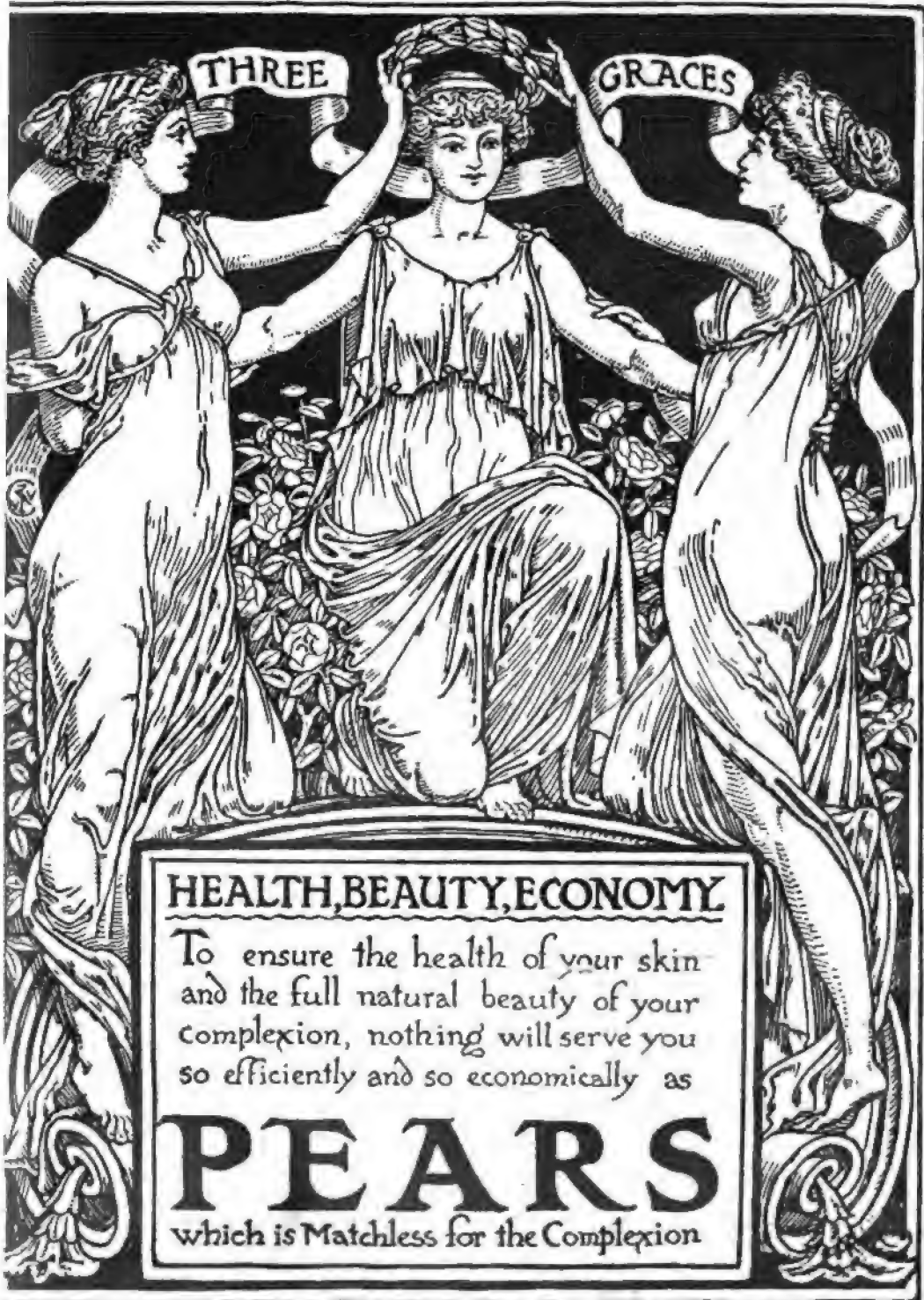


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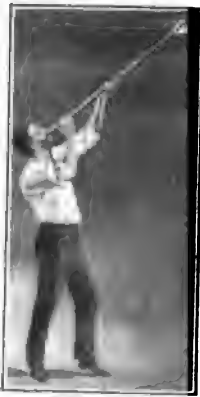
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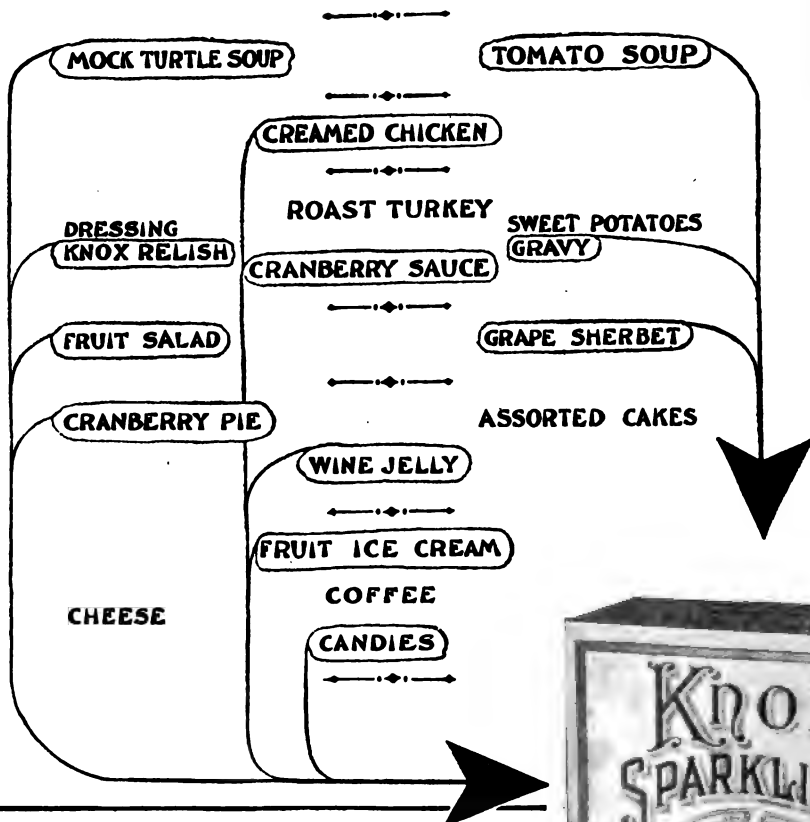
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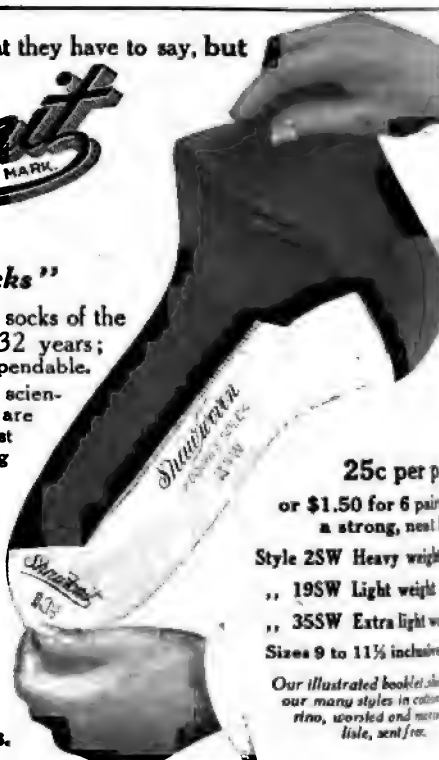
"The socks for knocks"

Shawknit socks are the pioneer advertised socks of the country; have been on the market for over 32 years; are the standard socks of the world; always dependable.

Embracing every desirable feature known to scientific hosiery making. None more durable—are seamless—none as comfortable. Colors are fast and harmless. They are knit to fit. Do not drag over the instep or pull up at the toes.

We recommend the styles herewith offered in three different weights of black cotton socks with undyed natural cream color combed Egyptian double soles, to people objecting to any dyed portion coming in contact with their feet. If you cannot procure them from your dealer order from us direct, mentioning size desired, also weight, by style number. We will prepay delivery charges upon receipt of price.

Shaw Stocking Co. Smith St., Lowell, Mass.



25c per pair  
or \$1.50 for 6 pairs  
a strong, neat  
Style 2SW Heavy weight  
,, 19SW Light weight  
,, 35SW Extra light weight  
Sizes 9 to 11½ inclusive

Our illustrated booklet shows  
our many styles in cotton,  
rino, worsted and merino  
hosiery, sent free.



Popular with the Boy and his Father, too, because  
"Prosknit"  
TRADE-MARK Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
(This label on every garment)

Summer Underwear

is a guarantee of fit and wearing quality—and of clean, cool, well-ventilated Summer Comfort.

For Boys 25c per garment 50c  
50c Union Suits \$1.00 For Men

Made in all standard styles and Union Suits. So soft to the skin. Easy to wash as a handkerchief.

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.



## The Sign of Quality

WHETHER ON SHOE OR SHOE-SHOP, THE RED DIAMOND IS THE SIGN OF QUALITY. GIVE THE SHOE MAN WHO SELLS THE STETSON AN OPPORTUNITY TO TELL YOU JUST WHAT STETSON QUALITY STANDS FOR.

STETSONS ARE MADE FOR MEN. THE PRICE IS \$5.50 PER PAIR, AND MORE.

THE STETSON SHOE CO., South Weymouth, Mass.

THE RED DIAMOND TRADE MARK



APPEARS ON EVERY STETSON SHOE



# Are YOU One of the Hands?

There are *two* classes of workers—head workers and hand workers. Are you one of the hands? What you get on pay day determines it.

The hands are paid for just so much work done. Come hard times they are laid off—steady times, they earn so much and no more—sickness, their earnings are suspended—old age, their earnings cease. Advancement in the true sense of the word plays no part. Are you one of the hands?

Only *special training* for the line of work you are best fitted for will put you in the "heads" class—the class that ever advances in position and salary. And you can acquire this training through the help of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton. To learn how you can do it mark and mail the attached coupon.

Don't imagine because you're one of the hands that there is no I. C. S. way to Success for YOU—for *there is*. It is for such men as you that the I. C. S. was established. On an average, 300 students, once in exactly your position, every month VOLUNTARILY report advancement due to I. C. S. training. During November the number was 375. If you can read and write you can be helped in like manner. Mark the coupon.

## You Can Succeed

There is absolutely no barrier in the way, whether of age, occupation, address, lack of schooling, of means, or of spare time. Not necessary to leave home or quit work. Mark the coupon and learn how easily you can quit the "hands" crowd and join the "heads" class. Marking the coupon costs you nothing and places you under no obligation.

**Assure your success in life by marking the coupon TO-DAY.**

## SUCCESS COUPON

International Correspondence Schools,  
Box 811, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper	Mechanical Draftsman
stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elect. Lighting Supt.
Shoe and Hat Maker	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Designer & Craftsman	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architect's Draftsman
Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Banking Engineer
Exec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Hardware Trimmings That Harmonize

If you are building a home be sure that you select hardware trimmings that will be in keeping with the architectural style. Your architect will be of assistance in determining the style—but *you* should acquaint yourself with the merits of

## Sargent's ARTISTIC Hardware

It is harmonious in its details and can be had in all designs demanded by any particular style of architecture. Sargent's Hardware adds materially to the refinement of appearance in any home and affords satisfaction as long as the house endures.

Sargent's Book of Designs—sent free.

Will prove of invaluable assistance in choosing right hardware trimmings. Over 70 patterns are illustrated.

The Colonial Book—shows cut glass knobs, door knockers and other fittings in Colonial styles. This book also free on request. Address

SARGENT & COMPANY  
159 Leonard St.  
New York



## Valuable Paint Book for Property Owners

You have occasion to buy more or less paint. Are you competent to distinguish pure and reliable paint from the shoddy and adulterated? If not, you need this book. Send for it today. It explains how many paints are adulterated and what causes such paints to crack and scale.

Tells how to choose a harmonious color scheme—a set of beautiful color plates accompany the book. This book let likewise tells why

## CARTER Strictly Pure White Lead

*"The Lead With the Spread"*

is the most reliable, economical and durable paint you can buy. Why Carter never cracks or scales—why it forms a tough, durable film that contracts and expands with the weather changes.

Explains what makes Carter *whiter* than other leads—why this extra whiteness assures brighter, more lasting colors. We send this book *free*, on request.

For satisfactory and durable painting, engage a painter and request him to use Carter White Lead and put it at time of painting, to meet the particular needs of buildings—then you will have no trouble with cracking or peeling paint. Your local dealer can supply you with Carter

**Carter White Lead Co.**

12066 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

Factories:  
Chicago—Omaha (1)

*"To Be Sure It's Pure,  
Look for CARTER  
on the Keg"*



# Barrett Specification Roofs

Freight Station  
N. Y. C & H. R. R. Co.  
At St. John's Park  
New York City

## An Economical Roof

In 1871 this huge roof was built with coal tar pitch, felt and gravel, laid in general accordance with modern standards as defined in The Barrett Specification. During these 38 years there have been little or no repairs—nothing large enough to be found in the books of the company as an item of maintenance. The roof is still in good condition and will undoubtedly last for many years more.

This record is an extreme instance, but 20 to 25 year roofs of this kind are common. When it is remembered that Barrett Specification Roofs costs less than tin and only slightly more than ready roofings, their economy becomes clear. And this low first cost

is followed by a maintenance cost of nothing—no painting or care of any kind being required.

For large flat areas the use of Barrett Specification Roofs is now almost universal. That means factories, warehouses, railroad buildings, flat roofed city dwellings, and office buildings—everywhere in fact except on very steep or ornamental roofs or where skilled labor is not available.

The Barrett Specification defines the best and most economical way of building gravel or slag roofs to obtain results like above.

Copy will be sent free on request. Address nearest office.

## Barrett Manufacturing Co.

New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Cleveland  
Pittsburg Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis  
New Orleans St. Louis  
London, Eng.



**B**ETTER than honey on hot biscuit—delicious on buckwheat cakes. The best and purest syrup in the world for all uses—agrees with everybody.

**Karo**  
CORN SYRUP

Eat it on	Use it for
Griddle Cakes	Ginger-Bread
Hot Biscuit	Cookies
Waffles	Candy

\*Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book—Fifty pages including thirty perfect recipes for home candy-making.



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.  
Dept. H  
P. O. Box 161 New York



## Holstein Cow's Milk For Both Mother and Baby

If you have a new baby, of course you will nurse it, for "Remember, there is nothing as good for the baby as mother's milk."

If you will drink the milk of the large, vigorous Holstein Cow, you cannot help imparting vitality to baby as well as gaining strength yourself. This seems a simple way to get strong. Try it. It costs little and you will find yourself gaining rapidly, as well as your baby.

If you do not nurse your baby, drink Holstein Cow's Milk yourself and get your physician to tell you how to modify it for baby. If baby is well and strong the milk will probably not need modifying. Nearly all milk supply stations, laboratories, sanitariums, hospitals, etc., use only Holstein Cow's Milk for infant and invalid feeding. Many of them have their own herds of Holstein Cows.

Our little book, "The Story of Holstein Milk," has a fund of information in it, and we are pleased to send it upon request.



**HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION**  
2 F American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont

## Bloeker's COCOA

An American Drink from Holland

Prepare a cup of this delightful beverage. How tempting the aroma! Sip it. How rich, how delicious, how satisfying! Note the after-effect—how well you feel for the rest of the day. Make it a practice to drink it at least once every day—and see how you'll gain in health and strength.

Free Sample Postpaid if you address Dept. D

46 Hudson Street, New York

## American Beauty ROSES



The most magnificent and beautiful of all roses. You can grow them as well as other roses. Heller's Roses are known all over America. Place your rose orders now. Write today for a free copy of our new book.

### "Roses of the Garden"

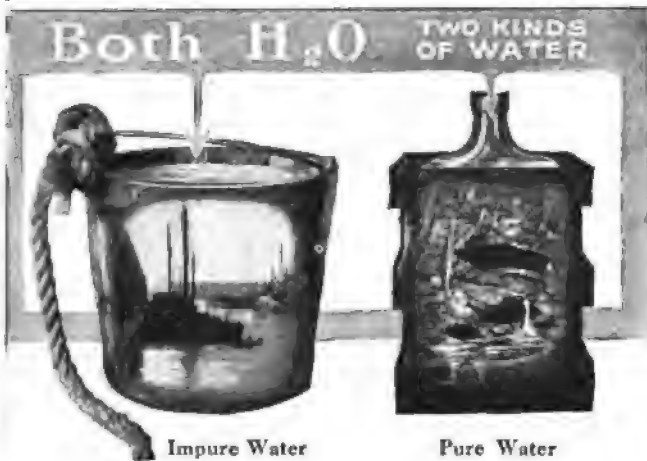
Illustrating and describing all the varieties, and showing you how to select and avoid failures. Also—

wonderful new lines, *Jeannette* (best garden rose, strong and light bluish pink and beautiful)

We pay expressage on all orders.

**Heller Brothers Co.**

American Beauty Supply  
Box 45, New Canaan, Conn.



## How the PURE and the IMPURE May Bear the Same Chemical Symbols

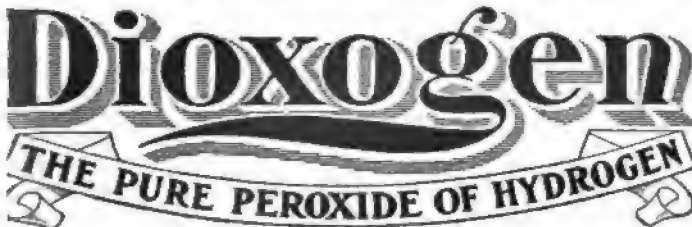
Many people, and even many druggists, believe that all peroxide of hydrogen is alike, because it all bears the same chemical symbols H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub>. The chemical symbol of plain water is H<sub>2</sub>O, and dirty water can be just as correctly described by this symbol as clean

water; yet no one would want to drink dirty water simply because its chemical symbol is H<sub>2</sub>O.

The cheap and inferior grades of peroxide of hydrogen, suitable only for bleaching and similar purposes, can be and are properly described by the symbol H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub>. It is, however, just as reasonable to use these bleaching kinds for personal use, because they bear the symbol H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub>, as to drink dirty water because it has the same chemical symbol as pure water.

The impurities in dirty water make it dangerous to drink just as the impurities in bleaching peroxide make it unfit for personal use. Bleaching grades of peroxide do not have to be pure, and, possibly because they are less expensive to make, they are sometimes bottled and sold for toilet use. It is just as improper to do this as it would be to bottle impure water and sell it for pure water.

### Exact Size of Trial Bottle



should be used *exclusively* for all personal, toilet and medicinal purposes, just as pure water should be used *exclusively* for drinking purposes.

Worthy druggists everywhere sell Dioxogen, but the safe thing to do is always ask for Dioxogen by name. Do not merely ask for "peroxide of hydrogen," as this is a general term covering all qualities and kinds, and, like the general term "water" does not distinguish between the pure and the impure, the suitable and the unsuitable.

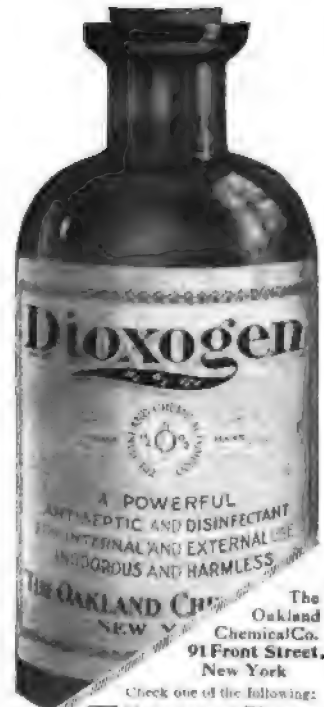
### Dioxogen Has Over Twenty Uses in the Home

Some of the most important, described in our new booklet "The Best Kind of Health Insurance", are its uses as a Gargle, as a Mouth Wash, for Wounds and Cuts, for Burns and Scalds, After Shaving, for Chapped Hands and Face, for the Complexion, for Manicuring, etc., etc.

### WRITE FOR A TRIAL BOTTLE

If you have never used Dioxogen, or if you have been buying ordinary peroxide for personal use and want to prove the merits of Dioxogen, we will gladly send you a 2 oz. trial bottle upon receipt of 10c to cover postage (1c) and mailing case (2c). Use coupon or give information asked for on coupon in a letter mentioning this magazine.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 91 Front St., New York



Check one of the following:

☐ I have never used Dioxogen or any peroxide of hydrogen. I would like to try Dioxogen and enclose 10c for 2 oz. trial bottle.

☐ I am using a peroxide, but not Dioxogen, for personal use. I would like to compare Dioxogen with the kind I am now using and enclose 10c for 2 oz. trial bottle.

Name.....

Address.....Druggist's Name.....



# KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR



## By the Constant Use of CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Ointment. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants and children, prevent minor eruptions becoming chronic, and soothe and dispel torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings. Peace falls on distracted households when Cuticura enters.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co.; Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokyo; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.  
32 Cuticura Book, post-free, 32 pages of valuable information on Care of the Skin, Scalp and Hair.

# MENNE

## BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

is the original—the first—talcum powder. It is the **best** by test, and is preferred by the discriminating because of its uniformity and purity.

Other Talcum powders are sold because of fancy boxes. Mennen's is sold on its merits as a toilet preparation.

Look for Mennen's head on every box you buy—it is the sign of the genuine. Put up in the "Box that Lox."

Sample box for 2c stamp.  
Guaranteed by Gerhard Mennen Co., under the Pure Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1000.  
Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

## \$8,000 to \$10,000 YEARLY



### Make Money Out of Others' Fun

Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits and owners of our famous attractions frequently make from \$8,000 to \$10,000 every year. We make everything in the Ringing Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carouselles. Bring in hundreds of dollars daily. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthy business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. Our goods are the finest appearing, easiest running, and most attractive line manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

**HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.**  
Park Amusement Outfitters  
220 Sweeney Street, N. Tonawanda, N.Y., U.S.A.





**SOUPS** STEWS and HASHES are rendered very much more tasty and appetizing by using

# LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A superior seasoning for all kinds of Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Game, Gravies, Salads, etc. It gives appetizing relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGTS.,  
New York

# MEDICAL OPINIONS OF BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

**A. F. A. King, A. M., M. D.,** *Prof. of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and children in the Medical Department of Columbia University, Washington, D. C., and in the University of Vermont; Ex-President Washington Obstetrical and Gynecological Society; Fellow of the British Gynecological and of the American Gynecological Societies, etc., etc.,* in the eighth edition of his *Manual of Obstetrics* recommends **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as a diuretic in diseases of the Kidney and Bladder.

**T. Griswold Comstock, A. M., M. D.,** *St. Louis, Mo.,* says: "I have made use of it in gynecological practice, in women suffering from acute Uræmic conditions, with results, to say the least, very favorable."

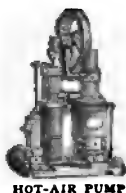
**Dr. Jos. Holt,** *of New Orleans, Ex-President of the State Board of Health of Louisiana,* says: "I have prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in affections of the kidneys and urinary passages, particularly in Gouty subjects in Albuminuria, and in irritable condition of the Bladder and Urethra in females. The results satisfy me of its extraordinary value in a large class of cases usually most difficult to treat."

Voluminous medical testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

**BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO** **BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA**

## The Unseen Power

As man's mechanical skill increases he conceals the means by which work is done. Compare, for example, the earliest locomotives and their exposed mechanism with the modern "iron horse," or the early walking-beam engine with a modern motor-boat driven by a submerged propeller and seeming to move as if alive. In your country home there is no need to insult the landscape with a towering, clattering, unreliable windmill. Leave windmills to the days of "New Amsterdam," and the old flint-lock muskets to lovers of antiques, and let your water supply be furnished by the little, inconspicuous **Hot-Air Pump**, which can be tucked away in a corner of the cellar, barn, or outhouse, works silently and independently of wind or weather, and is reliable always. Once installed it is out of sight and out of mind.



HOT-AIR PUMP

Be sure that the name **RIDER** or **ERICSSON** appears upon the pump you purchase. This name protects you against worthless imitations. When so situated that you cannot personally inspect the pump before ordering, write to our nearest office (see list below) for the name of a reputable dealer in your locality, who will sell you only the genuine pump. Over 40,000 are in use throughout the world to-day.

Write for Catalogue G, and ask for reduced price-list

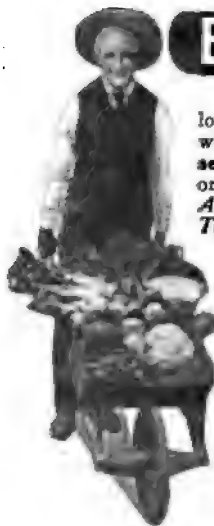
**RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.**

35 Warren Street, New York  
239 Franklin Street, Boston

40 Dearborn Street, Chicago  
40 North 7th Street, Philadelphia

234 West Craig Street, Montreal, P. Q.  
22 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. W.

(Also builders of the new "Reeco" Electric Pump.)



## EVERY EMPTY ENVELOPE COUNTS AS CASH

To secure for our annual catalogue the largest possible circulation, we make the following unusual offer: To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses **Ten Cents** (in stamps) we will mail the catalogue described below and also send free of charge our **"HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS**, containing one packet each of *Giant Mixed Sweet Peas; Giant Fancy Panais, Mixed; Giant Victoria Asters, Mixed; Henderson's Big Boston Lettuce; Freedom Tomato and Henderson's Blood Turnip Beet* in a coupon envelope, which when emptied and returned will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 and upward.

## EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

is the title of our 1910 catalogue. It is a book of 200 pages with 700 photo engravings direct from nature, 8 superb colored and duotone plates of vegetables and flowers. Complete and thorough in every respect, it embodies the results of sixty years practical experience. We believe it is the best we have ever issued, and the premier horticultural publication of the year.

In addition, all ordering from this advertisement will receive a copy of our *Garden Guide Record*, which we consider one of our most valuable publications. A handbook of condensed cultural information of which one of our customers, who has had an advance copy, says: "It is the most complete, concise and comprehensive book of its kind."

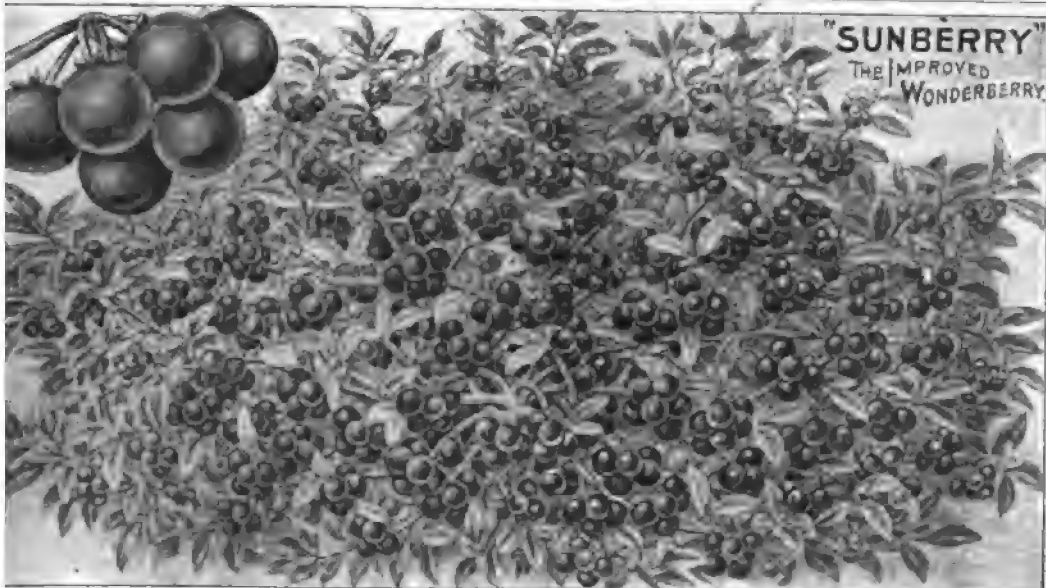
**PETER HENDERSON & Co.**

35 & 37  
CORTLAND ST.  
NEW YORK

# HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Keep it on your side-board at home.  
Served at Restaurants, Hotels, Fountains, Druggists.

*Original and Genuine*  
**Nutritious Food-Drink—All Ages**  
Delicious, invigorating and sustaining.  
Easily digested by the most delicate.



# LUTHER BURBANK'S GREATEST CREATION

## The Sunberry The Improved Wonderberry

*A Luscious Berry Ripening in 3 Months from Seed*

Seed 20c. per pkt.; 3 pkts. for 50c.; postpaid

This is positively the GREATEST new Fruit and the best NOVELTY of modern times. These are facts which no one can get away from. The proofs are overwhelming in number and conclusive in character.

Fruit blue-black like an enormous rich blueberry in looks and taste. Unsurpassed for eating raw, cooked, canned or preserved in any form. This great garden fruit is usually valuable in hot, dry, cold or wet climates. Easiest and most in the world to grow, succeeding anywhere and yielding great masses of rich fruit all summer and fall. The greatest boon to the family garden ever known. Leaves and branches are also used for greens and are superb. Everybody can and will grow it.

Luther Burbank of California, the world famous plant breeder, originated this new fruit and turned it over to me to introduce. He says of it: "This absolutely new berry is of great interest and value, as it bears the most delicious, wholesome and healthful berries in utmost profusion and always comes true from seed."

THE SUNBERRY is an improved form of the Wonderberry which I introduced exclusively last year and which proved so satisfactory. It is greatly superior to the original type, and I alone have genuine seed.

SEED 20c. per pkt.; 3 pkts. for 50c.;  
7 for \$1.00.

With every packet of seed I send a book giving 99 Receipts for using the fruit, raw, cooked, canned, preserved, dried, spiced, pickled, jams, syrup, wine, greens, etc. It is superior for any of these uses.

Also a copy of my 152-page Catalogue with every order which tells all about my

**\$12,000 IN CASH PRIZES AND OFFERS.  
AGENTS WANTED.**

MY GREAT CATALOGUE of Flowers and Vegetable Seed, Bulbs, Plants and Rare and New Fruits FREE to all who apply. 152 pages, 500 illustrations, and colored plates. Have been in business 35 years and have half a million customers all over the country. Complete satisfaction guaranteed to everyone. Do not fail to see the many great specialties I am offering this year, of which the SUNBERRY is the greatest ever known.

READ MY CATALOGUE, pages 2 and 3, for full details on culture, uses, etc. (Also Colored Plate.)

READ scores of testimonials from well-known and reliable people all over the country, pages 137, 138, 139, 140.

READ the "Crime of the Wonderberry," page 136.

Address JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

P. S.—This offer will not appear again. Write for Sunberry seed, and Catalogue at once. Do not neglect or delay.

### GROWN LAST YEAR BY 350,000 PEOPLE

What some of the growers say:

(well-known author), West Park, N.Y., says: "My visit to you was well worth while, if only to see that wonderful Wonderberry. I could hardly credit my eyes when you led me in the midst of those vines, each one spreading three or four feet over the ground and loaded with fruit. As you lifted up the under branches they were literally black with berries, and the marvel was that much of the fruit had been hanging there since July (nearly 3 months) and was round and sweet. And that pie we had for dessert at dinner. Surely, I never ate a more delicious pie in my life."

K. S. Enochs, writing to the "Tribune," Hammond, La., Aug. 6th, says: "I have handled the Wonderberry this year. Planted in the open ground in March. Began gathering berries in June. The plants here will easily produce \$230 per acre before Aug. 1st. The plants bear enormously and the fruit is delicious and sells readily in the markets."

Mr. E. S. Miller, Director of the New York State Agricultural Experimental Station, says: "The Wonderberry appears to be a very good thing, particularly on poor soil. I have seen it growing and fruiting abundantly in pure sand. Another great quality is the long keeping of the fruit, after it is picked. I have some that were picked and shipped to me four weeks ago that are still good."

D. S. Hall, Wichita, Kans., says: "I sold seed of the Wonderberries to thirty different parties last spring, and twenty-nine of them are well satisfied with it and recommend it. The other one planted it in soil too heavily fertilized. I think I can sell lots next spring. I know of no fruit or vegetable of easier culture. I find it extremely prolific and of long season in bearing. Its rich color and fine flavor make it one of the very best berries for jelly; and made into pies—well, it has got them all beat to a frazzle."

Robert Breunig, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Having tried the new berry called the Wonderberry, I wish to say that it is indeed a most delicious berry, and a berry for culinary use in making pies, etc., it is unsurpassed and cannot be recommended too highly, the berries having a delightful flavor." (Publishing Co.), Chicago, Ill.: "A

Oscar E. Binner few weeks ago our grocer notified Mrs. Binner that he had a fine lot of Burbank's Wonderberries. We bought some and made a pie of same, and must confess that though I am very fond of good pies I never ate such a delicious pie before. My 1 but it was good."



## That Croupy Cough

—the dread of every mother—  
soon loses its dangerous symptoms by the internal application of

# WHITE VASELINE

IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY  
PURE TIN TUBES

(Contain No Lead)

Warm a little in a tea-spoon. Let the child swallow this quantity at intervals till the congestion is relieved. So tasteless, it is readily taken. So pure, it is safest, most effective and best.

This is but one of the twelve Vaseline preparations that together form a safe and convenient medicine chest for the treatment of all the little accidents and ailments prevalent in every family.

WRITE for our **FREE VASELINE BOOK**  
it tells you of the special uses for

Capsicum Vaseline  
Pure Vaseline  
Carbolated Vaseline  
Mentholated Vaseline  
Vaseline Oxide of Zinc  
Vaseline Cold Cream

Pomade Vaseline  
White Vaseline  
Camphorated Vaseline  
Borated Vaseline  
Perfumed White Vaseline  
Vaseline Camphor Ice

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

Proprietors of Every "Vaseline" Product  
Dept. C, State St., New York

London Office  
42 Holborn Viaduct



## Brass-Craft OUTFIT FREE



Brass-Craft is the  
ular and valuable  
time, and with of  
articles and sim-  
tions, materials  
a trifle can quickly  
up into articles  
dollars.

Let us send you this Complete outfit consisting of: 1 package Polishing and Coloring Powder, 1 Fine Sandpaper, 1 Push, and complete material for Hand Calendar (see illustration) as follows: 1 Wood Panel, 50 Round-Head Brass Tacks, 1 Calendar Pad. Furnished with stamped directions for making Calendar worth \$1.00 FREE and prepaid, to anyone sending us cost of packing, shipping, etc.

### Ask for FREE CATALOG

Illustrates hundreds of articles in Brass-Craft ment or profit. The above outfit offer is time only to quickly introduce our splendid Craft goods and distribute our New Catalog

THAYER & CHANDLER

737-739 Jackson Blvd.



See

A pen that will make a mark from a fine hair-line to heavy ing has a wide range of ties. All pens will not do this haven't the Spencerian elastic

## SPENCER Steel Pen

do this and don't lose their elasticity. Each individual pen is finished, tempered and polished styles—one quality. Sample card of 12, all sent for 6c postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.  
349 Broadway  
N. Y.

*Every Higgin Screen  
sees a dozen ordinary  
screens come and go*



THE ordinary kind can't stand the weather. The wooden frames soon warp, split, swell and rot. The netting eventually rusts, pulls loose, breaks. In a few years you need a new set or must worry along with unsightly, stick-fast, weather-beaten old ones.

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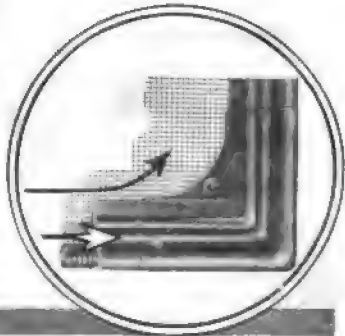
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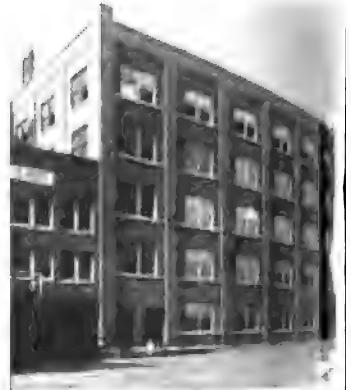
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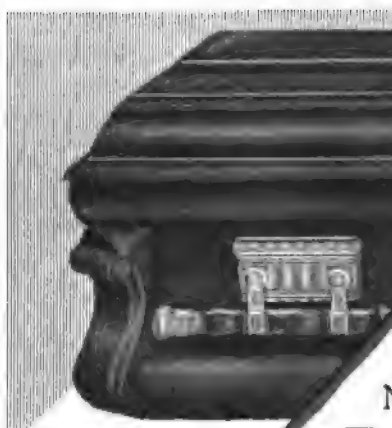
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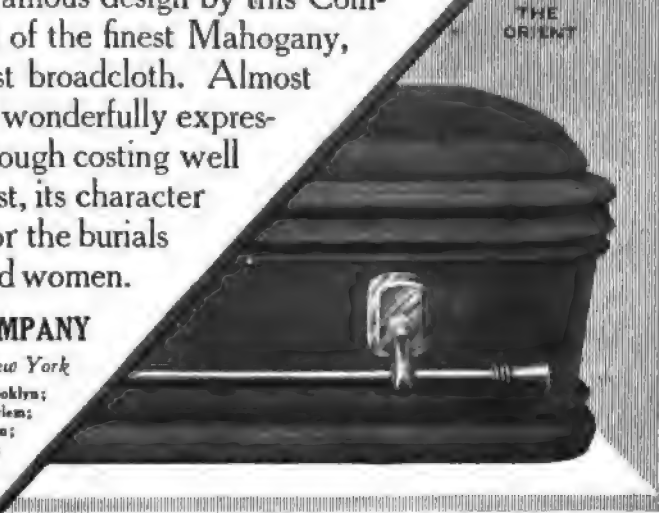
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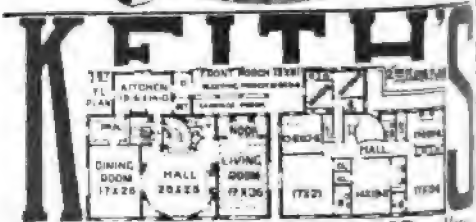
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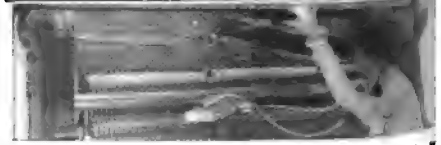
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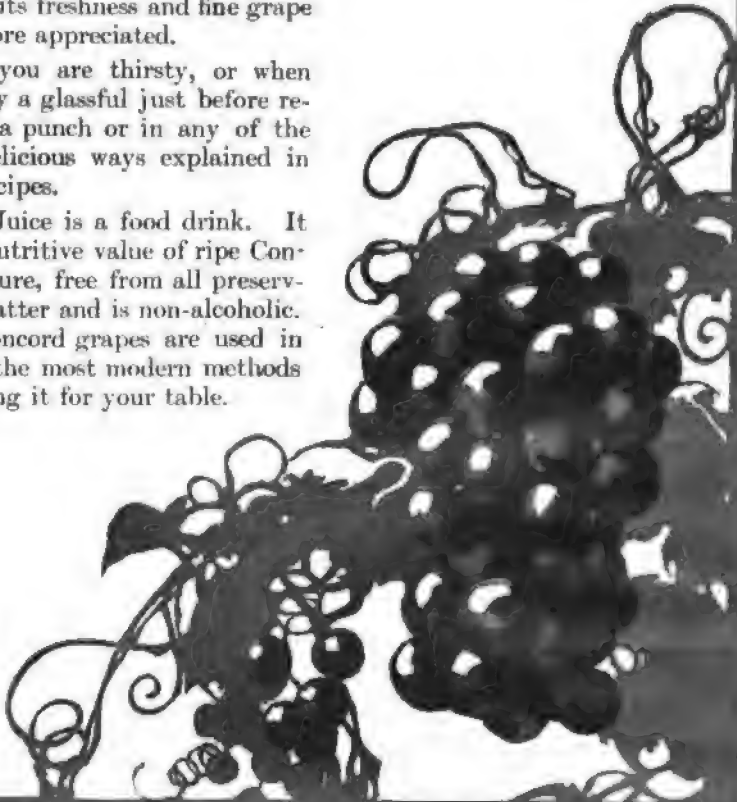
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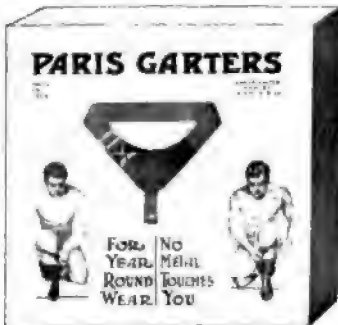
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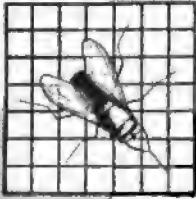
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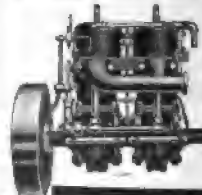
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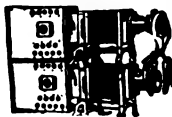
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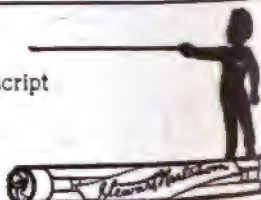
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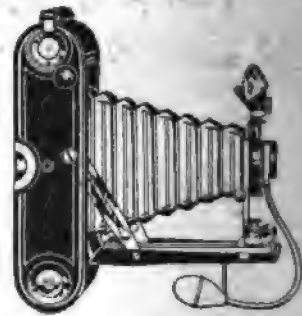
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## Lindsay Light Company

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(5)



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*I will help you to*  
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have given me permission to use them.)

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I have helped over 44,000 women. I can help you to

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I have given to each woman that *satisfaction with self* which comes through the knowledge that she is developing that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, which *makes* her the greatest help to family and friends. She is a **Better Wife, a Rested Mother, a Sweeter Sweetheart**. She adds to the beauty of the world, thus contributing to its refinement, cultivation and education. I can help you to make every vital organ and nerve do efficient work, thus clearing the complexion and correcting such ailments as

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*Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles*



# HYGIENIC KALSOMINE

THE AD-EL-TU PEOPLE

Adams & Elting Co. CHICAGO NEW YORK

### Get "Home Decorator" Free

STYLE, what every woman wants is afforded in Hygienic Kalsomine—the sanitary wall finish—endorsed by physicians. Is germ-proof, economical and prepared in many beautiful colors. Write today for the Home Decorator—showing in actual Kalsomine time decorative schemes for every room. A great help in planning. It's free.

Dept. 8 ADAMS & ELTING CO. Chicago

# CONGRESS

## CARDS

—Gold Edges—  
NEW DESIGNS  
ARTISTIC  
DURABLE



# 8



50 Cents per Pack LARGE INDEXES

# BICYCLE

## PLAYING CARDS

The Most Durable  
25¢ Card Made.  
More Sold Than All  
Others Combined.



# 8



LARGE INDEXES

**OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES.**  
HOYLE UP TO DATE.

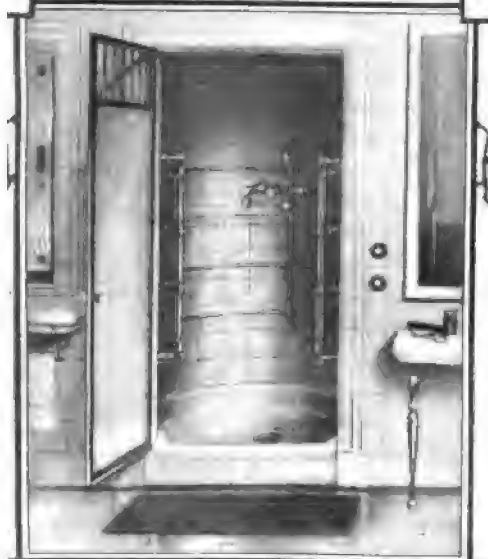
SENT FOR 15 C. IN STAMPS OR 3 SEALS FROM CONGRESS WRAPPERS OR 6 FLAP ENDS OF BICYCLE CASES.  
DEPT. 12 THE J. S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

# MOTT'S PLUMBING

## SHOWER BATHS



Shower with Reception



Needle Bath in Recess With Glass Door

**A**MONG the well-informed, the use of shower and needle baths is no longer considered a matter of mere Summer comfort. The tonic effect of this form of bathing is now recognized as necessary to all-year-round healthfulness. We make every necessary fixture from the simplest hand-spray to complete combinations for special shower rooms. We are also prepared to furnish complete hydrotherapeutic equipments for residences or hospitals.

### MODERN PLUMBING

When planning bathroom equipment, send for our booklet, "Modern Plumbing," which shows the most advanced fixtures in Imperial and Vitreous Porcelain and Porcelain Enameled Iron Ware. There are 24 illustrations of model bathrooms ranging in cost from \$85 to \$3,000. Full description of each fixture is given, with general information regarding decoration and tiling. Sent on receipt of four cents to cover postage.

**THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS**

OVER EIGHTY YEARS OF SUPREMACY 1910  
17TH AVENUE AND SEVENTEENTH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY



TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU ARE GETTING GENUINE MOTT  
WARE, LOOK FOR THE MOTT LABEL ON EACH PIECE



#### BRANCHES

Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh,  
Detroit, Minneapolis, Washington, St. Louis,  
New Orleans, San Francisco, San Antonio,  
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CANADA: 83 Bleury St., Montreal





Patented in United States,  
Canada, Great Britain, France,  
Germany, Austria and 14 other  
foreign countries.

"TURN UP THE COLLAR—  
THAT'S ALL"

## Two Overcoats for Price of One

The Presto Collar gives you *two* distinctive styles in *one* overcoat or raincoat. Changes coat styles in a second with the greatest ease.

*Turned up:*—The Presto Collar converts your overcoat into the classy military effect; protecting your neck, right to the chin, against cold and rain or snow.

*Turned down:*—The Presto Collar is smooth and neat and snug-fitting; the same in style and character as the regular fashionable dress collar.

The Presto Collar for men, women and children is on the best overcoats and raincoats of makers with national reputations. The Presto label is on all Presto Collar coats. Look for the label and find it before you buy your new overcoat or raincoat.

Ask your clothier for a Presto Collar coat. If he hasn't it send his name and address on a postal and say "Send the free Prestoscope"—this little device shows by moving pictures just *how* the Presto Collar works and *why* you will like it. Write today.

Please be sure to give your dealer's name.

### THE PRESTO COMPANY

699 Broadway

Desk 8

New York

STYLE ECONOMY	<p>WATERPROOFED LINEN</p> <h1>LITHOLIN</h1> <p>COLLARS &amp; CUFFS</p>	FIT COMFORT
DARTMOUTH CHICAGO HARVARD YALE COLUMBIA	<h2>Same Collar You've Always Worn—Only WATERPROOFED</h2> <p><b>L</b>ITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs are increasing in popularity every day, for no matter what the weather may be, or the conditions, they hold their shape, do not wilt or fray, and, if soiled, can be wiped white as new with a damp cloth, in a minute. That cuts out the expense of the laundering—a weekly item which counts heavily in the long run. So, you get style, and save, and have <i>real</i> satisfaction. The dull linen finish. Turn downs have a "slip easy" space for the tie.</p> <p><b>COLLARS 25c</b>      <b>CUFFS 50c</b></p> <p>Look for Litholin Trade-Mark. Avoid imitations and substitutes.</p> <p><i>If not at your dealer's, send, giving style, size, number wanted, with remit, one, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.</i></p> <p>SEEK FOR THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE</p>	WEST POINT ARMY PRINCETON PENN STEVENS CORNELL
	<h3>THE FIBERLOID COMPANY</h3> <p>7 WAVERLY PLACE NEW YORK</p>	



## TWO DISQUIETING THOUGHTS WHICH SHOULD IMPEL YOU TO INVESTIGATE THE

# Elmore

Valveless Two Cycle



### Model 36—36 H.P., 4 cylinder, 4 passenger Demi-Tonneau—\$1750

Model 36 also supplied as five passenger Touring Car, Landulet and Doctors' Coupe.

Model 46—46 H. P., 4 cylinder, 7 passenger Touring Car, \$2,500. Also supplied as Limousine

Has it occurred to you that it is entirely possible to know all about four cycle cars and still be depriving yourself of comforts, advantages and economies, which are foreign to the four cycle and peculiar to the Elmore valveless two cycle?

For instance:

(1) Supposing that you drive a car which is admitted to be the most perfect example of four cycle manufacture produced on either side of the ocean—you still do not secure the superb and utterly different running qualities which every Elmore owner enjoys; because these qualities result directly from the continuous torque of the valveless two cycle engine. You can prove this conclusively in an hour's demonstration of the Elmore side by side with your own car—stepping from one to the other for purposes of comparison.

(2) Supposing that you have made a scientific study of economical upkeep; and have reduced the cost of maintenance to a four cycle minimum—your car still costs you more than the Elmore costs to maintain; because the Elmore valveless two cycle engine either eliminates entirely or reduces greatly the chief causes of expense.

This refers to repairs, ignition, gasoline and tires. You can satisfy yourself that this is true by merely investigating the nature of the two contrasting types.

Unless extrinsic considerations intervene, you will discard your fine four cycle car for an ELMORE if you secure an adequate demonstration. At any rate, you owe yourself a knowledge of the differences between the two types—the four cycle and the Elmore valveless two cycle. The literature which we will gladly send you, will prove a revelation.

## ELMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

404 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Licensed under the Selden Patent No. 549160

Exhibit at Chicago Show—February 5-12

Elmore  
Mfg. Co.

404 Amanda St., Clyde, O.

Please send me the Elmore literature and tell me where I can arrange for a demonstration of the Elmore.

The first Derby made in America was a  
**C & K**



**K**NAPP-FELT hats have an individuality which appeals to the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good.

They are made in a variety of smart shapes, affording an opportunity for the exercise of individual taste in the selection of a properly becoming style. Their trim lines are shaped by C & K handwork and their distinctive character cannot be imitated by the mechanical methods common to other makes. The superb quality of Knapp-Felt and the expert workmanship insure the greatest possible satisfaction.

Knapp-Felt Derbies and Soft Hats are made in two grades, \$6 and \$4.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

**THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.**  
Broadway, cor. Thirteenth St., New York



**G**ET the benefit of all a sweeper ought to be when you buy—ask for the Sweeper with fifteen special points that make it better than any other.

The National Roller-bearing Carpet Sweeper has won the gold medals and a grand prize on those special points. In competition with the best sweepers of other makes, the National always comes off with the honors.

It's a real one. You'll see the difference when you look at it.

## The National Roller-Bearing Carpet Sweeper

Picks up all the dirt—every scrap. The brush is imported Hankow Chinese bristles. It is released for cleaning in a second by a pressure of thumb and finger. Its dust pans can't dump contents till you want them to. They open one at a time, so the dirt can't spill. The handle is ferruled with steel rings—can't wear loose, slip out nor split. The only sweeper with successful roller bearings—much easier running than any else. Your dealer sells National if he's a live one.

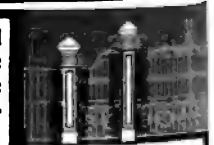
**"How to Double the Life of Your Carpets and Rugs"**

Here's a free book that tells you how to make your rugs and carpets wear twice as long and look fresh and bright all the time. Write for it and enclose your dealer's name. Address nearest office.

**NATIONAL SWEEPER COMPANY**  
Department N-7  
Newark, N. J. Chicago, Ill.



**Build no fence till you have seen the Ward 1910 Free Illustrated Catalogue on good**



## Ornamental Metal Fence and Gates

We can save you money on metal fences and gates, ranging from the cheaper-than-wood kind to the finest ornamental styles. Hundreds of designs, low factory prices. Send postal for Free Catalogue N.O.W. Save cash; get better-than-usual fence.

**WARD FENCE CO.,**  
Box 162, Decatur, Ind.

## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder for the Feet



When rubbers become necessary on your shoes pinch, shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet, and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Just the thing for patent leather shoes during parties and for breaking in new shoes. Many people cannot wear heavy stockings comfortably without shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into the shoes. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

**"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."**

**FREE TRIAL PACKAGE**  
sent by mail. Address  
**ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.**

# Electric Light is Now Cheaper



The Lamp      The Label and      The Package

MAZDA  
40  
WATTS  
110 V

By leaps and bounds that have amazed the commercial world, electric lighting has forged to the front. Introduced

only thirty years ago, today one thousand millions of dollars are devoted to lighting this country by electricity. The latest electric lamp doubles the light efficiency of man's most useful servant—Electricity.

## General Electric MAZDA LAMPS

**The Latest Development in Metal Filament (Tungsten) Lamps give Double the Light for Equal Cost**

You should now have electric light in your store because more people buy more in the pure-air bright-light store. You should have electric light in your home because now GE MAZDA lamps make it a low-cost luxury. You should have electric light in your factory because workers work better in pure air under ample and steady light. You should have elec-

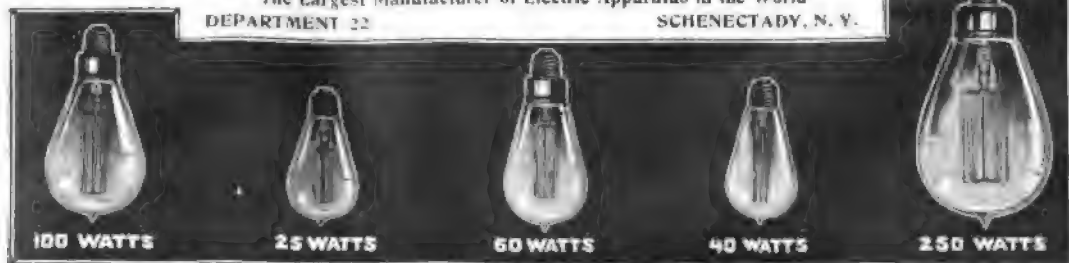
tric light in your office because progress, health and economy all now demand it.

**Ask Your Electric Light Man or Dealer**

He will tell you the merits of GE MAZDA lamps. Call him up today for detailed information of cost and saving—or, write direct to us.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY**

The Largest Manufacturer of Electric Apparatus in the World  
DEPARTMENT 22      SCHENECTADY, N. Y.



# Sound Teeth— Odorless Breath

Readers of this publication are invited to write us (a postal will do) for Ten-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste, the dentifrice which prevents decay of the teeth, impure breath, soft gums and many other troubles of the oral cavity by overcoming "acid mouth"—that is, too much Lactic Acid. This acid, if unchecked, gradually eats through the enamel, and decay and its attendant troubles surely follow. This is by far the most frequent cause of decay.

# PEBECO

## TOOTH PASTE



Actual Size  
Free Trial Tube

cleans, polishes and whitens the teeth; even restoring discolored teeth to normal whiteness. It leaves an extremely pleasant, "clean" taste in the mouth.

To show you how Pebeco overcomes "acid mouth" a package of Test Papers is sent with each trial tube with full direc-

tions for performing an interesting, scientific experiment.

Pebeco originated in the Hygienic Laboratories of P. Belersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold everywhere in large 50c tubes. Only a small quantity is used at a time—it is very economical.

For Trial Tube and Test Papers, Address

Lehn & Fink, 117 William St., New York



# SEEDS, PLANTS, ROSES,



Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, etc. Hundreds of car lots of FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES. 150 acres, 50 in Early Rose, some better grown. 44 greenhouses of Palms, Ferns, Ficus, Geraniums and other things too numerous to mention. Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Roses, Small Trees, etc. by mail postpaid. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Immense stock of SUPERB CANNAS, the queen of bedding plants. 30 choice collections cheap in Seeds, Plants, Roses, etc. Elegant 168-page Catalog FREE. Send for it today and see what values we give for your money. Direct deal and insure you the best at first cost. 35 years.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 24, Palosville, Colo.

# Do You merely brush your teeth or do you really clean them?



Only **ONE**  
tooth brush really  
cleans between  
the teeth

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is  
made in one shape  
only, because that is  
the only shape  
that will do  
perfect  
work.

Any tooth  
brush will  
merely brush  
the surface



## The Pro-phy-lac-tic

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is a scientific product made to be right and to clean between the teeth as well as their surfaces, on the assumption that there are sufficient thoughtful people who, when they know, will use no other.

Result—more Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are sold to-day than of any other known make in the world. No well-informed person will question this statement.

### To Dentists and Physicians:

Much of the prestige of the Pro-phy-lac-tic is due to the endorsement and recommendation of the brush by the profession. On receipt of professional card or letter-head, it would be a pleasure to send any dentist or physician a complimentary package, the contents of which are so useful that he will be more than repaid for writing us.

**THE CURVED HANDLE**  
makes it easy to reach and thoroughly clean the back teeth and the back of all the teeth.

**THE SHAPED BRISTLES**  
As shown in illustration, the bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush are shaped and arranged in separate, pointed tufts, so as to fit every part of each individual tooth and penetrate all crevices and depressions in and between the teeth. The extra high tufts at the end are also designed for the efficient cleansing of the back teeth.

**THE BEVELED TAPERED END**  
The end of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is tapered, beveled and rounded so that there are no edges or corners to injure the gums or the delicate membrane of the mouth.

### The Yellow Box is Your Protection

Each Pro-phy-lac-tic is packed in an individual yellow box, which protects it against handling from the time it is sterilized in the factory until it reaches your own toilet stand. This also affords a positive means of identification which enables you to avoid all substitutes.

### The Styles Are:

Pro-phy-lac-tic—this is the original Pro-phy-lac-tic rigid handle. Made in three sizes. Prices: Adults 35c, youth's and child's, 25c. Larger brush, four rows bristles, rigid handle, adult's size only, 40c.

Three bristle textures—soft, medium and hard—in all styles

Sold by dentists and dealers in toilet supplies everywhere. If your dealer does not sell the Pro-phy-lac-tic, we will deliver, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Send for Booklet, "Tooth Truths." Contains a lot of information you ought to know about Teeth and Tooth Brushes.

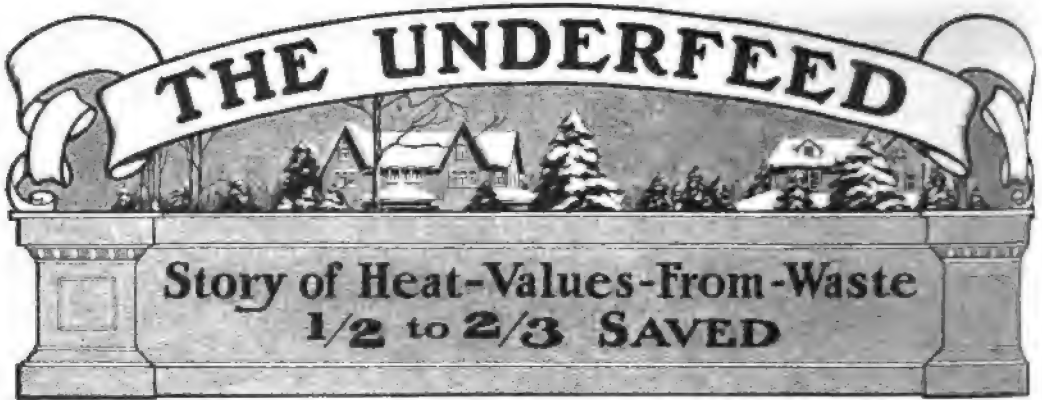
Always Sold in the Yellow Box

**FLORENCE MFG. CO.**  
132 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military Hand and Cather Brushes.

Library Slip with every Pro-phy-lac-tic. Good for Free Magazine.





**C**ITIES earnestly fighting a national nuisance agree that smoke is not only *injurious* to health, but is *expensive*. Smoke represents *wasted coal*. The **UNDERFEED** coal-burning way *consumes* smoke and turns this *waste* into clean, even heat. This modern **UNDERFEED** method, which has earned government and municipal recognition, *reduces* cost of heat.

# The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

## HEATING SYSTEMS

### WARM AIR Furnaces - STEAM AND HOT WATER Boilers

### Save 1/2 to 2/3 of Coal Bills

A child can prove this. Pea sizes of hard and soft coal, and *cheapest* slack which would smother a fire in Ordinary Furnaces and Boilers, yield in the **UNDERFEED** as much clean, even heat as the *highest* priced coal. Ask for prices on the two kinds. **YOU** *save* the difference. Coal in the **UNDERFEED** is fed from below. The fire burns on top. Smoke and gases *must* pass through the flames, are consumed and make *more* heat. Here's where the **WASTE** in other heaters comes in. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and heaters.

This illustration shows the Underfeed Boiler.



Illustration shows furnace without raising, and using it show how coal is forced by under fire, which burns on top.



### A Canadian Tribute

Here's a Canadian tribute to Underfeed efficiency. Adam Rutherford, of Grimsley, Can., writes:

"I am delighted with the Underfeed. It enables the user to utilize smoke and gas, which ordinarily go out of the chimney, as fuel, thus reducing cost of heat fully one-half. We burn slack direct from American mines, laid down here, freight and duty paid, for \$2.79 a ton. Twelve tons heated our big, old-fashioned stone house, built 111 years ago, so thoroughly last season we did not put on our storm cash. The **UNDERFEED** is easily operated and very economical."

Let us send you—**FREE**—many fac-simile testimonials like this with our Underfeed Booklet of Furnaces or Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Boilers. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Corps **FREE**. Write **TODAY** giving name of local dealer with whom you'd prefer to deal.

**THE PECK-WILLIAMSON COMPANY**  
426 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Furnace Dealers, Hardware Men and Plumbers are invited to Write **TODAY** for our 1910 Proposition.

## An Authority on Decoration



**T**O a property-owner who expects to spend this spring from \$40 to \$1,000 on a piece of home decorating, exterior or interior, our "Dutch Boy Paint Adviser No. D," though free, is worth at least an expert adviser's fee—say five per cent. of the expected expenditure.

**¶** We have one reserved, free, for every property-owner who wants practical, authoritative directions and suggestions on the selections of harmonious colors, shrubbery arrangement for outside, drapery and rugs for interior, and the proper mixing and use of white lead and linseed oil for painting various surfaces.

**¶** No property owner can afford to permit the use of anything but the best in building or decorating his home. Arguments for inferior substitutes sometimes seem plausible, but in practice the genuine—the standard—thing is the cheapest in the end. Paint made of pure white lead and pure linseed oil remains the *reliable* paint. Ask your painter if this isn't so.

**¶** Old patrons as well as new are requested to note that our white lead is now packed in steel kegs, dark gun-metal finish, instead of oak kegs as heretofore. The Dutch Boy Painter trade mark is on the side of these new kegs, as of the old, and is your guaranty that you are getting our pure white lead.

The Dutch Boy Paint Adviser No. D is free to anyone contemplating painting or decorating of any kind. Address

## NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

*An office in each of the following cities:*

New York   Boston   Buffalo   Cincinnati   Cleveland   Chicago   St. Louis  
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)  
(National Lead and Oil Company, Pittsburgh)





"THE CAR SUPREME"

## Simplicity of Operation and Ease of Control

are some of the distinguishing features of the

# COLUMBUS ELECTRIC

which make it possible for a woman or even a child of twelve to travel about without appreciable effort and in perfect safety.

## The Triumph of Forty Years' Honest Effort

Write today for Catalog No. 7







**THE COLUMBUS BUGGY COMPANY, 507 Dublin Ave., Columbus, Ohio**

BUILDERS OF THE FAMOUS FIRESTONE-COLUMBUS GASOLINE CARS.

## *An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*

# Business Ballast



WHEN Henry Selfridge, of Chicago, was starting that great American store in London, he found that he was flying a trifle light, and needed a little business ballast—in other words a little financial accommodation was required.  On applying to his bankers they asked to see Mr. Selfridge's life insurance policies.  When he sent his secretary over with the documents, aggregating an even million dollars, the monied men winked, blinked and gasped for breath.  One of the policies was in the Equitable for an even three hundred thousand dollars. Now, be it known that the Equitable never writes a policy like that without not only examining the man physically, but looking up his moral record with a fine tooth-comb. The dope fiend, the boozier, the rounder, the boulder, and the gent who follows the ponies, cannot pass. Your record must be clean and you must be engaged in a business that serves society. You must be benefitting your fellow men, not exploiting them. The safe man is the useful man.  So when our Threadneedle Street friends saw those Selfridge policies, they suddenly awoke to the fact that they were dealing with a man who knew exactly what he was doing. The life insurance policies, were his certificates of character. The bankers sent back the policies, with word that Mr. Selfridge could have anything he wanted, on his own terms.  But in the two days delay the wind had veered; the buyers were mobbing the store with £. s. d., and Selfridge found himself in funds; and then he had the joy of thanking the money-bags and informing them that he wanted nothing.  All wise men who can get life insurance nowadays, do. It stiffens the vertebrae, sweetens the love of wife and kiddyeens, commands the confidence of your colleagues and enables you to look trouble squarely in the eye and cause it to beat it for the bush. Life insurance is a privilege. If it is within your reach today, secure it today. Tomorrow may be too late.

## THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

*"Strongest in the World"*

*The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.*

PAUL MORTON, PRESIDENT

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us to represent us there. Great opportunities today in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

# The Mark That Means Seventy-Cent Yarn

When you buy Holeproof Hose—the **genuine** "Holeproof," bearing the mark below on the toe—you get hose that are knit with yarn that now costs us an average of 70c a pound—a three ply, "soft-as-down, strong-as-silk-cord" yarn, knit into the hose by the "Holeproof" process.

We could save 30c a pound by using a two-ply yarn. We could knit in the common way. But that would mean simply to waste 32 years of hose-making experience.

It would be a death blow to our pride—a pride that compels us to spend for inspection, now, \$33,000 a year. We incur this expense simply to know that each pair that's sent out is perfection. This is more for our sake than for yours—but you get the benefit.

These are things you don't see in the hose when you buy them. But they count in the wear at the end of six months.

To be sure you are getting them look for this mark. Other marks look something like it. So please memorize ours.

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. Dealers' names given on request.

*If that  
mark doesn't  
appear on the toe  
it isn't GENUINE*

## FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN The Original Guaranteed Hose.

**Holeproof Sox**—6 pairs, \$1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white foot, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and rose. Sizes 8 to 12. 5 to 6 pairs of 10 size and weight in a box. All new colors as assorted, as desired.

**Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)**—6 pairs, \$2.00. Mercerized. Same colors as above.

**Holeproof Lustre-Sox**—6 pairs, \$3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.

**Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox**—6 pairs, \$3.00. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

**Holeproof Silk Sox**—6 pairs, \$2.00. Guaranteed for three months—warranted pure silk.

**Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, \$2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white foot, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 12.

**Holeproof Lustre-Stockings**—6 pairs, \$3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

**Boys' Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, \$2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

**Misses' Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, \$2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.



We'll ship direct where we have no dealer—charges prepaid—on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 403 Fourth Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.**



## The Good-Night Lunch.

It is not always an easy task for the woman who has no help to get up a suitable lunch for the friends who have spent the evening with her.

Very often her enjoyment is marred by the fuss and expense and worry which she is obliged to undergo.

Here is a special use for

# JELL-O

The daintiest and most delicious JELL-O lunch can be prepared in advance, and with a minute's work. Serve with whipped cream. Wafers and tea, coffee or cocoa complete a lunch that is delightful in every respect.

The beautiful recipe book, "**DESSERTS OF THE WORLD**," tells how to make all sorts of delicacies. Sent for two stamps to all who write for it.

There are seven flavors of JELL-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

*Each flavor in a separate package. 10c. at all grocers.*

**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,**  
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



# A Wonderful Business Story

We have told in a book—which we ask you to send for—one of the greatest business stories ever told. A story of how John N. Willys stepped in two years to the topmost place in motordom. Of how **Overland** automobiles rose in 24 months to this year's sale of \$24,000,000. How a factory has grown like magic to a payroll of 4,000 men—to a daily output of 30 carloads of automobiles. And how a large part of the demand of the country has been centered around one remarkable car.

## The Discovery

Here is an outline of the story—just enough to make you want it all.

Two years ago, Mr. John N. Willys was a dealer in automobiles. There came to him one day a remarkable car—evidently the creation of a mechanical genius. The simplest, sturdiest, smoothest-running car that anyone around there had seen.

The name of the car was the Overland. And the price—then, \$1,250—was as amazing as the car itself.

The sale of this car spread like wildfire. Each car sold brought a call for twenty others like it. Old and new motor car owners came by the score to deposit advance money—attracted by the Overland's matchless simplicity.

But the cars did not come. And when Mr. Willys went to the makers he found them on the verge of receivership.

The genius which had created this marvelous car could not finance the making in the face of the 1907 panic.

## The New Start

Mr. Willys in some way met the overdue payroll—took over the plant—and contrived to fill his customers' orders.

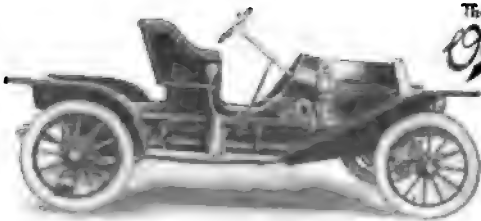
Then the cry came for more cars from every place where an Overland had been sold. As the new cars went out the demand became overwhelming. The factory capacity was outgrown in short order. Then tents were erected.

Another factory was acquired, then another, but the demand soon outgrew all three.

During the next fiscal year these factories sold out 4,075 Overland cars. Yet the demand was not half supplied.

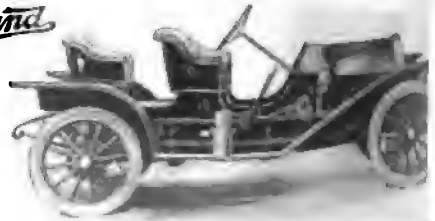
Dealers fairly fought for preference. Buyers paid premiums. None could be content with a lesser car when he once saw the Overland.

All this without advertising. About the only advertising the car ever had was what it told others.



Overland Model 38—Price, \$1,000. 25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. Made also with single rumble seat, double rumble seat and Toy Tonneau at slightly additional cost.

The Overland



Overland Model 40—Price \$1,250 40 h. p.—112-inch Wheel Base. All Prices Include Motor.

Members of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

## The Pope-Toledo Plant

Mr. Willys' next step was to buy the Pope-Toledo factory—one of the greatest automobile plants in the country. This gave him four well-equipped factories—just 16 months from his start.

But the Toledo plant wasn't sufficient. So he gave his builders just 40 days to complete an addition larger than the original factory.

Then he equipped these buildings with the most modern machinery—with every conceivable help and convenience—so that cars could be built here for less than anywhere else.

Now 4,000 men work on Overland cars. The output is valued at \$140,000 per day. The contracts from dealers for this season's delivery call for 20,000 cars.

Now this man has acquired 23 acres around his Toledo plant. And his purpose is to see—from this time on—that those who want Overlands get them.

## Marvelous Sales

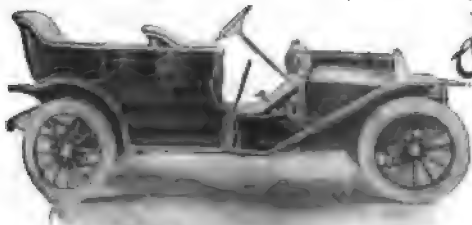
Dealers had ordered 16,000 of the 1910 Overland models before the first car was delivered. That means that each Overland sold the previous year had sold four others like it.

And without any advertising.

This year's Overland sales will exceed \$24,000,000. Yet the Overland is but two years old.

## The \$1,000 Overland

This year an Overland—better than last year's \$1,250 car—is being sold for \$1,000. That is



Overland Model 41—Price, \$1,400  
40 h. p.—112-inch Wheel Base—5 passengers  
and Full Lamp Equipment  
Licensed Under Selden Patent

because the tremendous production has cut the cost 20 per cent.

A 25 horsepower car, capable of 50 miles an hour, for \$1,000, complete with lamps and magneto. Never did a maker give nearly so much for the money.

There are higher-powered Overlands for \$1,250—\$1,400—\$1,500. They are just as cheap in comparison as the \$1,000 model.

The Overlands are unique in simplicity. They operate by pedal control. A ten-year-old child can master the car in a moment.

They are made in the same factory, and by the same men as made the Pope-Toledo—a \$4,250 car. The reason for the price lies in the production of 125 cars per day.

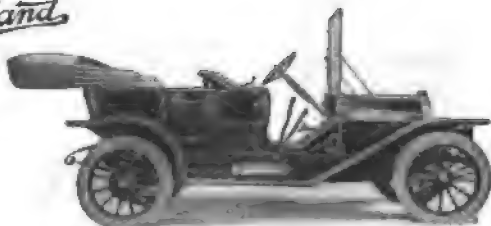
## Get the Whole Story

Send me this coupon to get the whole story, told in a fascinating book. Learn about the car which in two years captured so large a part of the whole trade of the country. See what has done this—what there is in the Overland to make it the most desired car in existence. Please cut out this coupon now.

F. A. Barker, Sales Manager,  
The Willys-Overland Company  
Toledo, Ohio

4

Please send me the book.



Overland Model 42—Price, \$1,500  
Either Touring Car or Close-Coupled Body  
Top, Glass Front and Gas Tank are Extras

# The greatest home charm

Make your home-coming as late as you please from party, ball, or theatre and you will find your boudoir or bed-chamber delightfully warm and "comfy" to talk things over with your guest if the home is Steam or Hot-Water heated and ventilated by

## AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS



Common hospitality demands a warm home.

Heart confidences—"the pearls of friendship"—are born only where there is warmth and coziness. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators help so greatly to give a home its greatest charm—perfect freedom day and night to enjoy every nook and corner of it, no matter how blizzardy the weather. IDEAL Boilers circulate their soft warmth for hours after the fire in the boiler has been banked for the night, and the house is kept cozy for the rising time and breakfast hour on the single charge of coal put in the evening before.

**ADVANTAGE 10:** Burning coal liberates certain gases which burn readily and make intense heat if permitted to "take fire." The chambers (and the flues opening



A No. 3-25-W IDEAL Boiler and 422 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$195, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

out of these spaces) are so arranged in IDEAL Boilers that they bring in the exact amount of air required for completely burning these gases as fast as freed from the coal. There can be no "undigested" coal—every ounce of fuel is made to yield its utmost heat—none of its heat-making power is wasted up the chimney.

Don't delay investigating this well-paying permanent investment with its marked fuel, labor, and repair savings, besides the greater comfort, health protection, cleanliness, safety, and durability. *Prices are now most favorable.*

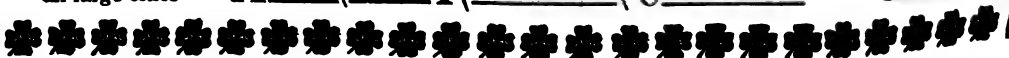
The booklet "Ideal Heating Investments" is the biggest thing in money-saving facts that any property-owner can read. Free. Send for it NOW.



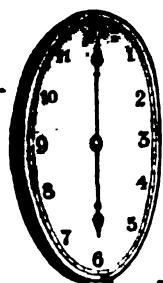
Public Showrooms  
all large cities

### AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 21  
Chicago







# From 6 to 11 o'clock

## THE Welsbach Junior

### LIGHT

#### Burns 5 Hours for 1 cent's worth of Gas



It takes 3 standard carbon filament lamps to give a 50-candlepower light. With electricity at 10 cents per thousand watts, they burn 5 hours for 7½ cents. In one month the cost is

**\$2.25**



It takes 2 open flame gas tips to give a 50-candlepower light. With gas at \$1.00 per thousand feet, they burn 5 hours for 6 cents. In one month's time the cost is . . . . .

**\$1.80**



It takes 1 Welsbach Junior to give a 50-candlepower light. With gas at \$1.00 per thousand feet, it burns 5 hours for 1 cent. In one month's time the cost is . . .

**30 cts.**

Almost unbelievable, isn't it? Yet the *proof* of it is easy. Buy one Welsbach Junior Light and test every claim made for it. Then equip your entire home. You'll save tremendously on your lighting bills, and have a cheerful, soft, mellow and perfect light.

## Don't Economize on Light— Economize on Lighting Bills

The Welsbach Junior Light consists of burner, mantle and chimney, is 5 inches high and can be attached to any gas fixture.

Completely hidden from view. Can be used with any style globe—gas or electric. No change of glassware necessary.

**Price, complete, in a box . . . 35 cents**

*Sold Everywhere by Gas Companies and Dealers*

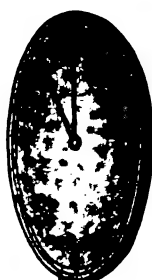
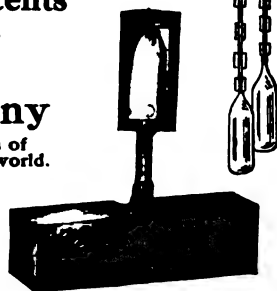


Manufactured by the  
**Welsbach Company**

—the original and largest manufacturers of  
incandescent gas lights and mantles in the world.

Beware of imitations. All genuine Welsbach goods have our trademark—the Shield of Quality—on the box. It is our guarantee and your protection.

Our illustrated booklet—"The History of Light"—mailed free on request. Address Dept. G, Welsbach Company, Philadelphia, Pa.



# PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

☛ The proprietors take pleasure in announcing that they have concluded arrangements with LA REGIE FRANCAISE which will enable their English and American patrons traveling or residing in France to procure these famous cigarettes at all the principal Hotels, Cafés, etc., the General Agency for France being situated at

**60, Avenue Montaigne, Paris, 8<sup>e</sup>**  
(Rond-Point des Champs-Élysées)

☛ This is but another acknowledgment of the superior excellence of PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, for *La Régie Française* (being the French Government Monopoly, and having its own favored brands) accorded this splendid compliment only in deference to a most insistent demand.

☛ Especially convenient for our patrons automobiling in France are the boxes of fifty. Also packed in the usual attractive boxes of ten.

"A Shilling in London  
A Quarter Here"

In France—1 franc, 30 centimes





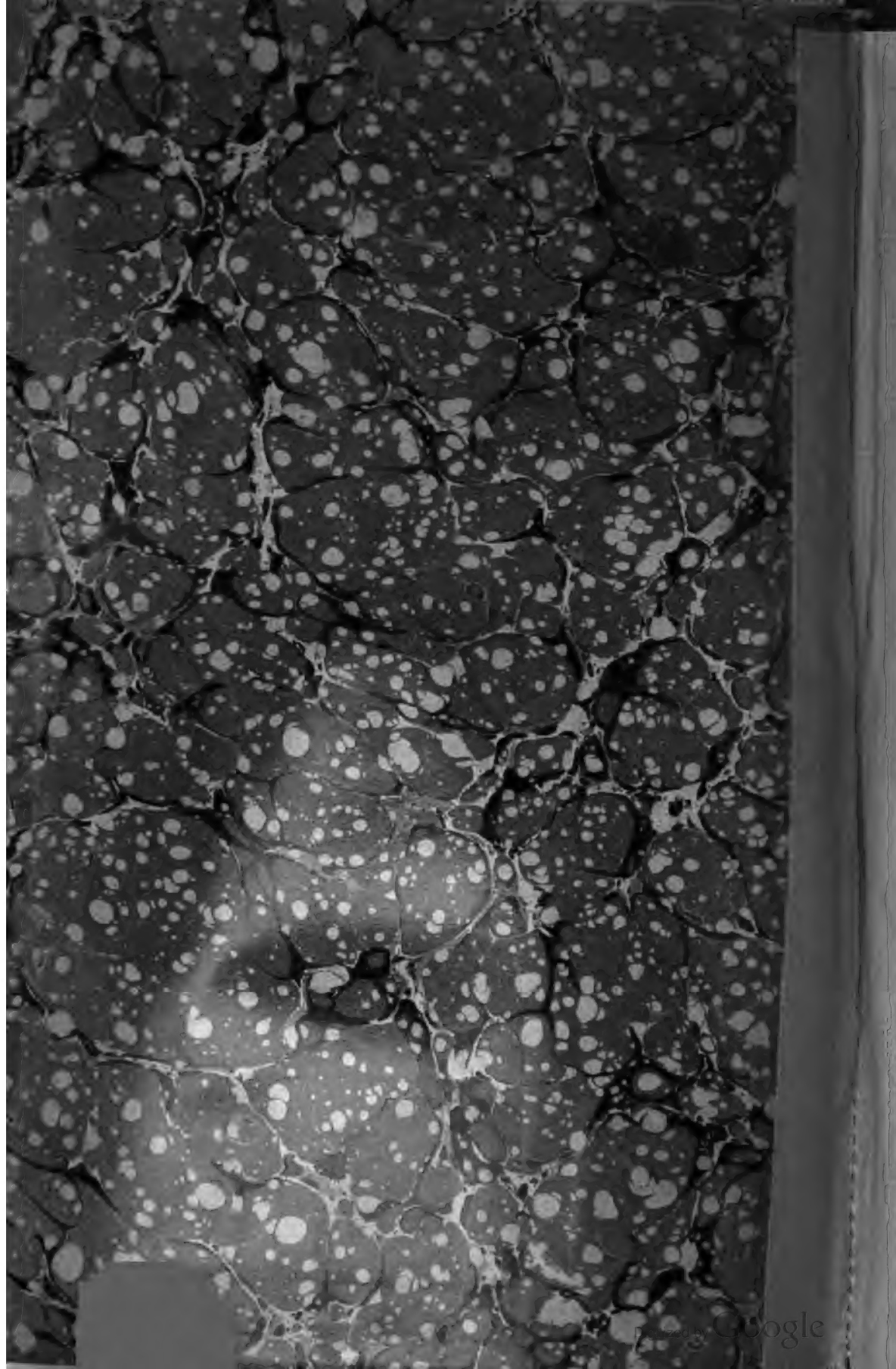












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